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## PROLOGUE

"No Wan I can't do this."

I tried so hard to reach Wan Viva's collar and pulled it together. Of course, I was curious to know how was her skin underneath felt like, I would like to feel it and put my face into her neck and every corner of her body...

"We can do it. You just have to let it go."

"Let it go? No... Wan. We both knew this is wrong."

I covered my face with my two hands and tried to explain.

"If we go further than this, we can't go back."

"If we can't go backward, we move forward."

The small girl tried to take my hands off and forced me to make eye contact with her.

"Since I met you, I never think of going back."

Wan Viva slowly pushed my body to the sofa, and I fell. No... I intentionally laid down for her, waiting for her to do something with me.

This was so pathetic. My body did the opposite of what I said.

"Wan..."

The small girl leaned down toward me and unbuttoned her shirt, almost to the last one. Her moist lip slowly and gently touched my skin all over my face and finally my ear, the most sensitive part of me. I moaned. The smell of her baby powder took me back to my memories. I couldn't control myself, my hands reached out to touch her desirably but quickly retreated, as if I touched something so hot.

"No, I can't do it. I don't want to be anyone's affair."

"Then you don't have to do anything, just lay here. I'll do it."

"Wan. Don't do this. You know what I mean. I don't..."

"Do you remember your promise?"

"What?"

The small girl used her two hands to push down my shoulders, forcing me to look into her light brown eyes that could seduce anyone who looked at them, including me.

"You told me if I can become a doctor, you will do whatever I asked you to do."

"Why are you mentioning this now?"

"I know what I wanted now."

Wan Viva took off her shirt and unhooked her bra with one hand on her back. The bright smooth skin in front of me was so seducing. The two blossom breasts invited me to feel them.

My consciousness was about to disappear, replaced with a new feeling as if there a small devil was whispering in my ears.

Go for it...

Eat her....

"W... what do you want?"

The small girl grabbed my wrist and guided it to her private part. She leaned down to me and whispered in her husky voice.

"I want you."

## CHAPTER 01

### WAN VIVA

#### THIRTEEN YEARS AGO

"Pleng, your song won the contest. Impressive!"

Wan Viva also known as Wan, my close friend, and other friends screamed when they heard the announcement on the radio during our lunch break. I composed the song, the lyrics, and also played the guitar. I smile with victory. I know we would win. There was nothing she couldn't accomplish, including this.

"Nothing unexpected. You don't have to be too exaggerated."

"I know you're good, Pleng. I just didn't know you're so good. You composed the melody, wrote the lyrics and also played the guitar. How come you're so good at everything?"

My friend Wan continued, showering me with compliments.

"Stop flattering me. What do you think I couldn't do?"

My little friend gave me a wide smile and shook her head.

"Nothing, as I remember."

"Of course, nothing! Winning this is no big deal." I said with pride, standing up...

Since I was born, I have never failed at anything. I was born with the word 'success' written on my forehead.

"It's good to be you, Pleng. You are beautiful, intelligent, and good at everything. God made you perfect." Wan exclaimed in admiration.

"That's an exaggeration, Wan." I replied, shaking my hair back like I was in a shampoo commercial.

"If I were perfect, I wouldn't have won today. But if not..."

I trailed off, not wanting to dwell on the possibility of failure. I wasn't a humble person, but I thought it was more annoying to reject a compliment if it was true. Wan looked at me with admiration, and I quickly changed the subject.

"And you? How is your exam going? You failed?"

"Something like that." She replied, sticking her tongue out at me in mockery.

"I'm not as good as you."

"You have no determination or ambition. You need to concentrate."

"Okay, maybe next time."

"Always next time."

I frowned to show that I wasn't happy with what I heard. Wan Viva, my little friend, never took anything seriously. She was a smart girl. If I was good with the right side of the brain, she was good with the left.

I was surprised when I saw her trying to solve a difficult Math problem. It was so difficult that a normal human being couldn't do it. It wasn't a coincidence. I knew the logic and enjoyed solving the problem. To her it didn't seem like a task, it was a puzzle game. But she never took anything seriously even though she was smart.... We were born almost at the same time. Wan Viva was born two weeks before my mom gave birth to me. She was my maid's daughter, but my family treated her like a member of the family. We were both like sisters. We knew each other quite well.

"Mom, Pleng won first prize for another song she wrote."

Wan Viva boasted the moment we set foot in the house as if it was her victory. Everyone in the family welcomed the announcement once again with big smiles. My father, who supported me in everything I did, came in to hug me and kiss me on the forehead.

"I know you could do it. "

"Everyone, please be normal. It's not a big deal to win this. I have so many awards hanging in the room."

I covered my mouth and laughed quietly while everyone was excited. She wasn't sure why they were so excited about the news. For me it was a very normal win.

"We are happy for you."

Aunt Vi, my nanny and also Wan's mother, smiled proudly.

"You are very smart." She continued.

"For my big brain and of course for your breast milk."

I hugged my friend's mother and smiled mockingly at my little friend.

"I couldn't do this without you." I said.

"What a sweet mouth! Look at my daughter. She was born near you, she studies with you. She's not as good as you."

"Mom! Don't compare me with Pleng. How low do I have to go?"

I was born to be better than everyone. But it didn't seem right for my success to depress other people. I could compare myself to anyone except my little friend.

"You're a good person, that's more than enough."

Her mom said to Wan, who was still smiling.

"Yes, I'm not good at anything, but I'm a good person. That's enough."

After I shower, I got ready for bed. I quickly went downstairs to see my little friend in her room. My house was separated by a utility room. I once asked Wan to move into my room, but she didn't want to. I thought she was trying to be modest.

I knocked on the door and turned the doorknob. Wan Viva was lying on the bed reading her cartoon book and ignored me.

"You still awake, Pleng?"

"Yeah, what are you doing?"

"I'm reading a cartoon book."

"What fun!"

"Well, everyone said that when you are at school it is the best time of your life. I'm just trying to cease the day. I have to work hard in the office when I grow up. But before that, I will enjoy my childhood." Wan explained.

"Don't you want to become a business owner or executive?"

"No, I was not born to be a star like you."

The little girl who was wearing a knee-length pink skirt looked at her with admiration even though we were the same age.

"You can't be so lazy. People might judge you." I said taking time to brush my hair.

"Wow, you have so much energy just saying that. You were born to make the world a better place."

"What kind of complement is this?"

I felt shy with that strange statement. I was born to make the world a better place, it sounded fantastic.

"Well, you should try to do something too. Do not waste your time. Life can end without meaning."

"Why do I need to be ambitious? I am fine. I live with you, everything's fine." Wan replied.

"You can't live with me for the rest of your life. What happens if one day I get married?"

"Oh... I had never thought about that idea before." Wan replied, grabbing her own chest.

"That was a creepy idea."

"Don't you ever think about getting married?"

"No, I never think about anything too far away. I was born in your eyes and I am attached to you, the thoughts of separation made me feel sad."

Wan Viva looked depressed, and it couldn't help but make me feel the same way. One day, if we split up to have a family of our own, we would miss each other so much.

"From now on, you have to pay attention to your studies. You need determination and ambition to give meaning to your life."

"You can say that because you know what you want to do. Because I have a dream."

"Yes, and I don't have one."

Wan sighed.... The sweet face made a cute expression and touched the mattress.... Don't... Don't be too cute. We were discussing serious matters here.

"You are looking at me with very pretty eyes."

"Because, you're cute."

We both remained silent. I made eye contact with the little girl, whose bright white skin turned blood pink from shyness.... She is so cute...

"I feel strange hearing all these praises from you, Pleng."

"Being pretty is for fools. A good woman should not be pretty."

"Oh? What does it mean that a good woman should not be pretty?" The little girl asked, looking confused.

"Men will look at pretty girls with different meanings. They will think the pretty girl was flirting with them. We have to be strong, and that will intimidate men, okay?" I replied.

"I heard it. I'll be intimidating.... Argggg."

Wan raised both of her hands and growled like a Godzilla. I looked at her without emotion.

"Do I look bad?" She inquired.

"Yes, you never take anything seriously."

"I'm not good at everything like you."

"You're smart."

I congratulated her, something I had never done with anyone.

"But you're always joking, so you seem more stupid than smart."

"You look so strange today. You just said I'm pretty and then I'm smart."

The little girl seemed shy because this was new to her.

"I would rather hear you complain about me like you always."



"I love you."

She fell silent by my sudden words...

"Ah... I'm weird today. I mean, I have a good intention for you... I..... Oops!"

Wan Viva jumped toward me to hug me. I smelled baby powder from her. I felt like I was hugging a small baby who smelled like milk.

"Why are you hugging me?"

"I'm shy, I can't even make eye contact. Today you said I'm smart, cute, and you just said you love me.... I'm nervous."

"So, you will give me a hug?" I asked, caressing her back gently and laughing.

"It's a strange way to show that you're shy."

"We have been together most of our lives."

"We are only seventeen years old, but why do you talk as if we were eighty?" I chuckled.

"Not a day will I separate from you."

"That's true."

"Pleng, if you have a boyfriend or get married one day, I'm sure I'll feel alone."

The small girl released her hug from me and looked at me closely.

"What should I do then?"

"I don't have any plans in the near future."

The little girl continued to look at me. Our eyes met for a long time, as if her light brown eyes were taking me to a very, very deep world unknown to me... How did we have this moment?

"But, to remedy that."

"Huh?"

"I will have someone before you do."

## CHAPTER 02

### PROMISE

"Pleng, Why did you bring me here?"

Wan Viva followed me closely like a kitten as we looked at a watercolor painting mixed with coffee beans inside a gallery. We Were visiting an exhibition by an independent artist that I had read about in a magazine. There weren't too many visitors, I thought, Thai's preferred other forms of entertainment like concerts or shopping malls.

"We are to look at the paintings."

"I don't understand these paintings, do you understand them?" Wan asked.

"Not precisely. "

"Why are we here then?"

I looked at her and sighed.

"We are here to look for boyfriends."

The little girl looked at me.

"You said you would have a boyfriend before me, so I referred you to a place where you could find someone suitable for you."

"I do not see any suitable here." Wan replied.

"How can I explain this? I think the men who didn't come here have no style."

I admired the display of coffee beans.

"If you want a good boy, you have to come to a nice place like this. I'm teaching you a lesson."

"What lesson?" Wan asked.

"You can find a good boy in a nice place. You will meet a boy who likes the arts, with style, with money to buy these paintings. It's like you're targeting a specific market."

"You sound so complicated."

Wan scratched her head and smiled.

"If you think It's good, I think it's good."

"You're so silly. I tried to explain it to you as simply as possible. How can I explain this? We grew up together. I don't want to see you date someone without taste. If you are looking for someone, you have to look in the right place."

"But I don't want anyone who knows how to paint with coffee."

"What kind of man do you want then?"

"I want a good man. I guess I have to go to the temple." Wan smiled.

"Do you want a monk?"

"That's so sinful."

But there... In a place that I thought had no visitors, I noticed someone our age. A handsome man with good taste admired the painting from the café.

"That man is interesting." I commented.

"Are you interested?"

"No. I'm just saying that if you're looking for a boyfriend, he could be someone like that. He has good taste."

As we talked about him, the man turned to us. He had noticed that we were talking about him... Thick eyebrows, good physical features, high nose... He could be rich in the future. He was unique in a place like this.

"He's watching us."

Wan warned me and turned around, embarrassed. I looked away and dragged my friend to the other side. A good woman shouldn't look at a man like that. It seems like he's following us.

"Who do you think he's looking at? You or me?"

"It must be you. Why would he look at me?" Wan responded humbly as always.

But I agreed because I knew people usually looked at me first.

"Do you think it's good or bad?"

"He could get angry when we look at him, or he couldn't be interested in you. Men always chase after you."

"What an exaggeration. I'm not Miss Universe."

We both went to the women's bathroom. It wasn't very scary, but we acted as if he was a serial killer... Wan laugh first. She enjoyed it as if we were playing hide and seek.

"Why are we afraid of him? He doesn't seem like a bad boy."

"I don't know."

"Maybe he wants to meet you, Pleng."

"It's a waste of time. I really don't care. Maybe he wants to meet you."

"I don't care either." Wan shrugged.

"I thought you wanted to have a boyfriend before me. If you're not open, it will be difficult to find someone."

"I don't rush."

The ringing of my phone interrupted Wan Viva before she could finish her sentence. I looked at the number and knew immediately who was calling.

"Hello, Frank. "

"Hey! Where are you? I came to see you at home, but they said you're not here. Why did you make an appointment with me then?"

"Oops! I forgot." I laughed.

I had just remembered that I asked my friend to give me a movie I wanted to see.

"I'll hurry home now. I'm not far from home."

I hung up and turn to Wan Viva.

"We have to go home. I forgot I made an appointment with Frank."

"Frank likes to visit you at home."

Wan pouted like a kitten.

"What's up with that?"

"Is he trying to flirt with you?"

"No, I don't think so. We've been close since we were kids. I don't think he thinks of me that way."

"Men and women cannot be friends. Lately, it seems like something more than just a close friend is approaching." Wan said.

"If you have a boyfriend, I will feel alone."

I looked at the little girl and chuckled. I put my hand on her neck, pulled her close to me, and pinched her cheek in admiration.

"You are crazy, even if I have a boyfriend, you will still be my friend. You are important to me." I assured her.

"I'm afraid things will change when you have a boyfriend." Wan said, taking my hand from her shoulder and turning her back to me, pouting.

"It's painful just thinking about it."

"Oh... Wan, it's impossible with Frank."

"Let's go home, but let me go to the bathroom first."

I didn't say anything and watched her leave the bathroom. I followed her five minutes later and saw her staring at the air in front of her.

Wan, what's wrong? Why do you seem scared?

"Oh..."

Wan Viva smiled awkwardly at me.

"It's nothing."

"Nothing, that means something. What happened?"

I looked at her questioningly. We had grown up together, so I knew something had happened.

"Tell me what happened?"

"The..."

Wan hesitated.

"What?"

"The boy asked me for my number." Wan finally said.

"Huh?"

I tried to process what I just heard. I finally understood what she was saying.

"The guy who followed us?"

"Yeah."

A strange feeling formed inside my chest. Wan Viva looked shy, and I felt a mix of agitation and confusion.

"We're going home."

I said leading the way and ignoring Wan Viva, whose face was still very red. If I knew how she felt, that meant she also knew how i felt.

"Why are you angry?"

"No reason."

"Are you angry because the boy asked for my number?"

"No..."

I paused and looked at her. I showed that I was not happy with her question.

"Why should I be upset?"



"Well..."

Wan Viva hesitated to speak, and I pressed for an answer.

"What?"

"Well, I thought you would be upset because he asked for my number instead of yours."

"I don't envy you."

"I didn't say you envied me."

Wan Viva quickly made excuses.

"Pleng."

"Do you like that boy?"

"No."

"Did you give your number? "

The silent gallery was now filled with my voice. The security guard ran out to see what was happening. I apologized to the embarrassed girl.

"I'm sorry. Let's go."

"Pleng."

I didn't say anything else to Wan Viva once we returned from the gallery. Her red face had now turned pale again as she worried how to make peace with me. I was glad to see her pale face instead of her red and timid one. But my gesture was one of disapproval.

"Beautiful, why are you upset? Are you fighting with Wan?"

Frank, my father's friend's son, asked me with admiration. I replied, turning the question back to him.

"How did you know?"

"You don't have that many friends. If you're fighting with someone, it has to be Wan Viva."

"How rude! I don't have friends?"

"No, not really as far as I know, you don't have many friends."

Frank, whom I had known for years, had now grown into a man who looked very different from when we were children. He used to be chubby, but now he was thin and tall. Everything about him had changed, including the way he looked at me.

"Not many. Where is the movie I ordered?"

"Be patient, here you are... "

"Aaaaaah!"

I screamed happily and grabbed the DVD.

"Thank you! I'm collecting one more of Meg Ryan's work."

"Now you're happy."

"Meg Ryan is my girl. I'm happy to see her face."

"It's very difficult to find this one."

"You're a good friend. thank you so much."

"What can I have in exchange?"

Frank asked, his gaze lingering on me.

"Oh..."

I looked at the boy who was once chubby. He had never flirted like that before, but the way he looked at me at that moment seem like he wanted something.

"What do you want?"

"Would you want to watch a movie with me?"

"Oh... Why??"

I scratched my cheek, feeling uncomfortable. I didn't want to reject him immediately, so I gave him false hope.

"Okay, but let's wait until there's something interesting in the movies. I don't think there's anything interesting right now."

"So sweet."

"Are you going back now?"

"Huh?"

The once chubby guy grimaced a little.

"What's this? Do you kick me out immediately once you received the movie?"

"I want to watch the movie now. Let's talk later."

"Okay, that makes sense."

Frank went back. I stood next to his car and sent him a nice smile until his luxurious Japanese car was out of sight.

"Now I finally have the movie, let's watch it."

I said, about to call out to my friend who was somewhere inside the house. But then, I remembered that I was still angry with her.

"Aish! I prefer to watched it alone."

"Pleng."

"Oh, What are you doing here?"

I was startled when I saw the little girl hiding behind a pillar.

"I've been waiting here for a while."

"Why are you hiding?"

"I was waiting for you and Frank to finish talking."

Wan Viva guilty expression made me feel sorry for her, and I forgot about my anger.

"Were you spying on us?"

"You're going to watch a movie with him. I thought you said you didn't like him?"

"I doesn't, but he is nice to me so I have to repay him?"

"When he will be your boyfriend?"

"I don't know."

I answered absentmindedly. The little girl looked even sadder.

"Are you really worried that I'll be had a boyfriend?"

"Yes."

"But you gave your phone number to other man too."

"I give it to him just in case...."

"In case what?"

"In case you have a boyfriend so I won't be alone."

"Is that the reason you gave your number?"

I looked at her with surprise. Wan Viva had never shown interest in any man before, and I was the reason she was involved with them this time.... The little girl nodded.

"Will that guy help you with your loneliness?"

"No one can replace you, nobody."

Her honest answer make my heart skip a beat. I tried to hide my shyness by gesturing towards her.

"No one can replace you either. I'd rather watch a movie with you than with Frank."

"Mmmm..."

Wan Viva seemed surprised.

"Why don't we go upstairs and watch a movie?"

I could see light shining in her eyes. I was very happy with her acceptance. It means that I had already forgotten why we had fought earlier.

"Of course, I want to watch it with you."

"Okay."

We watched a movie called 'City of Angels'. The lead actress was Meg Ryan. She was my favorite actress because of her blonde hair and blue eyes. She was the Queen of romantic comedy movies, every man's dream girl.

"I like seeing Meg Ryan smile. Her whole face smile with her... It's a familiar smile."

"She cut her hair in this movie."

I turned to look at the little girl who was enjoying every scene of the movie... Hmmmm, just like her. Her whole face smiled with her.

"What?"

The little girl questioned me when she caught me looking at her. I coughed before returning my attention to the screen.

"Nothing."

Why did I feel embarrassed?

"Why do you like this movie?"

"I like the plot of the movie. The main actor is an angel who feels nothing but becomes curious about Meg, who is a doctor. Meg Ryan is great in this movie. I love her."

"Do you like Doctors?"

"It's a respectable occupation." I replied, watching a scene where Meg was operating on a patient while listening to music.

"I feel safe with doctors. You know I always got sick. I like having a doctor near by."

I simply chatted as the little girl turned to me excitedly.

"Should I become a doctor?"

"Really?"

"Why not?"

"I think if you want to be a doctor, you can be a doctor. I know that when you put your mind on it, you can do anything."

I encouraged her. The little girl seemed shy and pointed her finger.

"But you're not determined person. You don't have a dream." I added.

"Look at the actress, she is driven and determined. She rides her bike to work even though she's a doctor. Look at you, have you finished your homework?"

"No, I haven't." Wan Viva laughed.

"Okay, from now on, I'll decide to be a doctor. After I finish watching this movie, I'll go do my homework."

"That would be great if you can do it."

"I'll be your doctor, when you need me."

"Okay."

"You don't sound very convinced. If I can become a doctor, what will you give me?"

The little girl asked, putting her bare hand in front of her, demanding something she hadn't yet achieved.

"Let's make it happen, and then we can talk about it."

"Really? Will you give me everything I ask for?"

"Then what do you want?"

"I don't know, but remember this promise.... One day, I will be a doctor."



## CHAPTER 03

### LIAR

That day was a holiday, and I tried to sleep in. But a loud noise in front of my house startled me awake. I got angry and went downstairs to see what was happening. I discovered that Wan Viva and Frank, who were there early, were doing something strange.

"What are you doing?"

Frank turned around and waved at me, forgetting that he was helping hold Wan Viva's bike, and ended up falling, crying in pain.

"Wan!"

I rushed to help her, but Frank, who was closer, blocked me. I stood there and watched what happened. My father's friend's son helped the little girl to her feet and brushed the dust off her clothes. I looked at Wan Viva's legs that were full of scratches.

"What the hell are you doing so early?"

"I'm learning to ride a bicycle."

"What?"

"I want to be a doctor who knows how to ride a bicycle."

"Huh?"

It took me a while to understand what she meant.

"Ah.. You want to be like Meg Ryan."

"I want to be Wan Viva and be able to do what Meg Ryan can."

She said with a smile. Frank looked at Wan Viva dreamily, and I coughed to show my disagreement.

"Frank, what are you doing here so early in the morning?"

"Oh... I'm here with my dad."

"Is Uncle Pu here?"

"Yes, he has some matters to discuss with your father."

"I see, how long have you been here?"

"For a while."

I didn't like it... What were these two talking about while I was sleeping? The way he looked at her had changed. That wasn't the way he looked at me as his family... The way he looked at me before, like a sister.

"Enough for today, Wan. You have scratches everywhere."

"I think girls with scratches are great. They seem adventurous."

"Not with Wan, I like her with clean and clear skin."

Wan Viva scratched her head in confusion.

"Okay, I'll clean these cuts."

"Go and take a shower and clean these cuts. If you have scars on your legs, you can't be in a beauty pageant."

"I want to be a doctor, not be in a beauty pageant."

The girl smiles widely with Frank.

"Sorry, then. Thanks for helping me today, Frank."

"No problem."

Wan Viva left, but it seemed like she had left some feeling behind. Frank had a dreamy look in his eyes, full of love. I pursed my lips. He was flirting with me the other day, but today there was a change.

"What a womanizer!"

"You're talking to me, Frank, but you're not here."

"No."

Frank sat up straight and coughed.

"Where were we?"

"We finished our conversation but you didn't pay attention to me at all. What happened? Does Wan Viva make you day dream?"

"What are you saying?"

"What happened this morning when I wasn't here? Why do you like Wan?"

"It's not like that."

Frank started to deny.

"Stop lying.

I interrupted. I looked into his eyes as he sat with his shoulder slumped.

"I just thought Wan was cute.

"What makes you feel this way?"

"I don't know. I just realized that she is a beautiful grown woman now." Frank said openly.

"There was no point in covering it up now. I think my heart skipped a beat when I saw her smile this morning, I like her determination."

"Determination?" I was confused.

"She decided to ride a bicycle as fast as possible. When she achieves this, she will reach a greater goal."

"Riding a bicycle?" I said.

The little girl seemed to be determined to do something silly. I had told her to finish her homework. Has she already done that?

"Did you fall in love so easily just by watching her ride a bicycle?" I asked with disgust. His uncertainty did not suit my best friend.

"Don't go so far with the idea of falling in love. I haven't gotten that far. I'm just impressed with her. Now she is a grown woman, does she have a boyfriend?"

I looked at him with disgust.

"Yes, she has."

After Frank left. I visited Wan Viva in her room. She looked like she was in pain when she tried to put medicine on her knee. She focused on her knee and didn't see me standing at the door, watching her for a long time.

"I think you should read books instead of wasting time on a bicycle. If you want to get into medical school, they don't test your ability to ride a bicycle." I said to Wan Viva.

She looked at me in surprise. Her smile was like her signature that made the world light up, even though she was suffering.

"I want to be a practicing doctor." The little girl said, showing me her fist with determination.

"Like Meg Ryan, who you like."

"Be a doctor who loves herself, a doctor with a smile, who flirts with anyone." I said.

I wanted to go to bed and grabbed a cotton swab from her hand.

"You're screaming and doing this at the same time. It will take you forever to finish this, let me do it."

"Do you know about first aid?"

"No."

"You look like you know what you're doing."

"You need confidence to do everything, but whether I can do it or not is another story. Stay still, I will do it."

I assured her as I secured her leg before administering the medicine. It was my first time, but it wasn't too difficult... Her voice made me freeze momentarily. The little girl was curious to see my hand stop in the air.

"What happened? Are you okay?"

"No."

I stammered... What was that feeling? I looked at the little girl and managed to muster a smile before continuing with the task at hand. Wan Viva watched me attentively as I applied the medicine and bandaged the cut. She smiled and admired me, a glimmer of trust in her eyes.

"You are so gentle, you should be a doctor more than me."

"I was not born to study hard to be an academic, and I don't like blood."

"But you are healing my wound."

She pointed out.

"I wouldn't do it if I weren't smart."

As I released her leg and disposed of the medical supplies, the little girl continued to look at me with admiration.

"What? Why are you looking at me?"

"I'm happy that you said that you are doing this just for me." Wan Viva said still smiling.

"I want to be a doctor just for you. I don't want to treat other people."

"You can't think like that if you want to be a doctor. You have to treat everyone."

"If I can be a doctor, you have to keep your promise. You will give me whatever I want."

So you know what you want now?"

"No. I just know that what I want from you has to be something important and worth it to be a doctor."

I laughed and crossed my arms over my chest. Whatever she wanted to do, it was always related to me.

"If you manage to be a doctor, I will give you everything. But remember this, you become a doctor for yourself not because you want a promise from me."

"That was an added benefit."

"Whatever is good for you, do it. I'm leaving."

I was about to leave when I heard her phone ring. The little girl looked at her phone in panic mode. I took the phone from her and answered.

"Hello? "

"You finally answer my call?"

I frowned. I looked at my friend who was now sitting next to me.

"Who is it?"

"It's me.... Eak. I asked your number at the art gallery.

"Oh.. wait a second."

I handed the phone back to Wan Viva. My face was expressionless. I just looked at my friend, curious as to what she would do next.

"Ple...."

"Go ahead. "

I interrupted... I got up and prepared to leave, but Wan Viva ran over and blocked the door for me. She cut the line immediately. She didn't care about the caller.

"Are you angry?"

"Why should I be angry?"

"Don't know, you seems angry."

"Does it seem like I'm angry?"

I said expressionlessly and she threw the phone on the bed. It bounced and rolled onto the bed like a piece of trash.

"You have someone chasing you. It has nothing to do with me."

"Pleng..."



I left her room and slammed the door, following my anger. Damn! So lovely. The men were chasing her... In the end, it would be her who left me.. Suddenly, she became so popular with many men that they queued up like a long train.

What nonsense, I didn't want to be alone, that's why I wanted to date someone. I threw a pen on the floor while my friends and I were in the practice room. My friends, who were chatting, paused and looked at me worriedly.

"What happened, Pleng? Can't you write a song?"

Tod, the band's drummer, asked curiously. I looked at him, feeling unhappy. Didn't he understand? I was upset.

"If I could write, I wouldn't throw away the pen."

They looked at each other and were silent. I had a bad habit that when I was upset, I would get angry at everyone, even a mosquito.

"Let's take a rest. We're in no hurry to release a new song."

Pat, the bassist of our band, quickly changed the subject. She clapped her hands, drawing attention.

"What did you use your monetary reward for? What did you buy?"

Everyone smiled when he talked about this because everyone was so proud to have won first prize. For high school students, 2000 baht was a big deal, even for me who came from a wealthy family.

"I bought a new drum stick and gave the rest to my mom." Tod said proudly.

I shook my head when I heard that.

"You only received 2000 baht and you gave it to your mother?"

"I wanted her to be happy. "

"That money is so little that it won't be of any use to you. You should spend that money on nonsense."

Everyone was silent when I said this. Patty still smiled and continued.

"And you, Pleng? What will you do with it?"

"Don't know. I'll save it for now. It's so little that I don't know how to spend it. Not enough for what I wanted."

"It's good to be rich. You're not as excited as other people because you're already rich."

"Are you being sarcastic?"

"Why are you looking for a fight, Pleng? If you are in such a bad mood, you should go home first. You are creating a boring atmosphere."

I looked at patty critically and grabbed my expensive school backpack in my hand.

"Okay, I'm going home."

I left the room agitated, but forgot that I left my notebook there when I was ten steps away. I returned to the room but stopped to open the door when I heard talking from inside.

"To be honest, I don't want to be in the same band with that bitch. She thinks she is very talented, she is rich but humiliates other people. Does she have any friends?" Tod said in an annoyed tone.

The rest hummed in agreement. I closed my lips tightly trying to be patient, and listened to them more.

"Yes, she has them. Her close friend Wan Viva. She is cute."

"I like her." Tod shouted as if someone was going to steal her.

"But she follows her like a kitten, I don't know why she dates Pleng. Maybe she's the same type of person."

"Oh! Nobody likes her. I guess they push her down and she gave up. I heard she is their maid's daughter. If they are not nice to the owner of the house, it may affect their mother."

I held on to the doorknob as tightly as if I were holding a grenade ready to explode at any moment. But I chose to be patient.

"Well, at least. There should not be a second Pleng in this world. Makes the world heavier."

"She's a piece of trash."

"Well, I have to admit that she is a good composer. Do not be angry. Anyway, we don't try to be close to her."

"Yes, we need Pleng's Parent also to be our song sponsors. Our money and the school budget alone won't allow us to go that far. We need money to travel, clothes, a rehearsal room, it all comes from the sponsors. We have to be patient." Patty laughed.

"So let's be patient and let's vent the tension here. We are friends with benefits."

"Because of the benefits it brings, I let it pass. Otherwise, I almost can't stand what she said. Sometimes I want to slap her."

"Tod, you're a man."

"And? Some woman don't deserve respect. I want to see her fail someday. I'll be the first to trample her."

I closed my eyes after Tod's laughter and silently pushed the door. Suddenly, when everyone saw me there, the room become silent. Especially Tod, who looked suprised.

"I forgot my notebook for the song. Fun chat when I'm not there."

I looked at everyone one by one and walked towards the table to grab my notebook. I smiled at everyone.

"You are so sincere when I'm not around."

Patty tried to be a mediator by walking towards me and trying to talk, but I quickly stopped her with a hand gesture.

"Don't say anything. There is no point in explaining. Today we finish this, you guys can continue with the band without me. Good luck!"

I left the room slowly feeling ignorant. I should scream and get angrier, but I didn't see any point in doing so. If I didn't get along, I just walk away.. Without them, I could still make my own song. A computer would help.

It hadn't been my day. I left my band and didn't see Wan Viva when I got home. We usually went home together. But she had mentioned earlier that she had a date with her friends and that i shouldn't wait for her.

Where was she? It was already 6 o'clock! I felt frustrated and angry as I dialed Wan Viva's number, hoping to reach her. However, my frustration only grew when she didn't answer and I was prompted to leave a message.

"Call me back as soon as possible, Wan. I'm really bored now."

After five minutes, Wan Viva called me back, sounding nervous. Perhaps it was my angry tone that made her nervous. I realized that U could be demanding at times when it came to her.

"What's wrong, Pleng? You said to call back as soon as possible. Is everything alright?"

"Nothing, where are you? Why haven't you arrive yet?"

"I went to buy some school supplies. I thought I already told you, what happen? Why do you sound upset? Are you still mad at me about the other day?"

"Today, I'm feeling bored and a little down. And I don't see you at home when I'm here."

"You're really attached to me. Okay, I'll come home quickly."

"Can you teleport back? I'm so bored."

"I'm done with my errands now, I'll head home immediately."

"Come back soon. Your smile always makes me feel better."

She didn't respond so I ask again.

"Hello, are you still there?"

"I'm here."

"Oh! I thought you hung up. Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine. I'm going back now."

Her nasal and unique voice calmed me down a bit. I decided to take a walk because I knew she wouldn't return as quickly as I wanted. As I walked I heard my father talking to someone not far from me.

"Dad, what are you doing?"

I saw my dad who was talking on the phone. He smiled at me, ended the conversation, and hung up.

"I'm working, It's done."

"You sound stressed. Are you okay?"

"Of course, I'm fine. I'm always fine."

"Yes, I think so."

"Why are you here? It's getting dark. There are many mosquitoes in the dark. I don't want you to get dengue."

"Today was a bad day. It wasn't my day, I'm waiting for Wan. She hasn't come home yet."

"You're so attached to your friend. How are you going to find a boyfriend if you're so attached to her?"

I looked at him and smiled in disbelief.

"Are you okay if I have a boyfriend?"

"Not really, I'm surprise that a beautiful and talented woman like you doesn't have anyone yet. Teenagers like you always talk to their boyfriends on the phone. My friend told me about his daughter who spends so much time talking on the phone with a boy."

"I don't maybe I'm not a good person."

"I also belive that."

"Dad!"

I protested it sighed thinking about the conversation I heard today. If they didn't like the way I am, then we can't be friends.

"Why don't you try to change?"

"Shhhh."

"Why do you think you are not a good person?"

"Well.."

I paused decided not to talk about it.

"Nothing, I just don't like anyone yet. For, now, I am happy everyday. If I have to like someone, they have to be smart as me and smile as beautiful as Wan."

"Wow, what a criterion! You are so demanding."

"Of course, I will only date the best."

Wan Viva returned home around 7pm, I walked to her room when I knew she had returned. The little girl was still wearing her high school uniform with her shirt casually unbuttoned. She was about to take off her headband.

"Why are you so late to go buy stationery and you didn't come to see me when you returned?"

"Hello, beautiful."

Wan Viva smiles at me as always.

"Wanted to take a shower before going to see you. Now I smell very bad."

"I said nothing, I just called your name. What happened today? You seemed so eager to see me."

"Well, a little but not that important."

"That is not true, I can see it's important to you. You look very sensitive now."

Wan Viva walked towards me and looked directly at me.

"There is something happened to you today."

"You are the only true friend I have."

"What happened?"

"I quit the band."

"Huh?"

I finally sat down and talked to my little friend about what happened. Whenever I had any problem, Wan Viva was the first one know.. Well.. we were close. We grew up together. We lived in the same house. We were like sisters.

"You must be sad, Pleng."

The little girl gently touched my arm to comfort me.

"It's okay, you've got me."

"I know I have you, that's why I'm not so sad. I only feel upset when you're not at home."

"I was busy, look I'll spend the night with you tonight. How does that sound?"

"Really?"

"Of course, but let me take a shower. You go ahead, I'll join you later."

"Alright, I'll wait for you here."

The little girl grabbed her towel and put it over her shoulder. She left me alone in the room, I lay down on her bed and waited for us to go to my room together. Five minutes later, I heard Wan Viva's phone ring. It had to be the same guy... An unknown number.

"Hello?"

The guy at the end still didn't recognized my voice.

"I'm nervous about whether you would answer the phone or not. You never answered my calls."

"I just saw that you called many times."

"I'm happy that you lowered the wall that surrounds you for me. Thank you for seeing you today."

"Today..."

"Let's meet again."

I closed my lips tightly, I was so angry that I hung up the phone. I left her room immediately... No one on earth cared about me. It was all lie!

## CHAPTER 04

### JEALOUS

"Pleng, why don't you talk to me?"

Since we left home to go to school, Wan Viva kept repeating the same question. I didn't speak, I didn't respond, I didn't look at her, I Didn't do absolutely anything until we got out of the car and walked into the school. I Had to admit that I was still very angry..... Angry, because my closest friend lied to me.

"I'm about to cry. What did I do wrong?"

Wan's trembling voice came from behind me. I paused and turned to see tears in her eyes. She looked down at the ground.

"You're a big girl, don't cry."

It was the first sentence I spoke since the previous night. Wan Viva had knocked on my door for almost 30 minutes before finally going to bed. In The morning, I still didn't speak to her. I decided that was enough punishment.

"You're not talking to me, Pleng."

The little girl wiped her tears.

"What did I do wrong?"

"Think about it, what did you do wrong?"

"I don't know."

"Ummm."



I turned around and was about to walk towards the field when I heard Wan stomp on the ground behind me.

"You're not nice." She sobbed.

"What?"

Wan Viva had never spoken to me like that before, at least not in front of me. I turned to see her stomping on my shadow, coincidentally where her feet were.

"You are not nice. You didn't tell me why you're mad at me, I don't know what to do..."

Wan sobbed... She dropped to the ground, passers by looked at her and laughed. She couldn't bear being laughed at by others.

"Get up, this is shameful."

"What does that matter to you?"

Wan, get up! It is very hot here.

Wan Viva's classmates, passed by and hurriedly grabbed her shoulder, escorting her up. I looked sadly at the boy who had interfered with our conversation.

"I told you to get up, you're not even moving."

I said coldly, muttering to myself so Wan wouldn't hear.

"I'm not that important to you anymore."

"Pleng."

Wan Viva clung to my wrist, her eyes filled with tears. This softened my attitude a little as I felt sorry for her.

"Why are you angry with me?"

"I..."

I looked at Wan and sighed before grabbing Wan Viva's wrist and walked towards the school field.

"Let's skip this session and find a quiet place to talk."

Wan looked at both of us, shook her head, and walked away.

I felt like a winner and smiled like one. I was happy that Wan Viva chose me over other school friends.

"You're smiling now."

I stopped smiling and dragged her to a building behind the Social Building. It was a quiet area. We paused to look at each other. Wan Viva, once again, was the first to start the conversation.

"So what happened to you? Why are you angry?"

"You lied to me."

"What?"

"Who did you see yesterday?"

She didn't respond.

"I know everything, I'll give you one more chance."

The little girl began to open her mouth but was left speechless. Sighed and slumped her shoulder.

"Eak.. again right? You're mad about that guy again."

The little girl sighed with relief when she realized what it was about.

"That's the reason why you're not talking to me, right?"

"Yes, you lied to me. I trusted you and thought you would tell me the truth. But no... you went out with a boy."

My tone was low with anger. I knew it wasn't normal.

"I didn't make an appointment. It was just a coincidence."

"How."

"Eak, the guy who asked me for my number that day knew Wan. We accidentally bumped into each other. That's all."

Did such a coincidence really exist in this world? Should I believe that?

"Are you sure you didn't make an appointment?"

"Are you crazy! I didn't even call him, only he called me, and I never answered the phone. Except that day when you answered."

I looked at her, upset. I meant that I was nosy! I had to change the subject.

"Do you like the boy?"

"I don't like him."

"Hey!! You!"

I bit my lip and frowned, looking at her with frustration.

"So you like that bastard?"

"I don't like him, but I don't hate him. Pleng, you are not being kind by calling him a bastard. Good people don't do that, it's not nice."

"Wan Viva!" I yelled at her, causing her to freeze.

I was even surprised by my own high-pitched voice. I close my eyes, trying to gather my patience.

"Forget it."

"You."

The little girl reached out to touch my arm, but I twisted it in a nasty way. Wan Viva's eyes filled with tears. She didn't understand me and started crying.

"I don't understand you. What happened? Why have you been in a bad mood with me since yesterday?"

"Well... you.."

I clenched my fist, struggling to understand myself.

"You flirted with that boy."

"Why do you say that? I did nothing?"

"If you didn't do anything, why did he sound hopeful? You're planning to have a boyfriend and leave me alone. Fine, do whatever you want. I can be alone."

"You're contradicting yourself. You took me to the gallery and showed me how to attract a guy like, Eak. I didn't choose him, but he chose me. And now you're jealous."

"What?"

"It seems like you're jealous."

Her words made me freeze. My anger dissipated, replaced by a flurry of questions... jealous?.. Why would I be jealous?

"What are you talking about?" I asked...

Wan Viva, who had been crying moments ago, now wiped her eyes and looked hopeful.

"You don't want me to have a boyfriend. Is that why you're upset? I think you're jealous of me, Pleng."

"What kind of friends get jealous of each other?"

"Why not?"

"I'm worried about you... Yes, I'm worried about you."

I quickly arranged the words in my head and sent a message to her forehead.

"You must be confused."

"Whether it's jealousy or worry, I'm happy."

She said, smiling with her whole face despite the tears in her eyes. She hugged my arm and buried her head in it.

"I finally realized that you're angry because you're worried, I couldn't sleep all night."

"S... so, about that boy, Eak."

"Nothing, I spoke to him no more than three words."

I moved around a little, trying to act like nothing was happening.

"How did you feel when you saw him again?" I asked.

"I didn't feel anything."

"Do you think he's handsome?"

"He's not ugly."

Argghhh! I took a deep breath as she responded. I furrowed my brow again. She seemed happy to see me like this.

"Look at you, you're angry again. That's so cute. I like seeing you worried about me." Wan Viva said, still resting her head on my shoulder, curled up like a kitten.

"I don't feel well."

I lightly tapped her forehead. I couldn't understand my own feelings. Why would I be angry if she had a boyfriend?

"You don't want to be alone, but don't worry, even if I really have a boyfriend, you'll always be my number one. I promised."

"Really?"

"Even if I get married, have children, and start my own family, you will still be my number one in my heart."

"Thank you so much."

I smiled, feeling embarrassed.

"Am I really your number one?"

The little girl laughed as I repeated the question.

"Yes, you'll always be the number one in my heart."

Not long after, everyone in the family found out about this. We were watching TV together, and everyone was teasing me while I was the only one not laughing.

"Now it's your turn."

I looked at my little friend, who told everyone how I get jealous of her.. My mom laughed at how upset I was and lovingly adjusted my head.

"Why are you so protective of your friend? Now she can't have a boyfriend because you won't allow it."

"It's not like that." I replied, raising my chin and trying to maintain my pride.

"I just don't trust men these days. You should at least let me know if you want to date someone. I'll help you evaluate them."

"You're very protective of her, but hey! Well... you two were born in the same period. All your memories are filled with mom, dad, and Wan. That doesn't surprise me." My father said in a mocking tone.

"But if you're too protective like this, not only will Wan not have a boyfriend, but you won't have a boyfriend either. And if you don't have a boyfriend, you'll be with mom and dad forever until you're older. That can't be good."

"That can't be good, I'll find you a boyfriend."

My mom chimed in, looking through a magazine nearby.

"Who's the best here? Tiger Woods? He's so handsome."

"Mom! You don't have to join dad's plan. I don't like Tiger Woods, let's go with Mike Tyson."

"Wow! I didn't know you liked the boxer. Be careful, he might hit you hard. You'd be knocked, Pleng." My mom teased me.

"Mother!" I exclaimed, crossing my arms and pouting.

"Just so that everyone doesn't laugh at me, I'll allow Wan to have a boyfriend."

I announced loudly to everyone. I looked at my friend, who smiled with her whole face.

"And to be fair, I'll have a boyfriend too."

"Who would love you?"

My mom teased me again, causing everyone to laugh.

"Mother, There are many people who like me. What about Frank? He's rich and a son of dad's friend?"

While everyone continued to laugh, Wan Viva slowly stopped smiling, slumped her shoulder, and left the room.

"Excuse me, I'm going to bed." She said quietly.

"Why are you going to bed so early?" I asked, but the look in her eyes was strange. I was taken a back.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." The little girl responded abruptly and walked away.

No one else seemed to notice, but I noticed something in the way she looked at me. I excused myself to go to the bathroom, but my real intention was to find her... I knocked on her door and waited. It took almost a full minute, which felt like a long time for such a small room. The door opened, and I saw my best friend standing there smiling.

"What's happening?"

"What happened to you?" I responded with question.

"What do you mean, what happened to me?"

"You looked at me strangely. Are you upset about something? Did I do something wrong?"

I crossed my arms and continued to press her.

"No, nothing. You're imagining things." Wan Viva shrugged.

"I grew up with you, I can tell when you're not feeling well. Just like you can tell how I feel. Tell me what happened?"

She didn't respond.

"Quick."

"I don't know, I just don't feel good."

"Are you sick?"

I approached and touched her forehead.

"You're not running a fever."

"I am not physically sick. It's here in my chest. There's nothing there. You can't feel anything."

I reached out to casually touch her chest, but she swatted my hand away and growled.

"They'll get bigger when I get older. They'll be fuller."

"Are you so confident?"

"Shhh." She hushed me.

"If you have a boyfriend and you get married, they'll touch you there."

I lowered my voice, imagining everything in my head.

"What the hell are you talking about, Pleng? I'm talking about my chest." She interrupted me.

"That's true."

"What's in your chest?"

"I... I feel sensitive."

"Why?"

"I didn't like what you said that you would have a boyfriend... You said you would go out with Frank."

"Huh?"

"I'm jealous."

The little girl confesses simply, she looked at me and said.

"Like the way you were jealous of me today."



## CHAPTER 05

AHHH

Go out with someone...

I never thought about this until Wan Viva started talking about it. I Felt content with my life, I love my family, I never thought about romantic love between girls and boys. It wasn't necessary for me. but it was natural for my age to have someone. If Wan and I stayed this close, we'd both be single forever. If Wan Viva had a boyfriend, why would he be like? They would hold hands, snuggle, hug. He would help her in the bus, help her carry her things and suddenly she would seem so vulnerable. It made me upset just thinking about it. She would be so weak, she can't even hold her own bag and they would walk hand and hand. Oh! So frustrating. But well.. we can't be single for the rest of our life. I needed to understand this, I told myself.

One day, Wan Viva told me she had to go to her friend's house for an assignment.

"You won't come back with me today?"

"I have homework to do."

"Who's in this group?"

"My classmates."

"Are you safe?"

"Who do you think I'll go with?"

I looked at Wan Viva suspiciously, but her look was very innocent, I could only sigh.

"Yes, what can I say If you really go with someone else."

This time the little girl looked at me suspiciously, then she smiled happily.

"Are you jealous of me again?"

"Let's say I'm worried about you. People might have misunderstood it." Either way, whether you're jealous or worried about me, It's good for me. I'll hurry home. "

"Okay."

I watched with worry as Wan Viva left school with a group of friends. But I ended up doing something I never imagined I would do before. I spied on her to see if she would really go to work on her project. It's not that I didn't believe her, I just wanted to see it with my own eyes. I hailed a taxi and asked the driver to drive slowly. I saw Wan Viva and her friends get out of a car in front of a shopping center and go inside. I paid the taxi fare and followed them. Wan Viva entered a stationary store. They discuss the thing they needed and how they would split the work, contemplating whether to go home or not, but then..

"Wan.,"

A man's low voice called out to her. The boy grabbed his backpack under his armpit and walked towards Wan Viva to greet her.. Who was that?

"Eak."

The question only my mind got an immediate answer from my close friend. She looked surprised as she said his name. I didn't like the situation, but I had to watch in silence.

"That's great, you can remember me."

"Why are you here? Is this a coincidence?"

"I can say it's a coincidence..."

Eak scratches his head shyly. He picked up Wan Viva's bag that she had left on the floor.

"Is this yours? I'll help you carry it."

"No, don't worry. It's okay, someone will help her with that. You don't have to carry it."

I couldn't contain myself and blurted out, Wan Viva and Eak turned to look at me in surprise, especially Wan Viva who looked at me in shock. She didn't know how to respond, she couldn't be totally happy to see me.

"Why are you here, Pleng?"

"Can I say It's a coincidence?" I smiled and looked at Eak.

"I'm borrowing your phrase."

"Oh, Okay. Is this your friend?"

Eak turned to ask the little girl who was stunned. Wan Viva nodded and smiled awkwardly at me.

"Are you following me?"

"Yes, I wanted to go with you, but I missed your taxi, so I got into the next one."

"You should have sent me a message."

It bothered me to hear that because she said it as if I needed her permission to come along.

"Do I have to ask you permission when I want to do something?"

"No, I didn't mean that. Don't pick a fight, I mean If I knew you wanted to come, I would have waited for you. You just showed up and took me by surprise."

"Is he the one who always calls you?"

I smiled at Eak, trying to get to know him.

"Ummm.. We had met before at the gallery."

"Do you like my friend?"

"Huh?"

"Pleng!"

Both of them looked uncomfortable, especially Wan Viva, who turned pink. I burst out laughing before trying to clarify things.

"I'm just kidding, you don't normally have male friends, and I heard him offering to carry your bag, so I thought he liked you. According- to one theory, men and women can't be just friends."

"Silly, Pleng. Don't listen to her, she's being silly."

Eak smiled but didn't respond, I looked at Wan Viva. I'm not happy with these things now.

"How come I have become silly?"

After buying stationary, the little girl had to go to her friend's house to work on their project. Wan Viva hesitated about leaving me alone, reluctant to part ways.

"Can you go home alone, Pleng?"

"Yeah."

"I don't want you to go alone."

"I'm not a baby, you can go now."

"I'll get in a taxi once you leave."

The little girl seemed hesitant but nodded. She waved goodbye as if we would see each other again next year. When she left, I prepared to leave as well. But Eak was still there.

"You, Why don't you go with Wan?"

"She's going to work on a project. I wouldn't be involved."

"I see."

I nodded and started to walk away, but he kept up with me and continued talking.

"Are you very close to Wan Viva?"

"Yeah."

"Does she have a boyfriend?"

He asked, causing me to stop and turn to look at the taller boy, feeling upset. I decided to be honest with him.

"Are you trying to flirt with her?"

"Well... Mmmm." He hesitated.

"I asked you a while ago, but you didn't answer and now you're bothering me, so you like her?"

"Yes, yes. I'm sorry."

"Why do you have to apologize?" I frowned after hearing that.

"I don't know, you don't seem happy about it."

"Why would I be happy?"

"You may be worried about her because you are close friends. I believe that close friends have influence on each other. If you don't like me, Wan won't like me either."

"Are you trying to please me?"

"No! It's not like that."

He shook his head. Now I see the way you refuse and laugh.

"I didn't say it in a flirtatious way.. I mean you want me to support you."

"Yes, yes. Something like that."

"I don't have much influence over her. Whoever she likes, I like it too."

I reluctantly admitted.

"Does she show any signs that she likes you?"

"I can't say, She never showed anything, maybe a lot of people have tried to flirt with her."

"Ahhh."

I was surprised to hear that from him. But in reality, there were already some guys who felt the same way about her.

"Where did you get that information?"

"Wan said that there are many people inside and outside of school like her. It's not a big surprise, she is cute and has a beautiful smile. Everyone likes her."

"Uh, huh."

"But If she doesn't like anyone, I may have some hope, and it will be better if you help me too."

He added and I didn't answer. I just acknowledge what he said... Ummm, I couldn't help but to turn around and give him a job interview before getting into a taxi.

"What is your dream?"

I always asked someone to find out what they were like.

"Oh, what do you mean?"

I heard her response and shook my head in disapproval.

"No, nothing."

Wan Viva returned home around 10 pm. I was soaking in the tub when I heard a knock on the door.

"Pleng, can I come in?"

"Wait."

I got out of the bathtub and walked to open the door to let her in. She was still wearing school uniform, and the little girl looked at me and turned around timidly.

"Alright, why are you shy? We've seen each naked since we were young." I said.

"But we never showered together again since we got older. Your.. your skin is so shiny."

Now my face turned red this time. Wan Viva smiled at me, knowing that I was feeling shy.

