

Lighter

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□INTRODUCTION□

Today, there is a widespread storm. The weather forecast had warned since yesterday that a summer storm would pass through the central region.

Travelers are advised to avoid traveling due to possible flooding in some areas.

But right now, I am not worried about the flooding. After receiving a call from my younger brother saying that View B had run away from home, I start to worry about where that child could have gone. She was not answering her phone.

As I anxiously walked around the store, my eyes caught sight of a small figure standing in the pouring rain, soaking wet. I recognized her immediately.

"View B, come in quickly or you will catch a cold!"

I looks around the store for an umbrella to run out and get her, but seeing my sister was so drenched and not responding to my calls, I decided to run to her myself.

I tried to quickly pull the small figure out of the rain.

"I told you to run for shelter, you might get struck by lightning."

"Do you really care about me?"

"Of course I do. Even if you were just a stray dog or cat in the rain, I would help you."

The smaller figure stubbornly shook off my grip.

Then I am not going in. Why do you have to hate me?"

"Don't start arguing now. Just come in."

"When we were kids, you loved me and cared about me. Why, as we grew up, did you become so distant? Is it because I'm an stupid ?"

"Stupid girl."

"Because I'm really stupid."

"Who would complain during a lightning storm? I told you to come inside. We can talk later."

"If I wasn't your sister, would you love me?"

That question, tinged with hurt, make me stop. At that moment, I couldn't tell if my sister is just being dramatic or if she is crying, because the heavy rain had wash away her tears. I stand there, unsure of how to respond.

"What will it take for me to be loved like Mike B ? Why do I seem like the black sheep of the family? Is it because Mom loves me so much that you don't want to get involve, don't want to care, don't want to talk to me? I love you, P'May. I just want you to pay attention to me."

The small figure then fell to the ground, crying like a small child. At that moment, I have forgot about the rain, as I am too shocked to think about dragging View B to shelter.

"Can't you love me?"

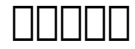
"Yes, I can."

I replied, crouching down and gently holding my sister's face, who now looks shock and had stop crying.

"I love you."

"What... what did you say?"

"Good person... I love you."



□01. The Twins□

The rain outside had now stopped. Normally, the one responsible for closing the shop would be Khun Arun Berkfa, but today I asked her go home early because of a small accident - namely, my sister was stood in the rain filming a music video.

Now, she is sitting here happily enjoying the spaghetti I made, accompanied by cute sneezes.

She has grown up so much...

With her beautiful shaped nose and those bright eyes that always sparkle when I look at her face.

And her hair has grown a lot too.

"Is there something on my face?"

The little girl ask while focusing on her meal, not bothering to look up, even though she know I am looking at her, making me clear my throat.

"No, I am just wondering if you were really that hungry."

"Well, its delicious. You make the best spaghetti in the world."

"Have you ever tried spaghetti from around the world?"

"Even though I haven't tried spaghetti from everywhere, but I still think yours is the best."

Just as I want to ask more, a knock on the glass door startled us. And there is no need to guess who it was. I sigh, lean back slightly, and gestures for

the little troublemaker to look in the same direction.

"Mommy's coming to get you."

"Have you told Mom?"

"What if I tell Mom? Will she going to scold you or something?"

My sweet-faced sister pouted, look at me sheepishly, and shrugged. I get up and walk to the door, opening it for Mom. When we get there, Mom pat her beloved daughter's arm, half annoying, half relieves.

"Why did you do that, View B? You almost scared the hell out of me. Did you know that? I was shocked when you ran out of the house."

"Yeah... that's because mom and dad don't love me."

"I will slap you on the head if you talk like that again. Dad didn't say anything when your manuscript was rejected by the publisher . Dad said, pretending to slap View but actually didn't."

"It's because dad didn't scold me that I felt hurt. Why don't mom and dad ever have high expectations for me? It's not like P'May and Mike B."

And "Mike B", the twin brother complaining his twin sister, walks into the store after parking the car. As soon as he see View B complaining about his parents, the little rascal immediately speak up.

"Stop being so dramatic. Actually, it's a good that mom and dad don't have high expectations for you. Running away from home is ridiculous. You just making everyone worry."

"Of course they would be worried. While P'May is talented, passed the entrance exam to medical school, and mom and dad are in the medical field, I'm just an average student at a mediocre university, with average grades. Mom and Dad never pressured me and I seemed to be the black sheep of the family. No one could expect anything from me."