"Who is shy?"

"If you're not shy, why are you quiet?"

She looked at me and hit me on the shoulder.

"Your skin is as soft as a baby."

"I take hot bath often. "

"It's good that you have a bathtub. I want to soak in it too, I work very hard today."

She said massaging her shoulder as if to show how much pain she was in. I looked at her pitifully and said casually.

"Take off your clothes."

"Huh?"

She exclaimed in surprise.

"Take of your clothes, let's soak together in warm water."

"That's crazy, we have grown."

She started to protest, but I took the towel that was wrapped around me and revealed my naked body in front of her. She looked at me in shock.

"I'm the first to be naked, so you don't have to be shy."

I said reaching out to unbutton her school uniform and laughing at the of the familiar bra.

"You still wearing my old bra. It's very old."

"It... it still fits."

Wan Viva covered her face in embarrassment, but I took her hands away and said forcefully.

"Don't be stubborn. Take it off and dive in with me."

"B... but."

She hesitated.

"I'll give you a massage."

We were both sitting in the bathtub, but Wan Viva refused to turn towards me. Now she was without clothes, I looked at her shyness.

"I've seen it all, why are you still shy?"

"I'm not use to this, how can you act like it's nothing?"

Wan Viva hugged her knees in the bathtub.

"I'm so embarrassed."

"Why? Other friends bathe together like this, it's not weird."

"I don't know, this is new for me."

"If you're shy, I'll feel it too." I said firmly.

"Takes your hands off and look at me."

The little girl followed my order but still refused to turn around to talk to me.

Are you going to turn your back me? Really?"

"Give me some time."

"Okay, how was your homework?"

I tried to keep the conversation going, hoping she would relax.

"It's progressing."

I continued talking to her until she seemed more at ease. I wanted to give her a massage to help her relax after her hard day. I touched her skin, and Wan Viva flinched a little before relaxing.

"How does it feel to soak in hot bath and receive a massage?" I asked.

"It really feels better, how can I repay you?"

"I don't think you can afford it, I'll ask for a smile instead. You have a nice smile that can make me feel refreshed."

The little girl turned her face towards me and gave me a big smile before turning around again.

"I'll pay you, you better give me a good massage."

"You've been studying a lot lately."

"Yes, It's for science, I need a good score to get into medical school."

"Are you still aiming for that? You should aim for something you want to study, not just because I said it's good."

"I want to be a doctor, so I can be your doctor."

"You don't seem passionate about it."

"Being doctor is my dream."

"You're using my need to fulfill your dream. In my opinion, if you don't have a dream, you're not truly interested."



Wan viva turned her face towards me and pouted.

"That's not true! I wanted to be a doctor, whether it was my dream or not. I chose it, don't complain."

"You and Eak are the same."

"Oh?"

Wan Viva, who was feeling relaxed, looked into my eyes.

"Which Eak? The one we saw today?"

"Yes, today when we separated, I spoke with Eak. He asked me for help and support, He tried to be close to me, saying that if I felt good about him, you would also feel good about him because I have influence over you.

Wan Viva laughed but didn't comment.

"But do I really have influence over you?"

"I think so, I believe in everything you say. In this world, only my mom and you have influence over me." She replied, turned around and give me a mischievous look.

She was so cute, I wanted to tease her. I moved my hand that was massaging her shoulder to her chest.

"Hey! What is this, Pleng?"

"I'm giving you a breast massage to make them bigger. Your boyfriend will think that your breast are too small."

"You're being silly, get your hands off me. You're tickling me." She protested.

"I'll tickle you even more."

I moved my fingers towards her nipple, but I was startled when her body reacted to my touch.

"Aaah"

A moan escaped Wan Viva's throat, causing me to stop. I could feel her strong heartbeat through my hands on her chest. The little gasped, and I was shocked not knowing what to do. I tried to remover my hands, but the slipperiness of the soapy water covering her skin made the movement feel like gentle touch on her chest.

"Ummm."

Wan Viva wrapped herself tightly, trapping my hands there. I closed my lips tightly and swallowed a lump in my throat.

"Don't move."

"Why."

"I feel so sensitive. If you move, might... I might be even more sorry."

The little girl was very straightforward. She turned around and looked at me with a blushing face. I looked at my friend's face, feeling my own heartbeat racing in the warm water, surrounded by a feeling of uncertainty. What was this? What was the sensitive feeling?

Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 06

### SINCE WHEN?

2 a.m...

"Ahhhhh"

3 am...

."Ahhhhh"

4 am....

"Ahhhhh"

7 am... Yes! It was 7 in the morning. Normally, I would get up at this time to get ready for school, but it was the weekend. I wished I could wake up late and just roll around in bed without any worries, chores, or homework. However, I sat up, angry and with a headache from lack of sleep. My eyelids were heavy, but my brain was not cooperating. In my head I kept hearing the sound of WanViva moaning in the bathtub. And what was that strange, sensitive feeling? I decided to get up and continue with my routine as usual, but one thing was different this morning...watching Wan Viva.

"Oh!"

WanViva, who had just returned from going out with my nanny, exclaimed in surprise when she saw me standing in front of the house early in the morning. Her 'Oh!', sounded so different now. Her voice sounded so sexy... What was happening to me?

"What was that noise?"

I Wrapped my arms around my chest, trying to act as if nothing had happened and ignoring the sensitive feeling inside me.

"I'm surprised you got up so early today."

"But you wake up even before me."

"I wake up like this every day."

"Where Were you?"

"I went to the temple with my mother. I thought of you when I made merit."

"That's Why I feel so good today. I Received the merit you gave me. Wait! I'm not dead!"

"Ooooooh! Hahaha"

The little girl laughed, and I had to look away. Why did her laugh seem different? I didn't know what to do, so I moved my hair to the other side and grimaced, trying to control myself. WanViva knew me too well. She looked at me curiously.

"What's Happening today? Why are you uncomfortable?"

"It's nothing."

"There is something. I can see."

I Looked at the girl and sighed deeply. This was too difficult to explain, not even I could explain it. But.... whatever!

"I Didn't like it when you made that sound."

"What?"

WanViva frowned and rolled her eyes, not understanding what I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know. It just seems..."

I hesitated to explain.

"Okay, let's try this. I want to know if it still sounds strange."

"What's Wrong with you?... okay, what should I say?"

"Ohhh..."

Really?"

Wan Viva looked confused. I looked at her seriously.

"Repeat everything that I say,"

"Ohhhh..."

Her nasal voice today was really sexy, but it didn't have that much impact.

"What's happening?"

"What's happening?"

"Oh Lord"

"Oh Lord"

"Ops"

"Oops... are you done yet? Why do I have to say these things?"

"Okay, that's enough,"

I smiled. I was glad I didn't feel as emotional as I did last night.

"I'll go take a shower and go down to have breakfast."

I turned around and was about to go upstairs to take a shower. I paused when I heard WanViva pat her neck and say,

"Aaaahhhh... the mosquito bitme."

The little girl scratched her neck while I looked at her, feeling so sensitive. I was worried about the sensitive skin on her neck.

"Don't scratch it."

I extended my hand to prevent her from scratching. I saw the red mark on her neck.

"It itches more the more you scratch."

"It's itchy."

"They are mosquitoes. They're supposed to sting."

I ran my finger over the red bump that slowly appeared from the mosquito venom on her skin.

"Put on some balm. You should feel better."

"Aaahhh."

The little girl's feet tickled. She let out a low moan. I felt an electric shock and quickly removed my hand. I must have been very uncomfortable today, and I even felt it. And surely WanViva felt it too.

"What happened to you today? You looked so awkward."

"I..."

"And you also stuttered. What's On your mind?"

I bit my lip and considered how to explain that I could never hide it from her, finally blurted it out.

"Your sound disturbs me."

"What sound?"

"The sound you make like aaahhh, haaaa, oooh..."

I grabbed my heart.

"Since last night, your voice has made me feel strange. I couldn't sleep at all."

"When did I do that?"

"When we bathed...when I playfully touches your breast..."

"Did I make that sound?"

The little girl paused.

"So you made me try that sound again?"

"Yeah."

"Was it strangely good or strangely bad?"

"I don't know."

We made eye contact for a long time, and I finally broke it off because she was too quiet.

"I'm going to take a shower. Thank you for the merit this morning."

"Don't worry. I am happy when you are happy."

It was a holiday, and I had the whole day free. My mind was all over the place, especially thinking about the sounds she made.

'Ahhhh...'

Damn! It kept replaying in my head. I tried to distract myself by reading my mother's magazine. I flipped through it until I came across a page titled "Sex Conundrum." I Flipped through... There was nothing interesting in this magazine, just bags, clothes, and perfumes. They published content about basic human instincts to attract readers attention. However, it worked...I found myself returning to that page because there was nothing else to read.

"I Like to look at my teacher's legs. She's now 50 years old. Am I normal?"

"No, you were definitely not normal. Who would care about the legs of a 50-year-old woman?"

I looked at a boy's butt and wanted to slap him. Am I normal?

I wasn't like that. I liked to look at the crotch... " I watched porn from my brother's secret collection. My body was acting strange. I had some lubrication in my vagina. Am I normal?"

I paused there for a long time. I hadn't watched any porn, but my body had been acting strangely, and something was evident when I went to the bathroom in the middle of the night.

I shifted my gaze to the columnist's response.

"It is very normal to have lubrication in that area, or to put it simply, when you are aroused."

I quickly closed the magazine, crossed my legs, and threw it

on the floor. WanViva happened to pass by at that moment.

He looked at the magazine I had thrown angrily to the ground.

"What happened? Why did you do that?" She tried to pick it up, but I yelled at her, the smallest girl.

"No!"

"Why? What happened?"

"Don't touch it,"

I ordered. Wan Viva looked puzzled and nodded.

"Uh-huh."

"Enough. Don't make a sound."

"Huh?"

"I said not a sound!"

"Um?"

"I said not a single sound!"

"Do you feel strange with my sound again?"

"Oh! If You don't stop, I will be very angry with you."

I stood up and walked away without taking the magazine.

"Where are you going?"

"To the United States maybe... Where else could I be? I'll be home, of course."

"Why Do you have to be sarcastic? I Was just asking."

The little girl stayed silent and looked at the ground. She didn't know what she had done wrong. I felt guilty, so I awkwardly smiled at her "N... No. I'm just a little upset and talking nonsense."

"You don't look normal today."

Wan Viva approached me and touched my forehead.

"You don't have a fever, and my hand isn't hot. Here, try this."

The little girl used both her hands to cup my cheeks and forced my forehead closer to hers. Our foreheads touched.

"No, you're not hot. You're not sick."



Wan Viva's face was right next to mine, right at the tip of my nose. I had never seen her face so close before. My heart trembled.

Boom! Boom!

'It is very normal to have lubrication in that area, or to put it simply, if you're\_arousing,"

"Don't touch me."

I Pushed her away and grabbed my chest. My heart was.. beating so hard, I thought I was about to die. Wan Viva looked at me with confusion. I didn't know how to explain it to her, so I just walked away without looking back..

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Since when?...

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Was she so cute like that?

## CHAPTER 07

### THAT'S HOW IT WAS

"I think Eak is a good guy," I said as we were both walking in a mall.

My mom and Wan Viva's mom walked in the opposite direction. My mom wanted a new microwave, and since I was bored at home, I Decided to accompany her. And yes, Wan Viva was with us too.

"Why are you talking about this now? Is something wrong?"

"Nothing, I about it and heard that many boys chase after you."

"Where did you hear this from?"

"Eak told me."

"How did he know?"

"Wan told him, your friend. It doesn't matter where I heard it from. What's More important is, is it true?"

"No, I'm not that beautiful or popular."

"Yes, you are not popular."

I supported her statement, and the little girl pouting.

"You're bad."

"But you're pretty."

Wan Viva looked at the ground when I finished saying this. I seemed unsure if she was embarrassed or something. Suddenly, I realized that it was uncomfortable to say that. Why did I say that?

"You've been acting strange lately. You looked surprised when you saw me, and now you're complimenting me. What really happened, Pleng?"

"Nothing happened." I quickly deflected.

"If someone compliments you, just accept it. That's all, it's not a big deal. Oh... look, a guitar shop!"

My legs stopped in front of a guitar shop in the mall. Inside, there were many expensive guitars displayed behind the glass. I admired it, just like how other girls admire cosmetics. I quickly walked in and obsessively looked at it.

"You already have one."

"Each guitar has its own characteristic. Every time I see it, I want to greet it."

"I don't understand it at all, but I love to see how you get so excited you're adorable." I looked at her.

"Adorable should be used with a baby... ahhh... so many guitars."

"To me, they all look the same. I can't really distinguish the difference. Which one do you like?"

"I like all of it, but some are more special than others, like... that one."

I pointed out an acoustic guitar called Sun Bird, even though its price was not very good.

"Oh baby..."

"They look the same."

"For me, these guitars are like girls. Look at them, the curves look like a woman's curves. When you touch them, it must be like hugging girls."

"I could say so."

"Now you make me want to be a guitar. Tell me the price."

Wan Viva said, walking towards one of the guitars and looking surprised.

"Oh! With one of these, you can buy half an acre."

"Yes, that's why I'm just looking at them for now. In the future, if I can make money, I will buy one and write a song with it. I'll take it to the stage and take it everywhere,"

"You sound interested to the guitar than me."

"What?"

I looked at her, surprised by her comment, and smiled.

"You sound like you're..."

"Yes, I'm jealous," she admitted.

"I'm jealous of you and that guitar. It's just a guitar, but you're more interested in it even though it's so expensive. Instead of buying it with that money, you should give it to me and we'll go everywhere like a shark-sucker,"

"But you can't sing wonderfully like a guitar."

"Of course I can. Here, listen to me."

She said, and then she sang,

"HHHHHAAAAA....AAAAA."

I couldn't say anything as she sang. Wan Viva saw my face and laughed like a winner.

"Damn it! You really don't like my singing. You looked so surprised."

She said, teasing me. Then she came up to me and sang,

"Oooooohhhh Aaaahhhhhaaa."

I closed my lips tightly and looked the other way. Wan Viva was having fun teasing me.

"Oooooohhhh hhahaaaa

aaaaahhhhhh..."

"You don't have to pay me anything. I make a much better sound than that guitar... What's wrong? Your face is red."

"Stop making that sound."

"Ahhhhh..."

"I said stop."

"I just said ahahmm..."

I used my hands to hold her cheeks and looked into her brown eyes.

"If you do it again... I'll bite you."

I let her go and left the store. Wan Viva ran after me but didn't say anything. She was worried that I might get angry or bite her. I shouldn't have taken her to the mall with me!

"What?"

I called a friend who was in a different class but was in the same assignment groups as Wan Viva. The nerdy boy looked surprised. We barely spoke to each other as we were totally different dimensions, especially me.

"To me?"

"Of Course! Who the hell am I talking to instead of you here?!"

"What's up?"

"Are you close to Eak?"

"Eak?"

He repeated, trying to remember.

"Eak, the one who tries to chase Wan Viva?"

I had to explain it clearly to remind him. He looked at and chuckled.

"A little. I study in a private school with expensive tuition fees."

Good guess... I Noticed the school's initials, his uniform, and his taste in the gallery. He said he came from a family with money.

"Have you had a girlfriend?"

"Some, but I Broke up with them."

"Why?"

"I don't understand them. They were too jealous."

"What did you do to make them jealous?"

"Nothing. Most of the girls are possessive. A little jealousy is good, but too much is not. So we broke up."

He didn't care what others thought. I was worried about the girl. Would They be okay together?

"Wan, is a jealous person."

I looked at him and smiled.

"It may not work for you."

"Has she ever had a boyfriend?"

"No, never."

"How do you know she's jealous?"

"I just know. If you don't agree with it, you stop flirting her now."

"I won't believe it untill really go out with her."

East Shrugged and smiled sincerely. He was sincere enough to say what he liked and what he didn't like. He wanted to see for himself what she was like. He was firm...

"What is your dream?"

I had to ask him the same question I asked him before.

"Do what I want to do. That is my dream."

He responded immediately as if he was considering it.

"It's not very clear."

"Explain a little more."

"If I want to have, to be, to do anything, I will do it before I die... Like I want to go out with Wan. I won't stop until she said yes,"

"Elegant."

I Looked at him, surprised. Yes, a dream is what you want to have, be, or do anything. To Have a clear image, it would take you there. Successful people usually have a clear picture in their heads. I wanted to meet that boy. He couldn't explain what his dream was, but he understood the beginning.

"I passed?"

I paused and turned to look him in the eye. He had confidence and did not look away. He wasn't a little distracted.

"You passed."

"Really? Very easy."

"It's not that easy, but I appreciate you. I said, "everything I like, Wan will also like."

"Do I'll help you with Wan."

Before I walked away, Eak ran and stopped in front of me.

"Why do you decide to help me now? There must be a reason. I've seen so many girlfriends who don't want their close friend to date someone because they don't want to be alone."

That's a simple question that I couldn't answer. I just looked at the ground and kept moving away. Loneliness is better...Than letting Wan Viva know that I, her close friend... felt something strange towards her.

## CHAPTER 08

### HATE

"Where have you been?"

The Little girl who had come home before me, ran into my room after I got home at 8pm. She reacted in the same way as me when I was late coming home.

"I went to Siam Square."

"With whom?"

"To meet a boy." I replied, knowing that Wan Viva, who was already aware who I was with because her friend, Wat already told her. She probably wants to hear it from me.

"I went to meet Eak, the boy you like."

"Why did you go to see him?"

Wan Viva's voice sounded stiff. I chuckled when I heard the tone.

"Why are you upset?"

I asked, pretending to focus on my homework.

"I only want to catch up... about you."

"Why didn't you take me with you if it was about me?"

"We couldn't talk if you were there. I just thought he's an interesting guy and you should go out with him. I was supporting you," I said without looking at her.

"Now you're an adult woman. You should have a boyfriend."

"What's wrong with you?"



"What do you mean?"

Wan Viva dragged a chair and placed it next to me. She grabbed my shoulders and turned them towards her, interrupting me who pretended to do homework. I showed that I was upset about being interrupted.

"I'm doing my homework."

"You Didn't even write anything there. Talk to me first."

She said, taking a deep breath to calm herself.

"To be honest, you've been acting strange lately. You don't make eye contact. You were very jealous when you found out a guy was interested in me, but now you're playing matchmaker. What's wrong?"

I looked into her brown eyes and paused. I decided to give her the most unreasonable reason.

"I'm just trying to be more mature and understanding."

"I don't understand."

"If I keep worrying about you, when will I have a boyfriend? We're in our teenage years now," I said casually, discarding the notion.

"Being a teenager is a fun and colorful period of our lives. It's the time when we can express ourselves and explore our feelings. Being too attached to each other is boring. You Should have a boyfriend."

"I don't want one right now. I'm happy like this."

"But I want one..."

"Because you're attached to me and I'm too attached to you. If one of us has a boyfriend, then we can have our freedom." I added.

"Are you telling me... that you're annoyed with me?"

"Why do you think that?" I replied, surprised but nodding.

"Maybe, you could say that."

The little girl looked at me stunned. She got up and left immediately, shutting the door without a loud bang. But I could tell that she wasn't happy. Since we met, we have been best friends. We

Had fought many times before, but everything was always short-lived. But this time was different... I had to keep my distance before things got too complicated. It would be better if she didn't know what I was thinking. Wan Viva seemed to cooperate. Since that day, we hardly looked at each other or talked. At first, it wasn't too obvious, but then it became so obvious that even my mom noticed.

Our moms encouraged us to go to the market together, but the little girl refused like never before.

"When did you two start fighting?"

"We're not fighting. We just need some space. We're both studying a lot. We need our own space," I told my mom while we were in the car, with Aunt Vi sitting in the front seat, looking at me through the rearview mirror.

"If Wan did something that bothered you, please ignore it." Wan mom's said.

"Don't you think she could be mad at me?"

"Even if she is, Wan can't stay mad at you. It's her job."

Her job... I felt distant from Aunt Vi. Wan Viva meant everything to me. She was my cousin, my friend, and my sister. We were almost like the same person, but my nanny treated Wan and me differently. I Looked out the window, feeling uncomfortable, and no one knew why...

"It's almost time for the university entrance exams. What are Wan's plans, Vi?"

My mom asked the nanny, Vi, the name of my nanny shook her head and sighed.

"I have no idea. She never talks about it with me. But you can't expect much from a girl like Wan. She's not very smart. She might end up being a clerk somewhere when she graduates."

"You're just talking."

"When she graduates, can she work in your company? I'm worried she might not have a job."

My nanny said with a laugh. My mom chuckled and patted her on her shoulder.

"Silly, why are you talking about your daughter like that?"

"I'll leave her with Pleng then. Eventually, her father's company will be her company one day. I'll leave her in her hand. Pleng, are you going to take over your father?"

I smiled but didn't answer. It had never crossed my mind to take control of my father's company. I had my own dream, and it was crystal clear. I wanted to be a musician. My parents never disagreed with my dream. They always supported everything I did. I hoped they would continue to support me. After we finished at the market, the car was about to enter our house. All eyes turned to the door, and Aunt Vi exclaimed insurprise.

"Is that Wan? Who's she talking to?"

I looked up when I heard that and realized she was talking to Eak. The handsome man had arrived with a large guitar case behind his back.

"Is that her boyfriend?" My mom jokes. My babysitter became serious.

"She's still young. I'll have to give him a lecture."

"That's her friend."

I said, trying to stop them from talking that way.

"He's my friend. He might be here to visit me. I'll get off here."

I opened the door and stepped out of the car. Wan Viva glanced at me briefly and quickly looked down. I smiled warmly at Eak.

"How did you come here?"

"I followed Wan home."

"What bad timing, Eak. Wan's mom saw you. I could get in trouble for that," I said, looking at him and gesturing for him to come closer.

"I told her you're my friend, that might help her a little."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know."

The handsome boy apologized, trying to convey how sorry he was.

"I'm sorry, Wan. I Didn't mean to cause you any trouble."

"It's okay."

"Why don't you stay outside then?"

"Well...I want..."

Eak started to say something, but I interrupted him, urging him to let it go. I felt bothered when I heard that they were seeing each other every day. But I had to calm down because it was me who had pushed her to have a boyfriend.

"I know that love makes you anxious, but there should be a balance between love and vacation. You Should go home before Wan gets into big trouble."

"What Should I do then? I tried calling her phone and she told me it was broken. I called her house and they told me it's not her home."

"It's not her house?"

I looked at her, feeling angry. She had lived here her whole life, so if this wasn't her home, where was she?

"If you want to talk to her, why don't you call my phone?"

"Really?!"

Wan looked at me.

"Why does he have to call your phone? You can call my phone,"

"I thought it was broken..."

"Just Call my phone. That's all," she said firmly.

"Please go back. I have to go back in to help my mother".

Wan Viva cut the conversation and ordered her boyfriend to go home. Eak followed the order easily.

"Okay, I'll call Pleng's phone so we can talk. I'm leaving."

Wan Viva didn't say goodbye to him. She returned to the house in silence, leaving me standing there after seeing Eak off. When Eak was out of sight, I went back inside the house and found Wan Viva waiting for me.

"You're so bossy,"

Her angry tone surprised me. Bossy? How dare she use that kind of word with me?

"What did I do wrong?"

"About the phone. Why did you tell him to call you?"

"I just wanted to help. I thought your phone was broken."

"We'll handle our own affairs. You Don't need to worry about it."

She said, walking away after finishing her sentence. But I Couldn't let it go because no one had ever turned their back on me. I followed her because I hated losing.

"Are you calling me nosy?"

"Wan..."

"Wan Viva!"

I pulled her arm and forced her to face me. Her angry face looked so scary that I was the one who took a step backward. But I tried to be as cool as possible.

"Don't... look at me like that"

My voice was uncertain. The small girl stared at me in anger. I felt two inches smaller.

"What do you care about?"

"We're still friends."

"I thought I annoyed you."

"Don't bring up old things. I tried to be a good friend just now."

"Now I understand you."

Wan Viva said, freeing her arm from my grip and speaking with a sharp tone.

"Now I know what it feels like to be upset."

"Wan... It's good that you understand."

I said, crossing my arms over my chest and trying to act like the winner.

"It means you're maturing."

"Pleng."

"What?"

"Say it if you have something to say."

I urged, growing impatient. I didn't like it when she said my name like good friend just now. It wasn't a good idea to force an angry person to talk to you. I should have let her go first..

"I hate you!"

Sunny.ai

## CHAPTER 09

### DON'T JUST TALK

I acted like nothing had happened. Upon returning to my room, tears streamed down my cheeks. I couldn't help but clutch my left breast, feeling the ache in my heart. It was so bad that my only friend treated me like that. My only way to relax was to play music or take a shower. I let the water from the shower run over my face to rinse away the tears. The warm water from the heater touched my skin, it felt like a hug but at the same time it burned me.

'I hate you.'

I never thought I would hear it from Wan Viva. My friend who always gave me a smile and support. It All stemmed from my strange feelings towards her, wanting to keep her away from me. I Did it because I never wanted to lose our good relationship. But it seemed like I lost it anyway.

'I hate you.'

Damn! I sat in the tub and hugged myself as the water ran over my body for a long time, 2 hours. I wasn't sure if my tears were still rolling or if my face was wet from the shower. I knew I was thirsty even though I was in the water. So, I got out of the bathtub. But once I got out, the outside was so dark. It was like someone had just turned off the switch. As I walked, I stepped on something slippery that caused me to tumble and hit my head. My head hurt, but at the same time, I felt numb. That was the last thing I remembered before everything went black. Opening my eyes, I felt pain behind my head. Wan Viva sat beside me, tears streaming down her face.

"Why do you always make me worry?"

The little girl whimpered and wiped her tears with the back of her hand.

"You made everyone so worried. I thought you would never wake up."

"Oh?"

I moved to sit down. There was only Wan Viva in the room. I didn't fully understand what had happened.

"What happened?"

"Do you have brain damage?"

"Wan... This is not a television drama. My head hurts."

I touched my head gently.

"The last thing I remember was being in the bathtub. How come I'm here... with my clothes on?"

I looked at my clothes in surprise. Wan Viva took a deep breath, trying to calm down.

"I'll tell everyone you're awake. Everyone tried to call an ambulance because they thought you might have some brain injury."

"Why so exaggerated?"

The little girl tried to get up, but I grabbed her wrist to stop her.

"Don't go, talk to me first."

"I should tell them. Everyone is worried."

"I'm fine now, and I want to talk to you first... alone."

The little girl looked at me and wiped away the tears that were still streaming down her face. I reached out to stroke her head gently and chuckled.

"Are you worried about me? I thought you said you hated me."

Wan Viva lightly hit me with her fist before hitting me harder a few more times.

"It hurts. Why did you hit me?"

"Yes, I hated you before I saw you fall in the bathroom. It's even more painful to see you unconscious."

"Why?"



"You have no idea what I felt when I saw you fall without clothes and feared you might never regain consciousness. I was just thinking about the last thing I said to you."

"You hate me?"

"If you were to leave this world, why couldn't it be when I no longer held any bad feelings for you...?"

The little girl cried even more. I looked at Wan Viva and felt very bad, so I hugged her and patted her back.

"I'm still alive, and now I'm here ready to fight you again."

"You're here now. Why can't we just be good to each other? You're the only one who tried to fight me, Pleng"

Wan Viva pushed me and tried to stop sobbing.

"Have I ever hated you or been angry with you even once?"

She didn't respond.

"Did you become close to me because of your mother's job? Are you afraid of being pushed away if we're not friends?"

"What are you talking about?"

What my bandmates said played in my brain again. No one in this world wanted to be my friend, not even Wan Viva. But now she was crying her eyes out, maybe I had at least one sincere friend. She was...

"Nothing, I'm just asking. So are we okay now? Don't you hate me anymore?"

"If you mention it again, I'll hate you."

"Go ahead and hate me. But I will love you. no matter how much you hate me."

I said with a shrug. Wan Viva paused and looked timidly at her hand.

"I love you too."

My heart pounded so hard hearing that. When I said I loved her, I was referring to the good friendship we had, but when she said she loved me too, my heart didn't feel the same. It wasn't because of our friendship. What was it?

"That's good. We both love each other."

Wan Viva jumped up to hug me, burying her face in my neck, and cried again. Her wet lips brushed against my sensitive neck. Leaving me feeling uneasy yet... unwilling to push her away. What is this feeling?

"What kind of shampoo did you use?"

I closed my eyes and couldn't help but breathe deeply to smell her hair.

"It's nice."

"I use the same thing as you. My mom always buys two bottles of the same brand."

"Why doesn't my hair smell like yours?"

I didn't know what I was doing, but I buried my face in her hair. My nose gently touched her hair with the feeling that I wanted to do more. My other hand tried to brush her hair the other way. I moved my face to the bare skin around her neck. Her skin smells even better... more than her hair.

"Ummm."

Her low moan shook me. I moved forward with both hands holding her face and leaned in.

"Can I smell you here?"

I put my nose close to her face but didn't touch her. I was about to bite her neck, but the knock on the door stopped me. Oh! Wan Viva and I separated and turned to see who had just entered. My mom and her mom came, they were so glad I regained consciousness and tried to take me to the hospital. But once my mom realized I was totally fine, she hugged me right away.

"Pleng, how are you?"

Wan Viva stepped aside, giving way to my mother. I smiled and hugged my mom, trying to calm her down.

"I'm fine. I just spent too much time in a hot tub."

"But you fainted."

"My head must have hit the bathtub."

"I think we should see a doctor. I don't trust this. Get up. Your father is waiting for you downstairs. Everyone is very worried about you."

She never gave up on taking me to the hospital, even though I insisted that I was fine. Finally, I had to go. The doctor only gave me some medicine for the bruises. The doctor's fees were more expensive than the medicines. After the incident, we all returned home, but my mom was still paranoid about my head. She was worried that I would fall again and this time hit a table, a window, or something. My mother asked Wan Viva to sleep with me in the room.

"Yes, tonight I will take care of Pleng."

That's when my mom started to calm down and went back to her room. Now only Wan Viva and I were together in the room. Suddenly, the atmosphere immediately changed. What was it?

"Are you going to stay there all night? Or are you coming to bed?"

I asked her as I looked at the clock on the wall and realized how late it was. It was almost ten at night. Everyone was very worried and running around because of my accident.

"I'm thinking about where I should sleep."

"Why do you have to think? Of course, you will sleep in bed with me."

The little girl nodded and walked to the other side of the bed. Now everything was so quiet. I turned off the light. Why did I feel uncomfortable? We both shared a bed all the time, but what was different? Was it just me? Yeah... it wasn't just me. I felt her presence behind me and she was trembling. I heard her say something, but she was very nervous. Wait... why was she nervous?

"I can't sleep."

"It's only 10 at night. Maybe I turned off the light too early."

I moved to reach the light, but the little girl grabbed my wrist.

"Don't worry. Leave it like this. I easily fall asleep when it's dark."

"Okay."

"How is your head?"

"A little pain and swelling, but it will go down soon."

"You really like taking a hot bath."

"It's so relaxing."

"Do you like being hot?"

"Yeah."

"Does it help you if I sleep near you?"

Wan Viva asked and came to my back.

"I'll keep you warm. If you like to be warm, I will hug you to keep you warm. This way you won't have to be in hot water again."

"It's not the same."

"Which one do you like more, warm water or... me?"

My heart was beating so fast I had to grab it. My brain could control everything in my body, but not my heart beat. No matter how smart it was, it could never control that. But why did I feel so excited about this question? It was just a metaphor.

"That's a strange question. How could that compare?"

"I like you more than anything,"

She didn't know what to say and I didn't know what to feel. I remained silent and didn't respond. Wan Viva asked curiously.

"Are you sleeping?"

"No."

"Turn around and talk to me. I can't sleep."

Her voice was like that of a little kitten. I followed the request easily and turned to her. She was so close to me once I turned around, our noses touched. So close...

"You almost pushed me out of bed."

"You are exaggerating. You have a lot of space."

That was me trying to say we were too close, but she didn't move away.

"What do you want to talk about?"

I changed the subject. Now my eyes adjusted to the darkness, and I saw her beautiful eyes looking directly into mine.

"I don't know... I just wanted to talk to you. We've been fighting and not talking for the past few days... since that man."

"Eak?"

I smiled and felt good because she didn't even mention his name.

"Did You ever go out with him?"

"It wasn't a date. He tried to meet me through Wat. He kept saying it was destiny."

"Why not go out with him then?"

"I don't know why I should do that. I'm just not interested in him. It was you who pushed me towards him,"

Wan Viva seemed unhappy with me.

"I lied about my broken phone, but you still encouraged him to call your phone."

"Were you lying?"

"Yeah."

"Since when have you been such a good liar?"

"Don't change the subject. You pressured me to get a boyfriend. And you? Where is your boyfriend?"

Wan Viva brought up the matter, so I admitted it frankly.

"I don't have one."

"You don't have one, so why are you pressuring me to do it?"

It was because I felt confused... but I didn't say that. I just looked at her in the dark.

"You don't really want a boyfriend. I thought you said you'd have one before me." I replied instead.

"I really don't like anyone who wants to be with me like this... being with you. I want to wake up with you, go to school together, come home together. That's all I want."

"You are too attached to me."

"Since I was young, I have always had you close. You are a part of me, Pleang"

I approached her. Our noses almost touched.

"Don't you feel the same?"

I was about to answer her, but my phone rang and interrupted our conversation. I walked away and grabbed the phone that was charging. I looked at the phone number. It was unknown.

"Hello."

"Are you awake? It's me... Eak."

"Eak."

I mentioned, and Wan Viva immediately shut her eyes, avoiding talking to him.

"Why are you calling so late? What's up?"

"I want to talk to Wan. Is it too late?"

"It's late. Wan's already closing her eyes."

"That's unfortunate. I'll try again next time. Please let her know I'll call. Thanks."

Eak ended the call swiftly. I settled back down, turning to my friend, now pretending to sleep.

"Wan... are you actually sleeping?"

"Come on, you can't fool me."

Despite my prodding, Wan Viva kept her eyes closed, motionless. I playfully tried poking her nose, but she remained still.

"If this can't wake you up...so...I'll kiss you."

Still, she didn't respond.

"Fine. If you're not awake... then you're sleeping."

I grinned and leaned in, teasingly inching closer to her lips. Suddenly, Wan Viva's eyes snapped open in the darkness. She wrapped her arms around my neck tightly.

"W... Wan."

"Don't just talk,

.  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .

Kiss me."

Sunny.ai

## CHAPTER 10

### YOUR SONG

Even though she was small, she had a strong grip on my neck, and our faces were so close I could feel her breath. So close that I could smell her toothpaste. But I shouldn't be thinking about her minty breath. The situation was uncomfortable. This wasn't the usual innocent Wan Viva I knew; her usual innocent look has now disappeared, I could only see her defiant eyes that made me shiver.

"Who are you?"

"What do you mean? Oh!"

I accidentally head butted her, causing her to scream and touch her forehead. I quickly freed myself from her grasp.

"You deserved that for pretending to be asleep."

"Why are you being so violent? That hurts."

"Why did you pretend to be asleep then?"

"You didn't need to be violent if I was just pretending to sleep."

I wondered where she learned to play with those eyes and that mocking tone. I walked away, deciding not to engage further.

"I won't talk anymore. I'm going to bed."

"Okay."

Wan Viva approached and put her arm around me.



"I'll hold you until you fall asleep tonight, to keep you warm."

So now she was treating me like a baby? I didn't respond and pretended to sleep, but my mind kept tracing. Eventually, her voice faded, and I waited to ensure she was truly asleep before turning to look at her. I wasn't normal... I thought I knew I wasn't normal. Even though I tried to deceive myself, cover up and ignore my feelings. I couldn't fool myself. I was too smart not to realize how I felt. When did she become so pretty? My answer was clearer when I looked at Wan Viva's face. It took me back to the beginning. When we bathe together. Her voice... kept me awake all night. Maybe it was my hormones, but it affected me deeply. I'd never felt this way before, especially not with someone I'd known since birth. 'If she knew... how I feel, I might lose her as a friend.' I thought to myself and leaned in, pressing a loving kiss on the tip of her nose. To prevent that from happening... one of us needs to have a boyfriend, I made the best decision to be just her friend. That was the best way out. If she paid attention to someone else, maybe my feelings would fade. So, I set up a blind date for Eak and Wan Viva without her knowing.

When Eak arrived, Wan Viva gave me a stern look.

"When did you arrange this?"

"It doesn't matter. We're here now. Today Eak is treating us. Let's eat!"

I shrugged happily, but she responded coldly.

"What?"

"Okay, but don't order too much, I'll be broke after you do,"

Eak smiled. I chuckled and grabbed a menu to order food, making sure to include her favorite dishes. While we waited for the food, Eak tried to strike up a conversation with Wan Viva as if it were a rare occasion.

"How did you not respond?"

I answered for her, just to keep the atmosphere lively.

"Her mother was in labor while she was at her wedding. Her mother named her Wan Viva, which means wedding day in Thai. Every year on her birthday, her mother also receives a gift because her mother's wedding day is the same day as her birthday."

"Wow... what a story. It's a sweet name. And you? How did you get your name? It's also a cute name."

"She cried a lot when she was little. Her father had to play music all the time to put her to sleep. He then called her Pleng, which means music in Thai."

Wan Viva responded this time, after remaining silent for a long time.

Eak looked at the girl talking about her, and the look in his eyes said he was obsessed with her. I was jealous... No...I shouldn't feel anything. This is how it should be.

"Wan, you know Pleng very well."

"If she weren't a woman, when I grew up, I would want to marry her."

Her response made my heart race. I couldn't say anything and awkwardly grabbed a glass of water to drink.

"So it's lucky that Pleng is a girl, not a boy. And lucky that you are a girl, otherwise, I couldn't go out with you."

Everything was in silence. I looked at my friend. She puts her elbow on the table and smiled at Eak like she had never smiled before.

"You're trying so hard with me."

We were all silent because we did not expect an abrupt change from Wan Viva. Especially Eak, whose face turned red. He grabbed a glass of water and took a big gulp.

"You can talk with me. I am open to you all day. If you're nice enough to me, you can take me to the movies, just the two of us."

The little girl's sweet voice made me feel uncomfortable. I had to turn my face away from her. Later, the food we ordered arrived. Wan Viva pointed to a shrimp on the table and said to Eak in a sweet voice.

"Can you give me that? I like it when someone helps me put food on my plate."

"Should I take off the shell too?"

"I like it when you pay attention to the small details... but it must be just for me."

Her flirting bothered me. I turned to look at her, with a visible emotion that I'm not happy at all. Wan Viva looked at me and smiled.

"Do you want shrimp too?"

The little girl looked at me and acted surprised. Eak looked at me immediately and kindly up and grabbed my handbag over my shoulder.

"I'll let you two take care of each other. I'm leaving. Goodluck."

I looked at Eak and gave him a supportive smile. I turned to Wan Viva and winked.

"You too... have fun."

"Okay,"

I tried to smile until I left the store. I knew that if I sat there longer, I might let out some anger. I was jealous... and I felt horrible when Wan Viva flirted with Eak like that. Since we were together, I was the person she smiled at wholeheartedly. The little girl was usually a quiet child when she went out with other people. She was kind and humble. She would keep her opinions to herself if she thought she was being too nosy. But she simply flirted with a man and promised Eak a movie.

Damn! It should be good. But why do I feel angry?

"Hey!"

I was about to leave the mall to take a taxi, but a familiar voice called me. I turned around to find the little girl standing there.

"Wan... why are you here?"

"I am full."

"In such a short time?"

"I don't want to be there without you,"

Wan Viva squeezed my wrist tightly and spoke with a trembling voice.

"You brought me here, why do you leave me with other people?"

"I thought you were happy."

I tried to control my voice, not be sarcastic. But I guess it didn't turn out well.

"I let you spend time with Eak, just the two of you."

"I know you don't like seeing me with the new friend. Why do you have to pretend then?"

"Eak is a good man. I like it...if you go out with Eak. That seems good to me."

"But you like me more."

The meaning of what she said shook my heart. But I tried to control my emotions.

"If I want to see someone, it has to be someone I'm more obsessed with than you, Pleng."

"Obsessed is not the right word to use with your friend."

"I don't know about other people. But you are...special."

I looked at Wan Viva, stunned. I covered my face with both hands, afraid that she would see my red face.

"Okay, let's go home if you're full."

"Yes."

"I thought you said you were full. Why are you eating instant noodles and canned fish?"

I looked at my friend who was eating two totally different foods that shouldn't be mixed. She was usually easy with food, but this was too much.

"You know nothing. Instant noodles and canned fish are the best combination. It's so good. You want to try?"

"No, that means you lied that you were full with Eak. There was a lot of food."

"I helped him pay... I emptied my wallet,"

Wan Viva sat with her shoulders slumped. I chuckled before reaching out to stroke her hair adoringly.

"You won't let him treat you?"

"Of course not, I don't want to repay him anything."

"Did he take it?"

"No, he didn't, but I left the money on the table and ran after you,"

"Oh! You shouldn't be too attached to me. This cannot be good,"

"But I am very attached to you," she said with a cute face.

"Since we slept together when you were sick, I can't sleep alone anymore. I'm afraid of ghosts."

"You can't be a doctor if you're afraid of ghosts. You have to see blood and dead people every day,"

"Maybe I can be a gynecologist. I will see vaginas every day,"

"You're so dirty,"

I laughed out loud.

"I'm about to have a friend who is an expert on the woman's body part."

"Yeah, I guess,"

She replied. She looked down at the thing between my legs and licked her lips.

"I want to see you deeply...Oh! You hit me."

I slapped her on the forehead... pretty hard. I felt very uncomfortable when she licked her lips and looked at it.

"I don't want to talk to you now. Leave."

"Pleng,"

"Now what?"

"Can I sleep with you tonight?"

She asked with a hopeful expression.

"Really?"

The little girl nodded. I shrugged.

"Sure, but you can't kick me while we're asleep."

"I never did that."

She pouted a little before calling me to stop once again.

"Pleng."

"What?"

"Can you hug me tonight?"

"I'm afraid of ghosts."

I didn't say anything and left. I turned around to see her smiling and continuing to eat her instant noodles. She hummed to herself. That smile... What was I thinking? I wrote a song and played the piano in the corner of the room. I got carried away in the moment, so I didn't realize that she was there poking her head out.

"Oh! You scared me."

She smiled widely when she saw my reaction and pulled out a chair to sit next to me.

"Is it a new song? I've never heard it before,"

"Yes, I just got a new line there. I only got the melody but not the lyrics,"

"It sounds like a sweet song."

"Can you tell from just one line?"

"Yes, it sounds sweet."

"Maybe it's because of the piano."

"No, most of your songs are beautiful, but something is always missing." She said thoughtfully.

"Missing? My songs always won the contests."

"I don't know. But today's melody is different."

She touched her chin, thinking like a song critic.

"I like this song."

"Uh-huh."

"Do you love me?" She suddenly asked.

I looked at my friend who had just asked that strange question. I almost fell off the chair, but luckily, I was still able to hold my ground.

"What kind of question is that?"

"I want this song,

"Oh?"

"Can I have it?"

She looked at me with bright eyes.

"I want you to write me a song."

"What is that?"

"I want to be a doctor for you. Can you write a song for me?"

"But you're not a doctor yet. You're not even in medical school. There's no guarantee you can be what you said."

"I'll go in. Never before have I had this kind of determination. Come on! Write a song for me,"

"Please."

She added with a puppy-dog expression. I sighed and laughed.

"Okay. Let me think about what it should be about. I've never written a song for a friend before."

"Your emotion."

She said, She looked at me and smiled like never before. I looked at my friend who often made me feel emotional lately.

"Which way?"

"Whatever you want to say about me."

"I can tell you. I don't need to write a song."

"You are not a direct person. I know you. Just say what you feel for me."

"I want to know."

I looked at her eyes and she smiled for a long time as if we were in a trance. I had known her for 17 years, but this was the first year I felt so strange around her. She made me feel emotional lately. I looked at her eyes and she smiled for a long time as if we were in a trance. I had known her for 17 years, but this was the first year I felt so strange around her. She had grown... She was more beautiful... If I can't stop my strange feelings toward her, I should try to be as normal as possible.

"Okay, I'll write you a song."

Sunyata



## CHAPTER 11

### BURST

That was another night that Wan Viva slept with me. I felt very strange being around her the last few days. I couldn't explain how I felt, but let's just say it was the exact same description the magazine described. I was horny... We were together our whole lives, but this year I started to feel strange. It all started with her moaning in the bathtub and had continued until now. I woke up to go to the bathroom, but when I came back, I couldn't sleep. I could smell the baby powder on her body, mixed with my fabric softener on the sheet. I wanted to hold her like she was a baby. But she was actually 17 years old. It would be very strange to do that. Was it a bad idea to let her sleep here? I turned to her, who now sounded asleep. She was fast asleep with her soft breathing. I couldn't help but lean in and gently touch her cheek with my lips. That was the second time I did that... I looked at her, feeling so guilty. I hated myself for feeling that way about her.

"If you knew...I could lose you," I whispered.

I handed the bras to the store clerk and waited. My mom looked at me surprised because I didn't ask her for money.

"Why do you pay yourself?"

"They're not for me."

"Oh?" My mom looked curious.

"They're for Wan."

I took the bag of bras from the store staff and walked my mom out of the store. She still looked at me with surprise. I saw Wan wearing only my old bras. I wanted her to have new ones.

"Where did you get the money from?"

"They are from the prize. I haven't spent it on anything."

"Wow, and you spent that for Wan. What a good friend you are! I've never seen this side of you before."

I pouted when my mom jokes. She liked to make fun of me in general. We were both surprised to see Uncle Pu's car parked in front of the house when we returned. Frank, dad.

"You're Uncle Pu comes here often lately." My mother said worriedly, but she brushed it off when I seemed worried.

"Don't worry. He'll be fine. It's not a big thing."

"What is it about? I don't feel like it's a small problem like you said."

I pressed for more information, but she didn't say anything. We parked the car and once we got out, I completely forgot about it when I saw Frank laughing with Wan Viva. I completely forgot that Uncle Pu was here. Of course, if Uncle Pu was here, Frank would be too, but he wasn't here for me, but to see Wan Viva.

"What a fun party!"

Wan Viva immediately stood up and smiled brightly at me.

"You're home, Pleng."

"What did you buy? Why are you so quiet?"

I held my hands from behind, feeling bored of giving her the gift now. Frank looked at me and greeted me like a cool guy.

"Hello miss, where have you been?"

"Why did you leave Wan alone at home?"

"I went to a shopping center. And you? Why are you here so often? Don't you have a house to live in?"

"What is this greeting?" Frank sounded off. He seemed offended.

"I'm here with my father. I saw Wan trying to ride a bike, so I helped her."

"Now I can ride a bicycle. I can keep my balance."

"Really?"

"I'll be your Meg Ryan!"

Wan Viva opened her arms wide and smiled happily. I looked at her from a distance, but still couldn't resist her joy. She was smiling now.

"No,"

I closed my mouth and tried to look serious like before.

"You're too close to Frank. What will Eak think if he finds out?"

"Eak?"

"Wan's boyfriend."

I introduced the boy to him immediately. The sweet face looked at me and smiled.

"Eak won't be angry. He confides in me."

Wan Viva admitted without any resistance. That bothered me even more because now she admitted that Eak was her boyfriend. She wasn't happy when I first said this.

"Did she really have a boyfriend?"

"Do you think I'm lying to you?"

"Well, yes."

"Why did you think that? Do I look like a liar?"

I looked at him as if I wanted to pick a fight. I hated being accused of lying.

"I... I didn't mean that."

"What do you mean?"

"I just thought..." He paused.

"You lie because you are jealous of your friend."

Wan Viva looked at me when she heard that. I paused and pretended I didn't care what he said.

"No, I didn't lie to you. If I lied, Wan might lie too. She really has someone."

"Yes, and I love him a lot."

Wan Viva confirmed what I said. Uncle Pu and Frank returned. My mom stopped me from entering my dad's room to ask him what it was about. My mom went in alone and closed the door. I looked at the door, feeling confused, and walked back, not noticing Wan Viva.

"Pleng,"

"Hey, how come you're here?"

I grabbed my chest in surprise.

"I didn't hear you at all."

"Are you okay?"

"I want to talk to my dad to find out why Uncle Pu was here. My parents have been tense lately, so I want to know what's going on."

"If your parents don't want you to know, you don't need to know. I don't think you can help them anyway. It will only worry you more."

"Good conversation."

I looked at her and thought about what happened today.

"You are a liar."

"Hey?"

"I just realized that you are a good liar."

"What do you mean?"

"You said you have someone you love very much. But the other day, you told me you didn't have feelings for Eak,"

"You lied first. If I didn't help you, you would be a real liar. And more importantly than that, I don't think he's lying."

"Are you dating Eak now?"

I looked at her surprised. Wan Viva sighed and shook her head.

"No, I'm not,"

I opened the door of my bedroom.

"I was thinking..."

"About?"

"I was thinking...about whether you'll spend the night with me again." Wan Viva smiled widely.

"Yes, I'll sleep here again. Your bed is very soft, and I had a good sleep. Do you want me here?"

She touched her cheek with her finger in a cute gesture.

"Wan is snoring?"

"Stop being a pretty person."

"Am I beautiful?"

I hurried through the door without responding and tossed the bag of bras onto the bed. I completely forgot that I had brought them. Wan Viva quickly grabbed the bag and opened it.

"New bras? They're so cute."

"Take them." I said.

"Huh?"

"I bought them for you."

The little girl looked at me surprised, so I had to explain further.

"I saw you wearing my old bra the other day, and I thought you should have some new things. It wouldn't be nice to wear my second-hand things all the time."

"It's quite the opposite, I feel very good about that. I like everything about you... and it also saves me some money. But I don't want to bother your mom."

"It's my money."

"Huh?"

"I bought it with my own money. The money I won in the competition. It's not my mom's money. Keep it. I'll feel bad if you don't."

"Oh really? Did you spend that money on my new bras?"

"Yes."

"But it's your own money. Why don't you spend it on yourself? Buy something that makes you happy."

"My happiness is you..." I responded automatically but stopped short. Wan Viva heard that, although I didn't finish the whole sentence.

"Just take it. Stop interrogating me. I never do this for anyone."

"You do many good things for me...including this."

"Let's see if they fit you well. You and I are the same size."

The little girl nodded and looked at the bras, still shocked. I grabbed my towel and went into the bathroom. I couldn't help but smile at her reaction. She looked very happy. It was time to sleep again. Wan Viva, who usually talked all the time, had now gone to bed earlier than usual. I finished writing the melody by myself, went back to bed, and turned off the light. Of course, it was another day when I couldn't resist moving my face close to hers and kissing her chin. "Goodnight,"

"I'm awake," Wan Viva replied, opening her eyes and grabbing me by the neck.

She tried to stop me from leaving. I was shocked when I heard her response, and now I didn't know what to do.

"Wan!"

"It's the third time."

"What...What do you mean?"

I tried to be as normal as possible.

"What are you talking about?"

"You stole a kiss from me three times, Pleng." She said, looking at me with pressure in her irresistible eyes.

I was surprised and tried to take a step back, but she was strong enough to resist me.

"Are you trying to escape?"

"No... I just..."

I looked away trying to find the best way out.

"I'm just wondering why you're hugging me now."

Wan Viva moved closer to me, instead of pulling me towards her. Our faces were an inch away from each other. I heard my heartbeat so fast and yes, she sure heard it too.

"I'm hugging you, so you can't run away from me. A thief always disappears after stealing, I have to catch her."

"Stop playing. I want to sleep."

"Does it look like I'm playing?"

The little girl approached me and gently touched my chin with her nose. She was like a kitten trying to steal a fish in front of me. I closed my eyes to calm down.

"I'm going to sleep now."

"Can you really sleep?"

"Why would I not?"

"You never sleep well, I know."

"Wan...too close."

I pushed her with both hands but she was strong enough to resist me. But I actually liked it when we were this close. I'm sleepy.

"Do you want to sleep well?" Wan Viva asked.

"Yeah."

"I can help you."

I wasn't sure what kind of "help" she was offering me, but she leaned in so close that our lips were almost touching. Suddenly, a loud and strange noise was heard. Wan Viva and I sat in shock.

"What was that? You heard that too, right?"

"Yes."

I jumped out off bed and ran out of the room. Apparently, it wasn't just Wan and I who heard it. The noise woke up the entire house, especially Mom, who was now standing in front of Dad's office.

"What happened, Mom?"

"I don't know."

She stayed there but didn't open the door. I reached out to touch her and felt that she was shaking. That made me worry even more.

"Mom, don't be like that. I'm very afraid."

The bravest she collapsed to the ground as if she had no strength left. I screamed.

"Call an ambulance! Call an ambulance now!"

"Pleng!"

Wan Viva was the most conscious person at that time. The little girl ran to the desk and grabbed a phone. She dialed the three digits...911.

"Help! Please help!" Wan Viva cried, trying to compose herself.

"My uncle shot himself... please help us!"

There was the sound of something heavy falling to the ground, like rotten fruit falling from a tree. I saw my mom lying on the floor, her lips turning green. Now I was shocked to see both my dad and mom in such a state.

"Mom!"

I ran towards her and helped her up. I screamed for her.

"Mom! What happened?!"



## CHAPTER 12

### I HATE/LOVE YOU

"I'm so sorry, Pleng. Now they are both at peace," I stood still as Uncle Pu and Frank offered their condolences at the funeral.

I couldn't hear anything at all, it felt like a breeze was passing by. My heart was broken. The two people I loved most in this world died and left me alone. The world was falling apart.... not for other people, but for me. In just one day, I found out that my father died and my mother had a heart attack. I didn't want to have these memories in my head. But the more I wanted to forget, the more the images kept appearing in my head over and over again, especially... The Glock 17, 9mm, which was the weapon my father used to commit suicide.

Now I was at the funeral that only had a few guests. It was so strange because when dad was alive, so many people visited him all the time, as if he had so many friends and family. But now, he has disappeared from the world with a reputation for bankruptcy. His friends had also disappeared. It was just me, a daughter who was present throughout the entire funeral from beginning to end. I was alone until... the day of the cremation.

Someone, please wake me up from this nightmare. Also, Frank's father told me at the funeral that my family was broke. We had nothing left, not even our house. Was there ever a lower point than now?

"Pleng...please eat something."

I hadn't talked to anyone in the last few days because I was in shock. I wanted my life to be like a movie where I could just flip a switch to change my life and erase all the bad memories, freeing myself from this pain. But I was weaker than I thought. I could remember everything. They all left me to face this world alone.

"I'm not hungry."

"You have to eat. If something happens to you..."

Wan Viva's tears rolled down her cheeks as she held a plate of food. I looked at her and cried too. But crying my eyes out wouldn't change anything. My life had changed. I had some money left in the bank. Uncle Pu transferred Dad's money to me. It was the money that Dad asked him to keep for me. I didn't tell anyone about this money because he told me not to.

"Don't tell anyone that you have this money. Spend it wisely."

Dad was not a totally selfish person. He left me some money so I could continue living. My house was confiscated, and the bank took other assets. I only had some clothes and a guitar left. I had wanted to have my piano with me, but it was too big. It was a very pathetic situation. I won't tell you more details because there isn't much to say. My life had changed from being a princess to having the basics. I didn't have any other family members. I had my aunt, who was my mother's sister, but we weren't close. I had moved in with Wan Viva's family. My nanny was the only family I had.

"Pleng, you have to be strong. You'll be better soon."

"Of course you can say that. Your parents didn't die on the same day as mine."

The little girl looked at the ground, feeling guilty. I looked at everything so negatively and threw all my disappointment in the face of Wan Viva, who was innocent of everything.

"I'm sorry."

When I heard the little girl apologize when it wasn't her fault, I just bit my lip. Damn... I wanted to be alone. She made me feel even guiltier.

"I want to sleep."

I plopped down on the 3.5-foot mattress in the two-story rental house I shared with her. There was no air conditioning, but I couldn't care less. My heart was so weak. Wan Viva had to manage my unstable mood every day. The little girl never complained or showed any signs of being upset with me. She just supported me mentally and emotionally.

"You can over come this. I'll be here by your side," Wan Viva whispered as she hugged me from behind, putting her face on my back.

She didn't say anything more. I wasn't totally alone in the world... I still had this family.

"She's at school today. Look..."

People at school gossiped about me. It was the first day I returned to school after having stopped for a month. The teacher asked me to go to school or I wouldn't be able to take a test. The people weren't that bad, they didn't step on me when I failed, but the gossip was fun and

unstoppable. And I didn't like it. People who didn't like me in the band, like Petty, came up to me, looked very sad, and sent me their condolences.

"I'm sorry, Pleng."

I didn't like it... I hated it when people looked at me with those pitying eyes. I didn't need that. Couldn't they just treat me normally?

"Pleng, come sit here, quickly."

Wan Viva called to me in the cafeteria. Everyone at her table looked at me at the same time. I changed my mind and walked out.

"Pleng!"

The little friend quickly ran towards me when she saw my reaction and grabbed my wrist.

"Let me go."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the library. I want to read something."

"You're not going to eat?"

"I'll bring some bread later. Just leave me alone," I said, trying to free myself from her grip.

"No, you can't do that. You're very thin now. You haven't eaten anything for a month. Come on! Eat. I won't let you go."

She led me to her table, but I let go and looked at her as if I was trying to pick a fight.

"Just stop and leave me alone. It's annoying!"

"Pleng..."

"I don't want to be with too many people. I don't want the pity of others. Leave me alone!"

I said firmly and walked directly to the library. There was no one in the library, only the librarian. It was so calm... he had these books as his friends.

"Hey..."

I heard someone call me from very close by while I was reading... Wat, Wan Viva's friend whom I worked with on an assignment. He didn't seem very happy.

"You're talking to me?"

"Why do you always make Wan cry?"

"What?"

I didn't understand what he was saying.

"When did I make her cry?"

"Now, when you don't eat, she doesn't eat either. Since what happened to you, Wan isn't very happy either. You may be destitute, but you don't have to drag your friend down with you."

"Is she crying?"

"Every day. You weren't here, so you wouldn't know. Your friend cries every day, almost crying her eyes out. I thought when you showed up, she might feel better, but she felt worse. I don't want to meddle in other people's affairs, but I can't stand it. You don't have many friends to begin with, and if you lose Wan, you won't have anyone in this world."

"Shut up. You don't know anything." I said angrily, biting my lip.

"Where is she?"

"She's sitting outside under the tree, next to the library. She saw you here and started crying again. I can't stand it, so I had to talk to you. You're also starting to neglect your studies because of this."

I didn't want to talk to Wat anymore. I got up and walked to the other side of the room, where there was a glass window. I saw Wan sitting under a tree with her friends surrounding her, offering support. Wat followed right behind me, commenting like a theater critic.

"I know you're going through a difficult period in life, but there's always something good in everything. You have Wan. Do you know that she loves you? Take care of those who love you."

He said and left me there alone. I stood there and thought I was alone in the world. If I pushed her away, I would be really stupid. I left the library and walked towards Wan Viva. The little girl wasn't crying as much, but her eyes and nose were still red from sobbing.

"Wan..."

I said, and my voice startled her. She wanted to get up, but I gently pressed her shoulder to keep her sitting. I crouched down in front of her and looked at her.

"You don't look good when you're crying."

"I'm sorry for being mean to you."

Her friends stayed quiet and looked at us. She wanted them to leave us alone, but she knew they were too nosy to do so.

"It's alright. I know you're suffering. I wanted to force you. I..."

I reached out to take her hand, which was on her lap, and squeezed it gently. Tears of guilt filled my own eyes.

"You didn't do anything wrong. I put you in this situation. From now on, I'll be strong. I won't make you worry about me."

"What worries me is that you don't eat."

I laughed. It was the first laugh I had in a month, after being sucked into a black hole. I had forgotten how to smile and never thought I could do it again. But this little girl made me do something I thought I would never do again.

"If I eat, will you feel better?"

"Yeah."

"Stop crying,"

"Okay, I won't do it anymore."

"I thought you said you'd stop crying. What am I supposed to do now?"

I wiped the tears from her face, held her face, and looked into her eyes. I did something I had never done before, hoping it would work.

"Wan..."

"Yeah?"

"I love you. You are the only person I have in this world. Please don't cry again."

What I said seemed to stop her tears, and she smiled.

"Do you think saying that will make me stop crying?"

"But you stopped."

"If I say it too, will you stop being sad?"

"Say what?"

"I love you, Pleng"

Yes. it seemed like my sadness became lighter.

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Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 13

4 AM

My sadness was still there, but I knew how to manage it. I realized that being said wouldn't improve my situation, but it would hurt the people around me. It was possible that other children would not respond the same way, I did when my mom had a heart attack next to my dad who committed suicide. They might have chosen to commit suicide as well. But I was strong. I tried to smile, or when I felt bad, I turned to Wan Viva... whose smile could alleviate my sadness, even if only a little. She had such an influence on me... my little friend.

"Oh! You're playing the guitar."

Wan Viva heard my guitar from the first floor. She ran and opened the bedroom door. She always smiled at me, and it seemed to last forever.

"Yeah."

"You're in a good mood?"

"No, there's nothing to do on the weekend, no homework. That's why I want to write a song."

"Will you ever finish the song for me?"

"I'm writing the lyrics."

"When can I hear it?"

"When It's finished."

I said and started playing on my guitar. Wan Viva looked at me with bright eyes that made me feel shy.

"Hey... don't look at me like that. I couldn't sing."

"You need to practice because when you're famous, you'll have to sing for many people. They will look at you like that too. You've gone through many stages, why are you shy now?"

"I'm shy because you're looking."

Wan Viva sighed and turned her head away from me.

"You'd better go. I want to be alone."

"You're kicking me out?"

Wan Viva made a sad face. I playfully pinched her cheek.

"Oh, don't be like that. I kicked you out because I need to focus on writing a song for you. Don't you want a song?"

"Really?"

"Really..."

"Okay, I'll go downstairs and watch TV with my mom."

Wan Viva left me alone in the room. I tried to concentrate and write something. The lyrics and the rhythm were in my head. A song that describes what I felt for Wan Viva and what I had never said before. What did I like about her? Her smile. How she laughed. Her positivity. She was always on my side. Her smile and her eyes lit up my world. Okay, it was a little awkward. I scratched my head and felt the blood rush to my face. I felt so shy. I had only written songs about the things around me, but never about my feelings towards someone. I should write it down. I looked left and right for a pen and paper. I forgot that these were the two important things I needed to have around if I wanted to write a song. Otherwise, my idea could easily fade away.

I put down my guitar and walked over to the little girl's table where her stationery was. Their stationery was so cute. I easily found a pen in a plastic cup. But I couldn't find even a piece of paper, so I opened her drawer. But... I stumbled upon something unexpected. A file filled with certificates. Each Certificate had a blueprint, some were gold, with Wan Viva's name. She had won numerous awards in math, science, physics, and more, either individually or as part of a group competition. There were so many of them. I never heard her mention participating in any contests, or winning anything, or even taking pictures at school. She never talked about it at all. Why did she have to hide it? My mood to write a song immediately vanished. I took Wan Viva's file with me to the living room, but no one was there. I walked around to find her and stopped when I overheard a conversation between two people.



"We can't afford to support two girls," said Uncle Ood, Wan Viva's father, who worked as a driver at my house.

"You're not working, and I earn a living as a motorcycle taxi driver. The money won't be enough. We're lucky if it's enough for ourselves."

"What do you want me to do? Abandon that girl?"

Aunt Vi's voice, calling me "that girl," sounded distant. A chill ran down my spine as I listened silently, filled with curiosity.

"But we're not a shelter. Pleng has another aunt, right? Her mother's sister."

"They never reached out to her."

"You know her. Give her a call. I don't really like that girl either. Why pretend to be nice? We're barely making ends meet."

I clutched my chest, overwhelmed with shock. My nanny had raised me alongside Wan Viva. I loved and respected her like another mother. I hate this... But why?

"I'll try contacting her aunt then. What if she doesn't want her either?"

"Then we'll have to ask her to leave. Tell her we don't have the money or whatever. She'll be too embarrassed to stay and think she'll leave easily."

Tears streamed down my cheeks, and I slowly backed away. But I bumped into someone behind me. I turned around to see Wan Viva.

"Pleng..."

She started to say. I immediately brushed past her and ran up the stairs. The little girl hurriedly slipped out the door, afraid that it would close and shut out the world. You...

"Don't talk."

I tried to remain as calm as possible. I raised my hand, holding her file, signaling for her to stop talking.

"I didn't want to hear anything."

"That file..."

"It's yours."

I handed it to her. She looked surprised as I threw it at her, causing the papers to scatter everywhere.

"Pleng..."

Wan Viva sobbed, unsure of what to explain first. I looked at my sobbing friend and forced a smile.

"Why are you crying? Are you so happy about these awards? It's funny. You always tell me that I'm the intelligent one. Are you afraid that I'll hate you?"

"No."

"Why did you have to keep it a secret?!" I yelled.

Wan Viva closed her eyes, feeling nervous.

"Then tell me why?"

"I didn't want to compete with you."

"Compete? Why do we have to compete?"

"I don't want to feel that rivalry. I'm only happy when you win a prize. I'm happy when you succeed, even more than my own success."

"Why are you hiding everything from me?"

"Mom... my mom told me to find happiness only in my own success, and I accepted it."

"Leave!"

I reached out and squeezed her shoulders.

"Look at me! I'm Pleng, your friend. I would never envy you, even if you're better than me. I won't! I'll be happy to see you succeed because I love you."

"I love you too..."

The little girl sobbed.

"People who love each other don't do this."

My voice trembled. Both of my arms hang at my sides. I felt weak.

"There's no one who is sincere with me at all. Not even Aunt Vi... the person I thought of as my mom."

"No, Pleng. It's me, the same person!"

Wan Viva approached me, but I took a step back to show her that I no longer trusted her.

"Pleng! Don't do this to me. I love you, and you know it."

"I know nothing. Nothing is true. My nanny, who raised me. I just realized that she didn't love me the way I thought. I wondered... if we were truly friends..."

"Come on..."

The little girl ran to hug me. I tried to push her away, but she held on tightly.

"I'm not a stranger. I'll never betray you. You have to believe me."

"Pleng... listen to me. I love you... I love you." She sobbed.

Wan Viva hugged me tightly and cried close to my ear. I was so disappointed in the world that I could only respond briefly.

"I hate you."

Now, I sat at the dining table with Wan Viva's family. In the past, I never felt uncomfortable because I considered them as my own family. But from that moment on, the day I heard everything, my feelings changed. They were all strangers.

"Aunt Vi."

I continued to address her with the same respect and didn't show any emotion.

"I wanted to tell you something..."

Wan Viva looked stiff, tears starting to fill her eyes. She was anxious about what I had to say.

"What is it?"

"I think I'll move in with my Aunt Pen, my mother's sister."

The nanny and Uncle Ood exchanged quick glances. They seemed happy and couldn't hide it.

"When did you talk to your Aunt Pen?"

"She contacted me through Uncle Pu. She wants me to be with her. I miss my mom."

"How well do you know her?"

"I don't really know anyone in this world." I replied with a painful smile. But she didn't understand.

"I'd like to meet her. She's the only family I have left."

"If that's what you want, living with family could be better."

"Oh, and Aunt Pen wanted to give you this."

I placed 20,000 baht in cash on the table.

"Aunt Pen wanted to compensate you for the last few months you took care of me. She regrets that it's not much, but she's not that rich. But she wants to thank you."

"Uncle Ood quickly took the envelope, and it was so obvious that it seemed funny."

"It's money, more or less. Please thank her."

"Okay."

We continued eating in silence. I looked at the food on the table with bitterness. This would be the last meal I would eat with this family. That was it.

"I don't believe you."

Wan Viva said after we went up to the room. I played the guitar and ignored her while she tried to talk to me.

"Pleng, talk to me,"

The little girl said, taking the guitar out of my hands and throwing it on the bed. I looked at her, feeling angry.

"You can hit me, but don't do this to my guitar."

"You won't talk to me. How come you can contact your aunt within a day? I don't believe it. Your aunt didn't even show up at her funeral."

"Are you angry because I have someone left?"

"No, it's not like that. I don't believe you. I think you just tried to get out of here."

"Yeah!"

I looked at her angrily.

"I want to get out of here, away from your family who is not sincere with me."

"They are other people. They are not me!... I love you, and I am sincere with you."

"Really?"

I looked at her again, as if to remind her of those certificates that she never told me about, just because she thought I would envy her.

"You are so sincere."

"Pleng! Don't look at me like that,"

The little girl cried, and I had to look away from her. I directed the anger I had towards her family, towards her. But deep in my heart, I knew that this friend would never be mean to me. She was just disappointed and didn't want to trust anyone ever again.

"Go to sleep. I don't want to fight anymore,"

I said, walking towards the bed. But she hugged me from behind, her small arms wrapped around my waist tightly.

"Please don't go,"

I had a conflict within myself. I felt angry, but at the same time, I felt sad because I would soon be separated from Wan Viva.

"Wan..."

"Or take me with you. I could never imagine my life without you,"

She interrupted and I spread my arms and turned to Wan Viva, who was crying more than smiling recently. I chose her happiness over mine at that moment.

"Wan..."

"I love you. I'm serious. Don't you get it?"

We both looked at each other for a long moment. Her eyes begged me to believe her. I used both my hands on her cheeks and wiped away her tears with my thumbs. I leaned towards her, and Wan Viva didn't move away. She closed her eyes as if she was waiting for me. What am I doing?

"I'm sleepy,"

I quickly said, my face just a few centimeters away from hers. I ran to the bed and turned my back to her. The Little girl froze for a long time before following me to the bed. She also turned her back to me. She didn't hug me like she did every night.

"You really hate me,"

She said, but I didn't respond. I pretended to be asleep. It was going to be a long night. 4 AM I hadn't slept all night because I was planning my departure. I slowly got up and grabbed the things I had prepared, two sets of clothes, bras, underwear, and other necessary items. I didn't even change out of my pajamas. I hesitated for a long time before leaving. I chose to go out at night because I knew Wan Viva would follow me if I went out during the day. She would want to know where I was going. I wouldn't stay with Aunt Pen. I planned to be alone with the last sum of money Dad gave me. I had already contacted Frank for help. My dad's friend still supported me. He helped me find a place to stay and a new school where I could spend that money. I would have to help myself as much as I could.

"Wan..."

I whispered without a voice. I knelt next to the bed where my friend was sleeping soundly. She hadn't been sleeping well in the past few days, so now she was truly in a deep sleep. It was a bit lucky for me.

"Live. You have to live without me as I will try to live without you too,"

I said, tears rolling down my face because I loved and pitied Wan Viva so much. I had treated her badly. I put all my anger on her. I told her I hated her, but I didn't really. I would never hate her. The last person on Earth I would love forever would be her. It was the first time I had the courage to bend down and kiss her on the lips. I kissed her softly, not wanting to wake her up. I had been planning this day for a while, and today was a good day for it. I also wrote a farewell letter to her. I had to leave. I got up, put a guitar case on my shoulder, and placed the letter on her table. In the letter, I explained why I had to go. Wan Viva had to move forward and never look back.

For Wan Viva... If you're reading this letter, it means you're awake. This is the first time I woke up before you, at 3 am. Otherwise, I wouldn't have had the opportunity to leave and leave you this letter. Yes, I left. I want to live with Aunt Pen. I need to have my own life. Please don't blame your parents. They have the right not to love another child... Well, they have such a cute and intelligent daughter. Being close to me made you never shine. I understood. Maybe you never told other people how good you are because I was around. Actually, you should hate me and envy me, but instead, you love me. I wanted you to do something for yourself. Find your own dream and do what you love. If you had only told me that you were smart and good at what you do, I would have been happy for you. I had been treating you badly for the past few days. It's because I was angry that you thought I would envy you. You asked me what made you think like that. Why are you so worried that I envy you? I want you to know that even if you are smarter or stand out more, I will love you and I will never change, no matter how much time passes. Would you believe me if I said forever? I'm sorry I said you're stupid. I think you can be a doctor. It's not too difficult for you. But I want you to be what you want to be, not because I want you to be. So take some time to think about it. People say to go into the environment you want to be in. If you want to be a doctor, visit a hospital, spend time with the doctors, observe the environment, and everything will take you there. I'm worried about you, and I want you to do whatever makes you happy and be happy, Wan. If only we could meet again, I would still love you. If we never meet again, I want you to know that I love you. Goodbye, my best friend. I kissed your lips when I left too. I did it without you knowing this time. Too bad you didn't know. I love you. Bye,"

Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 14

### FLU

Thirteen years had passed.

I was still struggling to recover from this terrible flu. Normally, a few cold medicines would do the trick and make me feel better. However, this time was different. I couldn't muster the strength to get out of bed in the morning, and I constantly felt dizzy. Despite my desperate need for medical attention, I hesitated to visit a doctor because of the expensive costs involved.

As I reflected on the past, I couldn't help but think about how differently things were when my mom took me to the doctor for even the smallest ailment. Now, I might be on the brink of death, but I refused to seek medical help due to financial concerns.

Such was the harsh reality of life. Interrupting my gloomy contemplation, the phone in my room rang annoyingly. Reluctantly, I forced myself out of bed and grabbed the phone from the wall.

"Hello?"

"Miss, your boyfriend is downstairs causing a commotion. We can't handle this anymore. Please Take care of yourself. It's really disturbing the other residents."

The apartment owner's daughter's high-pitched voice echoed. I had to distance the phone from my ear as her frustration was about to explode. Though she wanted to shout at me she couldn't. After all, I had to continue living there for a while. Damn it! Was he dense or something? I had made it clear that we were over. He needed to leave me alone.

"I'll go downstairs now. I promise it won't be pleasant."

"Please hurry up before I can't tolerate this any longer and have to ask you to leave."

She exclaimed, hanging up abruptly without waiting for me to respond. Flustered, I got out of bed and headed downstairs. Each step was agonizing, as my illness made every movement a challenge. It was infuriating to have to deal with this nonsense when I was already so unwell.



"What are you doing here? Don't you understand what I said?"

I mustered as calm a tone as possible when I reached the ground floor. My ex-musician boyfriend, Chai, who had been causing the disturbance, immediately smiled upon seeing me.

"Pleng! You finally came down."

"Otherwise, you would continue making a scene down here. Enough with this. Just get out of my life."

"I can't go. I love you."

I rolled my eyes, feeling irritated. I showed my ex-boyfriend, whom I had dated for only three months, my middle finger.

"Go to hell."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Before asking me that, you should ask yourself why you cheated on your wife and your six-month-old baby with another woman. Go ahead, leave. It's over."

"It was a mistake. We were only together for a month when she got pregnant."

"And you were foolish enough not to use protection. I'm sorry, but I can't be with someone who doesn't understand the importance of contraception. You're too ignorant. Your only purpose seems to be using your penis for urination and procreation."

Struggling to maintain my balance, I leaned against the wall and crossed my arms over my chest, attempting to project strength. Why is this flu so difficult to overcome?

"I won't break up with you."

"And I will never be with you either. I don't want to be involved in someone else's mess!"

I consider myself fortunate that I hadn't become too intimate with this guy, even during our private moments together. Thanks to my self-control, I didn't have to lament losing my virginity to such a bastard. I couldn't be the other woman. I refuse to be anyone's affair!

"What will happen if I break up with Sa?"

"You're worthless. I won't be with someone who left his family for a woman he met three months ago. Just go to hell."

Feeling helpless, I glanced at the building security guard and asked for his assistance.

"Can you call the police? I've Already reported this situation to them before."

He became calmer upon hearing my request.

"I'll leave today, but I'll be back."

My ex-boyfriend said as he mounted his large motorcycle and sped away as if it was his only escape. Damnit! I used to think that guy was cool, handsome, and kind. How could my heart beat so fast around him? I needed to get moving. Once I was certain that Chai was gone, I turned to head back inside. However, I was confronted by the apartment owner blocking my path. His expression conveyed that he could no longer tolerate my presence. When I felt better, I would have to find a new place to live...anything to distance myself from Chai.

"It's time for you to leave. If your ex-boyfriend continues to show up like this..."

"I understand. Please give me some time to find a new place. I will move..."

I struggled to find the words, feeling suffocated and weak.

"Give me some time..."

"Are you okay?"

Inquired the owner, his anger softening into concern.

"I'm fine. I'm..."

"Hey!"

Suddenly, everything went black. Urgh! My senses brought me back to reality as I detected the strong scent of antibacterial spray. The only place that smelled like this was a hospital with the sterile scent that I despised. Damn it! How did I end up here?

"Where are you going?"

I attempted to get out of bed, but the stern voice of an elderly woman halted me in my tracks. I turned around and saw a nurse looking at me with a serious expression.

"I want to go to the bathroom."

"Why did you remove the IV drip? Have you been watching too many Korean dramas? Why would you do that?"

She scolded me. I had to admit that I had seen it done in Korean Dramas, pulling the needle out of my hand like that. It was incredibly painful, but the slowly removing was even worse.

"C...Can I go now?"

"Wait for your test results."

"Do I really have to wait? It's just the flu."

"Yes, you have the flu, but we need to determine whether it's flu A or B. Please be patient."

"Ummm..."

"What's happening?"

"How much will this cost?"

"This isn't the time to worry about the cost."

The nurse shook her head, observing me curiously.

"But you don't look like you're from a financially unstable background."

People often assumed I was wealthy. I had to thank my parents for giving me looks that made me appear affluent. However, the truth was that I didn't have much money. As I sat in the emergency room, thoughts of the remaining balance in my bank account consumed my mind. Could I pay in installments? Honestly, it seemed like a peaceful escape. Who needed to know what strain of flu I had? Besides, I didn't have enough money to afford the medical expenses anyway.

"Let us through! Find a bed!"

Came a loud, frantic voice. A nurse pushed a patient on a stretcher, creating chaos in the room. Slowly, I rose from my seat and searched for an exit. The scene before me resembled a scene from a movie, with everyone in a state of panic. Surely, CPR must be happening somewhere. But that wasn't my concern...I tried to make my way to the exit. The IV had given me some strength, although I wasn't completely recovered. I still felt dizzy, but I was much better than before.

I needed to leave. The place was filled with people and chaos. I didn't want to stay any longer. After all, nothing was scarier than medical bills, not even death. As I walked towards the exit, a group of nurses entered with a group of men in white coats, presumably doctors. A familiar name caught my attention.

"Has Dr. Wan arrived yet?"

Wan... Which Wan...? I couldn't understand why I felt compelled to stop when I heard that name.

"Oh, Dr. Wan is here!"

My body went numb upon hearing those words. My heart trembled, and I felt an overwhelming nervousness. Why did that name affect me so deeply? Could there be someone else with the same name? I turned around to ask the nurse, but she had already left with the doctor. My curiosity got the best of me, so I headed to the information desk to inquire.

"Excuse me, in this hospital..."

I paused and took a deep breath to suppress a cough.

"Is there a doctor named Wan Viva?"

"Do you have an appointment?"

The receptionist assumed I was asking because I had a date. How ridiculous!

"No, I was just wondering if such a doctor exists. I don't have a date,"

"Wait a moment."

The receptionist responded. Naturally, not all the doctors names were known at the reception desk.

"Yes, we do have one. Doctor Wan Damrongchaidecha."

"Ah, I see," It wasn't the same Wan Viva after all. There was no need to worry. I compose myself and proceeded to register, alleviating the receptionist's concerns and disappointment.

It had been 13 years since I had seen her. If I were to run into her, I wouldn't know how to react. I wasn't even sure if I could face her. If I encountered my old friend, I would probably give her an awkward smile and say goodbye as if we were strangers. But I didn't want that. In my memories, Wan Viva, my close friend, was someone who felt as close to me as if we were the same person. We were born together, and we had always been together for as long as I could remember. If I were to meet her again, in a different context, I truly wouldn't know what to do. I felt like I might collapse again.

I knew I had to get out of here as quickly as possible.

"Pleng!"

Someone called out my name. I stopped in front of the hospital's massive automatic glass doors. Even after all these years, I recognized that voice without needing to turn around. My musical talent was unforgettable. Upon hearing a single note, I could immediately identify the song. And that familiar voice... there was only one person it could belong to.

With a heavy heart and nervous anticipation, I turned around. I prayed for the next moment to be nothing more than a dream, yet at the same time, a small part of me wished it to be true. I truly didn't know what to do if it was...

"Wan?"

Wan Viva's body rushed towards me and embraced me tightly. I was taken aback. It must have been a dream.

"Wan... Is it really you?"

"Pleng!"

Once again, the world went dark. I thought I had recovered, but then I lost consciousness once more. It must have been a dream.

## CHAPTER 15

### PLEASE COME BACK

The air conditioning emitted soft hum, and all else fell silent. As I opened my eyes, a smile adorned my face as I realized I was once again in the hospital. Looking around, my surprise was immediately faded, as I found myself in the VIP room, surrounded by an air of luxury. Even the patient gown I was wearing resembled expensive pajamas. Despite the room being cold, I wiped the sweat from my forehead.

Slowly, I rose from the bed, attempting to make my escape once more, only to be reminded of the pain in my arm from the needle. It served as a reminder that I couldn't simply run away. Who had put me in this situation? And how much would this IV drip cost? It must have been quite expensive!

"Hey..."

Suddenly, a familiar voice broke the silence beside me. I panicked, so fixated on my surroundings that I failed to notice someone sitting on the nearby couch. I knew exactly who it was, which caught me off guard. Avoiding eye contact, I looked away, frozen like a statue. This wasn't a dream. It couldn't be, as I had awoken in the VIP room.

"Pleng..."

She called out, causing me to squeeze my eyes shut and finally turn to face her.

"Hello...Wan."

I greeted her with a forced smile, waving in a friendly yet nervous manner.

"It's been a while. How are you?"

Wan was in no mood to play along. I felt increasingly uneasy, causing me to cease my smile and lower my hand. I attempted a calmer approach this time.

"Wan Viva."

I mentioned, watching as the little girl rose from the couch, allowing me to see her more clearly than ever before. Her face, oval in shape... Her light brown eyes... Shoulder-length hair... And now, wearing a white coat, she had truly become a doctor. We stared at each other for what felt like an eternity, neither of us daring to break the silence. This was a truly terrifying atmosphere for a long lost friend who had once been so close. But now, that closeness was gone, and we had both changed. Had we become completely different people?

"It's been 13 years," she finally spoke, breaking the silence.

"Such a long time."

Once again, silence enveloped us. Wan Viva slipped her hands into the pockets of her doctor's coat, seemingly unsure of where they should be. I was unsure of where my hands should be either, so I simply placed them behind my back.

"How have you been?"

"I'm fine."

Wan Viva looked at me, her gaze was intense and full of nerves, so different from our younger days.

"You collapsed on the floor. That's not normal."

"Wel..."

"I discovered that you had escaped from the emergency room while waiting for the health report on your flu strain. Couldn't you have just waited for the results?"

"She bit her lip, her patience wearing thin. We had just reunited after 13 long years, so why was Wan Viva acting like an aggressive cat ready to pounce?"

"I don't like hospitals...I hate the smell."

I divert the conversation away from the topic of money. It was too embarrassing to discuss. But it wasn't a lie I genuinely despise hospitals.

"I wanted to rest at home. I can come back if I need medication."

"Why are you here alone in the hospital? Where is your family?"

Wan Viva inquired, referring to my aunt. Of course, I had no one. I never maintained contact with my aunt, and I had no idea if she was still alive.

"I'm a grown woman. I can take care of myself. I don't need any family members to visit me just because I have the flu," I defended myself.

"This is too much. I shouldn't have been admitted."

"You have influenza A. You need to stay here for a few days," Wan Viva insisted.

"No, I don't want to. I prefer to be at home. I don't like hospitals."

"You have to stay," she remained firm.

"But I have my reasons," I struggled to explain.

I couldn't admit that it was due to financial constraints.

"I can't miss work. Just prescribe the medication, and I will return for the follow-up appointment."

"If you're afraid of ghosts, I'll stay with you."

"What?"

I was taken aback.

"Yes, I'll stay with you. Don't be afraid of ghosts."

Wan Viva glanced at her watch.

"I only planned to see you briefly, but I'll come back after I finish my work. Don't go anywhere. If you do, I'll find you. Don't run away again."

"But..."

"Stay."

The sweet face didn't listen at all. Her firmness made me not want to go against her. Wan Viva walked towards the door but briefly turned around to look at me once more. I watched her retreating figure and couldn't resist saying something.

"Wan," I called out.

"Yeah?"



"Something has changed in you."

"What?"

"Your smile disappeared."

We both remained silent. Wan Viva grabbed the door knob, opened the door and walked out, but responded briefly in a cold tone.

"Someone took it away."

With that, the little girl left me standing there, feeling bewildered and concerned. What had happened? Someone had taken away her smile. To be honest, my bout of flu was quite severe. My symptoms worsened, but I refused to show it. Throughout the entire ordeal, I felt uncomfortable, short of breath, and dizzy. But all I could think about was the cost. Every time a doctor walked in, I wondered how much the bill would amount to. I couldn't stay in that hospital with this constant worry plaguing my mind. Finally, I made a decision. I wrote a note, rereading it and reminiscing about when I left her 13 years ago. It seemed like history was about to repeat itself, I was about to leave her once again. But I promised to keep in touch.

Wan, I'm genuinely sorry that I can't stay in the hospital. I will get back to you soon. As for the medical bill, I will promptly pay it later. My money is at home.

With these words penned down, I said my farewell to the hospital. My friend! The truth was, I didn't have any money, and I had no intention of ever returning to the hospital because I couldn't afford it. However, I hadn't lied about staying in touch. I just wanted to get out of there and have a chance to talk to her a little longer. Once everything was prepared, I slowly made my way out of the VIP room, clutching onto the clothes I had been wearing. Dizziness Overcame me once again, and I struggled to keep from fainting. What kind of flu was this?

"To Din Daeng, please."

I called a taxi to take me back to my apartment. Normally, I would have taken the bus, but I was too tired to commute. Just ten minutes later, I arrived at my apartment. All I needed was sleep... I was desperately exhausted. But it seemed that the universe had other plans for me.

"Pleng, where have you been? I've been waiting here for two days."

Chai waited on the first floor of my apartment and pulled my arm immediately. My body was weak but I struggled to stay upright.

"Why don't you leave? What do I have to do to make you go?"

My heart was beating faster. I knew something was wrong. I clutched my chest but still spoke to the boy in front of me.

"Say whatever you want to say. I love you. Can you hear me?"

Chai attempted to charm me, but I pushed him away.

"Don't touch me... go away. You're disgusting. You have a wife and a baby. Your wife cries every day, and now you're telling another woman that you love her. I can never be with you. Never!"

"Can't we just forget about them? It was a mistake."

"Being with you was also a mistake!"

I leaned against the nearest wall, feeling the weight of my body pressing down on me. What was happening to me?

"Pleng...what's wrong?"

Chai tried to support me, but someone intervened and pushed him away. I looked up and saw the figure of someone who shouldn't be there.

"Are you leaving now, or should I call the police?"

Wan Viva's voice rang out. She picked up her phone and dialed 191.

"Police? It's an emergency..."

"Okay, I'm leaving now. Just leave me alone!"

Chai complained as he walked away.

"I was just trying to reconcile with my girlfriend."

Feeling utterly terrible, I collapsed onto the floor. I felt suffocated, struggling to catch my breath, and then began to vomit.

"Pleng, you're really sick."

Wan Viva said with concern. She picked up her phone and dialed a number.

"The taxi is on its way. You have to go back to the hospital."

"No... I don't want to,"

I looked away, vomiting again despite nothing coming out.

"It could be Peptic Ulcer. You really need to go."

"No."

"You have to go."

"I said I don't want to go. I have no money!"

I mustered my last bit of energy and shouted at her. My response seemed to surprise her for a moment.

"Fine. I've got this."

I said, my energy drained and my ego stubbornly refusing to submit easily.

"Pleng, please."

"Don't feel sorry for me."

"I don't pity you. Let's focus on taking care of you first. Don't be stubborn,"

"You don't need to worry about a friend you haven't seen in 13 years. You can forget about me."

"I can never forget you!"

Wan Viva raised her voice at me for the first time in my life. I sat there in silence, shocked by her outburst.

"Wan..."

"No one can fill the void that you left when you walked away 13 years ago. And now, after only seeing me for one day, you're ready to leave me again. It might be easy for you to forget about people, but I can't. No matter how much time has passed, you are still my Pleng, but you... You act as if I'm someone else."

Her voice trembled, and though she tried to appear strong, I could sense her deep sadness. Why did she feel so sad upon seeing me? She was clearly not okay...

"Well, maybe I can forget about everyone."

I tried to sit up straight, but the world spun around me. I rested my head against her chest, seeking comfort like a baby.

"But you're the only person in the world that I can never forget."

"Pleng..."

"If you love me, please don't take me to the hospital."

I pleaded. But Wan Viva shook her head as a taxi pulled up.

"You need to go to the hospital," she insisted firmly.

"Because I love you, I insist that you go to the hospital, Please."

This had been the third time I had tried to escape from the hospital, but each time they brought me back to the same place. Yes... I found myself back in the VIP room that I couldn't afford. And now, there was an additional nurse assigned to take care of me.

"The doctor told me to look after you."

The nurse informed me, or perhaps she meant Dr. Wan Viva had asked her to keep an eye on me.

"Where is Dr. Wan Viva now?"

"She went home to pack her things..."

The nurse began, but her sentence was interrupted as Wan Viva rushed through the door.

"She's here. So fast."

The nurse greeted Wan Viva, but she didn't pay much attention. The little girl merely nodded, devoid of any smile. Calmly, she informed the nurse,

"I'll take it from here."

"Okay, doc."

I couldn't help but notice Wan Viva's demeanor. She had built walls around herself, walls that no one could penetrate. And it seemed she couldn't escape them either. Where were those sweet smiles?

"How long have you been awake?"

"Just for a little while. I've just been dealing with the flu. Why is it so severe?"

"You're allergic to the medication."

"What?"

"You're allergic to the medication. Luckily, I managed to catch up with you just in time."

"So you followed me,"

I pondered, wondering how she had found her way to my apartment.

"But I didn't mean to run away from you. I left you a note."

"I received the note," Wan Viva said, her pain evident.

"I hated it when you left messages like that. Your note didn't guarantee that you wouldn't run away again."

"I won't."

"Let's talk."

"Okay."

Wan Viva walked over to the couch and took a seat, while I positioned myself at the end of the patient's bed. I felt incredibly uneasy, unsure of where to place my hands. Should I rest them on my lap, my back, or my legs? Ultimately, I settled for placing them on my lap, composing myself, and turning towards her. We sat in silence for a while until I finally broke it.

"You're finally a doctor. I told you before that you could be whatever you wanted."

"Yes," Wan Viva responded briefly.

"What about you? What are you doing now? Do you still write songs? Did you manage to pursue your dreams?"

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I attempted to smile. I pondered which story to share, one that would make the situation less embarrassing.

"Yes, I do," I lied.

"There's nothing I can't do. I write songs and submit them to record labels. Many singers want me to write songs for them."

"Which ones?"

"Well, that famous song, 'Get it off'."

"That's someone else's song."

"I helped write it."

"But your name isn't on it."

"Do you even read all the names of the composers?"

"Yes, I was looking for yours."

I froze, unsure of how to respond.

"You're lying."

"Yes, okay... I don't write songs anymore. None of the songs in the market are mine. Ever since I left home, I've had to work hard just to make ends meet. Eventually, I had to quit school because food and lodging became more important..."

What a pathetic life it was! I was born into a wealthy family. I was the first in my class to own a mobile phone. Yet, I didn't have enough money to complete my education. I resorted to playing music in clubs and on the street at night, just to scrape together the meager earnings people threw my way. During the day, I worked at a convenience store. It was pitiful, and now I found myself swallowing in self-pity. I chuckled, trying to break the tense atmosphere.

"Haha, I was bragging a bit. I do write songs, but the record company hasn't picked them up yet. Occasionally, they hire me to write songs, but they're not very popular."

"Tell me the truth."

"This is the truth."

"Why do you live in that dirty apartment then? I thought you said you lived with your aunt,"

She questioned further, sensing my lies. Now I have to come up with another fabricated story.

"I lived with Aunt Pen for a while, but now I live alone," I responded.

"Come on! I'm almost 30 years old. I can't live with my aunt forever."

"When did you start living alone?"

"When I graduated."

"What's your job title?"

"Well..." I hesitated.

"I had graduated from high school, but not from university. It was a challenge...I had been there for two years, but I ultimately dropped out. It felt like such a waste of money!"

Wan Viva got up from the couch and walked towards me. Then, she began to hit me harder and harder.

"Why are you hitting me?"

"You're lying.."

Wan Viva used both of her hands to hit me and was crying at the same time.

"I went to see your aunt. She told me you never lived with her. She didn't even know what you looked like..."

"You told me that Frank's family was supporting you."

She continued, her voice filled with frustration.

"But they told me they had lost contact with you for years. Where were you? What were you doing? Tell me!"

"Wan...were you looking for me?"

Now, the strong woman I once knew reverted back to the same girl from before. She hit me even faster, tears streaming down her face.

"Where were you? Why are you living your life like this?"

I grabbed her hands and pulled her into a hug, trying to calm her down, despite the fact that it should have been the other way around. I wasn't sure why I was the one comforting her.

"Don't cry because of me. Come on," I whispered softly.

"If my parents hadn't treated you that way, you wouldn't have had to leave home like that," Wan Viva sobbed.

"And now you don't even have enough money to take care of yourself when you're sick."

"It's my destiny."

Wan Viva held onto me tightly, crying like a baby. I swayed her gently, feeling the weight of her sadness. Eventually, her tears subsided, and she pushed me away, wiping the tears from her face.

"Tell me everything about yourself now,"

"I don't know what to say. There's nothing that interesting," I shrugged.

"There really isn't much to tell. Perhaps you should share your story instead. Now. you're finally a doctor."

"Yes, I remember you telling me that if I achieved this, I could ask you for anything."

"Yes, I did say that. But I have nothing to give you." I said, feeling desperate and defeated.

"I'm very poor now."

I sat there, feeling hopeless. But Wan Viva shook her head in disagreement.

"I never expected you to buy me anything."

"What do you want then? I will do it if I can."

She looked at me and smiled.

"Someday, I'll tell you."

Wan Viva stayed with me throughout the night. We shared our stories, catching up on the 13 years that had been lost between us. We lay side by side on the patient bed, wearing masks to prevent me from passing on the flu. At first, I was reluctant to share my life story, but I didn't want to lie anymore, so I opened up to her.

"Do you feel sorry for me?"

I asked after a moment of silence.

"It's not a fair question. You know I never think badly of you."



"You are my Wan Viva." I laughed.

"I thought it would be better if we had never met."

"Why?"

Wan Viva looked at me, her expression not one of happiness.

"Didn't you want to see me?"

"I really wanted to see you, but... first, I didn't want to go back to your house.... And second... I was afraid that those lost years would make us strangers. Maybe you have new friends, and I couldn't bear that."

"I could never be as close to anyone as I am to you."

"But you're a friendly person. You have so many friends."

"Since you left, I've never gotten close to anyone."

"Why?"

"I'm afraid that if I get close to someone, I'll forget about you or if one day you found out that I'm close to someone, you'd get jealous and not love me anymore."

"You're a fool."

I playfully pinched her cheek, reminiscent of our younger days.

"Why do you always think I'm a jealous person? You thought that even when you received those certificates."

Wan Viva fell silent, appearing guilty. I quickly offered a clearer explanation.

"I didn't mean to be sarcastic."

"But you can be sarcastic. Because I hurt you."

"It didn't hurt me. You were always a difficult child."

"Why was I a difficult girl?"

"You were a difficult girl because I paid attention to you."

I laughed but Wan Viva pouted and asked about the other topic.

"No, you already have someone paying attention to you."

"Who is that?"

"That guy in front of your apartment, your boyfriend."

Wan Viva's voice was a mix between curiosity and discomfort. It was the voice I always used when asking about the men in my life. I laughed when I thought about my ex-boyfriend.

"Oh! Don't call him my boyfriend. I disgusted him."

"He seemed possessive of you."

"Call him my ex-boyfriend."

"Ex-boyfriend."

Wan Viva repeated, falling into silence. She seemed lost in thought. I quickly tried to explain, even though it wasn't really necessary.

"But I never slept with him. Never."

I assured her, emphasizing the point.

"Luckily, it turned out that he had a wife and a baby. What a scoundrel! Just think, if I had decided to sleep with him, giving away my virginity, I would be incredibly angry right now!"

"Are you still a *virgin*?"

I could see Wan Viva's *smile*, even under her mask. She seemed happy about that.

"Of course, my parents taught me to be conservative," I proudly declared.

"Well, besides, I didn't want to steal someone else's husband. I never wanted to be someone's affair, so I broke up with him. But Chai never gives up, which is why I'm contemplating staying away from him."

"But where are you planning to go?"

"I don't know yet. But it won't be difficult to find a place. There are many apartments around here."

"Eventually, he will find you again. That's not good."

"What should I do then?"

"Come with me."

"You mean... move in with you?"

I chuckled at the idea.

"But your parents..."

"I'm not with my parents anymore. I live alone."

"Why do you live alone now?"

"Let's live together like before... Pleng."

I paused, unsure of what to say or why I felt hesitant. Perhaps I believed that it would make me appear too pitiful to move in with her without paying rent.

"You left me once, and now you have to make up for the 13 lost years."

Wan Viva reached out, touching my arm gently. She pleaded softly, yet there was a firmness in her voice.

"Please come back."

"I should be the one begging you to come back." I responded, coughing to gather my thoughts.

"Pleng..."

"Wan... can I move in with you? I promise that I will clean the house, pay the rent, and contribute to all the utilities. I hope you'll allow me to come and stay with you."

I smiled shyly at her, waiting for her response. Without hesitation, Wan Viva nodded immediately.

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"Yes, sure!"

## CHAPTER 16

### SOMEONE ELSE

"Is this all you have?"

"What do I need apart from these important documents and my guitar to work?"

Wan smiled after taking all my things out of the taxi. Wan Viva had taken me to a luxurious condo downtown, which seemed quite expensive.

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, I chose to live here because it's close to my workplace."

The little girl enthusiastically helped me move my things from early in the morning until now. We both took the elevator to the top floor. I was surprised to see it.

"You bought this place. Do you make that much money as a doctor?"

Wan Viva simply shrugged in response. I had only seen such places on television. The duplex had a staircase leading to the second floor, and I couldn't fathom its price. A regular studio apartment in Bangkok already costs around 3 million baht, so this must be beyond comprehension.

"I actually wanted a house, but it's difficult to find land in Bangkok. I chose this condo because it felt like home. The only downside is that they don't allow dogs."

"You don't have time for a pet anyway." I added.

Wan Viva smiled and said,

"I always thought that if we got back together, I would like to have a dog for you to take care of."

Her words caught me off guard. She had planned this in advance, even though she wasn't sure if we would meet again. I couldn't help but wonder,

"What would've happened if we never crossed paths?"

"I will find you. I would do everything I could to find you. I even considered hiring an investigator. But I'm lucky that I found you now. Look at my determination."

"You are very determined, but your determination also makes me a little nervous and shy."

I scratched my cheek nervously, feeling slightly self-conscious. Wan Viva smiled sweetly.

"Do you want a tour?"

"Sure."

The condo wasn't particularly large, but I was excited to explore the place that she now called home. The room measured 114 square meters, including the second floor. On the first floor, there was a bathroom. The décor was minimalist and modern, but the standout piece was a small white piano in the corner.

"You have a piano!"

I exclaimed, making a beeline for it. Without looking at her, I asked,

"Do you play the piano?"

"Never."

"It's purely for decoration. Although it's a shame it doesn't serve its purpose."

"I bought it for you."

With a sweet smile on her face. I was unsure if it was a joke or a genuine gesture.

"Not just the piano." She added mysteriously.

What else do you have?" I asked, curious to know.

"Wait here."

She said and disappeared upstairs. After about two minutes, she returned, holding a large guitar in her hands. My heart skipped a beat. It was a Martin Sunburst guitar, the one I had been dreaming of for the past ten years.

"Wan..."

"I also have this lady for you."

She's referring to the guitar.

"But I can't have everything I've ever wanted."

I teased, trying to lighten the mood.

"What if I just steal everything from you and disappear?"

She placed the guitar gently on the floor and looked into my eyes.

"You can't run away from me again. These things are here for you to keep, not for you to steal."

As her light brown eyes met mine, they seemed to convey a multitude of emotions. Feelings lightly flustered, I quickly averted my gaze, unsure of how to respond. Why was she looking at me like that? It stirred up memories of my past feelings.

"It's so expensive that it makes me nervous to touch it. I'll stick with my old guitar."

I commented, pointing to my guitar, now buried under a pile of other belongings. Expensive items are better suited for display at home or in the bedroom.

"But if you don't use them, I'll be sad," Wan Viva replied.

"But hey, you still have your own guitar. It's very durable."

She walked over to my guitar and unzipped the bag, raising her eyebrows in astonishment.

"This is not the same one your father bought for you."

"No, it's not," I admitted.

"I sold it." I chuckled, scratching my head.

"I needed some money at that time, so I had to part with it. I settled for a cheaper one."

"Sell? But you loved that guitar."

Wan Viva's strong voice carried a hint of guilt. I looked down at the ground, feeling speechless.

"Yes... I loved it a lot."

I confessed. The little girl hugged me tightly, her voice now trembling as if she shared in my pain.

"You must have gone through a lot in these years because of that people, my family."

"No, it wasn't like that."

I quickly dismissed her assumption.

"I left because of me, not because of your parents."

"But if you hadn't overheard those people talking, you wouldn't have left."

Wan Viva called her parents in such a distant manner 'That people.' Should not be the word you call your family. I looked at her surprised.

"What's your relationship like with your parents? You haven't told me much about them," I questioned, curious to know more.

"It's nothing interesting."