"Yeah, I don't want to pressure you."

Mom hugs View B affectionately.

"I want you to study comfortably and not be too stressed. Doesn't that matter, dear?"

"It seem like i am not even your daughter."

Mom and Dad are silent as if they have press the remote control to mute. I looked at them with a knowing look before taking charge of the methods of an older sister whom younger siblings respect and fear.

"You're growing up now, View B. You're an adult."

I said in a calm voice, looking seriously into her light brown eyes.

"Life doesn't have to be problematic. Don't create problems where there are none. And as for always using me as an example of someone who's success, that's not true. If I were truely successful, why would I have stopped studying medicine?"

"..."

View B looked at me and then at Dad, who had not said anything for many years because of a decision that felt like a betrayal of the family.

"I just don't want to study."

"But View B, you finished your studies. That's something Mom and Dad should be proud of. Not being pressured by the family is a blessing. You don't know how painful it is to be raised with expectations and treated like you have no soul."

Dad hearing this, straightened up and pulled View B.

"It's time to go. Stop causing trouble. If the editor rejects your manuscript, send it somewhere else. Do you think the author of Harry Potter only sent it to one publisher?"

"But Dad, this is a big publisher..."

"If it's rejected, I'll print it myself. I'll event start a publishing house."

My mother said, still encouraging her. Then the two of them slowly left the store, leaving only Mike B and me.

"Why don't you go with them?"

"I want to talk to you first. You and Dad haven't talked in years."

Mike B said softly, making me laugh with delight.

"It's doesn't matter if we don't talk."

"He wants you to come home. You haven't been home in years."

"If I come back, I'll argue with Dad again. No, thank you. That's better."

"Do you still hate View B?"

"I don't hate View."

I stop, suddenly realizing that I had heard the word 'hate' many times today, from the girl crying in the rain to Mike B.

"What makes you think that?"

"No, it's nothing."

"What are you doing, Mike B? Come home soon."

Dad yells at Mike B as he turn around, interrupting our conversation. As Mike B is about to leave, I grab his arm.

"Okay."

"I'll call you later. We still have things to talk about."

"Go home!"

Dad yells again, clearly not wanting to see me. Then Mike B had to run off, leaving me alone with my thoughts. But this was not the right time to discuss this with Dad around.

My relationship with my family isn't great. The appearance of View B today brought me face to face with Dad, whom I had not spoken to for almost two years since I dropped out of school, moved away and told everyone:

"May will live my own life. As for Daddy's dreams, he can pursue them on his own. But my dream aren't the same as Daddy want."

That was the day Dad completely cut off all ties with me and was so angry that he fainted. Even so, I was too stubborn to apologize. I had always been a good kid, never challenging or demanding. But life always has decisive moments.

My decisive moment started with...

"P'May makes delicious spaghetti."

That compliment from "View B", the little sister who running in the rain, made me realize that since she eats a lot, I should cook for her so she won't crave other people's food.

When she's hungry, I want her run to me.

When she's hungry, I want her only think of me.

When I realized that my feelings for my sister were different from my brother, I decided to leave home that day. I became distant, cold, and no longer showed my feelings like before to View B, afraid that showing too much would push her away. The best way to protect my feelings was to be defensive.

Before she could get away from me, I would be the first to leave.

Even after I left, I continued to follow View's life through Mike B, the other twin, to see how she was doing and where she was going. Every time Mike

B visited the store, I made sure to send some spaghetti because I knew it would eventually reach her.

I'm a big sister who loves her sister and I don't understand why they think I hate her.

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[P'May, I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to talk to you today. I was really worried about our sister and Dad insisted that we leave. I don't know why he was so stubborn.]

Mike B, who call me handed the phone to Mom. I smiles, understanding her feelings and not getting angry.

"It's okay, Mom. Just seeing you and knowing that you're okay is enough for me."

[What about you? I heard that the store is doing very well and is very popular.]

"Things are going pretty well. We have three partners so we can manage."

[I'm glad you're back. It would be better if you became a doctor... Well, that's your dream and your life. I can't say much.]

"At least mom understand."

[It's good that Mike B is pursuing his dream of becoming a doctor, it helps everyone calm down.]

"What about the other daughter? No expectations?"

[No, we don't have any expectations. She grew up to be beautiful, that's enough.]