"Wan..."

"Come on, let's go see the bedroom."

She suggested changing the subject and leading me to the second floor. The bedroom had no walls, only glass doors to keep it cool. As I looked around, my attention was drawn to an empty corner.

"It's empty here."

"Huh?"

"You should have a painting hanging there."

"I don't want anything there."

"But there's a hole in the wall where you used to hang a picture."

"You have sharp eyes. If you want a photo, we can hang one of us together."

"Silly, it's your room. How come I will hang our photo in your room?"

I chuckled and changed the subject. Then I'll sleep in the small room downstairs. It must be for a guest. Wan Viva fell silent immediately, causing me to pause.

"Are you planning to sleep there?" She asked, her voice tinged with concern.

"Yes, it wouldn't be comfortable living with the owner of the house. I'm sure you want some privacy."

"The room downstairs is not clean. You can sleep with me tonight."

"It doesn't look dirty. I can clean it quickly."

"No, I can't let my guest do the cleaning. It's shameful."

"But..."

"Don't you want to sleep with me?"

It was a strange question but I didn't answer. I just smiled in response.

"Of course, but..."

"That's all. You will sleep here tonight..."

I began to protest, but Wan Viva quickly ended the conversation. I looked around and suddenly noticed that she had already taken off her shirt, now only wearing a bra.

"Oh! You've already take off your shirt."

"Yeah, what's up? I thought we were fine like before. We used to take showers together."

"That was ten years ago. It just makes me a little nervous seeing you naked."

"Well, if that's all, you'll soon get used to it."

Wan Viva assured me, unbuttoning her pants and looking for a towel. I couldn't help but gaze at her soft, glistening skin as I held my breath. It surprised me even more when she removed her bra and panties.

"Can you please put my clothes in the laundry basket downstairs? I'm going to take a shower now."

"Okay," I replied, complying with her request.



I picked up her clothes, including her bra and panties, and placed them in the basket below. I couldn't help but steal a glance at them before looking up towards the second floor where she had disappeared. Wait... I bought that bra ten years ago. She still wore them. I was impressed with her. I can't believe you guys have been in her body for 13 years.....and now I was talking to a bunch of lingerie. Shaking off those inappropriate thoughts, I placed the clothes in the basket and grabbed my own backpack before heading back upstairs. Wan Viva emerged with wet hair, gesturing that it was now my turn to take a shower.

"You should take a shower and go to sleep," Wan Viva suggested, and I agreed.

"Okay, first I'll put my backpack here," I said, finding a spot for my things.

"Okay," she responded casually.

As I started to gather my toiletries, I couldn't help but ask,

"Wan, are those bras and panties the ones I bought you a long time ago?"

"Why do you ask?" She replied.

"They look familiar, but they're still new."

"I've never used them since you gave them to me, that's why they look new."

"But I put them in the basket."

"I just used them today."

"Did you use them just now when you saw me?"

"They already serve the purpose."

Wan Viva said smiling. I was confused but I didn't know what to ask. I gathered my things; toothbrush, towel and other necessary bathroom items. Then I realized that there was a basket there too. Why did she ask me to go downstairs? She has been confusing me a lot lately. Leaving the bathroom, I enjoyed the cool air conditioning hitting my skin. But what made it even more pleasant was seeing Wan Viva in her pajamas, wearing glasses, and reading in bed. It felt like a dream. I would be living with Wan Viva once again.

"What are you thinking?"

The little girl asked, looking up from her book as if she knew I was observing her.

"Sorry, I was just lost in thought."

"It does feel like a dream."

Surprising me without a similar perception. I shyly smiled in response.

"And now you wear glasses."

"I have to read a lot. Do I look ugly?"

"No, it's just different, but I like it."

I assured her, moving to sit on the other side of the bed.

"This feels nice."

"Why?"

"Maybe now I have to wear glasses all the time..."

She paused and looked at me before continuing her words.

"Because you like it."

Wan Viva smiled, her thin lips forming a delicate curve. Her smile made me feel rather sentimental. Something had changed within her. I couldn't pinpoint if it was her mischievous smile or the way her eyes made me slightly nervous.

"I've been wondering about that empty wall over here. You used to have something displayed there, right?"

"Some artworks," she answered, taking off her glasses and collapsing onto the bed.

"Let's go to sleep."

"Do you want to go to sleep already? It's only nine o'clock at night."

"Yes, I always go to bed at this time." She replied with a yawn.

"I woke up early."

"I'm more of a night owl, which is why I thought I should sleep downstairs."

I explained, referring to my usual sleeping habits. Wan Viva wrapped her body tightly around mine and rested her chin on my shoulder.

"Let me hug you," She whispered.

"I missed you."

"What?"

I was taken aback by her sudden statement. It felt as though she had caught me off guard.

"You seem tense when you're with me." She continued, looking at me from such a close distance that her face seemed slightly blurry.

"Are you excited?"

"A bit. After all, it's been 13 years since I last saw you. Yes, I feel excited."

"Me too, but I'm trying to act normal. Don't be nervous, as you'll make me nervous too. Let's be casual, we'll get used to it soon."

Wan Viva comforted me, snuggling against me like a small kitten trying to find comfort, just like she used to do when we were younger. I could scent her fresh soap everywhere, and it was difficult to maintain the casual facade. Something Within me made me feel slightly anxious. I wanted to return her hug, but she seemed too shy, so I let her hug me.

"I missed you," she said again, her voice filled with genuine longing.

"I missed you too," I smiled at her, appreciating the unexpected warmth around us.

"Why are you nervous?"

"It's me, Wan Viva. It's just...we're together again."

4 AM Wan Viva sat up abruptly, startling me. I couldn't recall when I had fallen asleep. She hugged onto my waist tightly, and I had to pat her back to calm her down.

"What happened? Bad dream?"

"N-no, it's just my usual wake-up time."

"At 4 in the morning?"

"Yeah..."

"Are you planning to exercise?"

"Just go back to sleep."

Wan Viva pushed me to go back to sleep and headed to the bathroom. She disappeared for an hour, and then I heard the sound of the shower being turned off. I never realized doctors had to wake up so early. I woke up earlier than usual due to the unfamiliar bed. It was the first time I had woken up so early.

"You woke up early."

Wan Viva commented as I groggily made my way downstairs. I found her watching the morning news at 6 o'clock.

"Do you really wake up at 4 am?"

"Yeah," she confirmed.

"That's quite early. How long have you been waking up at this time?"

"For 13 years," Wan Viva replied with a smile, giving me a playful wink.

"Like Meg Ryan, the doctor who bikes to work. Do you remember?"

"You really ride a bike to work?"

"Yeah..."

"Wow, that's so cool," I replied, giving her a thumbs up.

"I almost thought you were doing it for..."

"For you? Because I like you."

She finished the sentence with a mischievous smile. My heart raced as her words sunk in. I tried to play it cool, laughing it off.

"You always know how to make me feel better."

"I finish work around 4 pm, so I'll be home around 5 pm. Don't have dinner yet. I want to have...dinner with you," I chuckled, already picturing things in my mind.

"Okay, I'll clean the room downstairs so that you can have your own space up here."

I walked into the guest room and opened the door, only to be taken aback by boxes of stuff scattered everywhere. There used to be a small single bed in this room, but it was no longer there.

"Where did all these things come from? They weren't here yesterday."

"They've been here for a long time."

"No, I didn't see them yesterday."

"Well, now you see them."

She countered with a smile. I looked at her and smiled back, realizing it was just another one of her playful games.

"You woke up so early just to mess up this room?"

"Why would I do that?"

She teased, feigning innocence.

"You did this because..."

I paused and sighed.

"You can't be attached to a friend all the time like this."

"What are you talking about? Anyway, I have to go to work now. I'll buy you good food."

Wan Viva paused and turned around to ask,

"You're not planning on going anywhere, are you?"

"I was thinking of taking a trip to the mountains. Where else are you going to go? You have nowhere else to go,"

Wan Viva wasn't laughing at my joke. She seemed so serious I had to be funny. Where was her sense of humor? She used to laugh very easily.

"Good. I'll make sure you can't go anywhere. This is the only place you have to be,"

Wan Viva said and left me there alone. If we weren't women, I would think she was flirting with me. I couldn't help but chuckle at the thought. But in reality, I had nowhere else to go. I didn't have much money, and walking to a convenience store was the extent of my options. As I left

the building, I noticed someone who seemed familiar. He paused and seemed to recognize me as well.

"Eak!" I called out.

"Pleng!"

He exclaimed, clearly surprised. The handsome boy I hadn't seen in 13 years initiated the conversation. It was someone I never expected to meet again.

"This is crazy...it's like a dream."

"I'm so surprised to see you here. How have you been? Do you used to live here, but I moved,"

"Oh, you moved."

"Wait..."

Eak looked at me and seemed to have a thought about something.

"How long have you been here?"

"I just moved. Have you seen Wan yet?"

Eak seemed excited. I answered timidly.

"Of course I have seen her, now I live with her."

I said, causing Eak's enthusiasm to rise.

"That's fantastic!"

He exclaimed, reaching out to touch me.

"Having you here gives me hope. I'm sure you can help me,"

"Wait... help you with what?"

"Help me win Wan back. She's asking for a divorce. But if you help me, I'm confident that Wan will comeback to me,"

## CHAPTER 17

### THE REASON

I was so confused. I had met up with my old friend and found out that Wan Viva is married and about to get divorced. And her husband was Eak, the guy I met 13 years ago. I was the one who tried to connect them, but I never thought it would end up like this. They were married.

"Here is our house, but I no longer have the right to set foot here."

Eak looked around disappointed.

"Wan is tough. She never called me once since we broke up. I'm the only one who has reached out to her for 2 months since we broke up."

"How long were you married?"

"Six months."

"Did she file for divorce within 6 months of getting married?"

"What did you do to make her angry? Did you cheat on her?"

I began to babble, but Eak remained silent and did not respond. Then it dawned on me.

"You cheated on her?"

"I had a reason."

"You don't have to explain," I replied, feeling angry.

Cheating was unforgivable.

"Just face the consequences."

If Wan Viva was tough about this, I would be even tougher. She hated cheaters. No matter what the reasons were, she hated him and didn't agree with it. Even if a couple got back together after an episode of infidelity, I would wish them both hell because they were stupid. And this... there was no reason that made sense. She hated him!

"I'm not making an excuse. But I have a reason..."

Eak began to get nervous when he saw that his only hope did not agree with him.

"I was alone."

"Then go to your lover. Why do you need Wan?"

"Wan ignores me. She hasn't cared about me since we got married. To her, I was like air. I didn't exist in her life. Since we got married, we've only had sex twice. The first time, she was drunk. The second time I had to use force."

Eak confessed, stunning me. I looked at my friend's ex-husband with anger. I wanted to punch him in the face, but I could only clench my fist tightly.

"Why are you telling this to a stranger? What kind of husband rapes his own wife? She must be suffering."

"Me too? I don't even know why she married me."

Eak sat on a couch and rubbed his head.

"She wouldn't marry you if she didn't love you."

"That reason won't work with Wan. She treated me like I was from her collection."

"Collection?"

The sound of the door opening interrupted our conversation. Wan Viva appeared at the door. Eak jumped to his feet as if he had springs in his feet. I could sense that he was feeling intimidated, as he immediately turned pale. Was it that bad?

"How did you get here?"

"I let him in. I'm sorry." I smiled, Wan didn't say anything.

She looked at her ex-husband with a lost look. She gestured toward the door.



"It's time to leave," Wan told Eak firmly.

"Wan... let's talk," Eak pleaded.

"Leave now!"

Her strong order made Eak to turn around and leave. He hadn't even reached the door yet, but Wan Viva's strong command made him turn around and leave easily.

"Find time to get divorced too."

"I won't sign the divorce paper."

She slammed the door in her ex-husband's face. The little girl entered and took off her gloves and other accessories, placing them on the table. She then turned to me and spoke in a normal tone.

"Have you eaten something? I bought some good food that I mentioned this morning. Come on, let's eat."

"You never talked about your marriage, Wan."

Wan Viva acted as if it was no big deal.

"I don't think it's a big deal. Married or not, it doesn't change anything. I'm single now."

She walked to the kitchen and served me noodles in a bowl. After pausing for a moment, she looked at me and said,

"You look upset."

"Of course, I'm upset. You're my friend, but you didn't tell me anything."

"Is that all?"

"This is enough to make me upset all day."

"Shh, I have your food here. You can't afford to be angry with me."

"Do you think I'm that greedy?"

"You can't eat it if you're mad at me."

"Wan Viva!"

I walked to the kitchen, still upset.

"Okay, I won't be angry. I just found out that you're married and now you're in the process of divorcing. Why?"

"I don't like..."

Wan Viva seemed hesitant to continue.

"You don't like Eak,"

I interrupted her and I continued what she was about to say.

"Sex was supposed to be between two people. Let's change the subject. Why did you marry him if you don't like him?"

"We all make wrong decisions at some point. Getting married was one of them. It's a stupid reason, and I don't want to talk about it,"

"Okay,"

Now, how could I continue the topic? I pretended to be okay with it, but deep down, I still didn't understand anything.

"You're not the same Pleng I met before,"

"Oh?"

I looked at her with surprise.

"What do you mean?"

"The old Pleng would not give up so easily. If I said I didn't want to talk about it, she would continue to pressure me until I said something."

Wan Viva looked at me defiantly.

"Where is that strong person?"

"She's gone. That strong person died a long time ago when she realized she wasn't that strong. Today, I'm just Pleng, someone who's not very strong. I smile at people only because I want them from them. I smile at you because I'm worried you might kick me out of here. You see, I'm not the same Pleng anymore."

She remained silent.

"I'm a poor loser who can't afford to get angry with her friend because she's hungry."

The little girl who had challenged me earlier now looked at me thoughtfully.

"I don't like you now."

"As we grew up, the people we knew changed or died. The strong Pleng from back then had become a poor loser..."

WanViva ran to hug me, catching me off guard. I froze because it was unexpected.

"It doesn't matter if you're the old Pleng or the new one... I love you."

She said, I felt uncomfortable with her use of the word 'love'. I pushed her away with both hands and tried to think of something to say.

"If you express your love to your husband like this, your family life will be better."

"Expressing love to someone is because love them. If there is no love, I can't do it."

"You're the only one who can have it."

I thought Eak had already given up, but when I sneaked out to go to a convenience store, I ran into Eak waiting there. The little girl didn't want me to go out alone at night. If I wanted to go somewhere, she had to go with me. And here I found Eak looked like a wounded dog.

"Pleng, let's talk."

"I cannot help you. I will not interfere in family matters, especially in cases of infidelity. I prefer to stay out of it."

"If you don't help, I have no one to turn to. When I saw you here, it was like I saw a light at the end of a tunnel."

"That light immediately went out when I found out that you cheated on her. I feel bad for once telling her that you were the best choice for her when we were young. You are trash, just like every male dog."

I retorted, hurting Eak.

"That hurts. Yes, I was wrong, and I have no excuse."

"Because your excuses don't make sense."

"The people who realize what they did wrong deserve another chance. Think about it, I've been chasing her since we were 17, and now we're 30. I'm still here. If I didn't love her, I wouldn't be here," Eak pleaded.

"I can't tolerate it, let her go."

"Why are you both so bad? I had to try very hard to convince her to get married. I made a mistake only once, can't it be forgiven?"

"Please leave me out of this."

I tried to walk away, but Eak cut me off and continued his plea.

"Please, I'll do anything. Do you want your friend to become a widow?"

"She's not worried about being a widow."

"It will be difficult for her to find a new husband."

"I think she can. She's beautiful, She had grown up to be a remarkably beautiful and intelligent woman. As a woman myself, I couldn't help but be impressed by her perfection."

"Please..."

He was now on his knees and hugged my leg. People passing by us laughed when they saw us. I felt so embarrassed by that. I wanted to get rid of him but it was difficult. Damn!

"Let me go! This is shameful."

"I don't know what to do. I don't want to divorce her. I'll try better. I will be a good person, a good husband and a good father."

A husband and a father... I didn't know why but it hurt me to hear that.

"I can not live without her."

"You will die?"

I laughed. It was such a losing excuse but...

"I'll show you, so you think I really can't live without her."

Eak immediately stood up and looked at me determinedly. He surprised me by seeing him run out and stop in the middle of the road.

"Hit me!"

Eak shouted at the top of his lungs at the passing cars. I was so surprised that I didn't know what to do.

"What are you doing? Comeback now!"

"Tell me you'll help me! Say it!"

"Bastard! Comeback."

"Are you going to help me or not!"

"Eak!"

"Are you going to help me or not!"

As he pressed me immensely, aloud 'Bang!' was heard. Sound that felt like a gunshot. My bad memory came back to me; I collapsed to the ground immediately. I sat on the floor and shook uncontrollably.

"Car crash!"

The people from the condominium ran out to look at the street, but no one came to check on it. I heard people talk about a man standing in the middle of the street. Some cars crashed into a bus in front of the condominium.

"Pleng!"

Wan Viva's voice shouted behind me. She ran to me and hugged me.

"What happened?"

"Gun... Gunshot, Glock... 17, 9 mm."

"Pleng, look at me. That wasn't a shot"

"Shot from dad's office... he shot himself. You heard right....."

I cried uncontrollably. WanViva hugged me tightly and cried with me.

"No, Pleng. That wasn't... a gunshot."

"I heard it. Dad, he shot himself. My mother also died."

"What happened?"

The man who caused all the trouble ran back to see me. Eak reached out to touch me but Wan Viva coldly rejected him and pushed him. There was no friendly tone about it.

"Get out of our lives!"

"Wan..."

"I met someone I wanted to live with my whole life. That's why I want a divorce!"

Sunyal

## CHAPTER 18

### A NOTE

It took me an hour to calm down and for my fear to start to dissipate and return to normal. Wan Viva took me back to the room and sat next to me the entire time. I sat there feeling embarrassed.

"This is so embarrassing. I have made you worried. Were you afraid when you saw me like this?" I explained nervously.

"I'm not crazy, don't worry. I have never stabbed anyone with a knife."

"I don't think you're crazy. I was just concerned about you. Have you been like this for a long time?"

"Yes. But only when I heard something loud, like fireworks or something."

"What do you do when there is a festival?"

"I put on my headphones and play loud music. Don't worry. I'm strong," I said, stretching with confidence.

"I am the strong Pleng."

Wan Viva hugged me tightly, and I could clearly hear her heart beating against mine. I could feel what she felt strongly.

"You can be weak. Now you have someone to hug."

"You?" I asked.

"Yes, I will always be with you when you need me," she reassured me.

I put my arms around her and buried my face in her neck. The clean smell of her, mixed with baby powder, always made me feel vulnerable and sensitive. It was a pleasant scent of skin. The smell that anticipated me... But then I gently pushed her away from me and composed myself. I tried to appear as normal as possible.

"I'm fine, don't worry about me. Let's talk about Eak. He really wants to get back with you."

"I don't want to talk about other people."

Wan Viva flatly refused, showing sympathy for her ex-husband.

"But that person is your husband," I reminded her.

"He is just a past. You are more important to me," she replied, surprising me with her statement.

I wasn't sure how it worked, but I didn't think I could compare myself to that Eak.

"Wan... how can you talk like that to your husband?"

"I don't need anyone else if I have you."

"You speak as if you don't love Eak."

"Yes, I don't love him."

"Then why did you marry him?"

"You once told me that I should dedicate myself to something I like."

"If you like Eak, then go for it."

"No, I like you, that's why I put on everything I like."

Wan Viva confessed, rubbing her forehead as if she had a headache.

"Damn! I don't want to talk about this." She added.

"Did you marry him because of me?"

"It was a stupid decision. I do not want to talk about that."

"We're talking about it. And I won't let you run away," I said, looking at her seriously.



This was the first time in 13 years that I became the same Pleng who forced Wan Viva to get what she wanted.

"How did I get involved in this marriage?"

"If I tell you, you will scold me. It was so stupid."

Wan Viva hesitated, biting her lip. She seemed upset, and at some point, she looked like she was about to cry. She couldn't escape my curiosity now.

"You have to explain it now."

Wan Viva looked uncomfortable but saw the seriousness on my face and started to speak.

"I married Eak because I wanted the news to reach you at some point. If you found out, maybe you would come to the wedding and I would see you."

"Wan Viva!"

I stood up with anger. I thought I could control myself, but I lost it when I heard that explanation.

"Just to make me go to the wedding?"

"You always say my name when you're angry with me."

Wan Viva closed her eyes and pursed her lips like a baby.

"Are you crazy? You got married just because you hoped I would come to your wedding!"

"It was crazy. I told you the smart and confident doctor had returned as Wan Viva,"

The little girl who sat silently and avoided eye contact.

"That's why I don't want to talk about it."

"You are crazy. You really are crazy."

I exclaimed, grabbing my hair as if I were going insane.

"If you hadn't seen me for 13 years, that meant no one could find me and had no way to contact me. Why did you think the news would reach me?"

"If only you cared for me, you would have heard something... but you didn't," Wan Viva looked at me sadly.

"That means you never cared about me at all."

Now I was the one feeling like a loser. The little girl was upset, and her angry gaze made me look away.

"I didn't want to know anything about you."

I admitted honestly, which only made her angrier.

"So, I was the only one waiting for you!?"

Wan Viva exclaimed before storming off to the second floor. I watched her leave and let out a sigh. How did we end up like this? We were just having a nice conversation. 'I didn't want to know anything because missing you was torture. You had no idea how much it hurt me.' But I didn't say it out loud. ~

'Shit Pleng! If you vocalize those words, it would alleviate all our worries and stress! We wouldn't have to endure another 19 chapters to wait for your courage!'

Now Wan Viva and I were back to being full-fledged friends, experiencing both good and bad times. The previous night, I had slept on the couch because sharing a bed with her felt uncomfortable. She left early in the morning for her shift without saying goodbye..Great... Feeling useless and burdened by living with me without any money, I decided I needed to earn some.

I was skilled at playing the guitar and piano, but I couldn't carry the piano around, so I chose the guitar. I retrieved my old guitar for a street performance but left a note on the refrigerator to let Wan Viva know where to find me. But of course, the troublemaker himself was waiting right in front of the condo.

"You never give up."

I said as Eak smiled at me. It seemed like he hadn't slept all night. It must have been both Wan Viva's and my fault. I haven't slept much either due to our argument.

"How are you? You look..."

"Frightening."

I finished my sentence as I left the condo, and true to form, he followed me like a puppy.

"No, it's not scary. I'm just worried about you. Wan never gets angry with me. In fact, she rarely shows any emotion. But yesterday was different. She seemed alive... and very scary."

"You talk as if she's a robot, and yet you married her."

"There's no difference. I didn't exist in her world."

I look at my friend's ex-husband, feeling sorry for him. Eak had no idea that Wan married him just to see her old friend. It was such a stupid reason. The thought pained me. What the hell was I thinking?

"I think you should forget about her."

"Are you still mad at me for cheating on her? I told you I'm sorry."

"No, it's not about that. I just feel sorry for you, but I don't know what to say. There must be someone else who suits you better than Wan."

"I only love her. I made a mistake, but I didn't love that woman."

He seemed worried that I would scold him again and simply changed the topic.

"Where are you going with that guitar?"

"I'm bored at home. I'm thinking of doing a street show. I have no money."

"What's a street show?"

"I'll play my music in the street and ask for money. Haven't you seen one before?"

"Really? Can you actually do something like that? Wan told me you were talented with all kinds of musical instruments, especially the piano."

"If I could carry the piano, I would. But I can't. So I'm carrying what I can. I have to go now,"

I explained, trying to distance myself from him, but he continued to follow.

"Actually, you can play the piano outdoors and make money. Are you interested? You said you're skilled at playing the piano."

"Yes, to some extent."

"I can offer you a job. Perhaps it will change the way you see me and help me reconcile with Wan."

Eak flashed a wide smile, but I looked at him with uncertainty.

"What kind of job?"

"Playing the piano at my hotel."

I couldn't refuse the job he proposed. As we drove, I learned that his family owned a chain of hotels, both in Bangkok and elsewhere. I knew he was wealthy when we first met, but I never imagined he was so affluent. An heir to a hotel empire! I was aware that his job offer came with certain expectations. He had helped me, so I couldn't say no to assisting him in reuniting with Wan. I told him I would give him an answer later, even though the sight of that grand piano in the hallway filled me with excitement. I longed to play the grand piano. It had been so long since I had touched one.

"When will you give me an answer?"

"I'll let you know."

"You have my number. Please call me."

"Wan might see us. Please go."

"Aren't you going to tell Wan?"

"Yes, I will, but not today. She despises you so much right now."

He seemed saddened but finally left. As I walked back to the condo, I pondered about the job. However, as soon as I opened the door, Wan Viva approached me angrily.

"Where were you?!"

The little girl was trembling with fear, but she appeared relieved to see me return.

"I left you a note."

"I've told you before, I don't like it when you just leave a note. No! No! No!" Wan Viva was furious.

I walked towards her and enveloped her in a hug.

"Are you okay?"

The little girl clung to me and burst into tears. She was as frightened as a bird shivering in the rain.

"I was worried that you would leave again," she sobbed.

"You left a note like this before too."

"Wan..."

I looked at the front of me. It wasn't sadness that filled her eyes, but sheer terror.

"Tell me you won't leave me anymore. Promise you will never leave me.

"I won't leave..Wan... I promise." I reassured, holding her tightly and kissing her forehead.

"I never knew it could hurt you this much."

"Promise you will never leave." She pleaded.

"I promise."

We held each other for a long time. I loved her and cared for her deeply. I never could have imagined that I could have such an impact on her.

"I'm sorry... I'm very sorry."

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too, Wan."

## CHAPTER 19

### SOMETHING LIKE THIS

We embraced each other for a long time before I finally broke the silence.

"So, this means you're no longer angry with me,"

"About what?"

"About last night."

Wan Viva immediately released me and turned away, crossing her arms over her chest without saying a word as she sat on the couch. Her mood had changed so quickly.

"No, I'm still angry," she stated firmly.

"But you just told me that you love me," I said, feeling confused.

"Alright, I'll sleep on the couch tonight. You can go back to sleeping alone. I won't tell you where I was today."

I pretended to open the door to the room where Wan Viva had stored her things.

"I'll clean up the room and sleep here"

The little girl quickly closed the door and prevented me from entering. She looked at me with her light brown eyes, asking,

"Where were you?"

I couldn't help but find her adorable.

"I was looking for a job," I replied with a big smile.

"And I found one!"

"What kind of job?"

"I'll be playing the piano at a hotel," I boasted to Wan Viva.

"I'm so excited. I finally get to play the piano again."

"But there's a piano here that you never use."

"It's not the same," I explained.

"It's a grand piano. It reminded me of the grand piano my dad bought me when he was wealthy. Closing my eyes and playing the piano in the air brings back such a wonderful feeling."

The little girl who had been pouting at me now looked at me with a kinder expression. She smiled because she had already forgotten her anger.

"You seem very happy."

"Of course, I haven't played in 13 years. I need to reconnect with my passion, starting with this piano!"

I exclaimed, jumping onto Wan's electric piano and starting to play. I tried to evoke memories with my fingertips, and the little girl sat in a chair beside me, resting her head on my shoulder, watching me play.

"You once said you would write me a song."

I paused my playing, laughing as the memory resurfaced.

"Yes, I did."

"Do you have it?"

"I'm working on it, but I haven't finished it. It's been 13 years, and I've made no progress. I can only write a song when I'm happy or when I find inspiration."

"Will you continue working on it?"

"I'm happy now," I replied, looking at my friend resting on my shoulder. The scent of her hair wafted to my nose.

"I'm in the right mood."

"What kind of mood?"

"The mood for....."

I almost said something I shouldn't have, but I caught myself just in time.

"Well, I feel like writing a song. I'll finish it."

Wan Viva noticed my discomfort, reverting back to her doctor mode.

"Where are you going to play the piano?"

"At a hotel."

"Which hotel?"

"Hotel..."

I hesitated, realizing I would have to bring up her ex-husband.

"Well..."

Wan Viva, knowing me better than anyone, looked at me suspiciously.

"What Hotel?"

"Keneky Hotel," I replied.

"Pleng!"

Wan Viva let out a loud, high-pitched note, screaming in my face. I squeezed my eyes shut, anticipating this reaction.

"Why there?"

"Eak gave me the job,"

"Don't go. I won't let you go."

The little girl quickly stood up from the chair, pouting once again. I gently grasped her neck from behind, like a mother bird pecking at her baby bird.



"If we're going to argue, don't pout," I said.

"I'm tired. I don't know how to make you feel better."

The pouting doctor made a big fuss, following my instructions and complaining.

"Why are you working with Eak? Don't you know why he offered you the job?"

"I know. But if I refuse to help, then I won't be able to reach you."

"He's trying to help you to ask something from you. You can say no and you don't have to help him."

"But even if I help him, you won't go back to him," I stated.

"So let me work, It's 2,000 baht a day, and I get to play the piano. I used to earn only 300 baht a day playing the guitar on the street."

"You actually did that?"

"Yeah..."

"Oh! Why?"

Wan Viva was still extremely upset. In an unexpected move, I jumped up to give her a hug. It felt strange for me to do this or to ask for something, so she was a bit uncomfortable.

"Please...let me go to work. My dream is to play the piano in front of people,"

"But..."

Wan Viva's voice sounded like she was on the verge of tears. I saw her stomp her foot once.

"Why, why, why!!! Why do you have to work for that man?"

"That man' referred to be your husband. Because of money, I can't just sit idly and wait for you to support me. I've been making my own money since I was 17 years old. Doing nothing will drive me crazy."

"17? That's when you left home..."

"Life is tough. That's why I've been so strong all this time,"

I replied, still holding onto her and continuing to plead. I wasn't sure what I needed to ask her permission, but it would be nice if she agreed with me.

"I haven't played the piano since I was 17 years old. I've never shown anyone how talented I am. Are you going to be so mean to me?"

"Don't say that."

Wan Viva sighed, dropping her shoulders and resting her chin on my shoulder.

"But you have to promise me that you won't get involved with him again."

"Okay, I promise."

"Be more specific."

"I promise I won't become his partner again," I responded to her with a smile.

"But I'm so angry..."

She murmured. Suddenly, she bit me.

"Ouch!"

I exclaimed in pain. The doctor pouted and hurt my shoulder with her bite. I tried to push her away, but she held me tightly and pressed her teeth hard against my shoulder. Then, she stared at me.

"Since when have you become so violent?"

I asked, touching my shoulder gently. Wan Viva looked at me with her light brown eyes and responded nonchalantly,

"Since I saw you again. I feel more and more violent."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing,"

Before starting work, I needed to relearn how to play the piano. Luckily, Wan Viva had an electric piano. I would put headphones on me during practice to avoid disturbing the neighbors. The little girl had an unpredictable work schedule. Some days she came home late, while other days she didn't come home at all. I heard that a resident had to spend a lot of time in the hospital, so I had plenty of time to practice the piano. It was during this time that I realized my

piano skills were still present. Music was the talent I excelled at, especially playing the piano. If I were younger and had more opportunities, I might have had a better future in the music industry.

"What are you thinking?"

I jumped slightly when Wan Viva hugged me from behind. Since I had headphones on, I couldn't hear anything.

"You're home. How are you? Are you tired?"

"I don't get tired when I see your face."

"I read on the internet that doctors like you rarely come home. You seem to be coming home more often. Are you really a doctor?"

"You must be in a good mood to make a joke like that,"

Wan Viva smiled sweetly and responded happily.

"Even if I don't have much time, I'll make time to see you as much as I can. If only I could bring you to the hospital."

"Should I pretend to be paralyzed?"

"And then you wouldn't be able to use your fingers."

"So what if I can't use my fingers?"

Wan Viva smiled, her mouth curling at the corner, and shook her head slowly.

"Nothing... I just... I like your fingers."

I looked at her in confusion and chuckled.

"Even if I'm paralyzed, you'll still have to take care of me."

"I want you to be able to move."

Wan Viva laughed and then showed me something she had bought.

"Here, I have something for you."

The little girl handed me a mobile phone worth 20,000 baht. The clean white box, without any color, surprised me. I had never had such an expensive phone before.

"Wow, this is the expensive phone I saw in an ad."

"You were as excited as if you had never had one before."

"I've never had such an expensive one."

I admitted, holding the new phone as if it were very valuable.

"Why did you buy this for me?"

"I don't want you to leave me notes anymore." Wan Viva explained.

"From now on, it's better if you text me. Even if we're fighting, I can read your text message. You can make it up to me over the phone."

"You bought it for yourself. But I don't know how to use it. My old phone didn't have these features," I said, showing her my old phone.

"Look, I bought this for 1,000 baht at 7/11. I still think it's expensive."

Wan Viva looked at my phone, then at me, and said nothing. I raised my eyebrows, surprised that she didn't have anything to say.

"What's happening?"

"You used to be the trendsetter. You always had something new before everyone else. You had a cell phone before anyone else in school."

"Yes, I remember when my life was that of a rich girl. I had it all. Now I'm someone who uses technology so little."

"You don't know what an iPhone?"

"Of course I know about the iPhone. I've seen it in ads."

"But you've never used it. Is there really anyone who doesn't know how to use an iPhone?"

"I were someone who only used the phone to make and receive calls." I said and Wan Viva gently caressed my cheeks with love.

"Oh, poor dear."

"You are so generous."

"Is there anything else you want?"

She asked. I looked at her with a playful smile.

"Oh, really? Can I ask for anything?"

"Of course, if I can give it to you, anything you want."

I just wanted to tease her a little because she seemed so serious. I moved my face closer to hers and whispered,

"I want... love from you..... Can you give me that?"

I teased, flashing a sly smile.

"You're such a strong woman that you don't even entertain your ex-husband who begged for you to come back. I want something that's so difficult to obtain."

Instead of being shy and laughing, Wan Viva looked back at me.

"You don't have to ask for it. I've already given you the thing you asked. I can express it now."

I was thinking she was just joking and didn't want to lose. I challenged her by staring directly into her eyes.

"Show me. I want to see it."

I added with a mischievous smile. The little girl moved closer, our noses almost touching. I felt something pulling me towards her. But the girl playfully pushed my face away with her hand and burst into laughter.

"You look so serious, it's funny."

"Oh? I guess you look funny too," I laughed awkwardly.

"What were you thinking?"

Wan Viva asked with a smile.

"Do you want to eat me?"

"Eat, what? No!"

I exclaimed. I quickly turned my attention back to the piano.

Before I could comprehend her words, the little girl leaned in and lightly nibbled on my ear. My hands froze on the piano keys, my body trembling, as a rush of excitement surged through me I felt hundreds of butterflies fluttering in my stomach. Her voice, low and seductive, whispered tantalizingly close to my ear.

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"Something like this..."

Sunny.ai

## CHAPTER 20

### THEY'RE NOT SMALL ANYMORE

That old feeling was back, I thought as I looked at WanViva, who was sleeping with her back turned towards me. From that night until now, I seemed distracted. The touch on my ear and the soft, low voice still echoed in my mind. Even though it was 2 am, sleep eluded me. I could hear WanViva's soft snores, so I decided to approach her. As I got closer, I could smell the gentle fragrance of her shampoo. Wanting to confirm that she was truly asleep, I called out to her.

"Wan....Wan Viva."

The little girl didn't budge an inch. I was undoubtedly wondering if she really was in a deep slumber. I moved closer until the tip of my nose touched her hair. It smelled wonderful. It was human nature to always desire more. I found myself longing for more than just the scent of her hair. I inched even closer until my nose was behind her neck. The aroma of baby powder and shampoo heightened my senses. I was completely lost in the moment. In a daring move, my hands caressed her waist and gently slid under her shirt. Her skin felt soft and smooth to the touch. I moved my hand up and down in sync with her rhythmic breathing.

Unconsciously, my legs entangled with hers, like a snake coiling around its prey. But would it be better if she were awake? What on earth was I doing?

"Zzzzummm..."

It sounded like she was speaking in her sleep. Fear gripped me, and I hastily withdrew my hands as if they had been burned. My entire body felt hot. This was madness... How did I allow myself to go this far? I tried to move my leg away from her, but Wan Viva turned at me with a tight embrace. "Ummm..."

"Wan."

The little girl hugged me tightly, resting her head against my chest as if it were the most comfortable spot in the world. I remained motionless, feeling tormented. This couldn't go on any longer... I couldn't endure another night like this. If she found out, I could be expelled. I had to change rooms.

"It seems like you didn't get enough sleep."

I woke up at 6am. Wan Viva, however, woke up at her usual time, 4am. I really hadn't slept a wink. But it would be too obvious if I woke up at the same time as her, so I tossed and turned in bed for another two hours before finally going downstairs to watch the morning news on the couch.

"You move around a lot in your sleep."

"Really?" She looked surprised.

"Did I bother you?"

Yes, you bothered me quite a bit.

"Not really," I replied with determination.

"I was thinking of moving downstairs."

The little girl looked at me sadly.

"Why are you distancing yourself from me?"

I had no excuse for my actions, but I had already made up my mind. If I let things continue like this, something else would surely happen.

"I start my job today," I continued talking to her, even though she was still angry with me.

"I'll be playing the piano from 6 to 10 in the evening. Maybe by the time I come back, you'll already be in bed."

"Okay..."

It was her only response. Lately, she has been pouting quite often. I continued watching TV and sipping my coffee in silence. The little girl looked at me and sighed. It was clear that she was still upset.

"What's wrong?"



"You know I'm upset. Why are you being silent?"

"It'll pass."

"No, it's not that easy."

I almost burst out laughing when the beautiful doctor pouted like a little girl.

"Okay, let's talk about it when you calm down. I'm going to take a shower."

I climbed up the stairs. After 5 minutes, I heard the door slam shut. It was louder than usual. I assumed she had left for work. I thought it was a good time to use my new phone. The night before, she had shown me how to use the messaging app with the green icon. She said it was for sending free text messages with cartoon stickers. I decided to give it a try.

[Sticker: Sing a Song]

I sent her a cartoon sticker to playfully tease her, with two fingers making a victory sign over my eyes. She read it but didn't respond.

[Sticker: Singa Song]

"I don't know how to make it up to you."

[Read...]

She was still pouting.

[Sticker: Singa Song]

"I love you."

It worked. Since the message was read, she answered.

[Doctor Wan: Silly!]

Even though it was just the alphabet, I could tell she was feeling embarrassed. How cute... now she isn't angry anymore. We each choose our own paths in life. Wan Viva was a doctor, and I was a musician. I may not have had my own album, but playing music in front of others was one of my dreams. And today, I had the opportunity to fulfill that dream. I couldn't believe that the person who made my dream come true was Wan Viva's ex-husband. It was a little strange, but I was okay with it.

"Break a leg. Show me what you've got."

"Why are you so sure I can do it?" I asked.

"You haven't even heard me play."

Eak pushed me towards the grand piano that stood in the middle of the hall. He gave me the go-ahead.

"Everyone is waiting for you. Come on!"

Nobody was actually waiting for me; it was just the lobby of the hotel. Most of the guests were heading towards the reception. But yes, there were people there, and I felt a little nervous because it had been a long time since I had done something like this. It had been 13 years since my last solo performance. I took a deep breath and sat in front of the piano. I tried to concentrate and placed my fingers on the keys.

The magic was palpable as I played the first note, followed by the rest. My enthusiasm faded, and I became completely immersed in the music. I didn't even care if people were listening or not. The sense of fulfillment was incredible, and I was overcome with happiness. I played the song 'Mariage d'Amour.' When I finished, the entire room fell silent. I looked up from the piano to find people surrounding me, their eyes filled with admiration. The applause of the first guest resonated, followed by more and more people clapping. It wasn't like a concert, but rather a genuine appreciation, especially from Eak. He walked straight towards me, his face beaming with happiness.

"It's like magic. You play so well. Wan Viva wasn't exaggerating at all," Eak said with admiration and surprise.

Suddenly, self-awareness overtook me. Music was truly my passion, especially playing the piano.

"Thank you," I said, nearly on the verge of tears.

"It's an incredible feeling."

"You did amazing. Amazing, Pleng. You're so talented."

Eak praised me, took my hand and shook it with joy. I felt a bit uncomfortable, so I was about to withdraw my hand when a solemn voice interrupted.

"Let go of her hand."

I recognized that familiar low nasal voice, as did Eak. He immediately released my hand. Wan Viva's expression did not betray any happiness. Eak moved towards his wife, but her firm command halted him.

"Step away. Don't come any closer."

"You're here. I'm so surprised," Eak uttered.

"I'm here to listen to Pleng's music. We'll leave now."

Wan Viva dead panned.

"You're as touchy as ever. You can touch anyone, but not Pleng."

"I didn't do anything. She impressed me..."

"Do you have to touch someone when you're impressed? That explains why you deceive me."

Eak seemed on the verge of tears, but he quickly regained his composure and smiled at his ex-wife.

"Since you're here, let's sit there and listen to the piano. It will finish at 10 pm."

"Okay, I'll wait," Wan Viva agreed.

"But I'll sit alone."

The atmosphere was tense. Wan Viva walked away and settled on a sofa near the lobby. There were no seats available around her, but Eak stood nearby, despite having nowhere to sit. He continued to gaze at Wan Viva. I had never seen a couple with so much distance between them.

"You were quite cold to Eak. He wanted to apologize to you, but you didn't give him a chance."

I told Wan Viva as we returned to the condo. She had been yawning since 9pm and appeared half asleep. She didn't seem pleased when she heard his name.

"The first thing you want to talk about when we get home is what I don't want to hear."

"He made mistakes and deserves a second chance."

"It wasn't a mistake."

"What happened? Why didn't you ever give it a chance?"

"I did give him a chance," Wan Viva said, her smile turning bitter.

"He will never be a part of my life again. It's not about him making a mistake; it's about me... I don't love him."

Wan Viva began unbuttoning the top two buttons of her shirt, revealing the smooth, shiny skin beneath. I blushed and had to look away.

"Let's take a shower."

"Huh?"

"Together."

I thought I had heard her wrong, but when I turned to look at her again, her shirt was completely unbuttoned and I could see her bright white bra.

"Are you asking me to take a shower with you?"

"Ummmmm, I'm so tired. Today I was standing in an operating room for a longtime..."

Wan Viva took my hand and took me upstairs with her.

"I remember you gave me such a good massage. I want you to give me a massage again, like when we were young..."

"We were in a bathtub and you massaged my shoulders..." Wan Viva said seductively and smiled.

"You massaged my breasts too. You told me my breasts were too small."

"W..What?"

"But they're not small anymore, and..."

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You might like them, Pleng."

## CHAPTER 21

### EXCHANGE

The next thing I knew, she pulled me into the bathtub, completely naked. I sat nervously in the tub while Wan Viva undressed. I asked to get in first because I didn't want her to see me. The little girl joined me later, wrapped in a small towel.

"You're making it seem like we've never seen each other naked before."

"That was a long time ago,"

"You're making me nervous with your nervousness."

"You're repeating what I said before."

I said. The little girl dropped her towel and revealed her entire body in front of me. I had to pretend not to feel anything. I shouldn't be feeling anything. We're the same. What's happening to me?

"I want you to know that I never forget anything about you, Pleng,"

Wan Viva sat in the bathtub in front of me. There was only water and bubbles separating us, yet everything was still visible. We had seen each other like this when we were young.

"Do you really never forget anything?"

"Try me,"

She replied I tried to change the subject, to divert my attention from her body.

"When is my birthday?"

"September 11th."

"What time?"

"12:45."

I was surprised to learn that she even remembered the exact moment of my birth. She knows all the details about me.

"If there was a game show about you, I'd hit the jackpot"

Wan Viva smiled and raised an eyebrow playfully.

"Now do you think I can remember everything about you?"

"I believe you."

Her light brown eyes locked with mine for a long time. We both remained silent, creating an awkward atmosphere.

"Why are you staring at me?"

"You're beautiful."

"Huh?"

I was taken aback by her straightforward compliment.

"What does that mean?"

"Actually, I wanted to compliment you on the very first day we met, but I never got the chance. I saw you today when you were playing the piano. You look even more beautiful when you play."

Wan Viva reached out and gently touched my cheek with the back of her hand.

"You've always fascinated me."

Fascinated... Wan Viva always used this word when we were young. It was her usual complement. But now, it feels strange.

"I've always been beautiful."

"That's true. You've always been beautiful, even now. Your face turns reddish in warm water."

"You're blushing too,"

I mentioned her reddish skin from the warm water, but my eyes unintentionally glanced at her chest. Wan Viva covered herself with her hands and smiled.

"What are you looking at?"

"N...no, nothing!"

I waved my hands in denial.

"I mean your skin."

"I know...I'm just kidding,"

Wan Viva playfully splashed water on my face and laughed gleefully.

"Well, here we go. Let's see if my breasts are bigger."

The little girl lifted her breasts, which the bubbles in the bathtub failed to hide. I didn't know what to do, so I tried to act as normal as possible.

"I give them massages everyday,"

She said.

"Really?"

I raised an eyebrow in question as I looked at her.

"You massage yourself every day, and this is what you get?"

"Do it for me."

She requested. I was still in shock. The little girl grabbed my wrist and placed my hand on her breasts. Her slippery skin made me feel very sensitive.

"How does it feel when you touch them?"

She asked.

"I feel..."

I Couldn't quite explain how I felt. Her soft, slippery skin overwhelmed me, leaving me at a loss for words.

"Something bigger?"

She teased.

"Um..."

"Are they bigger?"

I almost admitted that I had some deep emotional feelings, but thank God nothing came out of my mouth.

"If they're good, then they're firm,"

"I always exercise. I take care of myself,"

Wan Viva stated. She turned around and leaned against me, wrapping my arms around her.

"Ahhh, it's so nice to be here with you. And you? Are you comfortable?"

"Yeah, I'm fine,"

I replied. Wan Viva moved between my legs, which were now quickening with excitement, and positioned herself over my bare chest.

"You're so soft,"

She said, looking at me.

"I want to sleep on top of you, in the bed."

"That's a bit too much,"

I responded.

"Can you give me a massage? My shoulder hurts,"

"Will you pay me?"

I asked, giving her a big smile. Wan Viva gave me a big smile.

"Will my smile be enough?"

"Yeah,"



I agreed. It felt like we had traveled back in time to when we were kids. I massaged her shoulders while Wan Viva let out a low, relaxed moan. The sound of her moan sparked my imagination.

"It feels that good, huh?"

I commented. The unsettling moment from earlier flashed back into my mind.

"Why don't you go get a Thai massage?"

"Why would I go if I have you?"

She replied, letting out a satisfied sigh.

"Ahhh, it feels so good."

She continued to moan softly, and I patiently bit my lip. It was torturous to hear her moan.

"Wan... you might faint if you stay in the warm water for too long,"

I warned her.

"I feel good. Please stay a little longer,"

She pleaded, pushing my legs underwater as if she knew I was about to get up. She gently touched my legs, making me feel incredibly sensitive.

"Please..."

"But..."

"Please massage my breast,"

She requested.

"W...what?"

"You said they are pretty, but I want them big,"

Wan Viva said as she took my hands and placed them on her breasts.

"Do it as you like"

My hands froze as I didn't know what to do, as Wan Viva lay there.

"Why are you so quiet?"

"I think your breasts are big enough. You don't need to massage them,"

I replied. I gently removed my hands from her chest, and Wan Viva let out another moan. I felt something hard.... I felt it. I could also clearly feel her heartbeat.

"It become sensitive when you remove your hands."

"What...what should I do now?"

"What should we do?"

Wan Viva turned her sweetface to look at me. She seems different now. I looked at her sweet face and knew my patience was about to leave..

"Your face looks beautiful,"

I said as my nose gently touched the side of her face.

"How did you grow up so beautiful?"

"Am I beautiful in your eyes?"

Wan Viva closed her eyes as my nose gently touched the back of her ear.

"Is there anything else you like about me?"

"You're smart,"

I sincerely complimented her as my lips moved down to her neck. Her skin was warm, slippery, and wet. Our slick skin gently touched each other. My breathing becomes faster and shorter.

"You are confident and you have achieved everything you set out to do... and yes, you look good."

"How good?"

She asked.

"So much so...'

Our faces were now facing each other at the right angle, and our lips were about to touch, but I suddenly stopped.

"I feel like I'm about to faint."

I ended the conversation and got up from the bathtub. Wan Viva is still there, complaining.

"I still want more massages."

"Maybe later..."

"My breasts are still small."

"They are big enough."

If I had to continue massaging her, I would go crazy. I should be safe tonight because I decided to go downstairs. I had cleaned everything inside that room since Wan Viva left that morning. Now the room was ready to sleep in. Okay, I could stop my fantasy if she wasn't around.

"I'll sleep with you."

Wan Viva held her pillow and walked towards the bed. She fell on the bed, not even listening to me.

"Why don't you sleep in your own bed?"

"It's very lonely."

"No, you are not."

"Why not?"

Because if you were there, it would keep me up all night. So I escaped from her and went to sleep elsewhere.

"The bed's too small."

"We can both fit,"

Wan Viva smiled and lay back on the mattress invitingly.

"Come here, baby."

Baby... Oh no!

"You..."

"I like the way you smell,"

Wan Viva said.

"What?"

I hesitated when I heard that.

"I've liked your smell since we were young... I like being close to you because of your smell. You smell like a baby, I enjoy sleeping with you."

I liked the smell too! But no, it wasn't like sleeping with a baby.

"Why would I be down here if you're going to sleep with me?"

"I promise I won't kick you in my sleep, just hold me... please...Please,"

She pleaded. That plea weakened me a lot. All my rejection disappeared. I crawled onto the bed and lay down next to Wan Viva, who buried her face in my neck.

"Smells good."

"You keep smelling me,"

She remarked.

"Life is short. Do not waste your time. I like your smell, really."

"I like your smell too,"

I confessed.

"I thought you would feel uncomfortable if I told you."

"So we both like the way the other smells,"

Wan Viva smiled at me.

"It sounds a little strange, It's..."

"Let me smell you."

The little girl crawled on top of me and kissed me all over.

"You're so soft and you smell so good."

"You make me feel sorry."

"You can smell me too if you want. Let's exchange,"

I swallowed the feeling of fear when I heard that invitation. If I rejected her, the outspoken little girl might lose confidence. I figured it was fine. She didn't feel it was strange. I extended my hand towards her face and pursed my lips, determined.

"Come here. I'll smell you,"

I pulled her down and pressed her against the bed.

Sunyal

## CHAPTER 22

### DOCTOR'S COAT

That morning... Both of us went about our lives as usual. There was no change, or so I thought. Wan Viva took a sip of her coffee in her usual manner. It was okay, I figured friends would smell each other.

"You..."

Wan Viva called out. I turned away from the television and looked at her. The little girl stared at me and lifted her coffee cup to take a sip.

"Are you stupid or just pretending to be stupid?" She asked.

"What kind of question is that?" I replied.

"Maybe stupid?"

Wan Viva stood up and grabbed her bag, getting ready to leave for work. She still seemed puzzled by her question, and I followed her to the door.

"What did I do? Why are you giving me the cold shoulder?" I asked.

"Nothing, you haven't done anything wrong."

Wan Viva said with a pout, then she left. I looked at her retreating figure, perplexed. The little girl turned around and growled at me.

"You're really stupid!" She exclaimed.

"Arghh!"

The pouty girl bit my arm. I looked at the teeth marks and felt bewildered.

"Why did you bite me?" I asked.

"You used to be smart when you were young. Why are you so stupid now?"

"Why are you calling me stupid?"

"Because you really are stupid. Last night, if it had been someone else..." Wan Viva sighed.

"I'd better go to work." She added.

"What time will you be home tonight?" I asked.

"I'm not going to tell you."

"I love you," I told her.

"Cheater," she replied.

"I'll be late. I have a surgery and it might take a while."

I smiled at her response. She kicked the ground with her foot, as if searching for something there.

"Why do you ask?"

"Can I pick you up from the hospital?"

Wan Viva looked at me, her face lighting up with happiness. I reached out my hand to touch her hair.

"Why do you want to pick me up?"

"I want to come home with you, like when we were young. Riding a bike late at night."

"It's also dangerous. You really care about me."

I feel embarrassed but try to act as normal as possible.

"I only have you left in this world."

I went to work feeling happy. All the songs and performances were sweet and enjoyable, more so than the other day. Each time my fingers touched the keys, it felt as if I was touching Wan Viva's skin. The music sounded as sweet as the little girl's gentle sighs... I missed her... But as I

was lost in my thoughts, I heard a strange note. When I looked up, I saw a stranger standing behind me, playing octave notes.

I continued playing because that was my job. The man seemed to find it amusing to tease me. The once sweet song now turned into a fierce competition. People started paying more attention, and everyone seemed excited. They used their cellphones to record the competition and see who would lose first. The final note faded into complete silence. People looked at us in astonishment, followed by thunderous applause. The man who had disrupted my performance smiled and bowed to the crowd. He seemed so familiar.

"I apologize for playing along with you."

"Who are you?"

I asked in an unfriendly tone, still upset by the stranger's interference. He noticed that I wasn't smiling and quickly introduced himself.

"I'm Earth."

He pointed to himself as if expecting some reactions from me, but I was still stunned and unsure of what to say.

"Pleng,"

He looked at me and this guy...

"Hello, Earth. I saw the two of you playing together, and it was amazing,"

He seemed to know this guy, but I was still upset that he had interrupted me. I was so into my music, playing it like I was an artist on a canvas, when suddenly someone jumped into the painting with me.

"You don't seem to be enjoying yourself with me. I thought. I thought I had found my musical partner."

"Pleng, this is Earth,"

Eak said, introducing the guy to me.

"And?"

I looked at my friend's ex-husband, who was also my boss, without understanding. It felt like everyone was waiting for me to say something.



"He is a singer."

"Okay," I replied. Eak looked at me and whispered in my ear,

"You don't know him?"

"No, I don't know him," I responded.

"He is a very famous singer now."

Was that why he was looking at me expectantly? I looked at the smiling guy and shrugged.

"I'm sorry, I don't know you."

I said, walking back to the piano to continue my work. Damn! I was in a good mood, but this overconfident guy had interfered with my performance. After finishing my work, I saw Eak waiting for me. He usually went home once he was done, but that day he waited for me.

"Wait, Pleng. Can I talk to you for a second?"

I looked at my friend's ex-husband and raised my eyebrows in surprise.

"Yeah?"

"Earth left you his card with his name on it. He has a small music label and wants to work with you."

The hotel owner gave me a card with the singer's name.

"He likes your music. He likes that you improvise very well,"

"What does that mean?"

I asked, looking at the shiny black card in my hand and shrugging.

"It's a technical term. He wants you to play music with him,"

"But we just met,"

"Or...he just likes you. Musicians often appreciate each other because you both speak the same language,"

"That doesn't make sense. If that's the case, why didn't Wan Viva marry a doctor? Why did she marry a hotel owner?" I questioned.

"I have to go pick Wan up from the hospital. I don't want to be late."

As soon as he heard his wife's name, Eak seemed as nervous as if she were right there.

"It's good that you're with her everyday,"

"Well, I'm her friend."

"I want to be with her too. I am still her husband... or ex-husband,"

Eak replied sadly.

"It's possible you can help me..."

"No,"

I abruptly refused.

"Wan Viva told me before that if I worked here, it would complicate things and she wouldn't want that. Or I would both have to leave this job."

"Is it really that bad?"

Eak asked, wearing a sad expression. I had to look away, feeling pity for him. Even if I helped, I knew Wan Viva wouldn't engage with him. It would be a futile effort. Or maybe I just didn't want to help?

I arrived at the hospital around 11 PM. I walked to the nurse's

station in her ward and learned that Wan Viva was still in surgery. The hospital was quiet, but the bright neon light indicated that there were still lives inside. Feeling bad for her when I looked at the time, I decided to walk to a convenience store to buy her some snacks in case she wanted to eat. When I returned, I found Wan Viva wearing a white doctor's coat, her hair tied back at the nape of her neck. She seemed to be having a serious conversation with a patient's family. She looked so different from the girl who had bitten me in the morning. She had this side of her that I had never seen before. Her determined eyes and confident body language reassured the patient's family that she would take good care of their loved one. She looks so respectable, so different from her youthful appearance.

When she was young, she loved reading comics and never seemed to have any ambitions or goals in life. But now, she was a completely different person. Respected, serious, and incredibly charming. So different from me... Someone who had never achieved much.

"Pleng,"

Her sweet voice interrupted my train of thoughts as I started to leave the room. I quickly regained my composure and smiled at the confident girl walking in.

"Have you been here for long?"

"Just a little while. I bought something for you, I heard you were still in the operating room,"

I said, looking at her attire and feeling proud.

"You look so cool and elegant."

"Can cool and elegant go together?"

"Of course they can. They do right now,"

I replied, trying to boost her confidence. Although I felt a tinge of sadness about my own life, I was genuinely happy to see Wan Viva growing up so well, living a life that others would envy. I never wish anything but the best for her.

"What are you thinking?"

She asked me, breaking my train of thought.

"I was just thinking how great you look in this uniform,"

"You really like me in this uniform. You keep saying that,"

"I like you in every outfit, even without any outfit,"

I said casually. Her face turned pink.

"I mean, you always look good."

"Who looks better, me or Meg Ryan?"

"Meg Ryan,"

I replied.

"But I like you more,"

I said. She smiled happily at my response.

"Good answer. Please wait while I change my clothes."

"Okay,"

As she walked away towards a group of doctors in similar attire, she turned back and gestured for me to follow her.

"Come here,"

"Why?"

"I forgot my things in the bedroom. I'll change later,"

She changed direction and led the way, frequently turning to look at me. I couldn't help but gaze at her in the loose-fitting surgical uniform, feeling my heart race. Her short hair was loosely tied on her head. It might have seemed ordinary to others, but to me, it looked incredibly special because the way I looked at her reminded me of how I used to admire some seniors in school.

"Was the operation difficult?"

"All cases are difficult,"

I kept talking as I attempted to make conversation as I admired her back, her shapely hips, her glistening arms, and her inviting neck. Wan Viva kept turning to meet my gaze. I wasn't sure what it meant, but it was undeniably seductive. I had to resist the temptation to pull her closer.

"Do you have this uniform at home?"

"No, but I am considering buying one for home,"

She replied with a sweeter tone.

"Good. I would love to see you wearing it all day,"

"Because it's good?"

She asked.

"Because it's easy to take off,"

"Are you planning to take it off?"

"Can I do that?"

Wan Viva smiled and replied,

"Sure."

I reached out, ready to pull her closer, but suddenly she stopped walking abruptly.

"We're here. This is the doctor's bedroom,"

Wan Viva said, turning the doorknob and peering inside. She smiled at me and reassured,

"Nobody is here. Come here..."

The small bedroom had only a bunk bed against the wall. Wan Viva closed the door behind us and walked towards the bed. She stopped in front of it and remained frozen for a while.

"You forgot something?"

"I can't seem to remember anymore,"

The beautiful doctor turned around with a seductive look.

"Give me some time, darling."

Unable to control myself any longer, I approached her from behind and buried my face in her neck. I couldn't resist the temptation any longer.

"I'll give you everything you want."

"You really like my uniform,"

"It looks quite loose on you, but when I hug you like this, I can tell that you're petite,"

I whispered, as Wan Viva tilted her head to the side, exposing the bare skin of her neck, and took a deep breath.

"It was just a hug. How do you know my body so well?"

The little girl guided my hand from her waist to under her shirt, underneath her green uniform, and placed it on her chest. I felt the soft, supple flesh of her breast and squeezed it firmly. Oh, it's so good...

"This is torture."

The seductive girl moaned softly. My vision blurred with desire as I lightly nibbled on her bare neck.

"Am I hurting you?"

"No, you're not,"

Wan Viva rested her head against the bunk bed and placed one hand on it.

"I feel incredibly uncomfortable. I want to take off all my clothes."

"I forgot about that. I just wanted to smell you."

My hands ventured further beneath her bra, exploring beneath her.

"Ummm..."

She bites her lips. My fingers brushed against her sensitive area, causing Wan Viva to tremble as it hardened against my touch.

"I love it when your body responds to my touch." I whispered.

"Ohh... Pleng..."

The little girl began to babble as I found myself partially lost in my powerful desire to explore her further.

"I can't resist this any longer,"

I confessed, my other hand gently caressing her soft belly.

"I want to undress you now."

"Change your mind..."

Wan Viva said in a low, breathless voice, sliding my hand inside her pants under the elastic waistband.

"Help me," she pleaded.

## CHAPTER 23

### WHO IS IT?

We could only hear our short breaths and occasionally Wan Viva's peculiar, low voice. The little girl seemed to have a preference for certain voices. Actually, I enjoyed every voice she did. After WanViva pleaded. I, being in a half-conscious state. She placed my hand on the front of her pants. What's next? Now, there was only a thin layer of fabric separating my hand from her sensitive area. However, before we could progress any further, we heard someone attempting to turn the doorknob. That made us immediately halt our actions.

What were we doing? Now, I regained consciousness. I realized that I was embracing her from behind, and one of my hands was gently squeezing her soft breast. My other hand was already inside her pants... We were going too far.

"The longer I help, the more time we take. I should wait outside instead." I said.

"Don't go... they won't be able to come in," Wan Viva pleaded.

However, I quickly opened the door and pretended as if nothing had happened.

"I'm thirsty."

Wan Viva didn't say anything. I encountered a young doctor in a long white lab coat standing outside the door. He looked at us with surprise, especially at the little girl.

"You're staying late tonight. Why are you still here?"

"You stay even later than me."

"I'm on duty. Wow, there's a lot of food here. I would like some..."

As soon as the doctor moved closer to the food, Wan Viva promptly snatched it away. It might have seemed impolite to take the food like that, but the little girl didn't seem to mind. Silence fell upon both the doctor and me. Wan Viva simply shrugged.

"These are not mine. They belong to her.

"Wan Viva gestured towards me."

"If you want them, ask her."

"I thought they were yours. I apologize."

The doctor's colleague smiled apologetically.

"I was being rude."

"No problem. You can have them if you want."

"No."

Wan Viva's friendliness vanished once I gave permission. Now, both the doctor and I looked at her, and she changed her mind again...

"But your friend said yes, and now you're saying no. What's going on?"

"My friend bought these for me. I won't share them,"

The little girl pointed towards the door.

"Well, it's getting late."

"Oh, it's alright. I'm sorry."

I bid farewell to the doctor, but she gripped my wrist playfully, as though teasing a sulking child.

"I still don't know your name. Wan Viva hasn't introduced us. Ouch!"

The young doctor exclaimed. Wan Viva gently patted his hand where he was holding me. The adorable boy winced in pain and couldn't help but laugh at the little girl.

"What's this, Dr. Wan?"

"Why are you holding her hand?"

"I wanted to meet her..."

"You can flirt with other girls, but not with Pleng!"



Her voice sounded so serious that the boy started to feel guilty.

"I was just joking. You don't have to take it so seriously."

"There's a limit. We're not that close."

Wan Viva pulled me out of the room without glancing at her colleague again.

"Wan, you take things too seriously."

After changing her clothes in the locker room, we left the hospital together. The little girl walked ahead of me and silently pulled the bicycle.

"Are you on your period?"

It worked. Wan Viva turned around and gave me a fierce

glare. Lately, it seemed like she often had that angry expression.

"Stupid."

"You've called me stupid many times today. I'm not a doctor like you. Is that why you think I'm stupid?"

"Rook"

I said it, but I didn't really mean it. Wan Viva became even more upset when I tried to change the subject.

"I love you."

"It's not going to work."

"What happened to you? You know I don't know how to make peace with you."

I took the bike from her. Wan Viva now walked with a light step, but still maintained a pouting expression.

"I'm upset about many things."

Wan Viva bither lip and sighed.

"Here's the first one. How could you let Dr. Guy hold your hand?"

"Is that his name, Guy?" I nodded.

"I finally found out his name."

"Why did you want to know?"

"Next time, I can share some food with him. Now I know his name."

"He's a womanizer."

"Oh..."

"He'll take advantage of you."

"I don't feel that."

"He held your hand, how could you let him do that?"

"I don't know. He just grabbed it. But I think he was just trying to tease you. You seemed to be in a bad mood, so he simply made fun of you. He doesn't seem dangerous."

I recalled the way he looked when Wan Viva was rude to him. He appeared very saddened when she mentioned that they weren't that close. It was so cold.

"Why are you so interested in him? You should pay attention to me."

"Lately, you've been so stubborn. You used to be sweeter when you were younger."

I sounded serious now while Wan Viva pouted. I walked with the bike in front and ignored her.

"But..."

The little girl approached my side of the bike and walked beside me. She tightly hugged my arm, resting her head on my shoulder. Her mood shifted again. She must be on her period.

"But I'm still sweet. Are you angry with me?"

"Your changing moods confuse me. It's harder to understand you now that you've grown up. When you're in front of the operating room, you seem like an adult, charming, and respectable. When you're with someone else, you're a strong doctor. But when you're with me, you're like a stubborn 14-year-old child. I don't know which version of you I'm dealing with."

"I'm the one you enjoy smelling when you hug me."

I looked at her in silence. It felt like she was both two different people in one body. Generally, we were friends, but sometimes... What were we? Yes... I know, but she acted like nothing was happening.

"Then why were you upset?" I asked her again.

"For two things."

"Which are?"

"First, I was jealous of you," Wan Viva explained directly.

I listened with surprise. Jealous...?

"We used to be like that when we were young, remember?" I nodded.

"I don't want you to be around other people. I don't want anyone to be near you."

"You're even more stubborn now. Won't you let me have friends or a social life?"

"Why do you need other people? You've got me."

"But you were married."

"What about the second one?"

I changed the subject when she didn't respond. However, when I continued, she grabbed my arm and bit me hard.

"Ouch! That hurts. You bit me again."

"Second, you're stupid! No, you're not stupid. You pretend to be stupid."

"About?"

"Now you know,"

Wan Viva looked at me annoyed.

"You know!"

Even though we were still angry, we had to share a bed. Yes, we slept next to each other and embraced as if nothing had happened. Wan Viva woke up upset again.

"Stupid..."

I tried to ignore it and carry on as usual, but someone was clearly not normal.

"What happened? Why do you look like this?"

I asked him because I noticed that Eak was looking at me with hope. He still appeared sad. He knew it was Wan Viva.

"It's obvious. Help me."

The handsome boy chased after me like a dog. The people in the hotel lobby gazed at us curiously. In fact, I had gotten the job because of his connection with the owner's son. Perhaps people were already gossiping about me, claiming that I was her secret lover. Eak used to go to work in a fancy, expensive suit, but now he arrived wearing a polo shirt, shorts, and flip-flops.

"I should have believed Wan when she warned me about working here and that you would continue to pressure me to help you."

"But still, you never offered to help me or even listen to me."

"Now what?"

"Wan broke up with me."

"That's old news."

"She sent me a message saying that... she found someone new."

I looked at him in surprise.

"She asks for a divorce, but I refuse to do it."

"That's also old news."

"The news is that if I refuse, she will go to court."

He looked devastated. The divorce itself wasn't the painful part, but the fact that she had someone new.

"I'm not asking for your help. I just want to know who her new guy is. Who is he?"

"I don't know,"

I answered but I felt a little insecure. I thought I knew who she was No... It couldn't be me.

"You're with her every day. She must tell you something."

"I don't think she did it..."

"Then I guess I have to do something. I have to find out who her new guy is."

"You two broke up. You have no right to do that."

"She's done with me, but I'm not done with her. We're not divorced yet. The new guy is in for an adventure."

I felt a lump in my throat at the mention of the word "adventure." He looked at me seriously, clenching my fist tightly. I nervously looked back at him.

"What's next when you find out who it is?"

"Are you filing for divorce?"

I asked as I lay in bed, looking at my phone. Wan Viva was engrossed in a book, glancing at me through her glasses and smiling.

"Where did you hear that news? You're quick. Do you talk and share everything with Eak?"

The way she spoke made me feel like I didn't really know my childhood friend. That sweet girl who always smiled at everyone seemed to have faded away. She was now a clever girl. Charming in a different sense.

"He said you have someone new, and that's why you want a divorce."

"Even if I didn't have anyone new, I'd still want a divorce."

"He seems so desperate,"

I felt bad with my boss, even though we weren't that close. But we had known each other since we were young.

"Desperation is so scary. He said if he found out who your new guy was.....He'll kill him."

Wan Viva raised her eyebrows and laughed as if it was no big deal.

"His bark is worse than his bite."

"But I can sense that he's serious."

"And what if he does?"

The little girl placed her book next to her and leaned towards me. Our noses almost touched.

"Are you afraid?"

"Why should I be afraid?"

"Yes, why would you? Are you the one I'm dating?"

Wan Viva's lip almost touched mine. She quickly moved away from me, as if to mock me. I pretended I didn't care and turned away too.

"I'm just worried about you. Someday Eak will find out that you lied about having someone new."

"Actually, it's not a lie. Isn't that right, Pleng?"

I remained silent, not offering any response. WanViva brought her face closer once again.

"You're pretending once again that you don't understand."

"Oh..."

WanViva kissed my cheek.

"What is this?"

"I'm trying to understand you. Let me smell you."

"I don't feel comfortable with this."

"You will in a moment."

"But..."

We ended up cuddling in bed once again. And it truly felt good. Oh God....

## CHAPTER 24

### COMPLICATED

What kind of friends were we? I wasn't stupid enough to have no idea what was going on, but I pretended not to know because everything was so unclear. We had been friends since we were young, and it was a beautiful relationship as we grew up. But what would happen if we changed our status and the relationship ended? Our friendship would die alongside it. To make matters more complicated, Wan Viva had a husband who still hadn't given up. If she expressed her true feelings in our relationship, our status would also change. I wouldn't be her real partner; it would just be an adventurous fling.

Sometimes I could resist, but other times I couldn't at all. My desire was much stronger now that we were adults. The situation was so much simpler. We didn't have our parents around. We didn't have any social pressure. It was just us, and our friendship was too precious to lose. That was the real reason why I pretended not to understand. But... I could hardly control myself. We had never kissed. Our lips had never touched. Did that mean we were just friends? As long as we never kissed, we would still be friends. Friends with benefits.

One afternoon, while practicing piano for my evening gig, there was a knock on the door. I walked towards it and looked through the peephole. I froze when I saw who it was. I hadn't seen that person in... 13 years. I took a deep breath before opening the door. Aunt Vi appeared much older than before. She was also surprised to see me. There was a long silence between us, as if there was a gap that had formed. I greeted her first.

"Hello Aunt Vi."

My ex-nanny smiled awkwardly at me. Of course, she remembered me. We used to be very close, but now we were like strangers. I still addressed my nanny with the same polite tone.

"Please come in."

"Okay,"

I assumed that Wan Viva's mother had many questions in her mind about why I was there. I felt like I should respond.

"Long time no see. How have you been?"

"I'm fine. And you... Pleng?"

Aunt Vi's gaze lingered on me.

"You look just as good as before."

I smiled as always. It wasn't unusual. People always thought I came from a wealthy background. They thought I was still as rich as before. I suspected that my glowing complexion might deceive people's perceptions.

"Are you here to see Wan? She'll be back in the evening. I can get you some water."

I turned to fetch some water, but the elderly woman grabbed my arm to stop me.

"No, you don't have to do that."

"Why not?"

"You don't ever have to do something like that..."

Aunt Vi let go of my arms and changed the subject.

"So, how come you're here?"

"Wan invited me..."

I hesitated to tell her. I wasn't sure how she would react to the fact that I had left that family and was now dependent on her daughter.

"Wan invited me for dinner. She asked me to wait here, but now I realize that I have something urgent to attend to. I have to go."

I smiled and said goodbye to her. I was happy to see my second mother, but knowing that she didn't feel the same hurt me a lot. I preferred to leave. I needed to get to work quickly, so I stepped outside to call a taxi. But suddenly, a luxurious European car pulled up next to me, and the window was rolled down. Someone shouted my name,

"Pleng..."



I looked inside the car and saw Eak.

"Eak!"

"Get in. Are you heading to the hotel?"

I got in, surprised to see him there.

"What are you doing here? Are you here to see Wan?"

"Did you see Wan's mom?"

Then it hit me that her mother was here because of her husband. He was asking me why Aunt Vi had her keycard and went up to the room.

"Are you planning to ask my old nanny for help?"

"I found you. I asked you for help and you never help me. That's why I have to do it."

Eak said sarcastically.

"Why do you think Aunt Vi can help you?"

"She's her mother. Maybe she'll listen to her,"

He replied. I shook my head in disagreement. In the past, Wan Viva was a good and calm girl. But when I saw her again as an adult, there was a certain distance when she talked about her family. I wasn't sure if Wan Viva would listen to her mother.

"I think you're putting too much pressure on her. The more you do this, the more she'll push back."

"I don't know what to do. Her mother is my last hope. If she can't help, then I'm done."

It ended a long time ago. Or maybe he never really had a chance. Sometimes I wondered if my presence had destroyed someone's family.

"I always ask myself, what did I miss?"

Eak explained.

"I know I cheated on her, but it's because I never received any sign of love from her. Pleng... It may sound like an excuse to you, but I felt incredibly lonely and devalued."

"And yet, you still won't let her go... If you go back to her, it will be the same."

"That's true. But I've realized that not having her is even more painful. If I keep trying, maybe one day she will love me."

I felt sorry for him, but I could only listen and say nothing. I had no right to make any comments anyway. I truly knew the reasons.

"And if Aunt Vi fails, what will you do?"

Eak remained silent. We both stayed quiet until we reached the hotel. Eak seemed very tense in recent days. His elegance had faded, and he looked depressed. I often saw him drinking alone at the bar. And today was no different.

"Eak is drunk again,"

One of the employees gossiped as I walked by. Instead of leaving the hotel, I immediately walked to the bar. I saw Eak crying like a child, and I felt so guilty witnessing it. Because ...I was part of the problem.

"You should stop being so pathetic,"

I said to Eak. He looked at me with tears streaming down his face.

"Pleng, drink with me."

"No, Wan will smell it..."

"Are you sharing a bed with her?"

Her question didn't imply any suspicion, but it made me uncomfortable.

"Yes... Yes, I am."

"That's good. I've only shared a bed with her twice since we got married. What kind of husband am I? Damn!"

The intoxicated state made him do something that caught everyone's attention. He threw a glass onto the floor, and the shattered glass reminded me of the irreparable state of their relationship.

"You're very drunk. This doesn't help at all."

"I couldn't do anything. Her mother couldn't help either. Wan kicked her mother out of the house when she brought up this issue."

Eak raised his voice and cried. His dramatic outburst attracted the attention of other people who started gossiping.

"Her mother told me that Wan Viva has someone new. And she loves him very much. She asked me to leave, or else she would take me to court and do everything she could to make me leave. How could she do this to me?"

I bit my lip, overwhelmed with emotions. I felt like the most selfish person in the world. I was glad to hear her say that, but I also felt guilty that I could be the cause of all this. I thought Wan Viva should at least talk to Eak one last time. She should explain everything to him. That way, Eak would have to accept the truth.

"If I help you, will you stop acting like this?"

"Huh?"

"If I help you talk to Wan, would you stop acting like this?"

I looked at Eak, who was both my friend and my boss.

"I can schedule a meeting for you two to talk. I can only help with that, but you must respect her decision. Can you do that?"

"Really?"

Eak exclaimed, shaking me with both hands.

"Are you serious? I can talk to her?"

"I will help you. But you have to accept whatever the outcome may be."

"Yes, anything. I'm fine with anything."

Eak pulled me closer and hugged me. He didn't know what to do, so he just patted my back.

"Thank you, Pleng. Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me... That's the best I can do..."

"You smell good today,"

Wan Viva commented as she rested her face on my belly. But my mind was focused on how to make them meet. Or should I deceive her?

"What are you doing?"

I grabbed Wan Viva's hand as she playful tried to put her hand in my pants. The little girl smiled happily, knowing that I was once again focused on her.

"So now you're aware,"

Wan Viva playfully crawled towards me and sat on top. She leaned down to place her forehead against mine, and our noses touched provocatively.

"What are you thinking?"

"About this and that,"

I replied.

"Is my mother also a part of your thoughts?"

"No, she would never bother me like that."

I chuckled.

"You're worrying too much about it."

"Of course I'm worried. She said something once, and you left. If you run away again..."

I flipped her beneath me.

"Nothing like that will happen. Your mom didn't say anything to bother me. Your mom doesn't even know why I left then... Aunt Vi talked to me like before. Nothing has changed."

"Oh really? Then what are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking about when you'll have a day off."

"Why?"

"I've been working and saving money."

I moved my face closer to hers, smelling her cheek, and whispered in her ear.

"I want to take you out to dinner."

"Well..."

"Don't play hard to get."

"I want to go, but I don't want it to be too easy."

"And what do I have to do?"

I moved my nose from her face to her neck, causing her to moan and giggle as I nipped at her neck.

"Will you go?"

Wan Viva tensed up. Her breathing became quick and short. Her reaction distracted me.

"Can I ask you something?"

"What is it?"

"Have you ever felt like... it was so torturous?"

She said, looking at me with her puppy eyes. My gasp reflected the multitude of emotions running through me.

"I can't sleep many nights when we do this."

"Then maybe we should stop doing this."

"No,"

Wan Viva immediately countered.

"It's a good torture."

"But it seems like we have no choice."

"You..."

"Yeah?"

"Do you want... to relieve ourselves?"

I didn't know how to answer that question. I was afraid of crossing the line. While relief might be desirable, I was also concerned.

"We're not supposed to cross that line. We're friends."

"I don't understand,"

Her expression changed instantly. She pushed me and turned to the side.

to the side.

"I'm going to sleep."

"So, are you not going out with me?"

I hug her facing her back.

"No, I'm not in the mood."

"Really?"

I moved my hand towards her shorts and swiftly passed my fingers over her.

"Oh..."

Wan Viva seems to gasp for air. I lightly kissed her shoulder as if savoring a dessert.

"Let's go out... I love you."

"You're torturing me like this..."

Wan Viva whispered, her voice low. I felt the same way, but I wasn't brave enough to cross the line.

"You're so bad, Pleng,"

"Don't say that."

The little girl grabbed my hand and put it inside her shorts. This time, there was nothing between my hand and her skin. It made me realize how tense the situation had become.

"Now do you understand what I mean?"

The more we played, the more nervous I became. I was about to cross the line, and I froze, feeling incredibly unsure.

"I feel the same."

I finally admitted.

"There's a way..."

Wan Viva timidly whispered, holding her breath.

"If you allow me, I'll go have dinner with you."

"What way?"

Wan Viva tightened her legs while my hand still rested there.

"Just stay still. If you can do it... I'll go out with you,"

She whispered.

"Okay.."

I responded briefly, feeling a sense of embarrassment. I was curious and couldn't say no.

"You can do whatever you want. Just go out with me."

"Good."

Wan Viva moved slowly, panting. My hand felt wet, warm, and slippery.

"Ummm..."

I watched her small body move up and down at its own pace. I settled in and looked at her. Wan Viva tried to suppress her sounds, but her body betrayed her. She gasped and moaned from time to time.

"I want to hear your voice,"

I whispered in her ear and kissed it. My tongue flicked the back of her ear, further igniting her arousal.

"Ooh..."

"I want to hear your voice... please."

"Ahh... ah..."

Wan Viva couldn't hold back. The petite girl moved faster and faster before trembling and gasping for air.

"Hold me... baby,"

Wan viva pleaded. My heart skipped a beat upon hearing

those words. Her body trembled, and all her muscles became tense. I held her tightly and showered the back of her neck with kisses. Now my heart raced as fast as hers. She relaxed in my embrace.

"Good girl... Do you feel better?"

Wan Viva closed her eyes and smiled as if she were about to fall asleep. She gripped the sheets tightly.

"Good... That was so good,"

I agreed. It was indeed very good.

Sunnyair



## CHAPTER 25

### DARE

Finally, Wan Viva had a day off to go out with me. The little girl was excited about the rooftop restaurant I chose. Maybe she thought I would take her somewhere on the street or to some casual place.

"This is so beautiful," Wan Viva looked around excitedly.

"You always have very good taste. It must be expensive. I'll help you pay for this."

"I invited you. You don't have to help me pay. You seemed too excited. Have you never visited a nice place?"

"I've been to a lot of good places, but I was never impressed with the people I went with,"

It wasn't too difficult to guess who she was referring to. I smiled awkwardly. The little girl would be angry if she knew that she would soon see that person she didn't want to see.

"Don't be too cruel to Eak."

"Why do you have to talk about him?"

"That guy is your husband,"

"It was." Wan Viva replied,

"Don't talk about him. I don't want to hear it."

"Wan... if you want to break up with him, you have to be clear,"

"Since when I haven't been cleared? As I saw him, I always told him that I wanted to break up with him. I think he's the one who isn't clear,"

Wan Viva pouted and crossed her arms around her chest.

"Enough with this, I was in a good mood,"

"You'll get even angrier."

"What do you mean?"

I didn't respond, but I texted Eak, telling him to come out. Eak came out with a dramatic act, carrying a large bouquet of pink and white flowers. That wasn't in my plan at all.

"What the hell..."

Wan Viva stared at me when she heard his voice. I looked at the ground. I had no excuse and smiled weakly.

"I'm sorry."

"You tricked me into coming here to meet Eak,"

"I just want you to clarify your situation."

The little girl stood up and immediately put away the flowers.

"It seems to be unclear for you, Eak...But I want to break up with you. This is the hundredth time I've told you this. You already have to understand it."

"No, I won't."

"You keep saying that. If you don't break up with me, I'll have to go to court. This is all ridiculous! And stop using it to pressure me,"

"I can't accept that."

"You have to do it. You were wrong. You cheated on me,"

Wan Viva screamed. The waitress asked her to calm down. I tried to calm her down by touching her shoulder, but she also pushed my hand away.

"Hey..."

"Do not touch me,"

I was surprised by her anger. She seemed to focus her anger on Eak.

"It wasn't just my fault. You never cared about me. You treated me like I was nobody."

"Even if I return, you will still be nothing to me. The more you try, the more I hate you,"

The little girl grabbed a glass of water and splashed it on his face. She wanted to make him feel as bad as possible.

"Get away! What else do I have to do?"

"What did I do wrong? What do I have to do!?"

Eak threw the flowers to the ground. Now he was as angry as she was.

"If you don't love me, why did you marry me? You gave me hope and married me, then you treated me like a piece of shit. I just made a mistake and now you'll never forgive me."

"I did this to yourself,"

"What?"

"Before we got married, I told you that I would give it a try with you. I told you I'd try. Don't you remember?"

"But..."

"Today I realized for sure that I will never be able to love you. Now I'm trying to get away. What's wrong with that?"

"It's wrong because I still love you."

"That's your problem. I already have someone I love,"

Wan Viva said, looking at her ex-husband with determination.

"Let me go. I've met the right person."

"Who? Who is it?"

The little girl looked at her ex-husband and smiled coldly.

"The one who told me to marry you. Find that person,"

She responded, and left the restaurant without ever turning around again.

Wan Viva and I didn't say anything in the taxi until we arrived at the condo. It was so awkward that I had to break the silence.

"Wan... We should talk,"

The little girl looked at me and exploded.

"I thought we agreed that you wouldn't try to help him."

"I didn't try to help him, I just wanted you to clarify your situation. I simply pity him,"

"Pity? Who do you love more, Eak, your boss, or me... your friend?"

Wan Viva paused briefly, and I sighed when I realized I couldn't calm her down. I knew I was wrong this time by tricking her into going to dinner with me and taking her to her ex-husband. But she was seething, overreacting.

"It has nothing to do with who I love more. I tried to find a solution for both of us,"

I said.

"It's none of your business!"

I was stunned to hear that. I nodded slowly.

"Now I understand,"

I replied briefly and walked past her to go up the stairs. She grabbed my wrist to stop me.

"You have no right to be angry with me,"

"I'm not upset, but I want to go to the bathroom,"

I responded, my brief reply making her squeeze my arm even tighter.

"Aren't you upset? Then why are we fighting for other people?"

Wan Viva bit her lip and stood there, angry and unsure of what to do. She should be angry. She really wanted to go out and have fun with me, but I had betrayed her.

"I'm sorry,"

I responded briefly because I was still upset when she said it was none of my business.

"I will not interfere in your personal life again."

"Pleng! Don't be sarcastic,"

We looked at each other as if we were at war. But Wan Viva finally gave up. The little girl didn't want us to go too far. She ran towards me and hugged me, burying her face in my neck as if she wanted to absorb all my negative emotions.

"I don't want to do this anymore,"

I walked away from her and sat on the nearest couch. I had been thinking about this. I felt like I had to listen to Eak, but I also betrayed him because of her. Our situation seemed to be that of friends, but we were...I made eye contact with her.

"Am I your affair?"

"No, you are not. An affair is when someone secretly dates other people's partners."

"What makes me different? You and Eak aren't done yet."

I felt pain.

"But you already know that there is nothing between Eak and me. I broke up with him"

"But it's not clear to him!" I stood up.

"I wanted to see it today because I want both of us to clarify it..."

"Set a date for the divorce or move forward with starting a family, or whatever. But you always end up in a fight. Eak doesn't accept the truth, and here we go again... same loop... Argh!"

Wan Viva lunged towards me and pressed her lips against mine. My eyes widened because we had never done anything like this. It wasn't what friends did. But... Wan Viva's lips were too seductive. I tried to push her away, but her soft tongue slid into my mouth, making me surrender to her. The little girl unbuttoned her shirt.

"Give me your hand."

Wan Viva took hold of my hand and placed it under her shirt. Her soft skin against my fingers. I grabbed the front of her shirt and pulled it tightly. Of course, I wanted to see what was underneath. I wanted to bury my face in her body....But I quickly withdrew it.

"No... Wan, we can't do this."

"We can do it. You just have to let go."

"Let go? No... Wan, we both know that what we're doing is wrong."

"If we continue with this, we won't be able to go back," I said.

"If we can't go back, let's just keep going."

The little girl looked me in the eyes.

"Since I saw you again, I never thought about going back."

Wan Viva pushed my body until I tumbled on the couch... no, I thought I had just laid down on the couch, waiting for her to do something. I felt pathetic. I had said one thing, but my body showed something different.

"Wan..."

Wan Viva leaned over me and unbuttoned my shirt. Her wet lips gently touched my face as she moved towards my ear, the most sensitive part. I let out a low moan. I could smell the scent of baby powder on her. I couldn't control my hands. They moved uncontrollably across her body. But then I stopped.

"No... I can't do it. I don't want to be your affair."

"Then stay still. I will do it."

"Wan, no. Don't be selfish. You know what I mean. I don't..."

"Do you remember your promise?"

"What?"

She pushed my shoulders down with her hands, forcing me to look into her beautiful light brown eyes. Those eyes always won.

"You told me that if I became a doctor...I could ask you for anything."

"Why are you bringing that up now?"

"Now I know what I want."

She took off her shirt and unhooked her bra with one hand behind her back. I could see her bright pink breasts. They seemed to dare me to touch them. My consciousness was about to fade. I could only hear a demon whispering in my ears.

'Come on... Eat it...'

I knew what she wanted to say, but I still had to ask to hear it with my own ears.

"W...what do you want?"

The little girl grabbed my hands and guided them to her breasts, leaning into whispers to me.

"I want you."

Her soft body pressed against mine. I couldn't resist any longer. My hands felt her soft chest, her nipples hard against my fingers. I started to let go of my thoughts. It was true. We were already more than friends. Trying to think about morality was already too late. But on the other hand, I was still conflicted about what I was doing. As our bodies touched, the word "affair" echoed in my mind.

But it was time to stop. But we stopped... I had done nothing wrong. I couldn't control myself. The seductive scent of her overwhelmed me. Wan Viva and I were moaning. Until she tried to remove my shirt. It was then that I regained consciousness. I quickly pulled away.

"No."

We were almost halfway there, but I decided to stop and held onto my shirt tightly to show that I didn't agree with continuing. Wan Viva looked at me with confusion and anger.

"What is it?"

"I can't do it. Not like this. We're friends."

"Friends?"

Wan Viva laughed sarcastically.

"We haven't been friends since we kissed a while ago."

She was right. I looked at her awkwardly. We never talked about it openly like this. I thought if we never acknowledged it, it would be like it never happened. But now that she said it out loud, it became real. We couldn't ignore it anymore.

"I think we should stop now."

"Stop?" Wan Viva almost yelled at me.

"We can't stop now. We've already gone too far. We hug and do it every day. We just need to go a little further."

I was taken aback by what she said. Her face turned red as if she was about to cry, but she was also deeply angry. She must have also felt embarrassed because I rejected her.

"Why do I have to feel more than you? Why do I have to be the most direct one? It's because you never admitted that you like me too, that you love me too. Your actions showed how much you loved me, but... you keep just rejecting me," Wan Viva expressed with frustration.

"Now I'm tired," She added, tears streaming down her face. I looked away, feeling torn.

"I admit that it's true. But I will still be able to stop. We have to stop," I replied, holding my heart painfully.

"It's not easy to be in love with another woman. Besides, you're my only friend, and I can't afford to lose you now. I'm afraid."

"I will never leave you. I will only have you in my life! You are not an affair. We're not secretly dating. I'm single. You are single."

"But you still have your husband. We're still having an affair. I can't bear it."

I loved her but at the same time, I was afraid. It was another important moment in life where I had to make a choice with no turning back. If I chose our friendship, I had to stop at that moment. If I wanted more, I had to accept being just an affair.

"It's up to you then."

Wan Viva put on her shirt and fastened it.

"I'm tired of you."

She went upstairs and didn't speak to me again.



## CHAPTER 26

### I DARE

We hadn't crossed the line, but we had already fought so hard. And if I let things go, what would happen? I would lose a friend and a lover.

Wan Viva was so angry with me that she decided to stay overnight at the hospital. She refused to come home. She was very stressed and had no way out. I ended up in the hotel bar, just like Eak. Yes, he was my friend's husband and also my drinking companion.

"I'm surprised you're drinking with me. What happened? Why are you drinking? Are you stressed?"

Eak said, who looked at me suspiciously and I didn't want to answer any questions. He was one of the reasons why Wan Viva and I fought.

"I just need a drink or two."

"It seems like you're carrying the weight of the world. Let's drink. Lean on me."

"Good. It's hard to make some money. It's nice of the hotel owner to invite me."

"But do you have to tell me why you're stressed?" Eak asked, trying to pry information out of me. I didn't answer, but Eak, being good at guessing, continued,

"Did you have a fight with Wan?"

I froze at that question. I had a glass of brandy in my hand, ready to take a sip. Eak chuckled at my reaction.

"It's normal for friends to fight. You two spend a lot of time together."

"I guess I'll have to find a new place to stay. I probably can't stay there for long if I'm fighting with the owner."

"Was the fight that big? Can you tell me what happened?"

"Girl things," I dismissed the details.

"You two are so close. Wan Viva searched for you for more than 10 years. She'll never let you disappear again."

"You know a lot."

"I was the one who was by her side when she was stressed, alone, and sad. Every emotion she had was because of you." Eak confessed, a hint of sadness in her voice.

"I was there for her during tough times, but when she's happy, I'm not. But you are."

"Tell me. What were all those years like?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

"Talking about it with her feels strange to me now. Maybe I can get a different perspective from you."

"I'm almost a stranger to her. But...I'll tell you what I know. Wan never smiled again since you left."

Eak began the story. I listened attentively, taking occasional sips of my drink. As I started to feel intoxicated, my head became lighter, and my stress diminished.

Ever since I left, Wan Viva never smiled or found happiness again. She was always crying and blaming her parents, although she never told Eak why. But I knew the reason instantly. Wan overheard her parents saying they wanted me to leave. The little girl tried to find me by asking my friend, but she had no one to turn to. She was closest to me. However, Wan never gave up. She reached out to my friend, but she had no one to turn to. She was closest to me. However, Wan never gave up. She reached out to my relatives and even contacted Frank. But, of course, she never found me.

"No, she never found me." I chuckled, sharing the story with Eak.

"Frank tried to get closer to Wan by looking for me. He tricked me into meeting him, but I figured it out first. Since then, nobody has been able to find me again."

I was never angry with Wan Viva, but I knew she would do everything she could to bring me back to her house. A house where her parents didn't want me. I lived alone, left school, and earned money by playing in music shows. I didn't make much, but it was enough to sustain me. It felt like a drama, but I was strong enough not to dwell on the glorious past. I focused on living each day, until today.

"Wan Viva took studying very seriously," Eak said with admiration.

I knew that Wan Viva was intelligent, so it didn't surprise me to learn that she might have gotten into medical school. She secured a scholarship and lived independently, without asking her parents for help. Eak was by her side as both a friend and a boyfriend. Despite this, Wan Viva kept him at arm's length, never allowing him to get too close.

"If it were any other woman, we would be living together. But Wan Viva never gave me that chance. She held you in such high regard, though it bothered me that there was so much distance between us," Eak explained.

"You have a lot of patience to wait for the right moment."

Eak waited until Wan Viva graduated before making any moves. He showed great patience, even though she remained cold towards him. He tried to grow a tree in a desert, but it could never flourish. Once she graduated and began earning money, Wan Viva started saving and buying things I liked. I asked Eak why she did that.

"She said, that way she would eventually reach you."

Those were my words...she used them to find me.

"Wan Viva bought a guitar that costher 200,000 baht. That was her hope. She believed you would return and she could use it when you did," Eak continued, causing my heart to race.

"She also bought an electric piano. She said you could use it to write a song. In her spare time, she would visit stores that sold sheet music. She hoped she might find you there. Despite studying diligently, she managed to make time for all of this." Eak revealed. Wan Viva...

"She wakes up every morning at 4 AM."

"Yes, I noticed that."

"Did she tell you why?"

"It must be because... she's an old soul."

"She must feel too ashamed to tell you, but I know the reason," Eak said, looking directly at me.

"I saw a letter you left behind. You left Wan Viva at 4 AM, 13 years ago..."

"That was the time you left. She was afraid that if she woke up any later, you would leave again. She wakes up at that time every day out of fear of losing you once more," Eak playfully nudges my arm.

"You were quite evil. You kissed her before leaving. I envied you when I read the letter. But since it was you, I wouldn't mind."

Tears welled up in my eyes. I couldn't drink anymore. Endless images of Wan Viva flooded my mind. My heart trembled, and all I wanted was to see her and hold her tightly.

"I think she married me because she used me. Before agreeing to get married, she asked me if she thought you would come to our wedding. I told her that you should come if you still considered yourselves friends. But you never showed up..." Eak's voice trailed off.

"What? Are you leaving now?"

I hastily gathered my belongings and left the bar. My heart had already flown to the hospital. I longed to have a conversation with her, but what I had just learned was incredibly painful. I had hurt her for so long, even when we were together. We loved each other, but I never realized just how much she loved me.

Now I understand why she woke up at 4 AM. I had left a deep scar on her, and she had carried that pain for 13 years. She got married in hopes of seeing me, but I never showed up. Despite the significance of marriage, she decided to go through with it. She felt like she had no other choice. It was all a terrible mistake. She had tried to hold onto every detail about me because she feared forgetting. Meanwhile, I had been trying to forget everything to avoid getting hurt.

An intense pain radiates through my chest. I realized the extent of the damage I had done to the young girl 13 years ago, even just two days ago. Before I knew it, I found myself standing in front of the hospital. I glanced at my watch-it was 10 PM. I walked towards the surgical department and spotted the man I had met a few days earlier.

"Dr. Guy."

The cute boy looked at me in surprise and then remembered me.

"I remember you. You're friends with Dr. Wan."

"Is Wan here?"

"She's probably in the doctors restroom."

"Thank you."

She had taken me there once before. So I know where it is. My heart raced as I approached the door. What if she didn't want to talk to me? How could I make it up to her? Feeling disappointed upon finding an empty room, I noticed another locker room tucked away in the corner. It was where she had once entered to change, and there was a bunk bed inside for the doctors to rest.

I knocked and opened the door. Wan Viva was lying on her side, facing the wall in the bottom bunk. A smile appeared on my face as I felt love fill my heart.

"So, you're not sleeping in a comfortable bed at home, but you're here?" I teased. The little girl immediately sat up upon hearing my voice.

"Pleng..."

She seemed happy to see me, but quickly turned cold.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to take you home. It's been two days since you left me alone. I thought you cared about me," I responded, extending my hand towards her, waiting for her to take it. Wan Viva remained angry, looking at my hand hesitantly.

"I'm here to apologize."

"I thought we were done talking."

"How can we be done? We haven't even started."

"What do you mean?"

"I miss you."

Although we weren't completely back to normal, Wan Viva agreed to return home. She knew that I didn't act like this often, so she decided to come back. We walked side by side, with her pushing her bike in the middle. The atmosphere between us was awkward, with neither of us speaking. Wan Viva remained silent, so I knew I had to break the silence.

"You've changed a lot. You get angry very easily now, and you don't speak first."

"Time has passed. People change."

"That's true. When we were young, I was incredibly spoiled. I never thought about reconciling with you. But now that we're older, I'm the one trying to make it up to you."

"I guess you're afraid of getting kicked out." She retorted sarcastically.

"I think so too."

Silence settled between us once again. I was afraid that if I left again, we would never see each other. Finally, Wan Viva stopped herself and her bicycle. I stood behind her, continuing to talk.

"Actually, I haven't changed. Something has remained constant, I have always loved you. I've loved you for as long as I can remember. You are my friend, my family, my older sister, my younger sister. And now, you are my love. It's been that way since I was 17 years old."

Wan Viva remained silent, but I knew she was listening intently. I was too shy to say all of this directly to her, so I chose to speak behind her back.

"When we used to bathe together, your voice made me feel strange... I wanted to devour you."

Suddenly, Wan Viva turned to me in surprise. She seemed flustered, but I couldn't stop talking.

"I love the smell of your hair and your skin. I wanted to touch your neck and other parts with my lips. It made me feel sinful, as if I were a dirty person," I admitted, trembling.

"I thought it was just my hormones acting up. I assumed all teenagers felt this, and a magazine even said it was normal. But it's strange... because I never felt this way with anyone else. It's only with you. You are my closest friend, and I feel ashamed."

"Pleng..."

Wan Viva called my name. I forced a smile and continued.

"When we met again, you made me feel the same way once more. But I was afraid of losing our friendship, so I played dumb, even though I wanted to do so many things with you," I confessed.

"I like to imagine what my hands could do to your body," I raised my fingers.

"My fingers can play the piano, the guitar. But if they were to touch you, what kind of music would they produce? Where could I touch you that would elicit the most pleasurable moans? Is my imagination that terrible?"

I quickly lowered my hands, feeling my face burn with embarrassment. I had let out so many pent-up feelings. Would it push my little friend away? Wan Viva remained silent. Her silence made me feel even more uncertain, so I nervously continued.

"I had made a decision before coming to talk to you today. Even though I haven't been the best person, I've kept my promise."

"The promise...?"

Wan Viva emphasized the word, reminding me of the promise we made. It suddenly dawned on me that she was still invested in this conversation. So, I continued.

"If it's not too late..... If you still love me..." I added.

"Hmm?"

We both paused, letting the moment hang in the air. Wan Viva gazed into my eyes, waiting for me to say something. And I finally found the courage to speak up.

"If you still love me, I will give myself to you."

Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 27

4 AM

Finally we returned to the condo. The atmosphere was very calm. It could be that I was too excited, but I couldn't afford to act normal.

"Wan."

I broke the silence because I didn't feel comfortable. The owner of the room paused and looked at me from beside her.

"You haven't said anything at all."

"I don't know what to say."

"Are we okay now?"

The little girl didn't say anything. I walked towards her and reached out to hug her, but she quickly turned away. I took only empty air.

"You're still angry with me."

I really didn't know what to do. I never had to bend so much in my life. I tried my best but it didn't work. I had no idea how much I needed. But... I wouldn't give up so easily. I continued walking towards her while her back was turned to me. I tried to kiss her cheek. But she also saw it coming and stared at me. -

"What are you doing?"

"I...I just want to make it up to you."

"Do you think this is a television drama?"



"Works? - Does it seem to work?"

The little girl walked away. She felt so desperate. If I were a dog, my ears and tail would fall off. My eyes were watery as if I was sad because the owner ignored me. Wan Viva went up the stairs but I stayed still in the same place. Her sweet voice sounded a little annoyed as she asked me casually.

"Are you going up?"

"Can I?"

"Up to you."

That invitation was another opportunity for me. I followed her up the stairs with an excited heart. I felt a little nervous because it was the first time. I had to take the initiative from her. I did something wrong. When I followed her upstairs, Wan Viva said to me slowly.

"I'm going to take a shower."

The little girl took off her shirt as if I wasn't there. Her shirt fell to the floor. Wan Viva turned to look at me and asked for help.

"Can you help me unhook?"

She asked for help but wasn't sure if this was... flirting. No, it was not. I tried before but she didn't say anything. I figured she just needed help. I walked to her back and reached for the hook, but was surprised to see the bra.

"There is no hook."

"It's in the front."

The little girl took my hands around her body. She looked at me with her charming eyes while she hugged her from behind.

"Open it."

"Wan."

I was stunned because it was unexpected. Wan Viva looked at me annoyed.

"You're stupid again."

"B...but you said..."

"I'm curious.. If we have sex, I'll feel better."

Wan Viva's words unlocked me as if I had been granted permission... I hugged her tightly. We were almost the same height so I buried my face in her neck.

"I missed you a lot."

My hands felt her and squeezed her everywhere, I forgot that I could hurt her. It was a strong impulse to want to eat it and swallow it whole.

"I missed you too."

Wan Viva unclasped her bra and took it off. My hand touched her bare chest. She made me feel even hotter. I wanted to release everything I felt in her small body. But I was new to this, so I was a little uncomfortable. I pushed her against the wall with one hand and with the other I unbuttoned her jeans.

"I want to touch you."

The little girl took a deep breath. She helped me take off her jeans. I could see her white panty. But it was another obstacle between us.

"Take it easy..."