"Doesn't daddy impose anything?"

[No, he didn't impose anything. He was fine with it.]

"I felt relieved. Honestly, I was worried that Dad might be dividing us... We had already agreed on this."

[There is no division. Let's not mention these topics from now on.]

Whenever we get close to sensitive topics, Mom will change the subject.

"One day, View B will have to know. Mom isn't lied to herself or forgotten the truth, right?"

[That's all for now.]

"Then let me talk to Mike B."

Mom handed the phone to Mike B as I asked without saying goodbye.

Although I couldn't see her face, I could feel her anger when I mentioned the topic she least wanted to discuss. But everything was fine. If it wasn't the right time to talk, there was no need to emphasize it.

Sometimes this secret may never be revealed in our lifetime.

"We haven't finished talking yet. Explain why View thinks I hate her.. and you think I hate her too?"

[You really didn't forget.]

"Tell me. Why does View think I hate her?"

[Because you left home because...]

"Why?"

[Because you're jealous that our parents love View B more... But we don't think so. We just think you might think so, and that's why you left. You don't want to see us or deal with us. You're not jealous of View B. She has

nothing to be jealous of. She's not as smart, not as pretty as you, and she's just stupid and neurotic.]

"Don't talk about View B like that."

I firmly told my younger brother who was talking bad about View. I sighed.

[Now you understand why View B is so hurt and sad. But it's strange. Even though she thought you hated her, she came straight to you after running away. Don't hate her, May. You're her idol, you know.]

"How can I become her idol if I haven't achieved anything?"

[You're her idol because you had the courage to stand up to our father.]

"How is View B now? Is she better after returning home?"

[She's isolating herself in her room. She must be very disappointed. She had high hopes for the novel, thinking it was the best and that it would definitely surpass the publisher. She even said that if she received the first payment, she would invite you to Japan]

"She wants to invite me?"

[She must want to strengthen your sisterly relationship. View loves you so much. Everything is about you. And suddenly, you became distant and cold. Even I can feel that you're different. You talk normally to me, but not to View B.]

I hung up on my brother and sat alone in silence, deep in thought. It all started that night... the night I opened View's bedroom door and saw her with a friend.

A friend..

It wouldn't have been unusual if those two weren't naked and lying in bed together. I remember watching that scene, anger rising to the point where my head was about to explode and it was hard to tell if I was mad at her for her immature behavior or if I was feeling jealous.

From that night, I suddenly realized that I had deep feelings for the girl I grew up with, the girl I held and fed when I was little, the girl I walked across the street with, the girl I helped button her school uniform from the beginning of kindergarten. It was a feeling of shame that I couldn't even face my mother if she knew I was thinking that.

I ran away from home, dropped out of medical school just to become a chef, opened a restaurant just to feed that girl. It was enough, and now I had to face these dark feelings.

I opened the computer screen, went to the page where View B posted her novel and checked the feedback.

There were a few readers, enough to make her believe that she would definitely be able to publish it. But the market demand and View's imagination were not yet at the level that could be sold on the market.

My confidence was destroyed. My ego disappeared immediately.

I, who had always commented encouragingly on her, created a new account and sent a message through the page's inbox system. I wanted to make a proposal that I had just made, just to help her gain more confidence.

'Hi, we really like your story and writing style. We want to have our own story but we don't know how to write. We were wondering if you could help us write and broadcast this article, would that be possible?'

I hesitated for a moment, not knowing if I had any ideas to write for her...but okay, let's encourage first and then solve it later.

'If we send you a story and you write it into chapters for a compensation'

I heard that if she gets her first payment, she will invite me to Japan.

'We provide 10,000 per volume. You can write as many volumes as you like until it is completed. We will gradually send you the plot of what we want to tell. There will be separate payments for research and travel.'

Have you ever been to Japan? Our story is set there. If you have not been, we will provide travel expenses for you to experience the atmosphere and gather detailed information.'

I smiles slightly before typing the next part.

'You can bring a friend as long as you finish the article. We will discuss how to split the costs when the book is published.'

With love from your fans.'

After sending the message, I stand up, turn off the computer, take a shower, and prepare to go to bed. It is already past eleven. I look at my watch and think that View B probably hasn't seen it yet and could read the message tomorrow without paying much attention.

However, about twenty minutes later, my phone rang with a call from Mike B, who usually called to update me on the girl.