Her low voice made me even hornier. I knelt down and pulled down her pants, which now reached her ankles. I turned her body to look at her. What else was I supposed to do from there? I didn't know what to do in this situation.

"I...I do not know where to start."

My lip trembled, My face turned red. I was so embarrassed that I didn't know what to do. Wan Viva smiled and held my face with both of her hands.

"Start with the easiest part. This is where we had never done it before because we were afraid."

I realized it immediately after she said that. A kiss.... We never kissed. The last time she caught me off guard she didn't count.

"Can I kiss you?"

"Sure."

"Nothing will ever be the same."

"I want to move forward with you."

Wan Viva said. I nodded in understanding. I leaned down and touched my lips to hers. It was smooth... Sweet... That was our first kiss and there would be more. This kiss meant that our relationship changed...To the next level....We crossed friendship. Our lips parted as I needed a breather. I felt excited and hot. How could a kiss make me feel so much?

"Were you drinking?"

Wan Viva asked. I was surprised and quickly covered my mouth with my hand.

"Do I smell? I'm sorry...I'll go rinse myself."

I tried to run away but the little girl grabbed me by the neck and laughed.

"No I was only asking. I'm grateful you've been drinking. Alcohol must be a big part of all this that you expressed so much."

"No."

"Oh?"

"It's because I love you."

I pulled Wan Viva closer to give her another kiss. This time the little girl slipped her tongue into my mouth. I remembered she did this once. That was a real kiss... a kiss that exchanged real feelings. Her wet lips and soft tongue made my body feel very hot. I let out an uncontrollable moan. Wan Viva put her hand under my shirt.

"Wan...Wan..."

I was so overwhelmed by her touch. My brain was so foggy. I screamed her name uncontrollably. My hands felt all over her body and then I moved them to her chest. But I hesitated. Wan Viva smiled at me as if she knew what I was thinking.

"You can do it."

"You are so beautiful."

My hands felt the most sensitive part of her chest.

"This is so good."

"You..."

Wan Viva gasped.

"Do it. "

"Okay,"

I smiled.

"I will do that."

"Ummm."

I opened my mouth and touched her body as if I was very thirsty. Her soft body was like hot wax. The little girl wrapped her arms around my neck tightly as if she didn't want me to stop. How good... What a good feeling. I stepped on Wan Viva's jeans, which she had taken off and which had finally left her free I grabbed her waist with both my hands and lifted her up.

"You are very strong."

"I will use all my strength with you."

I picked up Wan Viva and put her on the bed, then took off my clothes but I was too slow for her so she helped me unbutton my pants.

"I thought you said to take it easy."

"I can not wait more."

At that time, there were only two small panties between us. Our skins rubbed against each other creating so much thermal energy in the bed. Our emotions were as strong as fire, our breathing short and heavy like sweet intro music. But now we were running towards the choir. I touched my lips to her ears, traveling to her neck. She let out a low moan as I approached her sensitive breasts. Then, I continued going lower and lower, until she stopped me at her abdomen. That was it... the chorus. But I was a musician who had never played the song before, so how could I make this a beautiful song?

"I know it's supposed to be natural but I'm afraid of hurting you."

"Don't worry. Do what you want to do."

Wan Viva encouraged me. I paused because I didn't know the next steps.

"That?"

Wan Viva asked when she saw me frozen.

"I... I'm worried I might do it wrong."

I confessed.

"I've never done this before, so I don't know what to do. It would be nice if you could guide me..."

Wan Viva didn't even wait for me to finish. The little girl took off her panties, revealing her abdomen. She put my hand in her private part.

"There is at least one thing you're not good at."

"Wan...."

"Aaah"

Now I was responsible for her need. The little girl guided me with her body language. Although I didn't know what to do, I understood the basic instinct. Higher... Higher... I could feel it on the tip of my finger.

"I wanted to do so many things."

"You have no idea how many fantasies I have with you in my head."

I spread both of her legs while keeping my hand in the same place.

"I feel intimidated by my own thinking."

"You are not the only one."

"I want you to feel good."

"Ahhh it's okay."

"You're good."

Wan Viva began to tense up.

"I don't want to finish now. I want to do it with you."

"Tell me what you want."

"Look at me."

"Yeah?"

"Taste me, Play with me, nibble me, talk to me, force me. I want you to do everything you can to make me scream from the first note to the last."

Her burning arousal made my eyes focus on her. How could she look so charming? I was so madly in love with her.

"I'll do what you tell me. I'll nibble you. "

I nibbled at her skin and moved my teeth against her skin from her neck to her breasts.

"I want to eat you."

I touched my tongue to the tip of her nipple, which hardened against my lips. It was delicious. I slid my finger into her mouth while my other fingers were busy down there. I moved my finger to the rhythm....Wan Viva's entire body was stiff. She let out a loud scream unexpectedly while biting the finger in her mouth.

"I'll force you until you beg me to stop."

"I can not, I can not."

"Yes you can."

"You're mine,"

I said quietly. I controlled it with the tip of my finger, just a few movements.

"Pleng....Aaaahhhh"

Wan Viva sounded like she was about to cry, but I could feel she was enjoying it. A little force really livened up the atmosphere.

"Finish me... do it."

When I heard that, I knew I had pushed her too hard. Now it was time to finish her off with my song.

"I'm sorry, I'm bothering you too much but I'll make it up to you."

Just as I finished the sentence, I leaned towards her abdomen. Wan Viva pushed my head down even faster and gave the order.

"Now, Pleng. Finish me."

"Wait until you see the finish line."

After that, Wan Viva raised her hips while I was busy doing it with fingers and tongue.

1 am...

"Ahhh Haaa....ummm I couldn't..."

2 am....

"Pleng...Pleng..."

3:00 a.m....

"Ummmm...HAAA I'm almost done..."

4am

Wan Viva's body tensed again for... who knows how many times. I crawled over and lay on top of her, who was completely out of energy. She couldn't even moan anymore. Her forehead rested on mine.

"4 a.m. Really?... It's already 4 in the morning,"

Said the little girl as she closed her eyes.

"Did we really do it until 4 am?"

"You have not slept."

"Who did this?"

Wan Viva tried to open her eyes and smiled at me.

"Where does it come from?"

"That's the same since I was 17 years old. I'm 30 now...where do you think it comes from?"

"We are more or less the same."

"Look at me."

I touched one of her cheeks and caressed it gently.

"I'm here."

"You really are here."

"I will not go anywhere. You don't have to worry about that again,"

I told her and bit her nose provocatively with love.

"From now on, you don't have to wake up at 4 in the morning again."

I leaned in to kiss her again to emphasize my existence.

"I kiss you when your eyes are open because I want you to remember this moment. "

Wan Viva looked at me with tears in her eyes.

"If you knew."

"Yes, I just found out and I don't feel good about it. I hurt you deeply. From now on, remember that you and I will be together at 4 am.

"What beautiful words."

Wan Viva put her arms around my neck.

"Making love... is something you do with your lover."

"What beautiful words."

"But... you haven't granted my wish."

"Oh?"

"I said I love you."

Wan Viva pulled me down to be on top.



"Now is my turn."

I was surprised to hear that because I thought it must be out of power.

"W...wait."

"We both need the same memory of 4 in the morning."

The little girl leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"Now you are mine."

The little girl moved lower and spread my legs.

"Only from Wan Viva."

She conquered me with her lips.

Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 28

### SAYING 'I LOVE YOU' WON'T HELP

It all ended at 6 in the morning... Wan Viva and I were lying face down on the bed, looking at each other. We had spent the last six hours like two thirsty people who had just found water in the middle of the desert. We both drank as much as we could, and now we were completely exhausted.

"Pleng..."

"Yeah?"

"My Pleng,"

"My Wan Viva,"

"My Sadapina,"

"Last night, you keep calling my name,"

I reached out to touch her nose gently.

"No one has called me Sadapina since I was in high school."

"I prefer to call you Pleng,"

"You called my name every morning."

"I want to remind myself that I wasn't dreaming."

"We haven't slept at all,"

I laughed and buried my face in a pillow, feeling shy.

"Do you think we were just really horny?"

The beautiful doctor chuckled in embarrassment.

"Yes, from midnight until now."

"This is the first time I wake up and see you in bed. Typically, you would already be downstairs watching TV or drinking coffee,"

I said.

"I enjoy being with you more than watching television and drinking coffee,"

Wan Viva played with my nose.

"This is like a dream."

"Yes, it feels like a dream. By the way, are we okay now? Are you still mad at me?"

"Oh? Mad at you?"

"So, sex can really make up for it, huh?"

Wan Viva remembered the day before and smiled. She buried her face playfully in my neck.

"Have I ever been angry with you?"

"Yeah, you seemed so angry,"

"I wanted to teach you a lesson. If I'm too easy, you'll be spoiled. I don't want you to think I'm a sure thing,".

"Do I make you feel that way?"

"Not really, but sometimes you overlook my feelings. I just wanted to teach you a lesson. If I ignored you, how would you feel? The most important thing is that I want to see that you crave for me,"

"Was last night's longing enough?"

I kissed her forehead.

"You're very playful now that you're older,"

"I felt like crying. This is like a dream,"

Wan Viva pretended to cry, but they were tears of joy.

"But I think you should get up now. You have to go to the hospital, and this is not a dream,"

When I mentioned work, Wan Viva immediately made a bored face.

"I will stop being a doctor,"

She said.

"Huh?"

"I want to lie here with you,"

Putting her leg over me as if to keep me from moving.

"I want to be with you all day. Cuddling with you all day."

She approached me like a little kitten, looking for a warm spot on my chest. I laughed and lovingly kissed her forehead.

"Come on, doctor. Get up,"

"No, no, no,"

Wan Viva protested, burying herself closer to me.

"I want to be with you. I became a doctor because of you. I achieved it, and now I want to quit."

"You can't just leave it like that,"

"Do you know how challenging it is to be a doctor? I studied a lot to become a general practitioner, and now to become a specialist."

"You're very smart,"

"That's thanks to you. Today, I am your lover. I will stop being a doctor! Goodbye, Dr. Wan Viva. I'll do something easier."

"Yes, let it go and be my Wan Viva,"

I laughed and hugged her petite frame. Wan Viva pushed me away and looked at me suspiciously.

"Now you're being so nice and agreeable all of a sudden."

"I didn't agree with you before, but now I do. Things are much better when I agree with you."

"That sounds good. But seriously, you were so difficult. I flirted with you for along time, and you never reacted."

I looked at her in disbelief.

"Were you flirting with me?"

"Do I really have to spell out what I did? I took off my clothes in front of you. I hugged you. If it were someone else, we would have had sex a longtime ago. But you didn't react."

"Oh, really? I was so clueless,"

I playfully rested my forehead on hers.

"How can I make it up to you?"

"There's no need to make peace. I'm not angry anymore. Last night was so good,"  
nodded in agreement. Last night was truly special. I never thought sex would be so fulfilling.

"Let me think about how to make it up to you, but for now, you have to get ready for work."

"So I still have to go?"

Wan Viva sighed.

"I love seeing you as a doctor, just like how you enjoy seeing me play the piano."

Wan Viva complained, but she wasn't an irresponsible person. She grumbled but got up to take a shower. I watched her back and wondered. Friend? Could I still call her a friend? I went downstairs to make her coffee. I didn't want her to be late. The sweet-faced doctor approached me and hugged me. She buried her face in my scent.

"I don't want to leave,"

"You're so different from last night,"

"I just became my true self again after 13 years. You always say that I've changed. Which version of me do you prefer, now or then?"

Wan Viva looked at me with her brighteyes. I looked back at her and paused.

"I like both,"

I softly kissed herforehead.

"Me too."

"Here, have your coffee. I made it for you."

"Wow, you made me coffee. Now you're suddenly nicer after having sex,"

She teased.

"Enough. I just want to be nice to you too,"

I replied.

"Yeah, you've been mean to me."

WanViva smiled at me and took a sip of the coffee I made for her.

"It's so good."

"It's instant coffee. Don't exaggerate,"

"Everything about you is good. The coffee you made and yourself. I don't want to go back to work,"

She pouted and playfully rested her head on my chest, like a playful cat.

"I'm going to miss you all day. Will you miss me?"

"You'll be sad if I say no,"

Wan Viva looked like she was about to get angry again. I smiled and scratched her under her chin.

"How should I make it up to you this time?"

"You can't, and don't tell me that you love me because I won't believe it. If you love me, you'll miss me,"

She replied.

"Would saying 'I love you' help?"

"No,"

"Would it help if I asked you to be my girlfriend?"

"No... what?!"

I pretended to watch TV and sat on the chair near me, acting as if what I had just said was casual. But deep down, my heart was pounding. I didn't know how she would react.

"Friends don't have sex, right? I thought we should be girlfriends. I can call you my baby... Oops!"

I playfully said. Wan Viva came over and sat on my lap, facing me. Tears welled up in her eyes. She gently shook me, seeking reassurance.

"Are you serious? Are you really serious?"

"Yes, I'm saying it seriously. I'm trying to make it up to you now. I want to be your girlfriend,"

"Do you know what that means? Can you just ask for it if you don't know what it means?"

"Friends don't do what we did last night. I have thought about it well,"

"You can't change our minds. We can't separate. Do you understand me?"

"We can't separate, huh?"

I chuckled.

"I don't have any plans for a breakup. But if you doubt..."

"Yes, I will be your girlfriend,"

WanViva hugged me and cried. My friend was crying, no, she was my lover now.

"I want to be your girlfriend. I always want to be,"

She sobbed. My eyes started to fill with tears as well.

"You always wanted to be? You're a liar. Since when did you want it?"

"Since primary school, maybe even before. I don't know. I know I've loved you for a long time,"

Wan Viva confessed, her emotions pouring out. I gently patted her back. Now she wasn't just my friend anymore. She had fallen in love with me long before I realized it myself.

"Okay, now we are a couple. You're my girlfriend now, Wan."

"And you are my girlfriend, Pleng,"

Doctor Wan Viva must have been late for work because she cried for a while. So adorable. Finally, she left for work, but I didn't feel worried at all. I felt lonely being there alone. I felt restless. I should have asked my lover to stay at home. Lover... such a strange word. I felt embarrassed even though I was alone. I was so infatuated that I decided to find something to do. But what should I do? Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed an electric piano. Yes, I had something to complete. More than 10 years had passed, and I had made no progress.

Wan Viva's song... Writing lyrics required a certain amount of emotion. I never felt motivated to finish it since I left it unfinished, but now I realized I could pick it up again. My heart was filled with so much happiness that I had to let it out. Okay, let's do it!

Two hours later...

I found myself at the hospital because I couldn't bear to be away from her. Missing her...I missed her so much that I couldn't find the inspiration to write the song. Being overwhelmed with happiness and longing for her was both a blessing and torture. We had been friends all our lives and now that we had become lovers, it felt surreal. But I couldn't wait to come here just to see her. However, once I was here, I didn't know what to do because she had to work. That was challenging.

I didn't know what to do because she had to work. That was challenging.

"Are you here to see Doctor Wan?"

A senior nurse greeted me with a smile, as if she had known me before. But I had no idea who she was.

"Yes, how did you know?"

"I see you around here often."



I had never noticed her before, and I felt bad about that.

"Is she working now?"

I nervously asked because the nurse kept looking at me.

"She'll be taking a break soon. She'll be out shortly after being done with the patient,"

The nurse said, still looking at me.

"Is everything okay?"

"I'm sorry, I'm just grateful that you're here," she chuckled.

"Oh?"

"Since you've been here, Dr. Wan has been much happier. She usually doesn't talk to anyone, but these days she smiles a lot. She brings joy to the other nurses and doctors here,"

The senior nurse explained.

"Really?"

"Yes, Dr. Wan has become much nicer...there she is,"

The senior nurse pointed to the consultation room. Wan Viva emerged wearing her doctor's coat. When she saw me, she broke into a big smile.

"Pleng!"

She exclaimed, rushing over to me and taking my hands, intertwining our fingers.

"You're here."

"Yeah..."

"I missed you..."

"I missed you too..."

We stood there in silence, realizing that the nurse was still present.

"Excuse me." The nurse said, leaving with a puzzled expression on her face.

However, Wan Viva seemed completely unfazed by the nurse's departure as she continued to gaze at me.

"I could hardly focus on work today."

I wasn't surprised to hear that because I felt the same way too. All I could think about was her.

"Me too."

"That's why you're here?"

"This can't be good," I commented.

"You can't focus on work, and I can barely get anything done."

"That's why newly married couples have to go on their honeymoon. After getting married, all they want is to be in bed," Wan Viva teased.

"You..."

I looked around suspiciously.

"Other people might overhear this and question our relationship."

"So what?" Wan Viva pouted.

"We're dating now."

"Isn't it strange that Dr. Wan is dating a woman?"

"Can't a doctor date another woman?"

"Will this affect your work or your reputation?"

"I don't mind. I don't have to be a doctor," Wan Viva replied.

"I can sell noodles instead."

She rested her head on my shoulder, not caring if others are watching.

"But you have to wake up early to sell them."

"How about I sell you my body instead?"

"You're so..."

I looked at her and licked my lips.

"I can't afford to pay, though."

"I'll give it to you for free, but make me cum three times in a row,"

"Wan..."

I chuckled and played along.

"I'll give you five. I have a lot of energy."

"Oh, now I'm excited thinking about our honeymoon. Let's go into the jungle and get naked, or maybe explore a cave."

Wan Viva playfully imagined. It was the first time I had seen Dr. Wan was so happy, with a big smile on her face.

"Let's find time for our honeymoon. I want to be by your side all day and all night. I don't want to do anything except get naked and moan," She expressed.

"You're so hot."

"Do you like it?"

"No."

I said, causing her to let go of my hands in surprise. I then whispered in her ear,

"Because I want to do it in your room. I'll lick everything from the doorknob to the bed."

Wan Viva laughed happily, like a teenager watching porn.

"You don't have to lick a doorknob. Just lick me,"

"Okay, then I'll start from your toes and work my way up to your hair,"

"What are we waiting for then? Let's go. Let's take off our clothes as soon as we arrive,"

"But we didn't sleep last night, and you won't be able to stay for the entire shift,"

"Yes, I have to work, but I can try to change my shift. Or maybe we can do it here in one of the empty patient's bedrooms?" She suggested.

"No, I would be too paranoid," I replied.

"Then we'll have to wait until we get home. Okay, let that be the first thing we do when we get there."

She cheered happily. I smiled, seeing her so full of joy.

"Oh, I forgot I have to work tonight."

I suddenly remembered. Wan Viva's face instantly turned to disappointment, as if her toy had been taken away.

"You broke my heart!"

She exclaimed, dropping her shoulders.

"I'm so horny now. How can you tell me you have to work? I can't wait until 10 at night."

"But I need to do my job."

"Yes, you can skip."

"Huh?"

"I'll call Eak to request a day off for you. I've never asked him for anything, except for a divorce. He owes me this."

"It feels strange. So, you're going to call your ex-husband to ask for my day off so that... we can have sex?"

Wan Viva held my hand and looked me in the eyes.

"Focus on me. Eak is my ex-husband now. It's in the past. But you're my girlfriend. Now, we are husband and wife."

"Wan Viva!"

I exclaimed in disbelief at what she had just said. Wan Viva burst into laughter and playfully pinched my cheek. Wan Viva held my hand and looked me in the eyes.

"You're so adorable, my husband."

"Oh my God. I'm going to faint,"

I joked.

"Okay, then you're my wife,"

"Wan Viva!"

Sometimes her straightforwardness gave me a headache.

Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 29

### REQUEST

"Pleng is sick. I'm calling to request her a day off. I hope you understand. Thank you."

Wan viva spoke on the phone with her ex-husband, but she didn't seem very eager to talk to him. However, I understand the situation easily. The little girl quickly ended the conversation when we reached the front door of the condo.

"What did he say?"

"What must he say? You're sick."

"I feel bad lying,"

"Its true that we are sick,"

We entered through the door and it closed behind us. Wan Viva rushed towards me.

"We are sick and comfortable,".

We were like two strong magnets, attracting each other. We do exactly what we plan to do at the hospital. Our clothes seemed to be the biggest obstacle between us. I proposed a new rule:

"No one should wear clothes at home."

I announced as Wan Viva started to remove her clothes one by one, revealing her soft skin, she was impatiently eager. She helped me pull my shirt over my head and began to nibble on me.

"That's a good idea,"

Although we had exhausted all our energy the night before and hadn't had a chance to recharge, our desire was so intense that we couldn't resist the need to make love and hear each

other's sounds of pleasure. We competed to please one another, aiming to experience even greater joy.

"I want to devour you,"

I whispered.

"I want to devour you whole,"

She replied. We engaged in a passionate competition, where the one who moans the loudest would be the winner. After two hours, we were both so exhausted that we lay side by side, gazing at the ceiling while the shadow of the outside light danced on our bodies.

"Do you think we'll lose weight?"

I asked, feeling completely drained. Wan Viva positioned herself on top of me and playfully touched my nose.

"People say that sex is the best exercise. We'll both become super thin,"

"And we can do this every day,"

The little girl responded, kissing my jaw playfully.

"I still can't believe it. I'm so excited. My heart is still racing as if it were my first surgery."

Comparing our love making to a surgical operation, I laughed because I found it amusing. I propped myself upon my elbows and looked at her.

"Tell me the story of when you were a medical student. How did you concentrate when you missed me so much?"

"You were my focus. When I held a scalpel and performed surgery, I thought of you,"

"You thought of me while you were cutting people?"

Wan Viva burst into laughter and playfully nibbled on my nose.

"When I graduated and became a doctor, I thought about your reaction when you saw me in my uniform. That was my motivation."

"And you did it. You're so amazing."

I complimented, kissing her chin.

"I was thrilled to see you in your uniform, wearing the cap, mask, and those baggy pants. You looked incredible."

"I can see how infatuated you are with that green uniform. You followed me like a puppy to the doctor's room,"

"You're comparing me to a dog?"

"Your eyes tell me that you desire me so much, but you try so hard to conceal it,"

The little girl laughed and continued.

"Studying at medical school wasn't just great. There were also some unpleasant memories that I didn't want to remember, but unfortunately, I remember them well."

"What happened?"

"Time of death,"

"When doctors have to announce the time of death. Guess what time it was,"

She challenged me, looking expectant.

"4 am?"

"Yeah..."

"4 in the morning was the time of death for my first patient who died during my shift, and I had to declare it,"

Wan Viva smiled as she recalled the memory. "It was quite a coincidence. It wasn't even a minute away... it was exactly 4 a.m., just like when you left."

I pulled the little girl closer, turning her so she was on top of me. Her soft skin ignited a sense of horniness within me.

"I'm here with you now. You should forget about that. The only thing you should remember is that when it's 4 am, it's our time to make love,"

"It's a significant moment in my life. Many things happened,"

Wan Viva rested her forehead against mine.



"Being here with you feels like a dream. A dream that I never want to wake up from."

"How wonderful the dream is?"

I replied.

"Good enough that I have to wonder why I moan so loudly,"

The little girl chuckled.

"If I can be happy like this every day, that would be amazing."

"Why would we be unhappy?"

"Nature is always fair. If we're happy, after a while, there will be challenges,"

"Don't overthink it. I can't think of any problems we couldn't handle,"

"Promise me."

She requested, her voice tinged with worry. I placed both of my hands on her face. I had once left her alone for 13 years, and she never wanted to experience something like that again.

"I promise. You know I keep my promises,"

"I know. You told me I could ask you for anything, and I got it. 'I have you.'"

Wan Viva looked at me with a smile. She positioned her hand on my leg. She sensed the moisture in that area.

"Wan..."

I knew what the little girl desired. As she moved and clung her legs with my legs. I smiled at her.

"Whatever you want to do, darling."

Her body moved up and down as she moaned softly. She kissed me passionately.

"You always make me feel so aroused,"

She whispered. Being in love made everything so pleasurable.

Wan Viva and I spent most of our time together, but that wasn't the reality of life. Life still carried on. We both had our obligations and responsibilities. I still had to earn some money at Eak's

hotel. Sometimes, I felt a twinge of embarrassment, but I reminded myself that they had already broken up. I let go of those pointless thoughts and tried to be the best version of myself.

I played the song I had composed for Wan Viva. It had the same rhythm as 13 years ago, with melodies but no lyrics. I should pay more attention to it. It has taken me far too long.

"I want to buy this song,"

A voice of someone I hadn't heard in a long time said behind me when I finished playing the song. The new musician who had been playing with me rested his arm on the grand piano and looked at me with admiration.

"You... What's your name?"

"You make me lose confidence,"

The handsome boy sat in the chair next to me.

My name is Earth. I'm quite famous."

"Sorry, I don't listen to much music. I only know a few singers,"

"I really like that song. Can you sell it to me?"

"No, I can't,"

"I'll offer you a substantial amount of money. I love the melody. There are a few notes I would like to change to enhance it."

"No, it belongs to someone,"

"Whose?"

The handsome boy rested his chin on his palm and smiled.

"Yourlover?"

My face turned red upon hearing that. I didn't want to disclose my private story. Besides, I also wanted Wan Viva to finalize her divorce before we could openly share that we were dating. There were many things on my mind.

"Let's just say I won't sell it. And even if I wanted to, I can't sell it. It's only melodies, no lyrics,"

I continued the conversation.

"That's a shame. It's a beautiful song. It's filled with love and desire,"

I looked at the boy and smiled. An artist would listen to another artist's work and understand the emotions conveyed in the music. The general public would just listen to the music and let it pass by, mainly paying attention to the lyrics.

"Thank you,"

I replied.

"I would love to collaborate with you,"

"Why me?"

"I see your talent, but you're not an open book,"

"I'm old. I'm not a young teenager who gets excited when she sees a celebrity or a singer. I'm too old to attend concerts and things like that,"

"Even if you're older, you can still pursue your dream,"

"Do you have a dream?"

He added.

"Yes, of course,"

"What is your dream?"

I was surprised by his question. It was a question I used to ask when I was young. I would always test people with this question. My dream is to be a composer. My dream is to be a musician. My dream is to make people understand and appreciate what I'm trying to convey through my music. But until now, my dream has been folded and neatly stored on a shelf because, I thought I was too old.

"My dream is.."

He cut me off.

"Remember your own dream, and when you do, contact me,"

He said, handing me his shiny black card with his name on it once again. He was persistent in involving me in his work. As a musician, it wasn't difficult for me to understand what other musicians dreamed of.

"To make your dream come true."

"What?"

My dream... I had already forgotten. I used to be someone who pursued my dream passionately. I knew it well since I was young. I knew what I wanted, what I loved. But I had let it go and forgotten about it because of life's challenges. On the other hand, Wan Viva didn't know what her dream was, but she had the determination to become a doctor, thanks to me. And now, she has become a surgeon.

I went to the hospital, waiting for WanViva to finish her work so we could go home together. While waiting, I kept looking at the black card with Earth's name in my hand. I knew I had to do something. Then, I caught something out of the corner of my eye. A stare. Yes, it was the gaze of the nurses who recognized me in the hospital. They began to whisper among themselves.

"Pleng..."

Wan Viva finished her work and smiled at me. She reached out to take my hand, but I quickly pulled away, pretending not to notice.

"Let's go,"

I said, and Wan Viva silently followed me. The atmosphere was tense.

"What happened?"

The little girl asked.

"Let's leave this place first, and then we can talk,"

"Pleng,"

Wan Viva grabbed my arm and pulled me towards her. We were still in the hospital, and I didn't want to discuss it while others were staring at us.

"What happened? Why do you seem so strange?"

"People are looking at us,"

I whispered.

"So what?"

"They... seem to know,"

"Know what?"

Wan Viva looked coldly at the people around us.

"If they know, then what?"

"It's not good. Will this affect your work?"

"Why can't a doctor date a woman?"

Wan Viva's voice was loud enough for people to hear. I was shocked and tried to signal her to leave.

"Let's talk outside..."

"Let's talk here. What did we do wrong? Why are you so afraid of what others think? You love me, and I love you. Is that so terrible?"

Wan Viva looked at a nearby nurse who was staring at us, causing the nurse to quickly look away.

"Dr. Wan is dating a woman. Is that clear?"

Wan Viva announced boldly. The atmosphere around us grew tense, but then a nurse from a corner started to clap.

"That's great, Dr. Wan! I'm also dating a girl. Keep fighting!"

She cheered and gave us her support.

"We're the same."

The little girl responded with a smile.

"My girlfriend and I are lesbians."

"Ever since we left the hospital, you've been covering your face."

Wan Viva laughed. She knew I felt incredibly embarrassed. My face was still flushed from the announcement she had made at the hospital. Now, she was officially a lesbian, and she couldn't deny it. It was true. I hadn't heard such an open declaration before.

"I'm still in shock. You told everyone, and now I can't go there anymore,"

"Why not? Being a lesbian is not a fatal disease,"

"It's shameful!"

I let my hands drop from my face and placed them on my chest.

"I feel like fainting."

"You're still the same silly girl who tries to run away from who you are,"

"What am I running from?"

"When you realized that you liked me, you told me to date a man. When we hugged, you pretended not to know. And now, when I made an announcement about our relationship, you're so embarrassed. It's okay in this day and age to date people of the same sex. They can even get married."

"I don't know. I'm still embarrassed,"

I said as I looked at the little girl pushing the bike. I gently smacked her arm.

"Did you really have to announce it like that?"

"I wanted to show the whole world that you're mine. But for now, this is enough. It's only the beginning."

WanViva smiled broadly. Seeing that smile, I couldn't help but feel happy.

"I'm fine if you're fine. But are you sure it won't affect your work?"

"No, I really don't care even if it does. You understand, right?"

"Okay,"

"I think we should find time to go on our honeymoon,"

"Oh?"

I looked at my lover and smiled. The idea of a honeymoon sounded a bit foreign to us.

"We're so in love. We should change locations for our lovemaking. What if we go to a lake, like in that Meg Ryan movie?"

Wan Viva's face seemed lost in a daydream.

"Do you remember that place in the mountains where your parents took us?"

I smiled as I thought of that summer house, the house my dad had bought and eventually sold.

"Yes, there was a lake, but it wasn't as big as in the movies."

I reminisce about the glorious time when my dad had bought some land and planned to build a house. I had suggested having a house on the beach, but since the land was in the mountains, he built a lake instead. I missed my dad...

"We should go there,"

"It was sold a long time ago. It's probably someone else's property now,"

I smiled as I thought of that summer house, the house my dad had bought and eventually sold.

"Yes, there was a lake, but it wasn't as big as in the movies."

I reminisce about the glorious time when my dad had bought some land and planned to build a house. I had suggested having a house on the beach, but since the land was in the mountains, he built a lake instead. I missed my dad...

"We should go there,"

"It was sold a long time ago. It's probably someone else's property now,"

"That's a shame. If we could go there together, we could relive our sweet memories,"

"Sweet memories? I were so spoiled back then,"

"When you were spoiled, I was so pretty. I like spoiled and wealthy kids,"

"That's funny. How can you like someone as spoiled as me?"

"I didn't like your spoiled behavior,"

"Oh?"

"I liked you for who you are,"

Feeling embarrassed, I silently scratched my cheek and continued walking. We were just a few meters away from the condominium when the little girl paused and looked at me, as if she had thought of something.

"Is everything alright?"

"Is..."

Wan Viva stammered.

"I've wanted to ask you for a long time, but I never had the chance...."

"What is it?"

I asked.

"Just tell me. We should be able to talk to each other."

"It's not about that. It's about my fantasy,"

She revealed. The mention of the word "fantasy" made my heart beat faster because I knew it was about our sex life.

"We can talk openly. What do you want to do?"

I encouraged her.

"You like Meg Ryan. She's a doctor who commutes to work by bicycle,"

She started.

"Yeah?"

"I also have something I like,"

"What is it?"

"I want to kiss you... on the street,"

The little girl explained, turning from left to right in embarrassment.



"I've seen so many Western movies where they express their love in public places. I find it cute. I want to have that moment. I want other people to know that we're together, that you're mine and I'm yours. But forget it. This is Thailand,"

Wan Viva seemed too shy to make her desire a reality. She turned to her bike and continued pushing it forward. I looked at her back and couldn't help but smile. Glancing around to make sure no one else was present, and with it being quite late, I reached out to touch her shoulder. When she turned around, I used both hands to cup her face, leaning in closer. Our lips met, and I slid my tongue between her wet lips, kissing her passionately. Everything around us seemed to pause.

Wan Viva's bike fell onto the street, its wheels spinning, but we hardly noticed. We were too busy exchanging love through our kisses, our lips, and our tongues. Our breaths became shorter, and the warmth mixed with excitement. We were afraid of being seen by someone. After what felt like an eternity, we decided to part. Wan Viva tried to prolong the kiss, pulling me closer to her, but I laughed and rested my forehead against hers.

"You can never get contented,"

"It feels so nice. What a wonderful feeling."

We gazed deeply into each other's eyes and smiled. It felt as if we had just recharge our batteries to embrace happiness.

"I ask for so many things, being a doctor. And you can ask me for anything you want. I'll do everything I can."

"Yeah, And I'll also do whatever you ask,"

"Well..."

I playfully rolled my eyes, contemplating my own fantasy that had taken my thoughts far away. Wan Viva shook my arm, demanding to know.

"Tell me. What do you want me to do?"

Now, I understood how embarrassing it felt when she had asked me to do something.

"Tell me quickly. What do you want me to do?"

Feeling shy, I pressed my lips together and leaned in to whisper in her ear.

"I want you... to crawl towards me and use your tongue..."

As soon as I finished speaking, Wan broke into laughter. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me in for another kiss.

"I can do that, and even twice as much as you asked for, baby"

She teased. We laughed and hurried back to the condo. As we walked, I heard a strange sound coming from behind us.

I had good ears and could hear anything from faraway, so I turned around to see what it is.

"What's going on?"

"I heard something like the click of a camera,"

"I didn't hear anything."

"Guess there's nothing."

I must be too worried. It's midnight, after all. Who would take a photo on the street at this time?"

Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 30

### GO TO HELL

As Buddha said, 'Where there is happiness, there is sadness.'

Wan Viva and I were no exception; we still fought even when we were deeply in love. However, I had created this fight because I had a plan for something.

"I do not love you anymore. Why can't you remember it?!"

"Do not be silly. Tell me what I don't remember,"

"I do not want to talk to you,"

The little girl walked out of the room and pouted, slamming the door shut. I smiled widely as she left.

'Why couldn't I remember your birthday, darling?'

I just wanted to create drama to add some excitement when the little girl came home. I planned to cook, even though I never cut anything in my life. That was my plan....Okay, once she left for work, it was time to do what was planned. I have studied many cooking videos from YouTube. It shouldn't be too difficult. There was nothing Pleng couldn't do. Nothing!

After two hours...

"Oh my God..."

I exclaimed as I looked at the supermarket items I had bought. I felt confused. I had broken the egg and left everything very messy. The egg was everywhere except on the plate. I had cut myself while trying to chop garlic, and blood was dripping everywhere. I could only suck my own blood. I didn't know what to do. Why did I didn't spend money on prepared food? My God!

Finally, I threw away everything I had bought and prepared to go to the supermarket once again. However, my phone rang, and Eak's name appeared on the screen. Embarrassment washed over me as I looked at the name. I hadn't spoken to him recently. When I saw him at the hotel, I walked in the opposite direction, feeling guilty towards him. Even though I told myself I hadn't done anything wrong, I still didn't feel good.

"Yeah?"

"I'm in front of your condominium. I want to talk to you,"

"Talk about what?"

"Wan Viva,"

The guilt in my heart made it a beat faster. I wondered what was happening with Eak. Had he found out? I went down to see him. Eak was sitting in the condo lobby, wearing an unhappy expression. I smiled at WanViva's ex-husband.

"Why are you here, boss?"

"I heard you called in sick today, again"

"Yeah,"

"You want to celebrate Wan's birthday at midnight,"

I was stunned by his observation. We were friends, and I didn't have to miss work for her birthday. I wasn't sure if he had thought of this.

"It's not that. I'm not feeling well, so I'd rather take a day..."

I trailed off, realizing I had just made up an excuse. Eak looked at me but said nothing. He handed me a box.

"I'm here to give you this,"

"What's that? It's so heavy."

I replied, shaking the box curiously. Eak took the box back.

"I should do it myself."

"You look so strange,"

"It would be better if I gave it to her myself. And you? What are you going to give her this year?"

"I was planning to cook for her, but I...gave up. I couldn't do that,"

I admitted, showing the cut on my finger.

"I can't even cut vegetables. I shouldn't think about cooking."

"Now you can't use your finger anymore," Eak said, taking my hand to look at it and smiling.

"Fingers are important to you. You can't give her pleasure if you're hurt."

"What do you mean?"

I asked, withdrawing my hand and feeling flustered by his comment. It seemed like his words had a double meaning.

"You are using your fingers with all musical instruments. Did I say something wrong?"

I started to shake. I couldn't say anything that would make me seem nervous. I could only smile vaguely.

"Yes, my fingers are important to me. So you yourself will give her the gift. Sorry then."

"Yes, I changed my mind. Thanks for coming to see me. Long time no talk... It seems like you're avoiding me,"

"You fool, why would I do that?"

"Yes, Why?"

Eak asked.

"You didn't do anything wrong,"

After Eak left, I went to the market to buy food and put it on the plates, waiting for Wan Viva to come home. She usually came home around 11pm or midnight. I imagined her being excited by the surprise, transitioning from pouting in the morning to excitement in the evening. The gift I had prepared for her wasn't much. I simply put a bow tie around my neck and planned to greet her with a cool greeting.

'Happy Birthday. Now you can eat me,'

I mumbled to myself, remembering a line from a movie. I felt shy just thinking about it. The clock read 11:30 p.m. I waited for Wan Viva to arrive, but I knew that a doctor's schedule was always uncertain. It was possible that she would have to stay longer to care for patients...Or maybe...

She was just as angry as before and refused to come home. I walked in circles near the door. Once I heard the door open, I quickly stood up and acted serious, crossing my arms over my chest. Wan Viva looked at me in amazement.

"Why are you standing here?"

"Why are you late coming home?"

"I didn't want to rush home. I didn't want to see anyone,"

I knew she wasn't that serious. She was cute even when she was angry. She didn't want any tense atmosphere. I smiled to myself as she walked past me. I noticed she smelled something.

"What is that smell?"

"Food,"

"Oh?"

"Are you hungry? I bought them. They're on the table,"

Wan Viva looked at me slightly annoyed. But she walked over to the table and opened the lid. The little girl opens her mouth wide in surprise.

"Cake... why do we have cake?"

I raised an eyebrow. Wan Viva ran towards me and jumped up to hug me like a monkey.

"You remembered it,"

She whispered with happiness.

"You underestimate me. How could you think I wouldn't remember your birthday?"

"Why didn't you mention it? You made me angry all day,"

"Ouch!"

I exclaimed, my emotions mixed between crying and laughter as she bit my neck. I carefully lifted her off me and gestured towards the food on the -table.

"I bought all the food you like. I had planned to cook by myself, but I ended up ruining everything and accidentally cutting myself,"

Wan Viva let go of me and took hold of my hand, her expression filled with worry.

"You really tried to cook?"

"Yes, did you think I was lying?"

"But you never do anything in the kitchen. You've always been the one to handle the fork and spoon,"

She commented, clearly impressed.

"My baby, you wanted to surprise me, but you're not the best in the kitchen."

I wasn't quite sure if that was a compliment or not, so I playfully pinched her cheek.

"You've always had such a quick wit since we were young."

The little girl continued to show interest in my injured finger.

"That must have hurt,"

She sympathized.

"You need to be careful. Your fingers are incredibly important, you know?"

"As what?"

"They can do many things..."

Wan Viva looked at me with her charming eyes. She sucked my finger gently. She gave me goosebumps.

"Now I'm hungry."

When she said that, I smiled, grabbed a bow tie and put it around my neck. I smiled and raised my eyebrows.

"What do you want, cake or me?"

"You, of course"

Wan Viva licked the tip of my finger again. She pulled me towards her and pushed my body against the kitchen counter.

"I eat you all the time but this is my birthday, Can't it be a little more special?"

"What do you want?"

"Desire...."

Wan Viva smiled at the corner of her mouth and slowly unbuttoned herself.

"My birthday has to be special. Something bad occurred to me."

I also unbuttoned my pants. We were both left with only our panties on our bare skin. I had one more piece on my body which was the bow tie on my neck.

"What are you thinking?"

"As a birthday woman request, I want you to eat a cake"

"What?"

"I want to be your cake...lick me....".

Wan Viva grabbed the cake from the table and put cream all over her body, from her neck, chest, stomach, navel, and even the most delicious part of her body.

"I will lick your body until you have to beg me to stop."

"That's not enough."

"What do you want more?"

"You have to suck it, nibble it, massage it, lick it everything until you satisfied me,"

"As you wish, baby."

"I feel like I'm super horny now. Now I'm afraid of myself."

"I feel the same way."



I carried Wan Viva's body to sit on the counter and pushed her small body to lie down. Then I started eating cream on her ear and went down. The thick cream made her skin as slippery as when we were in the water. It made me feel so strong.

"Should we wait until midnight?"

"As you touch my body, I know that I can't wait any longer."

Wan Viva took my hand and put it in her panties so I could explore how it felt. My face turned red and I nodded.

"Yes, you really can't wait."

"I want to cum at midnight."

"What should I do then?"

"You know what to do."

I nibbled on her stomach and licked her skin provocatively. Wan Viva turned around in response. She pleaded when I moved too slow.

"Do not make fun of me. You know that..."

"My finger hurts today"

I joked with her because it really wasn't that bad.

"Can I help you with anything else?"

"What can you do?"

"If I never played music, I would sing."

The little girl smiled in recognition.

"What are you waiting for then? Aside from your finger, your tongue is the part I like the most"

Her lustful excitement made me feel even hotter. I helped the little girl take off her panties. I grabbed her neck and gently put it down.

"What a good cake,"

"Do not speak..."

Her labored breathing and rhythmic moaning were the two sounds I liked to hear. I wanted to stay in this feeling forever. But the party had to end at some point, it all depended on how long I wanted it to last. While we were both enjoying our love song, the alarm I set for midnight started ringing. We both heard it but didn't care....It wasn't the end....I didn't want it to end....

Suddenly, I heard the door click.

I had good ears, so I could always hear a strange sound.

"You two..."

Someone's low voice made everything stop. I came out from between WanViva's legs. I was surprised to see Eak pointing a gun at us.

Glock 17, 9mm.

"Just go to hell!"

Sunnyai

## CHAPTER 31

### BURST

I quickly picked up all my clothes from the floor and put them on. The entire time, I kept my eyes on the gun in his hand. My body was drenched in sweat. I felt cold and dizzy, barely able to stand. Wan Viva noticed and quickly came to support me.

"Come after me,"

Wan Viva swiftly put on her clothes and stood in front of me, like a strong wall ready to face anything. Eak's hand trembled as he held the gun. His face was filled with vengeance and intense pressure.

"How could you do this to me?!"

He exclaimed. He threw a handful of photographs into the air. They cascaded to the ground, revealing images of Wan Viva and me together, even capturing moments where we kissed in front of the condominium.

"That shutter sound I heard...."

"I told you I have someone new. I'm done with you, Eak,"

Wan Viva sighed.

"I've thought about changing the locks, but I always forget. It's something I need to do."

I was taken aback by her coldness, which only drove Eak further into madness. He kept the gun pointed at us and screamed like a madman.

"You broke up with me, but I didn't. You're having an affair!"

"It's not an affair," Wan Viva retorted.

"Pleng and I have been dating since I became single. I already ended things with you."

"But not with me!"

"Fine, let me make it clear,"

Wan Viva's tone turned serious.

"Pleng is not an affair. She was in my life before I met you. I loved her long before I realized I loved a woman. She has always had a place in my heart."

"If you love her so much, why did you marry me?!"

Eak's voice grew louder. The gun in his hand shook violently, and he could barely keep his composure.

"I told you..."

Wan Viva began.

"I just wanted to find her. I wanted her to attend our wedding. You just can't accept the truth. I've told you countless times that I want a divorce, but you're so stubborn. You're making a fool out of yourself."

"I could have understood if you had someone new, but why Pleng? Why a woman?"

Wan Viva looked at her ex-husband with cold eyes.

"What does it matter that she's a woman? Seriously, are you suggesting that you have no idea who I truly love?"

Tears streamed down Eak's face, pain evident in his eyes.

"Do you really have no clue?"

"Yes, I know! But I thought it was impossible. I never thought Pleng would feel the same way. I just thought seeing her again would make you happy. I didn't..."

"You never thought she felt the same as me. She's back now. Everything is going well... If you really want to see me smile, then here it is..."

Wan Viva gave him a sweet, sarcastic smile.

"My smile is back. It's time for you to leave."

"You're walking all over me. Does the love I gave you mean anything to you? You can be with anyone, but why a woman? What will others think? You're leaving me for another woman. This is insane!"

Eak raised his hand as if he wanted to slap her, but he stopped when Wan Viva didn't flinch.

"If hitting me will end this, then go ahead. I'm sick of you!"

Wan Viva openly challenged her ex-husband. Seeing her reaction, Eak lowered his hand and instead pointed the gun at her forehead.

"That will only cause physical pain. If you two love each other so much, I'll help send you both to hell."

He threatened. But the threat didn't scare Wan Viva, who faces life and death situations daily. Instead, she did something unexpected:

"That's fine. I'll go wherever she goes. Even to hell..."

Wan Viva paused and smiled.

"I will go."

She grabbed the gun that was pointed at her forehead.

"No, Wan!"

I ran towards her. Quickly, Eak shifted his aim towards me.

"You don't have to fight over this. I'll send you both together,"

"The dog that barks doesn't bite,"

But Wan Viva wasn't one to let his words intimidate her. She continued to challenge him with a determined expression on her face. The situation was too tense for such bravado, but she didn't care.

"Do you love each other that much?" Eak asked.

"Well, I'll make you feel guilty for the rest of your life."

BANG!

I thought he had shot me, but I didn't feel any pain. I stood there, trembling at the sound of the gunshot. When I opened my eyes, I saw Eak lying on the ground, blood pooling around him. I couldn't even see where the bullet had entered.

"Eak!"

Wan Viva shouted her ex-husband's name. She cradled his head in her hands and looked at me, shock written all over my face. I could only see the lifeless body of my father where Eak lay. My whole body trembled uncontrollably. I felt like I was on the verge of fainting, but somehow, I managed to stay standing.

"Pleng... Pleng!" I heard Wan Viva's voice amidst the chaos.

Glock 17, 9mm.

"Pleng, snap out of it!"

Wan Viva released Eak and shook me. The unpleasant smell of blood lingered on her hands as she touched my face, urging me to react.

"You need to pull yourself together. Call an ambulance. I need to stop the bleeding."

Glock 17, 9mm.

"Pleng,"

She called my name again. The slap across my face jolted me back to reality. I looked at her, my gaze filled with confusion.

"Wan..."

"I'm so sorry but please call an ambulance for me. You need to react. Forget everything else. We need -an ambulance right now. Do you understand?" Wan Viva instructed.

"I... ambulance, okay."

In reality, she could handle it herself, but she assigned me the task so that I could focus on something important. She didn't want me to stray too far. Whether it was in that moment or another, Wan Viva always remained focused, no matter how difficult the situation was. I walked to my cell phone and dialed for an ambulance, just as she had told me. Wan Viva did everything she could to stop the bleeding.

"Wan.. Is... Is he going to die?"

"No, he won't,"

"How do you know?"

"Because I won't let him. No one can ruin our relationship, no one!"

The ambulance arrived shortly after, and Wan Viva got into the ambulance with Eak. I had to stay back at the condominium to give my testimony to the police. It was nearly 4 in the morning when everything was finally settled.

"How is he, Wan?"

The sound of the gun and Eak's blood surprised me but didn't drive me crazy. For weak people, this might drive them crazy, but for me, it was holding up well.

"I threw his hand in time. The bullet grazed my cheek. It entered from the left side and exited through the right. It all happened so quickly. I knew he wouldn't harm me because he loves me too much to hurt me. If he wanted to separate us, the only way was to die in front of him. And I would never let that happen,"

"But was it our fault?"

"We didn't do anything wrong,"

The young girl replied, taking a seat in front of me and holding my hand tightly.

"We can't blame ourselves. We didn't point the gun at his head. He was the one carrying the gun. That's what happens. If you feel guilty, it means that Eak has won. That's what he really wanted to do. He tried to take his own life, so we couldn't have done anything differently."

I couldn't bring myself to tell Wan Viva how much of an impact Eak's actions had on me. It was already difficult enough witnessing my father's suicide, and now a friend whom I had known since childhood had done the same. No one could truly handle such a situation, no matter how strong they appeared.

"How is this possible? Every time we're together now, we'll be reminded of what happened. Our love has caused someone pain,"

"I won't let anyone take you away,"

Wan Viva declared firmly.

"Even if it means someone has to die, I wouldn't care."

"Wan..."

I looked at her in shock. All my life, I felt like I knew her, but in that moment, I realized I was mistaken. The girl in front of me used to be kind and cheerful, but now, she appeared cold and indifferent towards others. She only seemed to care about me.

"Who are you?"

I questioned, my voice trembling.

"You're not the Wan Viva that I know."

"I am the same Wan Viva,"

She said, squeezing my hands gently.

"The same person who loves only you. If the whole world had to perish for us to be together, I wouldn't mind."

"But Eak was a person too, and he tried to separate us. Shouldn't we care about that?"

"You should feel something."

I continued, my voice shaking.

"Even if I agree with what you're saying, it doesn't feel right. We're being selfish."

"No, we're not,"

Wan Viva insisted.

"We simply love each other, and I love you."

She gently tilted my head with her hand, touching her forehead to mine. I could tell she was trying to be strong, even though I knew it was incredibly difficult for her as well. If I were weak, Wan Viva wouldn't have the energy to even get up.

"I love you too,"

How long had it taken to be strong for our relationship?



## CHAPTER 32

### THE BABYSITTER

Click

Bang!

Click

Bang!

I kept hearing the sound of my father and Eak's gunshots in my head over and over again. I hadn't been able to sleep for the past two nights because I still remembered what had happened. The little girl's long arms rested on my body as she pulled me towards her and said,

"I'm here."

I trembled in Wan Viva's arms, grateful for her support. It amazed me how strong and stable the little girl was. If she had been weak, it could have driven me crazy.

"If I hadn't come back into your life, this wouldn't have happened."

"If you hadn't come back, there would be the next Pleng, and the next, and the next. Eak will do the same. He's too selfish to let me go."

"So, if I never saw you again, you could have someone else?"

"I had someone to replace you even before Eak."

This revelation was new to me, and Wan Viva rolled her eyes in embarrassment.

"Did you date a woman before?"

"Yeah."

"That's crazy... You have so many surprises after 13 years."

"I just wanted to know if I could love other women or if it was just you."

"Who was?"

"You don't even know her."

"Tell me more. Why did you go out with her?"

"Ummmm....How can I say this? I met her when she visited her family in the hospital."

I sat up straight to listen with full attention.

"You went out with a relative of your patient?!"

"No, we just looked at each other and I noticed that she was interesting and cool... That was it."

Wan Viva shrugged.