[Sis, I have an update.]

I smile, knowing what it is but still pretending not to know.

"What? Calling so late. If it isn't important, I will be angry."

[It is important. After View B received the bad news, good things following, like the blue sky after the rain. Someone hired her to write a novel, paying 10,000 per episode and extra money for travel. She was bragging to everyone that her dream had finally come true.]

"Hard work never betrays anyone, right? Um...congratulations. By the way, who is View inviting to go on the trip with her?"

I asked with a smile, but Mike sounded surprised.

[How do you know? She didn't say the money could be used with someone else.]

I pursed my lips, speechless, but managed to continue.

"I only asks because I thought she wouldn't go alone. Even if she could, Mom would never allow it."

[Oh, right... right, she can bring someone.]

"And?"

[What?]

The question on the other end made me growl in frustration, feeling confused that someone who had gone to medical school didn't know anything about that.

If I asked "And?", I would be asking who she was inviting.

"Who is View B going with?"

I rolled my eyes, annoyed.

[Probably with her boyfriend.]

"Boyfriend?"

I held the phone tightly because I had never heard of this before.

"Does View B have a boyfriend?"

[Yes, at her age, she graduated. She even brought him home before.]

"That woman?"

[No, it was a man.]

"A man!!!"

I shout loudly, making Mike B silent as if he is being scold.

"Sorry, I am just surprise. I didn't expect our sister to have a boyfriend before me."

A man!

"When was that?"

[They were classmates. They had been dating for a while. Pretty advanced, huh? Hehe.]

"Okay, I understand. That's it."

I didn't even let the caller say goodbye, threw the phone on the bed, annoyed. Damn, my money is funding my sister and her boyfriend's romantic trip to Japan? I would be jealous if her partner was a woman.

'Now it's a man.'

Images from adult movies flashed through my mind. This is crazy!

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Today, I arrived at the store before dawn. I was so angry last night that I couldn't sleep. I ended up in the kitchen and started chopping things up, turning everything into a mess instead of preparing food. The staff start to arrive, and when they see me silently in the kitchen, they quickly grasps my mood.

"Do you open the shop at the usual time today, Khun May?"

"Sure, the same as every day. Is this a question?"

I looked at the person I am talking to with a sharp gaze as I continues to cut carrots, although I don't even know why I am doing it.

Then, another member of the staff approaches, looking nervous and shaken.

"Khun May... someone is here to see you."

"Who?"

"She didn't say."

"Then why didn't you ask before telling me?"

"..."

"I didn't mean like that."

I drop the knife and walks out, only stopping when I saw View B, my sister, standing there in a cartoon T-shirt, jeans, and white Converse sneakers, her hair tied back. The small figure casually glances around the store before meeting my eyes from a short distance.

"P'May."

"What are you doing here?"

My tone clearly conveyed my disappointment. Since View B was naturally afraid of me, her cheerful attitude quickly turned to anger when she heard my tone.

"U...um."

"If you have something to say, say it quickly."

I stepped closer, placing my hands on my hips and looking at her.

"What a waste of time."

"Um, it's nothing. I'll go and let you get back to work."

"If you have something to say, say it. Don't beat around the bush. I'm already out here."

View B hesitated to leave, looked at me worriedly, then hugged herself before speaking, not daring to look me straight in the eye.

"I want to..."

"What?"

"I want to..."

"What!"

"I want to invite you to go to Japan with me."

Hiccup...

Then her tears starting to flow out of fear. I look at my sister with a tear-stained face and blinked in surprise, not expecting her to think of this request. From being upset at first, I gradually started to smile.

I look at View B, who was crying but quickly calm down, crossed my arms and shaking my head as if to say no.

"Why are you crying? I didn't even do anything."

"Because P'May hates me, now I'm asking about this ridiculous thing....."

"*Hiccup*... I know you probably won't, but I want to try. I'm really sorry."

"Sorry for what? How do you know I don't want to go?"

"Huh?"

"Mike B told me you were hired to do research. Isn't that you come to invite me?"

"Yeah...but if you don't feel comfortable..."

"Why?"

"Huh?"

View, who had stopped crying at first, looked at me, eyes still watery with confusion.

"Will you come with me?"

"Of course. A free offer is too good to pass up."

"But going with View?"

"So what?"

" I thought P'May wouldn't come. You looked angry when you saw me."