"Then I found her again in the coastal city of Hua-Hin"

"Then?"

"It was a night market for hipsters where they sold things"

Wan Viva closed her eyes in thought.

"She was on the street painting pictures of other people. I sat down with her to make my drawing. Then we recognized each other and started talking."

"You can remember everyone who visited the hospital?!"

"This girl was different. I wasn't sure why I remembered her. It could be her beauty. She looked very glamorous when she was in the hospital. But she was totally different when I saw her in Hua-Hin."

I felt a little agitated because she spoke so highly of other girls, but I tried to stay calm...

"What made you interested in the girl?"

"She knows how to play the guitar. She plays the piano... like you,"

Wan Viva sighed.

"I really missed you a lot back then."

"Who started first?"

"We just chatted and everything clicked. Then we went for a drink and then... that was it."

"How often?"

"Huh?"

"How many times did you have sexual relations?"

"It was a one-night stand."

"WHAT?!"

It was such a new idea for me that I opened my mouth in surprise and held my left breast with my left hand. I was shocked and surprised. I looked at her in a new way I never thought I would see before..

"Curiosity? She thought that this kind of relationship is about taste....".

"She might have some interest. Her sister was dating a woman, so she was curious to know what it was like. She also told me that I looked like her sister to me."

"What kind of people sleep with someone who looks like their sisters?"

I said sarcastically.

"Was she good?..You feel good?"

Wan Viva playfully grabbed my nose.

"If you know too much, you will get jealous."

I was jealous but I didn't show it.

"I'm not jealous. What happened after you had sex?"

"When we woke up, we looked at each other and laughed. Then we let it go."

"What did you get from the relationship?"

"Learned..."

Wan Viva brought my neck closer to her and licked my lip gently as if she were tasting a dessert.

"No one can beat you,"

"How did you feel that then? We hadn't even seen each other in a long time"

"I've always been in love with you. You know. We just never had sex because so much happened. If we hadn't separated at 17, we would be together and I wouldn't have gotten married. I wouldn't have had to prove to myself what I liked and what I didn't like."

"That's true. But when I heard that you slept with a woman before... I felt..."

"Jealousy?"

Wan Viva nibbled my lips and pressed me on the bed.

"You're so cute when you're jealous."

"I said I'm not jealous."

I still insisted and tried to stay calm.

"Did you ever ask her name?"

"Yes, I needed to get to know her a little even if it was a one-night stand,"

WanViva slowly pulled my shirt over my head and threw me back. She unhooked my bra with her teeth on my back.

"I love your back, No...I love every part of your body."

The little girl slowly moved her lips from my neck to my spine. She gently licked me up to my hip. I clutched the sheet and moaned.

"Umm.. Did you do this with that woman?"

"Khun Nueng did it to me most of the time."

"Is her name Khun Nueng?"

The name bothered me a little but I froze when the tip of her tongue touched my most sensitive part. I raised my hip...

"Umm, why did you call her Khun?"

"I only called her with respect. When she moaned... Khun...."

"Stop it... you're doing this to me and you talked about another woman....".

I felt something inserted inside me and coming out rhythmically. Maybe I couldn't last long. We are talking. We can't be doing this. I buried my face in the mattress because I didn't want to make too loud a noise. I felt increasingly hotter.

"When I did it, I thought about you all the time."

Wan Viva grabbed my breasts and played with them. All my higher senses and lower bodies were completely awake, until I reached climax. My body shook and tensed as I climaxed, feeling a wave of pleasure wash over me. I relaxed my entire body, panting for breath. But Wan Viva wasn't done with me. She turned me around and sat on my hips.

"I only love you,"

Wan Viva said with a trembling voice as she grabbed my hair tightly.

"You must be good if you can please me."

"Come here,"

I beckoned, using both hands to lift her hips until she was sitting on my face.

"I'll pleasure you completely."

"Do whatever you want, because what I enjoy the most is being with you,"

WanViva moaned, using both hands to grab my hair and press herself against my face as if trying to escape.

"You promise to pleasure me completely,"

She whispered, overcome with pleasure.

"Ohhh... Ahhh... So this was sex therapy..."

I chuckled as I looked at Wan Viva, who lay next to me, peacefully asleep. Little did she know that these past few days had left me feeling tense. She had distracted me with this activity.

"I never really sleep,"

Wan Viva said, staring at me. Her words caught me off guard. The little girl opened her eyes and smiled at me, exhausted.

"Have you ever slept well?"

"I recently slept well when I was with you. You drained all my energy,"

She replied, gently touching my cheeks.

"Are you hungry?"

"I've had my fill of you,"

I joked, causing my Wan Viva to blush. She playfully pushed me away, feeling embarrassed.

"Don't tease me like that. You make me feel bashful."

"You're so irresistible,"

"Only with you... Ah, I'm so thirsty,".

"You've lost a lot of fluids,"

She covered her face, feeling shy.

"Please don't make fun of me like that. You make me feel self conscious."

"I'll bring you some water. Take a rest,"

"You're so adorable. I'm getting aroused again,"

"Don't say that. You'll make me aroused too. We're both very active,"

I laughed.

"Do you want to have pizza? I'm too tired to go out."

"Sure,"

"What's the number?"

I asked, dialing a pizzeria and placing an order. Then I playfully rolled around with her for a while.

"I'll go downstairs and get you some water."

"Come back soon. I already miss you,"

I got out of bed and slipped into my loose clothes. I was too lazy to put on pants, knowing I would soon be back in bed. I made my way downstairs wearing only a t-shirt, feeling more relaxed. As I drank some water to cool down, I heard the doorbell ring unexpectedly. It was too quick for the pizza delivery person to arrive. Security usually didn't allow anyone in without verification. My mind raced with paranoia as I cautiously peered through the peephole on the door.

To my surprise, I saw Aunt Vi, Wan Viva's mother, standing on the other side. In a moment of distraction, I opened the door without realizing that I wasn't wearing pants. Aunt Vi stepped into the house and was equally shocked by the sight before her. I quickly pulled my short t-shirt down to cover myself, feeling embarrassed by the awkward situation.

"Hello."

There was silence. Aunt Vi's face was filled with questions, unsure of what to say. I kept my gaze fixed on the ground, hoping that avoiding eye contact might help. But Wan Viva swiftly descended the stairs, wrapping herself in a blanket.

"What are you doing? You're so slow..."

The little girl said as she approached, eventually noticing the situation at the door. She paused for a moment and greeted her mother with a cold tone.

"Why are you here, Mom?"

"What are you two doing?"

Wan Viva joined me at the foot of the stairs and shrugged her shoulders.

"We just finished."

I looked at her in disbelief, taken aback by her statement. Wan Viva quickly made an excuse upon noticing my reaction.

"I mean, we just woke up. Why are you here? How did you even get inside?"

Wan Viva glanced at Aunt Vi's hands.

"I should consider changing the locks and key cards. Is my place some kind of convenience store where everyone can come and go as they please?"

"I heard a peculiar story!"

Aunt Vi exclaimed, stunned. She seemed unconcerned about what her daughter had just said.

"About you two..."

"You can ask me. I'll tell you whether it's true or not."

"You two... are you dating?"

"Yeah,"

Wan Viva immediately responded. Aunt Vi looked at her, dumbfounded.

"Wan!"

"You already have your answer. Now please leave, I don't want to talk right now. The atmosphere is improving after two tense days."

"Behave yourself!"

Aunt Vi yelled and raised her hand to strike, but I quickly stepped between them and took the slap on my face.

"Pleng, are you hurt?"

Wan Viva gently touched my cheek. The blanket she was wrapped in fell to the floor, revealing her naked body. But the little girl paid no attention to it at all.

"Wan... why are you doing this? You have a husband. You can't have sex with another woman and..."

"And?"

"Here, cover yourself..."

As I stooped down to retrieve the blanket and cover Wan Viva, she continued to argue with her mother.



"I broke up with Eak. The paperwork isn't finalized yet."

"Are you out of your mind, Wan? Your husband is in the hospital and you don't even care."

"I don't have a husband!"

The recent argument between mother and daughter left me feeling uneasy. Wan Viva used to be such a well-behaved girl from a young age, but now she seemed to have no regard or respect for her mother.

"This is too much. I can't bear it."

"If you can't handle it, I can't help you,"

Wan Viva declared, gripping my arms and embracing me tightly.

"Pleng is here to stay. You can't separate us."

"Wan... you've known about her all along. We've already discussed this,"

"What's happening?"

I asked, seeking clarity. But Wan Viva interrupted the conversation abruptly.

"Mom, please stop talking about this. I don't want to speak to you anymore. If you continue, you will never see me again. It's as if I've been avoiding you all this time."

Aunt Vi's tears streamed down her cheeks, a heartbreaking sight.

"I can't believe it... This is the worst possible outcome. You and Pleng can't be in love,"

She cried. The elderly woman turned and attempted to walk away, but I reached out and grabbed her arm, halting her in her tracks.

"What's wrong, Aunt Vi? What do you know about me?"

"Don't listen to her..."

Wan Viva tried to dismiss the conversation, but I couldn't let it go. The old woman seemed fearful, sensing that this might be her last opportunity to share the truth...The truth...

"You and Wan are sisters,"

Aunt Vi revealed.

“What?!”

“You and Wan share the same father.”

Sunyatai

## CHAPTER 33

### THE TRUTH

"What the hell was all this about?"

I stared at my nanny, feeling angry. The dirty accusations she tried to throw at my father were the most absurd things I had ever heard. I had never been that aggressive with the nanny, not even when I was young and heard that she didn't love me like I thought.

"Mom, please go,"

The little girl pushed Aunt Vi's back toward the door.

"You'll never see me again."

"Leave!"

Wan Viva leaned on the door for a long time and smiled at me as if nothing had happened.

"The pizza seems to be arriving very late,"

"Pleng, you don't believe what she said, do you?"

Wan Viva understood my silence. Even though I acted like I didn't believe that lie, what she said really bothered me. She couldn't tell a lie so quickly. If she lied about that in front of her own daughter, she'd be really screwed.

"Aunt Vi said you knew about this,"

I finally broke my silence. I looked into her eyes, waiting for her to say something. The little girl sighed and said casually,

"I heard her talk about that."

"When did she talk about this?"

"It doesn't matter when she said this because, I don't believe it."

Wan Viva hugged me and buried her face in my neck like a sweet kitten. I closed my eyes and thought about what she said.

"Don't you think it's strange that your mother says these kinds of things in front of her daughter?"

"She wants me to stop seeing you and thinking about you. She wants me to hate you."

"Why would she want that? What is the reason she hates me? She raised me."

That was something that stuck in my heart for a long time.

I could never find an answer. Wan Viva slipped her hand under my shirt and tried to take it off, trying to distract me.

"I don't know and I don't care. Even if what she said was true, I don't really care."

"Wan... the pizza is on the way,"

I gave up on her once before and forgot about my sadness.

"If I have to end up in hell forever, I will choose the same path twice. I will always choose to be with you."

I paused and looked at Wan Viva.

"You just said that if what your mom said is true, you don't care."

"No, I do not care."

"But..."

The little girl immediately shut my mouth and used all her sexy tactics on me. All the arguments were made...

"We could talk about this later, after we eat. I mean... eat the pizza."

Wan Viva changed her work shift with another doctor at the hospital so she could celebrate her birthday with me all day.

We didn't do anything except get naked and roll around in bed together, eat pizza, make love, and sleep.

What happened before was still on my mind, but I didn't want to talk about it on her birthday. But after that day's celebration, we would return to our routine. Wan Viva complained when she had to return to work the next day.

"I shouldn't be a doctor. It requires going out all the time."

"All occupations are equal. You're just very attached to your girlfriend."

"United to the wife.."

She said and smiled.

"What a good feeling. I'm very attached to my girlfriend."

"And attached to the girlfriend too."

"What am I to you, again?"

"My Wife."

"Say it again?"

"Wife."

Wan Viva loved hearing it. I had to repeat it over and over again until she went to the hospital. But she didn't forget to kiss me before leaving.

"Send me text messages sometimes. No, a video call is better."

"You are so attached to your girlfriend."

"I'm so attached to my girlfriend."

Wan Viva finally went to work. I was alone and could do what I planned. I took a shower and got ready at 10 in the morning. I remembered my nanny's old address, so I went to see her. She was still in the same wooden house. I wasn't sure if she owned the house now, but I assumed that if WanViva owned an expensive condo, this house should already belong to her. The old doorbell seemed to electrocute anyone who dared to touch it. I wasn't sure it would work, but

after a while, I saw a familiar figure coming out of the house. Aunt Vi stopped a little when she saw me. Her cataract eyes were filled with hesitation. But she opened the door anyway.

"Hello."

"I never thought of seeing you here again."

We both felt uncomfortable. The atmosphere was tense. Aunt Vi motioned for me to enter the house.

"I think we'll have a long conversation."

"Do you know why I'm here?"

"I raised you since you were born."

She was the second person in the world who knew me well, after Wan Viva. It was painful to think that someone who knew me well didn't like me. I walked into the house and saw all the familiar furniture except the new TV, refrigerator, and some electronics. The rest was the same.

"Where's Uncle Odd?"

"He passed away."

The brief and casual response needed no further explanation. I nodded in recognition.

"Who do you live with then?"

"I'm alone. I have only one daughter and she never thinks about me. She has hated me since the day you left."

"Why?"

"She blames me for kicking you out and moving to live alone, and she also let me live alone. So we all understand what it is to be alone."

"Who would have thought? She was so obedient when she was a child, but once she decided to be tough, she can be so tough. Take a seat. I'll give you some water."

"Don't worry about that. Just sit and talk to me,"

She tried her best to be nice to me as if it was in her nature to do so.

"I know you're alone. It must be difficult for you to live and grow up alone, especially for one who was raised as well as a princess."

"I wasn't alone. I was with Aunt Pen."

"You don't have to lie to me. I asked your aunt after the first few days when you left. I knew you weren't with her."

She tried to watch me...

"Living alone wasn't so bad. It was definitely better than living with someone who hated me,"

I said bitterly.

"I was always curious why you hate me?"

I quickly brought up the topic. I could see her reaction. I could even hear the sound when she swallowed a loud lump in her throat because our surroundings were total silence.

"I think you know why... Wan should have told you."

"Yes."

Aunt Vi's hands shook a little before he stood up and walked to the refrigerator to get some cold water.

"To be honest with you, I was selfish back then. But now I know not to be selfish. It was a stupid thing I did."

"Now everything is in the past. I was just curious to know why you hated me. You raised Wan and me together. My mom even told me that you breastfed me when I was born."

"I could be jealous. You two were born just 2 weeks apart. But your lives and Wan's were very different. Wan is the daughter of a maid, but her life was like that of a princess. Even though you two had the same father."

This is the second time you've said this. Why do you say this? Are you telling me that my dad was also Wan's dad? Were you my dad's lover?"

"Yes, Your father and I had a relationship until Wan Viva was born."

The way she said it was just a simple statement. It even made my heart tremble. If I was even a little surprised, I might assume that she lied. But it was just a simple truth.

"What's up with Uncle Odd?"

"He thought he was Wan's father. But... Of course, I was the one who knew the truth about who fathered Wan Viva."

"So..."

I almost fainted but tried to hold my ground.

"Did my father know?"

"I told him, but he didn't believe me."

"Then it may not be true."

"Your father refused to take a DNA test. There are only two types of people who refuse to be tested: the confident and the insecure."

She turned and looked at me.

"Why do you think Wan Viva was so smart? She got it from her father, just like you who were good at music. Everything belonged to your father."

"No."

"Wan Viva got everything the same as you. She received the same attention and a good life. She just belonged to Uncle Odd and me. He treated her like she was another daughter of your family. Don't you see it?"

"That was because Wan and I grew up together. She couldn't be treated any differently. Mom... what's wrong with mom? Did she know about this?"

"The condition was that your mother had to stay away from this,"

I stared at the aunt's face as if to see if she was hiding something.

"Tell me again, is this true?"

"It's true,"

"I will give you the last chance. Is it true or not?"

The old woman looked at me intently and nodded her head, expressionless. She did not hesitate in her answer. She truly believed that Wan was my father's daughter.



"Yes, it's correct."

"Wan knew about this?"

"Yes, I already told her before."

I got up slowly, tears rolling down my cheeks. I left the house slowly, feeling like a soulless zombie. These were truly the most horrible things that could happen. I couldn't bear it.

'Even if I have to be in hell for eternity, I will choose the same path, to be with you again.'

I collapsed on the floor as soon as I left the house. The pain I once experienced couldn't compare to this.

"Why... Why do I have to be in this situation...?"

I cried out. I hit the ground with my fist, wanting the pain to remind me that I wasn't dreaming. It was really happening. I had gone through the pain of seeing my parents die in front of me. I had survived that, but there was something even worse than that.

Wan Viva was my sister.

We had the same father.

We had sex

Damn ...

## CHAPTER 34

### IN YOUR HEART

I refused to go home.

At midnight, I was still sitting outside, thinking about what had just happened. My phone's battery had died just a few minutes ago. The little girl called me about 100 times and texted me another 500 times. I read them all, but I didn't respond at all.

I knew I was running away from the problem, I didn't know how to deal with this. But if I didn't see Aunt Vi at that moment, I would do so the next day. Finally, I decided to face the problem and return home. Wan Viva may not have been home at the time because I thought she had a night shift that night. But as soon as I opened the door, I found Wan Viva sitting on the sofa, looking very angry.

"Where were you?"

"I thought you'd be working tonight."

"I did not go to work. You didn't answer the phone. You read the messages but didn't respond. You returned home at midnight. Were you with my mom today?"

She's not stupid. She knew something was wrong when I didn't respond. And there was only one problem.

"Yeah,"

"Why do you care so much about what she said? It's not true!"

"Are you sure that's not true, WanViva?!"

I shouted in anger. Yes, I felt ashamed and guilty at the same time.

"You knew from the beginning that we...."

My lips trembled. I couldn't say it out loud.

"Sisters?"

She finished my sentence.

"Yes."

"Why do you believe my mom more than me?"

Wan Viva clenched her fist.

"You believed my mother even though she said she hated you and wanted you out of her house. Why do you believe her more than me?"

"Because she knows me as well as she knows you,"

I replied.

"She raised me from the first day I was born. And she has enough reasons to hate me. And she is your mother."

"You told me that no matter what happens, you wouldn't leave me."

"But this is different!"

I screamed, tears rolling down my cheeks.

"We share the same father, and we have sexual relations with each other like animals."

"We are not sisters!"

"Please, wan. Let's accept the truth."

Wan Viva opened her mouth to say something but stopped. She nodded and laughed sarcastically.

"If we are sisters, so what? We don't plan to have children together."

"What?"

"I don't care if we are sisters, have the same father, or the same mother. I love you because you are you,"

"How unpleasant,"

I said bitterly. She couldn't understand what she had just said.

"I can't accept this. This is so disgusting, Wan,"

"What should we do then? We already have sex,"

I clutched my chest in pain and my knees were trembling. I had no strength left to fight. I had been through a lot, but this was too much. Knowing that my lover is actually my sister left me stunned and overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, disbelief, guilt, confusion and disgust for myself. I was about to leave but Wan Viva hold my wrist.

"Are you going to run away again?"

Wan Viva's tears rolled down her face.

"Why do you always stay away from me? You really didn't mean it when you said you love me?"

"No matter how much I love you, I can't stand this, Wan. I can't even look at you."

"Pleng, you're really hurting me now. You believe my Mom, despite the lack of evidence to prove that we are truly sisters."

"But, Wan..."

"You don't have to leave..."

"I'll go,"

Wan Viva walked towards the main door.

"I'll show you how it feels when someone you love walks away from you,"

The door closed suddenly, leaving me alone in the room.

Wan Viva was gone for hours. I assumed she went back to work. It was one of the good perks of being a doctor. She had to work even at her worst. She said she would leave as if she would never come back. It was the same thing. I wanted to separate from her anyway. I never thought I would see her again after 13 years. I could fully say that I loved her anyway, and I loved her so much that I didn't care who she was.

But I had to leave because I couldn't stand this. I had no idea how I would live after this. In the morning, I packed my clothes into a suitcase. The front desk receptionist stopped me as I was leaving the condo. She handed me a letter.

"Here is a letter for room 705 for Pleng,"

She said...I was surprised to see the brown envelope with my name on it. It was Wan Viva's handwriting. A letter. That was strange. We had cell phones. If she wanted to tell me something, she could just text me instead of sending a letter. It was such an old-schoolway. As soon as I opened the envelope, I found a piece of paper. It was the DNA test.

After thorough analysis and comparison of the provided DNA samples, it has been conclusively determined that there is no biological relationship between Wan Damrongchaidecha and Pleng Sadapina. The genetic markers examined do not show evidence of familial connection, indicating that they are not sisters biologically. This determination is based on rigorous testing protocols and established genetic markers.

I was so shocked that my hands shook with excitement until another small white envelope fell to the ground. I quickly picked it up, but to my surprise, there was another letter inside. It had a faint baby powder smell, very familiar. I opened the letter, and inside, I saw Wan Viva's handwriting. I had a bad feeling about it.

For Pleng,

***This is my time to write you a letter. You walked away from me 13 years ago, leaving me alone, and it felt like I was dead inside after reading your letter.***

***I'm not sure if this is a coincidence, but I am writing this letter at 4 am, with tears on my face, the same moment you left me. I never thought it would be me writing to you today. This letter will explain everything to you.... I love you...***

***I have loved you for as long as I can remember. I didn't know what kind of love it was, but I knew that I was drawn to having you in my life. I was happy just to see you smile, happy to be by your side. My feelings grew stronger when I realized that one day, you would start dating someone. Jealousy built up in my heart, especially when we took a bath together for the first time.***

***You turned me on. Does that sound familiar to you? My feelings for you changed after that. They went from admiration to affection, and I longed to touch you. But you were***

***Pleng, the daughter of the house owner. You were way out of my league, and you were a woman... But I was content just being around you. I kept my feelings to myself.***

***Sometimes we would joke and play around, but of course, nothing happened because it seemed impossible.***

***But it was possible... I realized you were also drawn to me. But you were Pleng, the woman with a big ego. You would never admit that you liked women, especially your best friend. You had so many excuses to keep me away. Then you tossed me aside like a ball and handed me over to the other man... Eak.***

***Did you enjoy it? I finally married the man you approved of, hoping that he would lead me to what I desired. He did everything he could to find you. I prayed to God for help. I married him because I believed you would come to the wedding. What was it all for?.. Because I love you.***

***When we met again. I believed that my prayer had been answered by God. But I completely forgot something I had known for a long time because it seemed absurd. That you were my sister. My mom told me this a long time ago, after your father passed away. The first thing that came to mind when I heard it was how absurd it sounded. There was nothing in common between you and me, not even between our fathers.***

***I thought my mom was being greedy. She had my father, yet she still wanted yours. She forced me to be her daughter and found a reason to hate you. She had completely forgotten about this. I remembered when my mom visited me to talk about Eak. I recalled what my mom had told me. I must admit, I was terrified. I was scared of the possibility that you were really my sister. It took me a long time to gather the courage to take the DNA test. What if the results matched?***

***At first, I thought that no matter the outcome, I wouldn't care. I love you. I could be your sister. Screw that. I clung to any reason to be with you. But in the end, I decided to find out, and now you can see the result... You and I are not sisters.***

***Why did I choose to keep it a secret? Because there was no reason for me to tell you that we weren't sisters. Why should I bring it up anyway? I knew that your curiosity would confuse you and lead you down the wrong path...wondering if we were really sisters. About whether we did something wrong. It was proven to be true... You choose to believe my mom more than me, the one who loved you more than anything.***

***No matter what I said, you didn't consider pausing and thinking rationally. You chose to believe my mother, who believed that I was your father's daughter. Just because I'm smart. Just because your father didn't allow to do the DNA test. This document is solid proof that we are not related. It is further proof that I was the only one who loved you unconditionally.***

***I have no idea how you feel after reading this letter. Do you still want to see me? Maybe you still don't believe me anyway. Why? Because it's from Wan Viva, someone you don't really trust. The same Wan Viva who loves you. Wan Viva who loves you until the end. I have no idea how I will live without you. For the past 13 years, every breath I took was in anticipation of being with you. If you were to ask me now, what is my dream? Do you know my answer? My dream is... to be with you. With you, without any conditions.***

***But we are different. Maybe I am too obsessed with you to the point of forgetting that you are not like me. You are willing to listen to others. External factors matter to you. If your love needs any proof, here is the DNA result showing that we are not sisters. If you feel guilty... Now it's my turn.***

***I will teach you a lesson. You won't be able to find me. You have to taste the pain of not knowing where your loved one is. Sometimes... After writing this letter, I may no longer be in this world. Consider this a lesson for you. Read this and remember how you felt 13 years ago.***

**I love you.**

**Goodbye.**

The letter written by Wan Viva slowly fell from my hand, breaking my heart. There was a heavy burden of guilt in my heart, but it was overshadowed by the fear that sent a chill through my hands. I collapsed on the floor, tears streaming down my face, crying like a baby, not knowing what to do. What does that goodbye mean? Where was she going? That was a farewell letter... no, she wouldn't do that. She was a doctor. She had so much responsibility. She couldn't just decide to take her own life because of me.

"I'll be your Meg Ryan."

She did it to prove her point. She sought revenge, just so I could experience the fear and understand how she felt. I gathered myself and got up. I left my luggage with the manager and dashed out of the condo to look for the person who left the letter.

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No, you can't leave. Wan Viva, I won't let you go. No!

## CHAPTER 35

### EARTH

At first, I had wanted to run away, but instead, it was me who was chasing her. After reading her letter, I rushed from the condominium to the hospital where she worked. My strides grew bigger and faster until I was running. I reached the hospital and approached the familiar nurse at the counter.

"Excuse me, is Dr. Wan Viva here?"

"I saw her,"

The nurse replied. I smiled widely, feeling relieved, but also agitated by her attempt to deceive me. However, another nurse interjected,

"No, I saw her leave at 6 in the morning."

"But today is her shift,"

"Maybe she swapped shifts with Dr. Guy."

She couldn't have done that so quickly. Maybe she's still around here. Frustrated, I realized I had a phone that I could use. I dialed her number, but an automated voice informed me,

"The number you are trying to reach cannot be connected."

My heart pounded, sweat trickled down my back, and my palms grew moist. It felt like I was about to pass out, but then, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted Dr. Guy in his white lab coat.

"Dr. Guy,"



"Yes?"

Dr. Guy smiled at me.

"Hello Pleng, are you here to see Dr.Wan?"

"Yes, have you seen her?"

I asked anxiously.

"She just swapped shifts with me and left,"

Dr. Guy explained.

"There was an emergency. Her father just passed away."

No.. Wan Viva, you can't do this. You've achieved your dream of becoming a doctor. Don't throw it all away because of me. Dr. Guy expressed his concern as he observed me nervously grabbing at my hair, as if I were on the verge of losing control.

"Are you okay, Pleng?"

"Thank you."

It was a waste of time. If the nurses saw Wan leaving without her bag, she must have already left. Where else could she be? At home... Yes, Aunt Vi. I didn't quite believe that Wan Viva would return to her mother after trying to avoid me. But it was the only place I could think of. I returned to this house again in less than two days. Aunt Vi was surprised to see me again, but she could sense that something was wrong.

"What happened, Pleng?"

"Is Wan Viva here?"

"No, why?"

"She left home"

"This is the only place she would come to, if she left."

Aunt Vi replied, understanding my concern.

"That's why I came here. There's nowhere else she could go,"

I explained. Aunt Vi looked at me and made a guess.

"When did she leave?"

"This morning. I thought she might be here,"

I replied, leaning on the fence, feeling exhausted.

"I don't know where else to look for her."

"You don't have to look for her,"

Hearing those words, I felt a mix of agitation and confusion.

"Don't worry about her,"

Aunt Vi continued.

"Wan Viva will be fine. Being with you would only make things worse,"

I bit my lips hard, my frustration building up. I grabbed the letter from Wan Viva and threw it away. The crumpled paper ball hit Aunt Vi's face and fell to the ground. Aunt Vi closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

"Then read the letter. That way, you will know what she's thinking."

"I'm so worried about her!"

I yelled in frustration. Aunt Vi looked at the paper on the floor and let out a sigh.

"If you're worried about her, you have to let her go,"

"Listen, to me, even if she were my family, my twin, or whatever... damn it! I wouldn't care,"

I exploded.

"To me, she is the most precious thing. I don't care about societal norms. Earlier, I had the same thoughts as you. I used to think it was wrong for siblings to be in a romantic relationship. But you know what? If that's what it takes to bring her back... I will do it."

"I really don't care if hell awaits us. I am ready to enter it."

That's how she felt when we were confronting Eak on her birthday. Nothing could come between us. I had already lost enough, and I wasn't prepared to lose anymore. Especially not her.

"You two spend too much time together. It's not healthy..."

I pulled out another piece of paper and handed it to her. The DNA test results would be scientific evidence, hoping it would change Aunt Vi's mind and make her understand everything. But the old woman seemed unwilling to believe the truth. Instead of feeling relieved, she shook her head in denial, tears welling up in her eyes.

"No! Wan Viva is Pol's daughter!"

"This is the result of the DNA test. It can't be wrong"

"I gave birth to her. I know who her father was."

"I don't know why you believe that, but Wan Viva is not my sister,"

"Wan Viva is Pol's daughter. This document is false. It can't be a mistake. She comes from a good family. Look at her fair skin and sharp intellect. She couldn't possibly be the child of a driver,"

"Wan Viva is not my father's daughter. She is not my sister. She is my girlfriend!"

She couldn't accept the truth. I looked at the old woman who now collapsed on the ground, exhausted and in denial. This wasn't the time to argue..I needed to find Wan Viva, alive and well.

"Aunt, please tell me where else she could be. I need to know as soon as possible. I don't want anything to happen to her,"

I pleaded, crouching down in front of Aunt Vi, asking for her help. I tried to be kind and calm with her, but it was useless. She was still clinging to her perception of her daughter.

"I don't believe you... Wan Viva is Pol's daughter. I know it well,"

Aunt Vi insisted.

"Aunt!"

"I told you, I don't believe you!"

I slumped down to the ground, defeated. Aunt Vi continued to cry, adamantly holding onto her belief that Wan Viva was my father's daughter. I joined her in tears, pulling at my hair in frustration. I didn't know what to do. Where was she? Where are you? Don't do this to me. The pain consumed me from within. It was the first day of her disappearance, and I could barely hold on. My strong-willed girlfriend had suddenly vanished, leaving everything behind. She had finally become a doctor, and I couldn't bear to see her throw it all away like that.

It had taken us 13 years to reunite. I returned to the

condominium and cried. I had always been strong, ever since my parents passed away. I didn't want to cry because I knew it would displease them. Even when my life was filled with darkness and I didn't have enough money to eat, I believed that crying would only intensify my hunger. But this was not the same situation. Wan Viva was alive. She was the only person on earth who loved me and was about to leave. She wanted to teach me a lesson.

It was incredibly difficult not knowing anything about your loved ones. It was tormenting...Where was she?...Was she hungry?...Was she hurt? Wan Viva had to endure this feeling for 13 years. She waited for me everyday during those 13 years, unable to do anything.

I could hardly catch my breath. The pain in my chest was unbearable. I felt like my body was crumbling. I hit my chest in an attempt to create physical pain, hoping it would alleviate the sharp pain I felt inside...Where was she?

You weren't contemplating suicide, were you? Please don't be so cruel to me. I cried until I was exhausted. The veins in my body were swollen, visible on my neck and forehead. It felt as though the world had come to an end. Suddenly, a phone call broke through the darkness.

"Wan,"

I said urgently as I quickly answered the phone. I didn't care about the number. I assumed she could be calling from a different number. But as soon as I heard the voice on the other end, a voice that sounded nothing like WanViva, any glimmer of hope vanished.

"It's me, Earth,"

"I can't talk right now,"

"Hey! If I'm calling you, that means I have something to say. Are you okay, Pleng?"

I wasn't ready to talk to anyone. I couldn't even bring myself to hang up the phone. I just let the person speak while I remained silent.

"Whatever,"

I finally managed to utter.

"I didn't see you at the hotel, so I asked for your contact number. Did you quit?"

"Why do you care? Are we that close? Why are you asking me all these questions?"

"It seems like you're suffering...mentally."

"And so what? Is there something else?"

"Yes, the same old problem. I appreciate your song and I love it."

"But I told you I can't give it to you. I can't."

"It's a shame that you leave it like that. The world deserves to hear those beautiful melodies."

"I wrote the song for a special person, not for the whole world."

"Did this person hurt you? Did they leave you?"

"I have to go,"

I interrupted, my voice filled with sorrow.

"It's truly a pity, Pleng. You have talent and skill. Don't let it go to waste. Have you ever considered that I could be the one who paves the way for your dream?"

"Do you even know what my dream is?"

"Let me ask you, what is your dream?"

My dream... As I grew older, my dream faded more and more. I used to have a clear vision of what I wanted, but now I didn't even have to worry about it. Perhaps what I had dreamed of wasn't truly my dream.

"I don't know,"

I replied, giving an answer that felt incredibly foolish. The person on the other end of the line laughed, as if it were a joke.

"For an artist, the dream is the opportunity to perform. What else could it be? But you refuse to play music and keep those sweet melodies to yourself."

"I can't finish it,"

"Why not?"

"I no longer have the passion. I have no inspiration left. Everything has faded...even my dream. I don't even know if I were to finish the song, who would listen to it? Would you still want to hear it?"

"I don't care if this song depends on that person. If I don't have her, I don't want to pursue it anymore,"

"You no longer see music as important. That means your dream depends on that person. Maybe your dream is..."

"Wan alive,"

I interrupted, speaking the name out loud. There was a pause on the other end before a tentative reply.

"Is that the name of your dream?"

Unable to contain my emotions any longer, I cried out loud. I tried to control myself to ensure he couldn't hear the depth of sadness in my voice.

"Then I'll call you at the right time,"

Feeling lost, I asked aloud,

"What should I do? My dream was no longer with me. Without Wan, I felt powerless. Without her, I couldn't find the motivation to keep going."

Earth wasn't a close friend. He was just someone I knew, yet I had cried in him. Wan had never seen me this vulnerable before.

"People are born to pursue their dreams. If that is missing, you need to search for her,"

"I don't know where to find her,"

"There must be somewhere, somewhere you both know,"

"No, I don't know! I don't know anything. That's it!"

Feeling overwhelmed, I hung up the phone. It wasn't Earth's fault at all, but I had directed my anger at him. If I had known where to find her, I wouldn't have cried like that. I went to all the

places I knew, hoping to find a clue. Where else could she be? Somewhere that Wan Viva and I knew.

A scene from a Meg Ryan movie flashed through my mind. The image of a lake appeared in my memory. I wasn't entirely sure if it was significant, but I had to try. If I were there...

Maybe she could be there!...

Sunnyal

## CHAPTER 36

### CONFESSION OF LOVE

"The last bus departs at 7:00 p.m. The first scheduled bus is at 4 o'clock,"

The voice on the other end of the phone informed me at the bus station. I ended the call and walked nervously, wondering if there was any way to reach my destination faster. Taking the bus was my only option, as it was the most affordable. Finally, I walked through the condominium until 3 am and called for a taxi to take me to the bus station.

I arrived shortly and waited nervously, feeling a rush of adrenaline throughout my body. Time seemed to slow down. My eyelids were heavy, but my mind was preoccupied with the thought of Wan Viva and the plea to be present at the summer house. If she wasn't there, I had no backup plan.

"The schedule has been postponed to 6 in the morning,"

The worker announced, fueling my frustration.

"Why?!"

I exclaimed, as I had been waiting since 3 am.

"We don't have enough passengers,"

The worker explained.

"So far, we only have two passengers. It's not profitable for us."

I glanced at the other passengers, including an elderly aunt who had also been waiting for a long time. Anger flared up within me, triggering my alter ego.

"How many passengers do you need to depart?"



"We need at least four people,"

"Let me pay for the remaining seats. I have the money. Please, let us go!"

How dare I suggest that I had money... After two and a half hours, we finally departed, with the other passengers paying double the ticket price. I wasn't sure if I would find what I was looking for, but I took the risk anyway. This incident reminded me of the time when the little girl searched for me. I couldn't fathom how difficult it must have been for her, being a student with limited financial resources. I couldn't even begin to imagine where and how she searched for me.

The aunt and I disembarked in a small town early in the morning. A nearby morning market caught my tired eyes. Exhausted from the lack of sleep, I had no idea where to start or how to reach my father's summer house.

"Where are you headed?"

The aunt asked after noticing me standing there for a while.

"I don't know the name,"

"What?"

"All I know is that it's a house around here, but I don't know the exact location,"

"That's challenging,"

The aunt sympathized.

"It's been 13 years, and I'm unfamiliar with this area,"

I expressed my frustration. I truly had no idea how to explain it to her.

"I remember that it was difficult to access, and you had to go by car, up the mountain... That's all."

"I see..."

The aunt replied,

"I knew it was this town,"

I remarked, a sense of relief washing over me. The aunt appeared concerned, and while she wanted to help, but didn't know how. Just then, an old, dark blue truck parked next to us. The driver greeted the people in the car and hesitated.

"I shouldn't leave you here alone. You're unfamiliar with the area,"

I hesitated, unsure of what to do.

"Then come with me. Let me know which areas you are familiar with,"

"No, thanks,"

"Okay. Anyway you help me get here faster, I want to pay back,"

I got into the truck behind the truck, and the cool early morning air enveloped us as we ascended the mountain. The sky was adorned with floating clouds that seemed to observe closely from above. The wind tousled my hair as it blew directly into my face. I looked around, trying to recall the familiar landmarks of the place I once knew. As we passed a crossroad, a temple caught my eye.

"A temple!"

The friendly aunt peered out of the passenger seat window.

"I know this place. I think the entrance is close by,"

"Really? We're on the right track then. I'll take a turn here, next to the temple, towards my house. Let's see if it triggers any memories for you,"

He said.

"I truly appreciate your help,"

Once the car was on the road, the surroundings felt incredibly familiar. Although there were forests on both sides, numerous houses dotted the area. Even restaurants emerged amidst the mountains, inviting people to stop and enjoy breakfast. There was a resort. There was a hotel. The area had become a popular tourist attraction.

"Auntie!"

I tapped on the window again when I noticed a resort sign next to a Plumeria tree. I didn't recognize the name of the resort, but the flowers on the tree were familiar to me.

"Yes?"

"Please stop here. I know this place,"

"This complex? Are you sure? Otherwise, you'll have to walk quite a distance to reach any house. It's peaceful around here,"

"No, I'm not completely sure, but I think it's the most I can remember,"

I hopped out of the truck and expressed my gratitude to the driver. The aunt and her son slowly drove away until they disappeared from sight. I stood there, frozen, taking a deep breath. I wasn't entirely confident in the accuracy of my memory.

"Let's see... the plumeria tree,"

I reminded myself. Deciding to enter the resort, I noted that it appeared to be a two-star establishment. The entrance was serene, and the path ahead was a messy dirt road. As I gazed at the road, memories from my childhood flooded back. I remembered how my clothes would get covered in dirt while playing.

"Hi,"

I called when I noticed someone sweeping leaves at the front. Another Elderly woman stared at me in surprise.

"Yes?"

She inquired.

"Is this a resort?"

"Yes, it is,"

Not sure if I should ask, I hesitated before continuing.

"My friend is here, but she didn't tell me the room number."

"The room number is displayed in front of each door,"

"Okay, I'll send her a text message then,"

I lied but it's okay, I really want to find her.

"The internet connection here is weak. It's difficult to even watch TV,"

The cleaner smiled at me.

"Your friend might be in that last house, next to the artificial lake..."

I didn't wait for her sentence to finish. I sprinted towards the house, trusting my memory. There it was, my father's summer house, standing alone. It wasn't part of a larger complex like the resort.

I reached the house within three minutes, starting from the main entrance. It had undergone renovations and looked completely different now. However, the lake remained the same. That particular house boasted the most breathtaking view of the entire resort.

I yearned for my father. He had built the lake simply because I wanted one. Those were the days of our affluence. But I hadn't come here merely for the sight; I had come to find someone. Approaching the house, I spotted someone sitting on the edge of a bench, her hair loosely tied in a ponytail. From behind, she had a good physique. Please let it be her. I have nowhere else to go.

"Wan..."

I called out, and the girl immediately turned to look at me.

"Yes? Are you okay?"

I nearly collapsed. It wasn't her! I dropped to the ground and cried. The last glimmer of hope shattered before me. My energy drained from my body completely.

"Are you alright? You look pale,"

The woman rushed towards me, her face filled with concern. She appeared much younger than me. I berate myself for foolishly believing that she could be Wan Viva. They were nothing alike. Why did I hold onto that illusion?

"You must be ill. I'll call a doctor,"

"Is there a doctor here?"

"The doctor helps out the rest of the staff here at the resort,"

The girl replied, rushing to my father's old house to make the call. My eyes brimmed with tears, and everything became a blur. Though my vision was blurred, my sense of hearing remained sharp. I could discern the tone of a voice. When I heard it, I turned immediately.

"Wan!"

"Pleng!"

I leaped from the ground towards her. However, Wan Viva stepped back and crossed her arms, as if shielding herself. I froze upon witnessing her reaction.

"You... didn't you miss me?"

I stammered.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came here to find you,"

Wan Viva looked at me with confusion, while the girl I had initially seen slowly walked away, leaving us alone.

"So, now that we're no longer sisters, you start looking for me,"

Wan Viva remarked, disappointment evident in her voice.

"You believed in a role more than in me. If the result had said otherwise, would you still be here?"

"Wan..."

I trailed off, at a loss for words.

"What if I were to tell you that it was a false result? What if I were to tell you that the result actually shows that our DNA matches over 95 percent?"

I glanced at the little girl and shook my head tiredly.

"Fuck it,"

I muttered.

"What?"

Wan Viva asked, her confusion deepening.

"Whatever you may be, fuck it. I love you. Do you hear me? We can be sisters, monkeys, aliens, or whatever... I love you because you're Wan Viva!"

As I said that, I collapsed on the ground feeling exhausted. The combination of lack of sleep, fatigue, and hunger took its toll.

"Pleng!"

"Wait, just listen to me,"

I waved my hand, signaling her to stop.

"Let me finish. This is how I feel. After you disappeared for two days, I came to a conclusion..."

"I love you..."

"I love you without any conditions. It became even clearer when you bid farewell at the end of your letter. It felt like you were saying goodbye... as though you were going to die..."

My voice trembled, and I tried to steady myself as I spoke. I didn't want to appear too weak. Silence hung in the air as Wan Viva absorbed my words.

"Do you know how terrifying the thought of losing you is for me?" I continued, my emotions pouring out.

"I had contemplated suicide when I realized there was no one left in this world. I had 200 baht in my bank account. But when I thought about you, I knew you would be devastated to discover that I had left this world."

I clutched my chest, attempting to alleviate the pain.

"I understand the feeling of losing loved ones. Death maybe easy, but it's an incredibly selfish act for those who are left behind..."

"Pleng..." The little girl sobbed, covering her mouth.

"I have to live... for you, even though I never thought I would see you again," I continued, tears streaming down my face.

"Why didn't you want to see me again?"

Wan Viva hugged herself, her voice choked with emotion.

"Were you ashamed?"

"No, it wasn't that. I was scared that if I saw you again, I wouldn't know what to do. I would have to return to your house and stay somewhere I didn't belong," I explained, gripping my hair tightly.

"In your eyes, I was always the smart one. I always tried to be strong and keep going because I thought of you. Then you wrote that farewell letter as if you were going to end your life. How do you think I felt?!"

Wan Viva tried to respond but could only sob.

"When I wrote that letter, I genuinely felt that way,"

The little girl admitted, tears streaming down her face.

"But I knew that if I died, you wouldn't be able to go on. You've already lost enough loved ones."

"No, I couldn't go on living. You're all I have. If you're gone, I can't go on anymore!"

I cried, overcome with emotion.

"After reading your letter, I realized that no matter who or what you are, I just want to be with you...! I Love you...I've always loved you, and not just as a girlfriend. I love every part of you, the hair, the fingers, the skin, the voice, the smell. I love all of you,"

I declared, my voice trembling.

"Enough, Pleng. I understand now. There's no need to explain,"

"Don't stop me. I'm going to say it all today. No more holding back. Your lips, whether they're cool or anything else...even if we're sisters, even if we're poor, damn it! I just want to have you. You're my everything,"

I proclaimed, unable to restrain my feelings.

"Pleng..."

Wan Viva began to approach me, but I couldn't stop myself.

"You are my breath, my soul, my air., my melody, my music, my muse, and you are..."

"What?"

A wide smile spread across my face.

"You are my dream,"

Wan Viva jumped towards me and tightly embraced me, letting out a loud exclamation that made me burst into laughter.

"Damn it! I can't believe it was so clear that you are my dream,"

"And you are my dream and my everything too,"

Wan Viva added I buried my face in Wan Viva's shoulder, feeling utterly exhausted.

"This is precious. I hope this isn't a dream. Promise me you'll still be here when I wake up,"

"I'm not going anywhere. I never planned on running away from you. I knew you would come looking for me. I couldn't bear the thought of hurting you. And one more thing, I'm a doctor. I have to be at the hospital."

"But you ran away. You left a note as if you weren't coming back,"

"I requested leave. My boss granted it,"

"Could it not have waited? It seemed so urgent,"

"I told them my father had just passed away,"

"But your father was already deceased,"

"Exactly. I merely claimed my previous rights,"

Wan Viva chuckled, tears shimmering in her eyes.

"If I could choose again, I wouldn't have become a doctor. The responsibility is overwhelming. Just to run away with my girlfriend, I need proper planning..how boring."

"What if I couldn't find you?"

"I would have returned to Bangkok to create war with you,"

Wan Viva declared, then paused as if realizing something.

"Ah, it's the hour of love, 7:15 am."

"Huh?"



"You confessed your love to me at 7:15!"

Wan Viva chuckled, squeezing me tighter.

"This memory will stay with me for the rest of my life."

"It's also time for me to sleep... I'm extremely tired. If only I had known you would return to Bangkok, I would have waited for you at your condominium. I wouldn't have had to run around like a headless chicken,"

"Then you would never discover how much you love me," the little girl laughed.

"It's really not easy to find me. Do you truly believe I would leave you? If you can't find me, I'll come back to you like an eager puppy."

"That's not a good comparison," I replied, my eyelids becoming increasingly heavy. Despite my fatigue, I continued talking to Wan Viva.

"Do you know that I had to pay for the entire bus to leave the city? There were less than four people on the bus. It rarely departs. I had to cover the cost of all the tickets. You see, it was quite challenging to obtain the money."

"How much was it? I'll reimburse you,"

"You, my dear Wan Viva, are both a doctor and a wallet,"

"Now you're talking nonsense,"

"After I wake up, I want some food,"

I requested as if I were an elderly person.

"I haven't eaten anything in two days. I only consumed two cans of Coca Cola. You're responsible for this, you know."

"So now I'm your boss and your maid, huh?"

"Yes..."

I trailed off, feeling my eyelids grow even heavier.

"After I eat, I'm going to devour you as well."

"What does that make me now?"

"Of course... you're my husband,"

"Wow,"

"And a wife,"

"I'll be your everything,"

"I love you,"

I declared, filled with affection.

"I love you more,"

"No, I love you more,"

"I love you more, more and more,"

"I wasn't talking about you. I was writing a song. Don't get too sentimental."

"Oh!"

Wan Viva pinched my waist and playfully hit my back.

"Just go. Go to bed,"

"Take me to bed, honey,"

"Get on my back,"

It wasn't too difficult as I climbed onto her back. I smelled her hair which further lulled me into a deeper sleep. My eyes closed, and I didn't know what happened next.

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The image turned black...

## CHAPTER 37

### I BELONG TO YOU

Six months had passed:

"I'm on time?"

Wan Viva, who had just returned from the hospital, rushed into the house. She looked guilty as she glanced at me and her mom. I shot her a disapproving look. Today was an important day for us, and I couldn't believe she was late.

"I'm sorry,"

The little girl apologized, taking a seat next to me on the sofa.

"I'm still new to driving. On the way back, I almost hit a van."

"What?! Are you alright?"

"I almost hit it, but thankfully I didn't,"

Wan Viva replied, checking the wall clock.

"It's not 8:15 p.m. yet. We still have time for the e-entertainment program."

"Shhh, that show is already over,"

Aunt Vi, who was sitting nearby, scolded us. It seemed like she was the more excited one among us... You must be wondering why the atmosphere around me suddenly changed. I shouldn't skip too many details. Let me summarize my story.

Wan Viva and I had moved out of her old condominium, where she had first lived with her ex-husband. We found a new house closer to the hospital, although it was a bit further than the previous one, making it impossible for her to ride a bike like Meg Ryan. She had to get a car

and recently learned to drive. She returned the old condominium to her ex-husband to sever all ties. It wouldn't feel right for her new partner to live in the same place that used to belong to her ex, even though it was purchased under her name.

Every week, Wan Viva and her mother would have dinner together at least once. I could say that I encouraged her to do so. Otherwise, she would always come up with excuses not to go, still holding onto her anger towards her mother for leaving me to grow up alone.

Initially, Aunt Vi couldn't accept the fact that we were together. She didn't believe in the scientific results of the lab test that proved Wan Viva was not my father's daughter. It took her a longtime to come to terms with the truth. Despite the pain of the past, Aunt Vi and Wan Viva were the only family I had left. I had nowhere else to go. At first, Wan Viva didn't want to forgive her mother, but I insisted that she reconciled with her. She was furious with me for pressuring her.

'Can't you be heartless like when you were younger? I was more used to that version.'

'I couldn't claim to be a good person either.'

After Wan Viva resolved things with her mother, I later learned that Aunt Vi never actually hated me. It was more about the fact that we had grown up in completely different paths, and she didn't feel fulfilled as a mother raising me alone. I tried to accept and let go of those feelings. The past was behind us now. We were focused on the present, and being together with everyone was important to me.

Currently, we were all gathered in front of the TV, eagerly awaiting the start of a new television drama. We weren't usually fans of TV dramas, but this one was special. It was the first nationwide airing of a song I had written and sang.

"You must be excited,"

I nodded, feeling a mix of nerves and anticipation.

"Do you think people will like it?"

"Yes, of course. At least I like it,".

"You like everything I do,"

"Yes, I like everything about you,"

She replied with a smile and gently touched my finger with her hand playfully. I looked at her and returned the smile, knowing what she was thinking.

"You always like to joke,"

"Well, if I can't do it with you, then who else?"

Just then, Aunt Vi, who was sitting not far from us, spoke up.

"Here, the show is starting."

Embarrassed, I withdrew my hand from Wan Viva's and shifted my attention to the television drama. And so, the song I had written played as the show's introduction. Wan Viva squeezed my hand excitedly, even though she was the only person in the world who had heard it before. But...I had written the song and felt the excitement too.