"I was just cranky because I didn't get enough sleep, but now that someone's invited me on a trip, I'm in a better mood. And...you won't change your mind later, will you?"

"No, I won't change my mind. I want P'May to come with me."

"Great. Let's set a date so we can arrange it."

"Yes, I will find the date and let you know as soon as possible."

"... "

"Thank you! I'm leaving now."

View waved goodbye to me and was about to turn around and leave, but I grab her arm and use a tissue to gently wipe her tears and nose.

"How can you keep that face, puppy? You're all grown up now."

"P'May"

The crying girl look at me in surprise. As I continue to wipe her face, I am surprises when she suddenly hug me.

"View B"

"I miss you so much."

I stiffen, not knowing how to react to this hug. I was trying my best to control my excitement and surprise, trying to control my heart that was beating wildly when my sister's face was pressed against mine, afraid that it would beat too loudly.

Damn, what if I hug her and then she doesn't want to let go? What should I do?

"Was it truth?"

"What?"

Suddenly, her question scares me.

"Did you really mean what you said last night, that you love me?"

I presses my lips together, push my sister away, and cross my arms with a neutral expression.

"No, that's not true."

"..."

"Was that just something you said to keep us out of trouble?"

"Oh... okay."

I could feel View's disappointment as she raised her hand in farewell and prepare to leave. However, I stop her once more with my voice.

"But I don't hate you."

"But P'May doesn't like View either."

Then the little girl walk away, leaving me alone with the feeling of not knowing what to do.

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□02. SISTER'S VOICE□

"Hm, hmmm..."

I stood with my arms cross and watching the chefs prepare the food while humming a tune. Everyone in the kitchen glances at me briefly but don't say anything so I have to speak up.

"Is something wrong?"

"Khun May seem in a good mood."

Arun's voice, making me turn to look at the sweet-faced business partner with a surprised expression.

"When did you arrive?"

I heard it as soon as I walk in. Is something good happening, Khun May?"

"Maybe I'm just happy about the trip."

"Where are you going?"

"Japan."

"Who are you going with ?"

"My younger sister."

"Oh, I thought since you were in a good mood, you might have a boyfriend."

When she asked me that, I cleared my throat a little and changed the subject.

"I'll go outside for some fresh air. There's not much going on in the kitchen today we don't have many customers."

"Make yourself at home."

I took off my apron and grabbed my notebook before heading to a corner of the café to check my inbox for any replies from View B. And as expected, the overly enthusiastic little girl replied with a long message full of sincere thanks and gratitude.

'Thank you so much! You gave this little writer the energy to keep going. Please send the details to the email I left. I'll try my best to write for you. Anyway, please send me a rough plot outline?'

As I read this, I begin to feel quite anxious. I hadn't thought about what kind of plot outline to send her for review. Even though I excel in my studies and can do anything with my brain, there are limits to what people can do, like write a novel.

I've never understand how writers can produce novels as thick as pillows, and how much patience that must take. But View B managed it, which is impressive. Now I needed to send her a romance plot because I'd already offered some money to encourage my younger sister to pursue her dream.

"What are you doing, darling?"

A familiar voice made me look up to see my first high school crush, now smiling broadly at me. Intuorn was now dating Arun, and our past relationship had become a funny memory. Yes, she was my ex.

"Don't call me darling, Arun will get jealous."

"It's okay. I'll make it up to you with a hug. And why aren't you cooking? Just sitting here playing on the computer?"

The mischievous Intuor glances at my screen, but I quickly close it and made a face at her.

"Idiot."

"That's not very nice, even though your face is very cute."

"Aren't you working? I heard from Miss Arun that you got a job at your aunt's company and then you got the hotel. Did it go bankrupt or something? Are you here for a break?"

"I never planned on being in the hotel business for long. I figured a haunted hotel wouldn't be popular."

"But I heard you're very famous and have a lot of money."

"Just a small amount compared to my fortune. But what about you?"

"...."

"I see you looking stressed as you stare at your computer. Are you working on a program to send Kim Jong-un to unlock nuclear bombs or something?"

"That's an exaggeration. I'm just reading news updates."

"You never do anything simple, it seems. Seriouslywhy did you suddenly decide to open a restaurant and become a chef? Didn't you say you wanted to be a doctor like your father?"

"People can change at any time.I wanted to be a doctor back then now I want to be a chef.Why is that so surprising?"

"Change all the time, huh?"

"Yeah."

"So, you changed your mind about that little sister?"

".... "

"Since you broke up with me, have you had any relationships?"

"Here and there, but nothing serious. Just dating and breaking up as usual."

"Because you haven't found someone like your sister, right? Maybe you were thinking badly of her too? Does she know?"

"Shut up. If I knew you big mouth, I wouldn't have shared the secret with you."

Intuorn was my first serious love. We met when I was in the 12th grade and she was in the 11th, full of youthful curiosity. Since I was someone who preferred to be alone, her persistent efforts ended up wearing me down.

Driven by teenage curiosity, I decided to take a chance and see what it was like to be intimate. We were each other's first, exploring love, feelings, and physical intimacy together. We were so in love that we often skipped school to sneak into my house while my parents were at work.

One day, as we were lost in our passion in bed, our clothes starting to come off, View B walked in and saw us, looking completely shocked.

At the time, View B was only in the 8th grade. The cute little girl looked at me with teary eyes, not fully understanding what we were doing.

"View B..."

I remember being extremely shocked. I quickly put on my clothes and ran after her, afraid that my parents would find out that I had skipped school because of these activities.

When I reached her, I knelt down to her eye level.

"View B, please don't tell Dad about this."

"What are you doing? Why did you do that?"

"Um... well..."

"I don't like it. I don't want you to do things like that. The noises you made made me feel bad."

I laughing awkwardly, trying to hide my embarrassment. I blushed deeply when my younger sister mentioned the incident where I had been caught.

"It's nothing. We were just playing. The noises were..."

"You had sex"

"View B..."

I choked. That's right, my younger sister is already in the 8th grade. How could she be so clueless? She's not at that level yet.

"We're just curious."

"View is curious too."

"..."

"Can't you do that with View?"

Her unexpected question left me stunned. My heart raced as I met her light brown eyes, and I realized there was something wrong with the way I was looking at my sister it seemed like my feelings as a sister were no longer applicable.

"How could I do that to View?"

"It would be nice if View was the one who made you sound like that."

Thinking about it now, my face and ears turned red, to the point that even Intuorn, who was sitting across from me, noticed.

"What's wrong? Are you thinking...of something obscene?"

"A little. Thinking about the day View B opened the door and saw us together and felt embarrassed."

"Seriously, I hold a grudge against your little sister. She's just a child, how dare she influenced you to ask for a breakup. Is it really that bad?"

"Wait a minute!"

"So, View B knows that she's not your sister?"

She asked cautiously, afraid that someone might hear. I took a deep breath and shook my head.

"Can we not talk about this? It's too sensitive for my family."

"Just out of curiosity, it's surprising how some families have such dark secrets. The older sister has feelings for the younger sister, but she can't tell her. The younger sister doesn't know anything about it and continues to love the older sister as she would never marry otherwise. The older sister can be really pitiful. She should find a partner soon."

You're crazy! The older you get, the more foul-mouthed you become."

"I call it straight talk. Seriously, don't you ever feel like it?"

I was about to slap my ex who kept talking nonsense nonstop when I was interrupted. After leaving a while ago around eleven, View B showed up again around two in the afternoon looking excited. However, as soon as that little girl saw Intuorn, she looked shocked, freezing for about ten seconds.

"P'May..."

So you're KFC? I thought of chicken, and chicken came. As soon as I mentioned it, she suddenly appeared.

I got goosebumps.

Intuorn, who remembered View B very well, greeted her with a bit of sarcasm.

"Hi, hello Nong. I may be an older sister, you may be younger. Here, parents have confidence in their lives. Is there such a thing?"

I looked at Intuorn and bared my teeth a little, but it didn't seem to scare her. Instead, she kept talking nonstop like a ghost, which was really annoying.

"Have you grown up that much yet? Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Intuorn"

I closed my eyes, trying to control my emotions. When that little troublemaker saw that I was starting to get angry, she relaxed a little.

"Just kidding. You have no right to be angry. Your little sister broke us up, you know! Hmph!"

Then the little rascal craned her neck to look behind View B, confused.

"Is that person with you?"

Seeing where Intuorn was looking, I started to ask myself too. Then View B introduced him.

"Oh, this is Chai, a friend of View's."

"Is that really true? Is this the vegetable you're talking about?"

"Intuorn!"