*"I always wonder what I feel for you.  
I've said 'I love you,'  
but I've never expressed it clearly when we were close.  
I thought that telling you I love you should be enough,  
but you want more from me.  
How can I express myself?  
It's not easy. So, I wrote this song to show you how I feel.  
Everywhere I go, I carry you with me,  
but I can't put it into words.  
My whole world lights up when I see your sweet smile directed towards me.  
All I need is for you to be by my side;  
nothing else matters.  
But when I see you suffering and crying,  
my entire world turns dark.  
Inside me, it feels broken,  
and I'll do my best to see your smile again.  
Words cannot describe how much I love you.  
I've sent you a love song.  
As soon as you hear the song,  
please realize that it's meant for you.  
People may sing the song,  
but it doesn't belong to anyone else.  
This song belongs to you.  
It's as if I belong to you."*

Not only did I write the lyrics of the song, but I also eagerly waited to see the credits of the song. Yes, the composer and the singer were under my name. I created it. Earth helped with the adjustments, but 90 percent of the song was my own work.

I turned to see the doctor crying. I laughed.

"Why are you crying? My song is beautiful."

"It's such a beautiful song,"

"Of course it's beautiful. I wrote it for you,"

Initially, I didn't want to sell the song to Earth. But Wan Viva insisted that my work should be recognized. It must have been amazing for the song I wrote for her to become famous.

"If you become famous and get interviewed, you have to tell people that you wrote it for me,"

Wan Viva said, squeezing my hand in support. We looked at each other. That day was one of the happiest moments for me. I had my family back, and we were all together, with my song playing on TV.

"Today is a good day,"

I looked at her in surprise and smiled.

"It's a very good day, but everyday is a good day since I met you."

"I'm scared,"

"Scared of what?"

I asked.

"That something bad might happen."

"Let it come, we'll face it together."

Wan Viva smiled widely at me.

"Yes, we'll get through it together."

She turned her attention back to the TV as the drama began.

"The song is over. What's next?"

"Well, now we have to wait until the drama is over. Then, my song will play again,"

"So, we just have to wait until it's over. What's the name of the song?"

"You know the name of the song well."

"Tell me, what is the song called?"

I felt embarrassed every time I had to say the name of the song. My face flushed, feeling hot like an oven.

"Tell me,"

She urged.

I took a deep breath and looked at her, her eagerness undying.

"The song is called..."

.  
. .  
. .  
. .

"Your Song."

"That's it?" Wan Viva questioned, never getting tired of hearing it.

"And it belongs to you," I whispered to Aunt Vi and Wan Viva.

"I belong to you."

"What is that?"

"It belongs to you and it's called 'YourSong.' This song is written for you. Are you happy?"

I nervously bit my lip. Wan Viva had asked me to say it repeatedly in front of her mother.

"Okay," Wan Viva smiled.

"You belong to me too."

"You are my dream. Let's grow old together."

We didn't know what the future held, but we made a promise to fight together. We didn't know if our love would endure, but we vowed to never let go...We loved each other...We both dreamed of each other. I gazed into her eyes and repeated once again.

"My dream is you, My Wan Viva."

## SPECIAL CHAPTER: 01

### WANVIVA'S PAST

4 am....

I woke up again at the same time but I was pushed down by Pleng who laid next to me, before she pulled me in and hugged me. I buried my face into her chest and took a deep breath to smell her. Her smell reassured me that I wasn't dreaming. If it was a dream, I did not want to wake up to face the truth that Pleng had run away.

"I told you to remember that 4 am is when we make love"

"My body doesn't believe that you're here!".

"I shouldn't hurt you like that".

The beautiful girl kissed my forehead gently and pulled me in for a hug. I wrapped both of my arms around her neck loosely and tried to close my eyes again but the picture flashed back from 13 years ago still haunted.

That night when I woke up at 5.30 am... The day I was so mad at myself. I slept so deeply and did not know that she left. I woke up and took a shower like usual. I realized something was wrong when I saw a letter and noticed that her guitar was missing. At that moment, I realized she was gone.

"Where are you going, Wan?"

My mom shouted to me when she saw me walking out of the house, my student uniform wasn't properly dressed. I ran out barefoot and ignored the protest from my mom. At that moment, I thought if I was faster, bigger, taller than this, I might catch her but...there was no glimpse of her. I ran out of the house for almost 2 Kilometers without my shoes. I had no idea that my feet were cut by sharp stones, nails. Because of the heat from the road. I cried the whole way. People asked if I was ok but I was so mad at everybody in the world, especially my mom and dad.



"You're not in school and what happened to your foot?"

My mom asked when she saw me. My face was full of tears. My feet were cut and bled. My hair was messy wasn't ready for school at all.

"What happened, Wan? "

"Pleng left. "

"Left?"

My mom looked surprised and then she tried to calm down.

"I guess she left. She told us about dinner yesterday. It's not unexpected"

"You don't feel anything? That's Pleng!"

I shouted to her like I never did before. My mom looked at me in shock. She quickly changed the subject.

"Go shower again and go to school. No stay home. Your feet must hurt!"

"My feet just hurt but Pleng had nowhere to go. How did you do that?"

My dad who just came down listened to our argument in surprise. He did not understand anything.

"What is this all about?"

"You two are the meanest persons I've ever known".

"What the hell are you talking about? I just woke up. Why are you yelling at me?"

My dad pointed at himself.

"This is your father! "

I felt disgusted.. They deserved it. Parents who took money from a child who had nothing left and asked her to leave. How did they do that?

"I'll remember that you two are my father and mother. I'll work and repay you."

I looked at them feeling disgusted.

"As I should".

"Wan Viva!"

Never in my life have I been aggressive toward my parents but this time I thought they should be punished. They should know how it felt not to be loved. I studied hard and looked for Pleng as much as I should. I went to Frank, and asked for his help. Once, I was so close to finding her, but she seemed to know something was up when Frank made an appointment with her. She never showed up. I was so upset then.

"It was me, Wan Viva. Why didn't she want to see me?"

In her letter, she said she loved me. But she acted differently. My days were never happy. I wake up at 4 am, paranoid every night. I was scared of this. My days were never happy. I wake up at 4 am, paranoid every night. I was scared at this time because it was the farewell time. If only I knew it then, she would never leave. I won't let her leave. But I slept through it that was why I was mad at myself. There was someone who stood by me during all these darkest moments. Eak, a friend I have known since high school. He never gave up and tried to keep the relationship with me.

I never give him hope or anything, but I kept him close because Pleng told me that he was a good guy and she chose him for me. What kind of reason was this?

I studied medical school and always visited a temple to pray to have Pleng back to me. My friends at the university told me about a book called "The Secret". The book told me about how powerful our mind was that the universe will bring whatever we thought to us. I wasn't sure if these would be true but I was willing to try anything. I kept Eak close to me because Pleng told me he was good.

I bought a 200,000 baht guitar with all my savings, waiting for her to play. I spent my first income on the electric piano, even though I had such a limited space in my condo. I went to every restaurant with a live band after work for an hour all over Bangkok, just to look for her in these places. My life with a tiny bit of hope made me keep going. My father passed away in the 8th year from lung cancer. That was how I met my mother again after I tried to avoid her for many years.

"Is it enough punishment for me?"

My mom said,

"No."

I replied when my mother asked emotionless. I felt sad as his child when I lost my father...as I should.

"This is your mother. How could you care about other people more than me?"

"Pleng is not other people."

I looked at her feeling upset.

"For me, Pleng is family".

"Am I your family then?"

"I love you too but I'm punishing you now. How do you feel when the people you love don't love you?"

This was how Pleng felt. I knew that Pleng, the artsy woman, loved my mother more than anything. She actually might be closer to my mother than her own mother. She must feel devastated after she heard that. I could remember her face clearly. I wanted my mom to feel that too.

"I have my reason".

"Good. It's not normal if you hate someone who loves you without any good reason."

I said coldly. I was sure that my words cut her deep.

"You are not your father's daughter."

My mother's reason made my heart skip a beat. I looked at her.

"What do you mean?"

"Wan, your father is Pleng's father."

"I was another wife of his, That was why I don't like Pleng because Pleng got everything you should have too."

I laughed out loud after I heard her reasons, even though we were at a temple for my father's funeral. There were not too many people but they all looked at me in shock.

"Are you watching too much TV drama?"

"Wan, I'm serious".

My mother's confirmation made me even angrier. My mom not only drove Pleng away, but also slept with her father.

"Is it too bad if I say I hate you at my father's funeral?"

"You are too greedy. You were a maid, what did you want?"

I yelled at her and grabbed my purse and walked out of the temple right away. My mom ran after me and cried painfully when she saw my reaction. I shook my hand off her grip and looked at her angrily.

"Wan....you are the only person I have left. Don't treat me like this".

"Good. You should know how Pleng feels".

"Wan."

She cried. I left my mom alone on that day. I took revenge for Pleng. Then, I lived alone like Pleng, too. We were the same..... Pleng. Now some people understand you more.

Sunnyai

## SPECIAL CHAPTER: 02

### WAN VIVA AND PLENG RETURN

Finally, the day had arrived...when Wan Viva returned. It could be the response to my prayer or any law of attraction, I did not mind. Whatever it was that returned you to me, I deeply appreciated. She returned when my life was ready. She returned when the time was right. It was the time I broke free from the marriage. I was single.

My heart pounded so fast when I learned that Pleng was treated in the hospital. I had no focus on work at all because I was worried that it could be just a dream, I was upset once again to learn that she ran away from the hospital without telling everybody I quickly dropped everything and got in a taxi to chase her.

"I pledged to myself that you could never run away from me again."

When I arrived at her place, I felt sad to see how she lived. This was not the environment Pleng should live in. Pleng shouldn't live like this....this was because of my mother. I felt pain thinking about this. I waited until Pleng walked in but there seemed to be a problem. A man was arguing with her and tried to block the sweet face to go up. I could only catch that they fought about breaking up. He did not want to break up with her while she kept saying she did not want to be someone else's affair. That was her boyfriend. While they were arguing, Pleng fainted down on the floor. I dashed into her and asked the man to leave. Then I looked her in the eyes and pled to her.

"Please go to the hospital".

Pain.....

"I don't have money".

So painful...

"I do".

"Don't do this."

What else should I do then? Her life was ruined because of my family. Even if I had to spend everything I had, I'll take care of her till the day I die... Because I loved you.....I finally talked her through to come back with me. The sweet face wasn't her own self when she said she did not want to bother me. I did not know what to do with the humble Pleng in this version. But in a way, it made us equal, instead of me feeling that I was never good enough for her since we were young. This was good. We were perfect for each other.

I won't go into details about how we lived together but I would tell you how I made Pleng stay with me. I made her feel bonded with me. I flirted with her a lot more to express myself. But, my mother's words about we shared the same father were in my mind. I never believed it but I couldn't live with paranoia. If it was just me, I could deal with it but Pleng had a big ego. She also had self respect. She would never live with anything like that. I had to prove it. The best result was the scientific proof of the DNA test.

I grabbed Pleng's toothbrush and my own blood for a test. The moment I received the letter, I was so excited as if I got news about getting into a university: But this was a serious matter because it could tell the future between me and Pleng. When the result said we were not related, I determined to move forward. I had to get her.....I had been in love with her and admired her. She seemed to fall for me too but the signal wasn't clear. If I did not start, our relationship won't go anywhere. And yes I flirted as much as I could. And because the sweet face had a feeling for me, our story could move forward. But the only problem was that I was not free from Eak legally. I tried to clear myself, so I visited him in the hospital even though it was so mean but I had to tell him.

"How are you?"

Eak was surprised when he saw me He looked like a lost puppy that just found his owner. Sometimes I felt guilty that I pulled him in this situation but I thought I repaid him everything when he forced me to have sex with him.

"You come to see me"

"Yes"

"You never did before".

My ex-husband looked at me and realized that there might be a reason why I visited him. I tried to be as quick as possible, even though I knew it would hurt him badly.

"I'm here to talk about the divorce."

"You don't even worry about me..."

Eak said with tears in his eyes. His speech was still not really audible but I sort of understood what he tried to say.

"Do you have to hurry this much? "

"Yes, I don't want to cause you any more pain. Our relationship was so far beyond repair."

I looked at the wound on his face and thought about what happened.

"You still have hope about me. That's why you still hang on to this."

"Can I have just a little?"

"What?"

"Can't you pretend that you worry about me just a little bit. "

I sighed and looked at my ex-husband feeling pity. I tried so many times to love him before I met Pleng. But my heart said differently, I couldn't feel anything toward him, sometimes I thought my heart was made of stone. But when I met Pleng, I immediately turned into a little kitten. Why was that?

"No, because I did not care about you. I'm more worried about Pleng after I met you."

There was silence between us. I could be too harsh that Eak's tears rolled down his face. But I tried to take the bandage off as fast as possible, it helped him make up his mind, even though he was upset.

"Ok, If you're in such a hurry, I'll give you a divorce."

"Are you happy now?"

I got up and grabbed my purse as to gesture that this conversation was over.

"Yes, I am happy. As soon as you're out of the hospital, we'll get a divorce."

"Wan!"

"Thank you".

I walked away without looking back at him again.

## SPECIAL CHAPTER: 03

### WAN VIVA'S FEET

After I signed my signature on the paper, everything was done. Our relationship was over. I was free. It happened very fast in other people's eyes because Eak and I were together briefly and ended with a divorce. People would never know why our relationship was over, even though we were together since we were young. Only he and I knew.

Eak never told anyone why he agreed to divorce me. People might think that he did something wrong and that I could never forgive him. Even though he shot himself, I still did not forgive him. If he was another man, he might tell everybody that I cheated on him. I guess, he was too embarrassed that I left him for someone new. And the new one was a woman. After we finished signing the paper, we both walked out of the government office with silence. I did not start any conversation with him. I had no interest in his business anyway.

"We are truly done"

Eak started the conversation. I looked at him and replied.

"Yes."

"Do you really think that you and Pleng will be together forever?"

"That is our business."

My ex-husband looked at me and shook his head.

"You are always mean to me. You should feel guilty for putting me in this mess"

"I'll take all responsibility. I hope I could repay you."

I said and walked away...I looked back at him.....



"The scar on your cheek can be treated. Don't let it there for too long."

I mentioned a gunshot wound on his cheek, in front of one and out to the other. It was the wound that reminded me of that incident when Eak caught me cheating with Pleng.

"I Keep it to remind myself that you were once my wife and you were cheated. "

"Let's say we are even then because you cheated too.

"Why did that happen?"

Eak started to get upset again when talked about our useless history.

"Whatever the reason was, you did it. Forget about it and I wanted you to know that I never hate you. "

"But what you did was much more than hate. "

"I have nothing to say anymore. I'm leaving. "

"If we couldn't end it nicely, let just considered we were dead to each other."

"Wan don't you have any good feelings for me?"

His sad pleaded made me pause. I admitted that I was so mean to him since we were married, I never cared about him. To me, he was just a stranger I met and used as a tool to look for someone important. Eak did nothing wrong. I never hated him. I thought being mean might help him cut me easier.

"I was with you all the time when you were sad. I did everything for you but you never let me be a part of your life. I love you but you treated me like a piece of trash!"

"Love happened when two people see eyes to eyes."

I replied to my ex-husband in a simple voice. I looked at him and explained.

"You love me and I repaid that with marriage. Can't we just get even?"

"Married? You are saying getting married is to repay me?"

Eak looked painful when he repeated that.

"Can a marriage repay someone?"

"No."

"But I don't know how to thank you. You have sex with me. Let's call it even. "

"Wan Viva!"

His shout draw attention from people. It was as if we were in a bad TV drama. The scene that hurt so much. The blue sky turned grey, signaling a storm... was coming. Today's atmosphere was similar to 13 years ago when I woke up and did not see Pleng. The grey sky waited for the sunshine, the rain hit on my face when I ran out of the house with a letter from my best friend in my hand that said she would never come back.

"Pleng...pleng."

I remembered I ran out of the house in a loose T-shirt and shorts I even forgot to wear my shoes. I ran and cried like a crazy person. I did not know how far I ran. I had no money with me. People looked at me with pity. That was how the heartbreak felt like I had no energy to do anything else when I learned that she would never come back. I had cuts on my feet because I ran barefoot very far. What else happened on that day?...My feet hurt, so I couldn't walk properly. Eak helped with the medicine and picked me up, that was how he took care of me.

"Wan your feet must hurt"

"Pleng is not here anymore..."

I cried.

"She will be back."

"What if she's not?"

"I'll be with you until she is back."

He was the one who supported and encouraged me. He told me Pleng would be back. He was really next to me all along when Pleng was away. All the past 13 years that I had waited for Pleng to return, Eak was the one next to me and encouraged me. Sometimes I let him treat me like a girlfriend. For example;

"Wan....there is a reunion party for my school. Can you go with me? I wanted to introduce you to my friends. "

I wasn't willing to go but he was always there for me, so I did something for him in return. Eak was proud when he introduced me to his friends. He boasted about me, where I studied, and

what I studied. All I did was just be there for him and smiled from time to time. I never thought that what I did make him think I was ok with him.

"Let's get married."

And of course, I refused every time he mentioned it. But he never gave up. He kept asking day after day. He always took whatever I throw at him, even when I was sad, or mad. He was there. He was a good guy but...not the right guy. I only had Pleng in my mind. There would be times when I forgot about her, when I studied very hard, and worked very hard. Whenever I realized I forgot about her, I would cry.

"You would be sad to know that sometimes I forgot about you."

I lived just to see Pleng again, I would wait for her as long as it takes. I'd do everything I could to look for her, until the day I decided to go all in, to kill myself and Eak too.

"Do you think Pleng will show up if we get married?"

I asked Eak casually. He chuckled because he did not think much of the question.

"if it was me, of course, I'll go. It's your best friend's wedding.",

Even Eak agreed, that was why I decided to do it.

"Let's get married.".

"Can I ask you one more time? Do you have any good feelings for me?"

Eak asked me with some hope when we stood in front of the government office. He loved me so much that his voice trembled. It might be better if I was the third person here I did not want to be the person who received that love. It was so uncomfortable to answer that question.

"Not that I have no good feeling toward you. I just feel nothing.".

"I'm back".

My long slow voice greeted me once I walked in the door. Pleng wore her eyephone with her back again the door. She did not hear me. I guessed she was writing a song. I looked at my lover before going in for a hug from behind. I cuddled her like a kitten

"Peekaboo."

"You're here."

The sweet face smiled at me before hugging me back.

"You're late".

"Do you miss me?"

"Just a bit".

Psst...

"Is everything ok?"

"Yes, it's done."

The relieved look on her face made me smile. The sweet face always worried about our status. She worried about Eak and did not feel right when we were together. Even though I insisted that I was single.

"I should feel happy, right?"

"Yes, you should feel happy."

I looked at Pleng who wanted to feel happy but wasn't sure what she should feel.

"What are you thinking now?"

"I'm wondering if you never see me, would you and Eak will have today?"

"The day you separated.",

"It's unavoidable".

I replied without hesitation. The point of getting married was to find Pleng. It wasn't a surprise to get a divorce because of Pleng again. The sweet face here was a bit over concern. She wasn't a caring person growing up.

"I felt like I owe him something.

"You should let it go now. Today I am officially divorced. Which means I'm free now. Both of us can go out openly. You don't have to worry about our status anymore.

Pleng was now quiet and pressed a note on the piano thinking quietly by herself. Her face was a bit sad when she started to say something.

"You decided to get married to him just because you expected to see me, right?"

"Yes."

I replied and chuckled.

"It was really stupid, right?"

"Yes, it was. Did you have any plan for what to do if I really show up?"

"Were you going to cancel the wedding? If so....."

Pleng lifted her fingers off the piano and stared at me. I couldn't help but reach out to pinch her cheek.

"Yes, I would cancel it."

"Wow."

The sweet face looked surprised with the answer.

"It was a good thing that I never showed up, otherwise; Eak would hate me the rest of his life. "

"Do you think Eak like you now? We met each other again and he had two scars on his face and a ruin molar. "

"Ok, I got the picture and feel guilty now.

"Yes, you should be because you did not show up, so things have gone way out of hand like this. "

Pleng sat with shoulders slumped forward.

"Maybe I shouldn't come back into your life. Eak would still be with you, no scars on his face and he still has all of his teeth".

"I'm getting upset. Are you happy if I stayed with someone I don't love?"

I said feeling upset. Pleng looked at me and tried to smile.

"You don't have to be upset".

"Of course, I have to be upset. I prefer the old Pleng who doesn't care too much about people. You are too lame right now".

As soon as I criticized her, she stared at me as if to fight back. Yes. I gave in to her every time. I always like that.

"What are you doing now I change the subject."

Pleng who still staring at me, slowly turned away.

"I'm writing a song. I just sat down in front of the piano after I cleaned up for a long time, to kill time waiting for you. What can I say? I'm unemployed. "

"You can just stay home. I'll work for us.

"Stop buying me with money!"

Pleng looked at me and complained.

"I miss the job at the hotel. I shouldn't steal a girlfriend from the owners of the hotel.

"It's too late to be nice now.

"It's Karma."

Pleng hit the strange notes on the piano as if to complain.

"That's why I'm trying to write a song and send it to Earth.

Maybe I can have another song out. Today I organized the house, and I just noticed you only have sneakers. "

"Ahah."

"You don't wear any heels?"

"I can't ride a bicycle if I wear those.

"But now you don't ride a bicycle anymore. You have a car. "

"But I need my sneakers anyway.

"You're short. You should wear heels to look like a mature doctor like in a TV. A doctor wears a white lab coat with heels, making a click-clacking sound."

"I can't run when I wear heels.

"Where are you running to?"

"To chase you if you run away again. "

Pleng was shocked to hear that. She looked like she feel guilty when talked about 13 years ago. She left home and almost made me go crazy. I never wore flip-flops again after that. I wore sneakers all the time just to prepare for this situation that could never happen again.

"I'm not running away again. You'll see me sitting right here when you're back from the hospital. I will be playing piano, writing a song, or even covering a song and posted on Youtube.

"Stop talking about work. I'm back. "

"Yes, you're back and then what?"

"Think what's next. "

I grabbed her wrist while she was still hitting notes.

"Are you going to pay attention to the piano, more than me?"

"Welllll...."

I said with a long voice and cuddled her neck.

"There are so many things to do.

"You are sexy again."

Pleng laughed and pushed my chest out. She looked at me and smiled.

"You are so different from when we were young.

"I think you just never knew me deep down."

"You were so innocent back then."

"Under that innocent, I hid so many feelings inside. I was like you. I'm always horny when I'm with you. "

"Since we were young?"

"I just suppressed it so well while you expressed everything."

I giggled.

"That's why I have to flirt with you otherwise, we're not going anywhere. "

"You are flirting with me now. "

"Just to draw your attention from the piano, to have sex with me. "

It worked. The beautiful face left the piano and paid attention to me. She leaned down and kissed me on my lip.

"That is a very straightforward invitation."

Pleng said while unbuttoning the top of my white shirt. Her lip gently touched from my jaw to my ear I moaned quietly when I felt sensitive,

"Ok, I feel less guilty now. "

"Then I'll have to turn you on more often. "

I reached out to the end of Pleng's shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing her sexy and perfect body.

"You were really good at keeping your emotion inside. I couldn't tell how hot you could become. I thought it was just me who turned on when we were together. "

"I like it when you turned on. It is so cute. "

"You like something different. "

"I only like you."

I started to unbutton my shirt

"You will be surprised."



## SPECIAL CHAPTER: 04

### WANVIVA'S SEXINESS

"Oh, I'm so tired".

Pleng stretched herself after we finished eating dinner together. I told the beautiful face that I could hear her bone cracking, then I teased her.

"Do you want me to massage you?"

"Can you?"

Pleng looked at me in surprise but when she looked at me in the eyes, she started to be shy.

"You're not going to give me just a massage.

"If you want just a massage, I'll give you a massage.

"Actually....I want...."

I lifted a glass of water to take a sip but none of the water went in. Water spilled everywhere on my shirt because I missed my lip. I was stunned by what Pleng was showing to me. Pleng was Flirting with me.

"I want. "

"I want a massage.

The beautiful face got up and walked to the bathroom. She slowly removed her clothes one by one until she was totally naked. I did not expect that because it was me who usually does that. I was shocked to see this, and quickly followed her.

"Pleng."

"Yes?"

"Are you flirting?"

"That's direct.

Pleng scratched her cheek feeling shy.

"Do you like it?"

"Yes, I'm just surprised. Oops..."

The sweet face walked into me and pulled my shirt over my head, and she kept removing clothes off me until I was less and less covered.

"What did you take?"

"I never started first. It has always been you since I can remember. I want to try it this time. "

Pleng kissed me and gently touched her fingertips on my body. I turned it on very easy.

Even since I was young. I always knew how I felt toward Pleng, my childhood friend. It was a very clear feeling to me. It took me a while to admit that I liked her, who was like my family, my sister. I couldn't remember when I knew I was in love with her. I never did. I knew only that I loved and obsessed with her like she was a celebrity. It was even more than that but I could never express it. I could only look at her and tried to get closer because as a girl it was ok to do it to another girl without being weird. The same-sex relationship, what can I say, it wasn't natural. We were also from different social statuses. I was afraid that she would reject me. It scared me too. But...I had some hope since the day we took a bath together.

"Let's go take a bath together. "

Pleng asked me casually without any hidden agenda, but I of course had some hidden agenda. It was hard for me to control myself, especially when we had to be naked in front of each other. The beautiful face tried to tease me to be relaxed but she had no clue that her touch, just a tip of her finger on my bare skin, had so much impact on my body I was a teenager and my hormones were the scariest thing. I was turned on.

The difference between Pleng and I was that I accepted the truth. I knew how I felt when her hands were on my body. I moaned because my imagination took me far away in that moment and it seemed to shake Pleng too. I could feel that she was shocked. The whole night I was

mad at myself that Pleng might know how I felt. The sweet-faced rolled around on the bed all night. She thought she was the only one who couldn't sleep

For many moments, I thought of strong around and just bugging her. But Pleng is Pleng, she would be upset more than play along if I did that I had to pretend that I was ok and nothing happened i woke up early and got out to make merit at the temple as usual. If she ever noticed, I did not sleep either. I rolled around all night too! Then Pleng did something I expected. She pushed me away. She wasn't stupid at all but she always handle things differently. Now she told me to get a boyfriend. She even told me to get lost. We ended up did not talk to each other for weeks, until one day, I told her that I hated her.

"Odd, can you go open Pleng's door?"

I sat in my bedroom and heard my mother's concerned voice.

"Why?"

"Pleng is in the bathroom. Don't talk now. Go open her door".

My father rushed to the main house. I panicked and ran to her room. I could see that water from the bathroom seeped out to the bedroom.. What happened to Pleng? Why did she let the water flow out like this?"

My father looked left and rightt figuring out what to do. He decided to break in. The picture we saw was Pleng, naked in the tub, almost drown. Both my mother and hers rushed in to carry her out. They dried her off and covered her.

"Pleng! What happened?!"

I froze because of all the noises and the image I saw; she passed out on the floor. She was just fine but....

"I hate you. "

That incident reminded me that our life was so uncertain. One minute she was fine and the next she could be dead. I told her that I hated her even though I loved her when I realized she might not wake up ever again. All I did was cried, cried, and cried looked at her face who now passed out for a long time.

"I don't hate you" I whispered into her ear painfully I hoped she can hear me.

"I love you... more than anything."

My feeling was clearer and clearer every day. I had so many people approached me but no one made me feel sensitive like this woman. You could call me twisted or not normal but I knew..... that I loved Pleng, even though she did not love me.

While I kept whispering to her that I loved her, she finally woke up. She was confused about what happened. Pieces of my broken heart were picked up and patched back together. The atmosphere between us changed once again. We both said sorry to each other. And kept telling each other that I love you. Yes the atmosphere between us truly changed.

"I love you too"

"Good, we both love each other... Opps".

I leaped in to hug Pleng but it seemed to activate something in her. I felt like she smelled me. Pleng's warm hands touched me all over. We all had an instinct. I could tell immediately what kind of mood that was. I was turned on quite fast too. I couldn't let this go.

"What kind of shampoo did you use?"

"I use the same one you used. Mom grabbed the same shampoos."

I kept talking even though my heart was pounding with strange emotion.

"When I use it, it did not smell this good.

"um..."

I let out some sounds that I couldn't control. Even I was surprised once again, I felt like the first time we took a bath together. Ah...yes, I was turned on. It was too obvious.

"Can I smell here?"

Pleng asked for permission. I wanted to say that you did not need to ask but a knock on the door interrupted us. Yes..... then it was over. We pretended there was nothing happened I waited the next day to see if Pleng mentioned anything about it. But she did not say anything, then I realized she felt something too. That made me happy. Why? Because friends don't do this. If it was normal, we should be able to talk but Pleng avoid the issue. She acted differently, being jealous and possessive. It gave me hope. I tried to create the same atmosphere by asking to sleep over. I told her I was scared of ghosts, or lonely or whatever I could come up with it worked every times. I was touched every time when I pretended to sleep.

Many times I wanted to tell her that I was still awake. But Pleng was Pleng. She would never accept any truth easily, so I won't push her. She might push me away even further by telling me to date a man. I pretended to sleep, and let her touch me whenever she wanted. I would just

wait for the end game. But that gun-shot sound... "bang" changed everything. Pleng and I were at the cross-road of life. Since then we separated for 13 years.

"Pleng."

I called her when we lay in a bathtub together. Pleng leaned over me and looked like she fell asleep.

"Yes."

"Have you ever wondered how our lives would turn out if there was no gunshot that night?" Pleng paused and shook her head.

"I don't know. We were turned on that night. "

I smiled when I realized she remembered what happened between us that night. She did not try to avoid the issue like she always did.

"Yes, we were about to start.

"We might have sex awkwardly because we did not know what to do. " Pleng chuckled.

"We might not lay here together because we already broke up.

"You think we might break up?"

"It is possible. I was mean when I was young. I was so spoiled, If we had sex, I might get bored or annoyed by you. Or you could be the one who walked away from me. We might end up fighting and hating each other by now."

"It might not be like that because I love you so much and did not want to lose you. "

"Nothing is certain. My father's gunshot made me who I am today. I'm a mature, strong and sympathetic person and...

"To see you again, it makes everything so clear. I'm head-over-heels with you, doctor Wan. "

Her simple sentence gave so much impact to me. My heart was pounding fast. Pleng who was on top of me moved her head closer. She knew I was excited.

"Are you that excited? Your heart beat fast on my back right now."

"It won't be good if I love you this much. "

"Why?"

"We'll have sex days and nights and it will never end."

Pleng turned over to look at me. Her ears turned red.

"This is the other things that is different since we were young."

"What?"

"You were so shy when you were young but now you're so hot. "

"I might be hot since I was a child, you just did not know it. "

"You talk as if you knew it then."

"I knew it since we took a bath together. But I did not know how to relieve myself. I had to study."

I wrapped my arms around her waist. My left hand moved up to her chest. My right hand moved downward and bent my finger up.

"Ahhhhh..."

Pleng's body was intense. I touched my lip on her ear and whispered.

"When I knew how to do it, I always wondered if you knew the way to relieve yourself. "

"Nice hands. "

"Do you want to be me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Imagined being me when I felt so strong with you. I searched for a way to relieve myself and I wanted you to know how much I'm into you. "

"Ummm. I wondered how did you do it? Ohhhhhh..."

The sweet face lifted her leg up over the tub, gave me more space to work with.

"Teach me, I'm into you." I smiled and moved my fingers.

"Watch it. I'll teach you".

## SPECIAL CHAPTER: 05

### THE JEALOUS WAN VIVA

This must be Pleng's year. Her song was a song for a TV drama but it was so famous. When people in the music industry heard it, all the work came to her immediately.

"XYZ band contacted me. They want me to write them a song. So exciting!"

Pleng boasted the next morning. She smiled all morning. The morning is usually our time to share and exchange our day.

"You look so happy.

"Yes, I feel like my life has some meaning.

"That's good?"

"You don't understand. You succeeded in getting into university and becoming a doctor. But I did not have a university degree, or even a high school diploma. This is great for me!"

"Becoming a doctor, for me, did not really give me meaning in life."

"People want to be like you.

Pleng explained as if she tried to say I was greedy. It was enough to be a doctor.

"You have saved no many lives. "

"I only realized that my life has some meaning when I'm with you. "

"What? Why are you quiet?"

"Silly. You make me shy. Are you trying to have sex with me again?"

Pleng wrapped her arms around herself.

"You are going to be late for work. "

"Silly you. I'm just saying that you are the best thing that happens in my life.

"Not related. I'm talking about work. You are the best thing in my life too. "

"We are so sweet in the morning.

I got up from the dressing table and walked over to kiss the sweet face who lay on the bed.

"I'm going to the hospital now. "

"Are you coming home today?"

"No, I'll stay on a night shift.

"Let me know if you miss me, I'll go over to see you."

"I miss you already. "

Pleng chuckled and pulled me down for a kiss.

"Off to work, you go. "

I am so happy now. My life had been settled. Knowing that I had someone waiting for me at home, I could call her every time I missed her. Unlike in the past, I waited every day with a bit of hope that we would meet again someday. That was how I pushed myself forward.

A doctor?.... Just because I was smart enough and I wanted her to be proud of me. I loved her so much I couldn't imagine how I would live without her. I totally forgot that there were also some other issues, apart from being apart.....

"Is this your friend? This video is viral. "

A nurse in my department walked up to me with a mobile in her hand. She showed me a VDO clip that I had never seen before. It showed Pleng is playing a piano with the singer named Earth at a hotel reception. The two looked like they played well together but the guy stood over Pleng and played from behind. It looked like he was hugging her. Now my mood was changing. I could feel my emotion rising like boiling water.

"When was this shot?"



"I don't know. The person who posted it said it was a while ago. It could be when they first met each other. They look like a couple.

"No, they are not.

"Pleng is my girlfriend. "

I stared at the nurse who knew well about my story but she just tried to upset me. Pleng had some explanation to do. I won't keep this to myself. I had to talk to her.

"Hi, Doctor. "

Her sweet voice greeted me at the other end of the line. I was upset but when I heard her cheerful voice, I felt more calm, just a bit though.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm out with a friend".

"Ha? A friend?"

I frown feeling agitated. Since when she got a friend. I thought she only had me?

"Yes, do you remember my high school band? Tod, the drummer and Patty, the singer?"

I nodded even though the girl at the other end did not see it... Yes, Pleng had her own band and she was the one who dropped everything all of a sudden because she wasn't happy with them.

"How did you meet?"

"Facebook!"

Pleng sounded excited.

"I just started to use Facebook on the mobile phone you gave me. I met so many old friends. Patty saw my name on the song credit at the end, so she reached out.

I wasn't sure why but I felt so upset, my eye was twitching. I tried to be calm though.

"It's good you found your old friends. You can catch up and talk about the past. "

"Yes."

"Then you might remember why you stop being friends with them."

Pleng was silent. Now she knew how I feel.

"Are you ok?"

"I'm ok. "

"You are not. I can feel it. "

"I called you because I have a question for you.

"What is it?"

"I saw a VDO of you playing the piano with a male singer. "

"Ahhh, that is Earth. I saw it. Was I good or what?"

Pleng, who had no clue why I asked, still boasted proudly. I sighed and replied back like I was a totally different person.

"You're ok.",

I replied indifferently.

"Just ok?"

She started to lose confidence. Pleng never had this reaction from me before, immediately felt guilty, even when I did not see her face.

"Not that you're not good but I think you're better when you play solo. "

"This song wasn't good because of Earth then. I never played just ok. Every time I put my fingers down on these keys, I gave it the best shots. Every note I hit, was crafted carefully. "

The other end of the line sounded like she covered the speaker.

"Especially when I put my finger in you."

I couldn't help but smile immediately! I covered my face with my hand and stayed silent. If I said something, she would know right away that I was smiling.

"Why are you quiet?"

"Nothing."

"You are smiling, I know my Wan Viva likes dirty jokes."

Her teasing voice made me feel even more embarrassed.

"Silly."

"I'm going back soon. We are talking about getting together and covering some song and posting it on YouTube. It must be great. "

"Yes, if it makes you happy. "

"Is that why you call?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to see you. "

"Why?"

"I miss you. "

I lost to her completely. But Pleng did not show up like she said she would. I waited to see my musician who had the killer finger and felt angry. I would be angry at her once I saw her but not for long I started to feel worried. She never breaks her promise. I tried to call her but I was surprised to hear a male voice at the other end.

"Is this Pleng's number?"

[ Yes, now she is so drunk. She can't even tell me her address.]

"Who am I speaking with?"

[I'm Tod.]

"Oh, Tod I'm Wan Viva, Pleng's friend. Do you remember me?"

[ Yes, of course, I remember you. The cute Wan Viva. You are the only one with this name. How are you?]

"I'm good. "

I replied not feeling very happy. It wasn't a time for chitchat. I quickly changed the subject.

"Where is Pleng now?"

[She is at the Fun Bar.]

It must be a really fun bar.....

[Can you take her in a cab and rope to my hospital? ]

[What are you doing at the hospital?]

"I'm a doctor.

[Wooooow!]

I heard he told someone near him and they all got excited.

[Wan is a doctor? That's great. ]

"Please."

[Sure thing. Which hospital? I'll take her.]

For almost 30 minutes I walked around in a circle at the lobby of the hospital. I wore the white coat over the green scrubs. After a while, a blue taxi pulled over with friends who looked familiar and also smelled alcohol.

"Tod?"

He couldn't remember me. His eyes wide opened, and his jaw dropped down.

"Is this Wan Viva? Wow! How come you grown up so beautiful? Hey, look she is wearing doctor's scrubs.

"With short hair. "

"So cool. "

Tod, Patty and another friend I couldn't remember the name were excited to see me. To be honest, I was annoyed by them because I wanted to know more about Pleng, who still sat in the car.

"Pleng?"

"She is so drunk."

Patty gestured into the car. I bent over to look into the car and saw Pleng hugging her friend closely. The image upset me.

"Can you bring her out, please?"

Everybody helped take her out of the car. The troubled girl now looked at me and did not seem to recognize me. She looked around her.

"Why am I here at the hospital?"

"To see me. "

The sweet face looked at me like she remembered and hiccupped.

"My doctor Wan."

Pleng leaped into me in front of everybody and kissed me all over my face. It was ok for me but for other people it was a shock.

"You smell nice. You turn me on.

I flushed because she usually never said things like this. But it was another story when she was drunk.

"Thanks, you all to drop her here she never drunk like this before. She must be happy to see you guys. "

"We're happy to see her too, and you too.

Said Patty. She smiled when she saw Pleng clung to me.

"You two are so close.

"Well.."

"If we don't see Earth before, we would have thought Pleng is with you."

Tod mentioned. That made me frown.

"Earth? The singer?"

"Yes, he joined us but went back early. "

Now I could barely smile. I cut the conversation and asked a nurse to put Pleng in a wheelchair.

"Excuse me everyone. Pleng might want to go to sleep now."

I pushed the drunk girl away but before I left I said.

"She is with me now. Earth is just her colleague. He is nothing to her..."

"Like all of you.

I just left those people and pushed Pleng to a doctor's restroom. The whole night while I was on duty, I kept checking on Pleng. At 5 am, she got up with a hangover.

"Wan."

"Why are you wake up early?"

"I heard people walking in and out. It's not home, I should wake up. Why did I end up here?"

"Yes, why did you end up here? You went out with your old friends and take your new friend to introduce too.

My voice was low and slow as I tried to put pressure on her. But she who never knew anything, looked surprised.

"New friend. Earth? Yes, I introduced Earth to my friends too. How did you know that?"

"Pleng."

"Yes?"

"You really don't know anything?"

Pleng who started to feel something was off, grabbed my wrist and opened her eyes in disbelief.

"Are you ok, Wan? Why do you look so tense?"

"What is your relationship between Earth and you?"

"We are colleagues, of course. "

"But your friend said you introduced him.

I exaggerated.

"Everybody said you two are together."

"Crazy! My friends and I wanted to cover songs on YouTube. When Earth knew, he wanted to give some advice. That's all. "

"Does he has work'today?"

"He is very busy but still makes time for me."

Pleng paused and thought about my reaction.

"Are you jealous? There is nothing at all!! Such a headache.

"You are saying I shouldn't feel anything."

"No! You have to trust me more than this. I was by myself for 13 years! I've never seen anyone.  
"

"You dated Chai. "

"Yes, that but don't count that guy. I'm saying I'm not easy and I don't care about anyone. "

"But Earth is interested in you. "

"Why?"

"When people are interested in something, they always have time for it and Earth has time for you. "

"Don't pick a fight. Don't be silly. "

I quickly gave her a dagger stare to Pleng, and as usual, she stared back at me. She won't give up.

"I'm not being silly. I want you to care about me.

"Wan Viva!"

When she wanted to control me, she would call me by my full name. But this time I won't back off because I did not feel that I should. I did not like when Pleng hung out with other people. It was obvious that Earth was trying to be something more than a friend. I couldn't stay still for that. If I couldn't control other people, I could control her!

"You really don't think what you did was wrong. "

"Of course, I'm not. It is so silly. Earth and I are just colleagues."

"Ok."

"What?"

Pleng squeezed my wrist as if she knew I was about to do something.

"What are you thinking?"

"I'll show you how I feel when Earth is your colleague. "

"You will get to know some of my friends."

Sunnyai



## SPECIAL CHAPTER: 06

### WAN VIVA'S CHARM

I still went to work like usual. This morning, Pleng tried to make up with me. She pushed her head gently on my back like a kitten asking for forgiveness. I looked at her and smiled, just to pretend that everything was back to normal. She thought I could never stop loving her. She was right. I just needed to give her a lesson, that she shouldn't take me for granted. She must learn how I felt last night. She would ask for forgiveness. I meant; she wouldn't do it again.

Ding!

A text message came in, I grabbed my phone to look at it and smiled when I saw the message.

[Nueng: I'm here. Where should I wait for you?]

"Where are you now?"

[Nueng: Starbucks Coffee Shop at the hospital. I want to have some coffee. Your treat?]

"You need a treat for coffee? Don't be stingy. You're rich. "

[Nueng: Money is hard to find and I'm not that rich.]

My heart beat faster with excitement. I hadn't met her for two years. When I walked into the shop, I saw the tall good-looking girl reluctantly standing at the counter, not placing any order yet.

"Nueng."

"Hi, Wan Vi."

The tall girl smiled back at me and pointed to the menu.

"I want to have this. "

"Are you really waiting for me to treat you?"

"I spent the taxi fee. I won't spend again on 200 baht coffee. Doctors are so rich, Treat me!"

The casual conversation made me feel like the time we weren't seeing each other did not make us grow apart at all. I bought her a cup of coffee to repay her for coming out to see me today.

"Oh, so good, I'll post this on Facebook. "

I smiled and looked at the good-looking woman who did exactly what she just said.

"You are so trendy. "

"It's a trend. I want to be rich and trendy.

"How are you, Nueng?"

I changed the subject. She stopped with the coffee and paid attention to me.

"I'm poor as usual. I always asked money from my sister. "

I smiled at the good looking girl who was so cheerful.

"The sister you said looks like me?"

"Yes, her name is Sam. "

She must be rich too

"So you're back in Bangkok now?"

"I'll be here for a while. My sister lives in Bangkok now It's easier for me to ask for money from her. "

"Why don't you work?"

"Why would I work? My sister is so rich.

I giggled at the playful girl. I knew she wasn't like that. I remembered I accidentally gave her 100 baths more, in Hua-Hin where she was drawing pictures on the street, and she insisted on giving it back. She also paid for my drinks.

"What happened all of a sudden? You never contacted me again since that night? Why do you contact me now?"

The meaningless night that I tried to search for myself.

"Sorry, you feel that way. "

"How are you? Do you have a girlfriend or boyfriend now? Don't tell me you're single?"

Nueng hugged herself looking paranoid.

"Are you going to ask me to marry you?"

"Silly. Do you ever have enough money to marry me?"

"No, I don't. You have to pay. Do you know how much I will ask for the dowry? I'll request quite high."

"But I was used that night. I shouldn't be asking for your hand."

"I'll let you do me. I'll be your wife.

"What kind of topic is this?"

Our silly conversation continued. Text messages from Pleng came in, I read them but did not answer, Pleng might still feel guilty. She reached out today so often.

[Sing a song: Are you still mad at me?]

[Sing a song: I love you.]

[Sing a song: What time will you be home?]

[Sing a song: You don't have work tonight? ]

The alert that kept binging, made Nueng smile>

"That must be your partner. "

"Yes.

"Why don't you answer? He or she will be paranoid that you read but no response."

"Must be by now."

There was silence between us. I could only hear footsteps walking around us.

"People said we will think about our ex- partner when the new old makes us feel unhappy. Are you two fighting?"

I blushed as if a child got caught with something I moved around uncomfortably.

"Well."

"Are you using me?"

"No, not like that.

"I like that. I like to be the third-wheel of other couples. But first, tell me if your date is a man or a woman because the two have different reactions. "

"How?"

"If that is a man, he will just be curious and talk to you in private. But if that is a woman, she will have many questions and be paranoid and feel worthless."

"Why would my girlfriend feel worthless?"

Because I'll be a very powerful ex-girlfriend. "

"How?"

"Beautiful, nice body, tall, elegant, play music, artsy, sophisticated, rich, speak 3 languages that should be enough.

"Can you speak 3 languages?"

I was impressed because I never knew this. She always had some special talents. Of course, Pleng could feel intimidated by her.

"My date is a woman."

Oh! Of course, she will cry her lungs out today."

Nueng got up.

"Let's go.

"Go where?"

"Wherever that will make her feel jealous. What's your plan?"

Nueng hugged herself again.

"Or you planned to have sex with me. I did not plan for this.

"What kind of person do you think I am?"

The good-looking girl leaned in and whispered into me.

"A very hot one."

I offered to treat her to dinner since we hadn't seen each other for so long. She had a very good taste, so she chose a nice restaurant and ordered a very expensive champagne. She had no concern over my budget at all.

"Why would I be concerned about your money if you're using me?"

The good-looking girl said as if she heard the complaint in my head. I smiled at her feeling guilty.

"Why do you mention this?"

"I can read your mind."

Nueng sipped her champagne and ordered a lot of food.

"Go ahead, Wan Vi. They are all from your pocket. "

Why did she have to emphasize this?

"I'm not sharing the cost with you. "

"I said I'll treat you.

Now I worry about what I thought of, did I say anything out loud?

Ding!

A text alert rang again. Yes, that was Pleng I did not hear her voice but could feel in every alphabet that she was nervous.

[Sing a song. You are not picking up my phone. ]

[Sing a song: When are you coming home?]

[Sing a song: I'm starving to death.]

[Sing a song: If you don't reply, I'll punish you.]

"I told you I'm having dinner with my friend. You can go ahead with dinner."

[Sing a song: Who are you with?]

Her paranoia made me smile.

"Your girlfriend? She must be so paranoid."

"She is showing."

"You are not this childish."

I looked up from my phone to look at her, once I heard that comment.

"How am I childish?"

"This if you have anything that makes you unhappy, just talk to each other. Don't pull other people in for revenge. This won't last long.

"Yes it will. I won't let her go anywhere."

I said firmly. Nueng sipped her champagne, and smiled.

"You love her so much. Why are you doing this then?"

"Just so she knew how I feel when she was closed to someone else. "

"Does it help meeting me today?"

"You are my ex. "

"Were we dated?"

"In her opinion, you are my ex.

I looked at her and demanded.

"I treated you to a big meal. Please help her jealous of me. "

"Just because I'm greedy."

Nueng raised her glass up and cheered.

"I'll do my best."

"Cheers."

Champaign was so strong.....I felt dizzy after two glasses. Nueng was the one putting me in the taxi. Luckily, I remembered where I lived. Otherwise, I might have to sleep in the restaurant. I was in front of my condo in the next 20 minutes. I was flirting with her just for fun at the beginning but now I was trashed. I did not look anywhere close to that beautiful doctor I was before.

"Here? How much is it?"

"I'll pay for the taxi. "

"No, you can pay me back later.

"I'm kidding.

Nueng giggled and took me off the taxi. Once my feet touched the street in front of the condo, I lost my balance but I did not fall down. I was supported by someone.

"Wan Viva!"

"Pleng!"

Whenever she was angry at me, she would call my name. I would immediately back to the young Wan Viva who was always afraid of her.

"Why are you looking like this? Who are you with?"

I was still functioning enough that I realized Pleng was confused looking at Nueng.

"Who is this?"

"Nueng."

"What?"

"Nueng.. she is my old friend. The old friend I told you before.

"Hi."

Nueng greeted with a cheerful voice. I smiled when I heard her cheerful greeting but Pleng did not acknowledge her existence. She tried to assist me in the condo.

"Are you ok? Let me help. "

"No!"

Pleng raised her voice. The volunteer paused and smiled.

"Can you carry her? You're small like a puppy.

"Yes, I can even if I'm a puppy. "

"Nice try but you're too weak."

Nueng pulled me to her.

"Get on my back and you just lead the way.

"no! "

"She is my girlfriend I'll take care of her. You should go.

Pleng pulled me back from her and she tried again to pull me inside. I looked at Nueng and waved goodbye. She smiled back and gestured for me to go. It was worth the money I paid today.

Ding...

The elevator arrived at our floor. Pleng supported me reluctantly. She pushed me to the bed fiercely.

"Look at you. "

"I don't drink often. "

The sweet face looked at me before getting into the bathroom. I heard the shower water filled up in a water bucket. My love walked out with a bucket full of water and a small towel.



"You are so mean, Wan. "

"What? I just went out for dinner with a friend. "

"You went with a girl. "

"Who I have nothing to compete with.

Pleng who was always full of confidence now sounded shaken. I wanted to calm her down but I was stopped.

"So this is how you feel when I went with my friends and Earth and came home drunk?\_

"Yes."

"You are so mean to get back at me like this. "

"You don't seem to be angry. "

"I'm not when I think back of what I did that day. You were jealous but I did not understand you. I should know how you feel and pay more attention to you. "

"Pleng."

"I'm sorry baby."

Pleng reached out to touch my cheek, feeling guilty.

"I won't do anything to upset you like that again. "

"But you have to work with Earth."

"We just work together but I won't give more attention to him than you. I won't give you pain again. "

"Are you in pain?"

I smiled when she revealed how she felt. She slowly unbuttoned my shirt.

"Yes, I am in pain and I'm very jealous.

"Since we grow up, I never seen you jealous of me. But I remembered you were quite jealous when we were young.

"I still am."

Pleng unzipped my pants and made an order.

"Lift yourself up.

"Thank you."

I said cheerfully. Pleng took off her clothes.

"Why are you taking your clothes off?"

"Like I said to you, I'm very jealous."

I looked at her excitedly and giggled.

"Wait, when I was angry at you that day. I didn't do this.

"I'm not like you."

The sweet face tied my two hands above my head. Now I was excited.

"What are you doing?"

"I'll punish you. "

"I'm so drunk. "

"Good."

"Long night.

"It's a long night."

The money I spent was worth it. But seemed like Pleng's jealousy was stronger than mine. She wasn't picking a fight with me but she would prolong my orgasm...for the whole night....She should kill me.....

-----THE END-----