"Alright, I'll stop. I'm just joking a little, and you're getting all agitated."

"Come sit here with us."

The young woman moved from the opposite side to sit next to me, refusing to leave due to her curiosity. Normally, anyone else would have left long ago in a situation like this.

"Invite your friend to join us instead making him stand there. It's very rude."

"Yes...Chai, come sit with us."

View B wave to his friend and pull out a chair to sit in front of me.

"This is P'May, View's older sister. And P'May, this is Chai."

The young man, about the same age, came and greeted me respectfully. I responded with a half-hearted greeting and a forced smile, and of course, everything was under the watchful gaze of Intuorn, who really shouldn't be involved in this.

"So, is he a friend or a boyfriend?"

"That's enough, Intuorn. By the way, why are you here, Intuorn? Are you two... going to get back together?"

View's hesitant question made the spoiled girl, who had a grudge against my younger sister, quickly put her arm around mine and play with a mischievous smile.

"Well, not exactly. Isn't fate strange? It separated us for ten years and now we're meeting again. But this time, fortunately, View has a boyfriend. She can finally stop being so possessive of her sister...so..."

Intuorn put his arms around my neck and pretended to tilt her head playfully.

"We can do whatever we want now, right? No more kids running out of the house crying."

"Stop being ridiculous. That's enough."

I pushed Intuorn's hand away and turn to View B, who is sitting silently, watching the two of us without saying a word, before getting straight to the point.

"So, is there something going on? Don't tell me you've changed your mind and won't let me go to Japan with you."

I looked at Chai, who had come over, suspiciously. I was intensely frustrated that this girl had brought a man for me to meet. This introduction

meant this was serious.

"Are you going to Japan? I'm so jealous. I want to go too!"

Intuorn expressing her desire to go, which made View quickly object, forgetting her manners.

"It's not possible. We only have a budget for two people"

"Oh...you're quick to get by. I am not planning on using a free ticket anyway."

"Don't forget. Even if you're rich, you can't go."

"You own the airline, right? I'm going!"

"No, you can't go."

"But I want to go."

"Shut up, you little troublemaker."

I yelling at Intuorn and used a nickname from a long time ago that I hadn't used in ages. I only use that term when I'm really fed up, which made Intuorn sulk.

"What's the problem? Just a little argument and you all get upset."

"My younger sister said that only two people can go, which means only two people will go. Anyway, why did you come here today? I'm waiting to hear."

"I asked Chai, who has been to Japan before, to send over the travel plans. Since we passed by your shop, we decided to stop by."

View B explained, handing me the printed plan. I refused to open it and just crossed my arms, looking at the papers and up.

"Wait, I'll read it."

"Wow, so you have to show your travel plans to your older sister when you're going on a trip with your boyfriend? Your sister is so possessive."

Intuorn teased me knowingly, but View B immediately shook her head in denial.

"No, this is a travel plan for View and P'May."

"Wait, you're going to travel with your older sister but not with your boyfriend? It should be with your boyfriend when you travel abroad... right, Chai?"

"Little troublemaker, don't you think you're overstepping your role a bit? This is a conversation between my younger sister and I."

I scolded Intuorn, but she is not interest.

"No, I haven't seen View in a long time and I wanted to catch up. She's the reason my ex broke up with me and I still grudge against her to this day. But I'm not mad anymore, not even a little."

"You're really not mad, huh?"

"View B wants to gather information for her novel and wanted to go with P'May. So she asked me, who's been there before, to help plan the trip. Besides, if we go together as a man and a woman, it might look bad."

Chai explained after a long silence.

"Oh, come on. What era are we in? If you're a couple, you should go together. Why go with your older sister? Or maybe..."

Intuorn smiling and immediately brought up a new topic.

"View, do you love your older sister?"

"Wh...what?"

The simple question made View B stutter, while I, knowing that Intuorn was aware of everything, reached out to pinch her waist. But she managed to keep her composure and acted as if nothing was happening.

"Let's do this. I'll ask again. A simple and direct question: if you had to choose between having sex with Chai or..."

"Is it simple?"

I yelled at Intuorn, who always dragged the conversations into inappropriate territory.

"Come on, the more inappropriate, the faster we get closer. Answer quickly."

"Answer what? I didn't even hear the question"

View interrupted, prompting Intuorn to ask again.

"If you had to choose between having sex with Chai or May, who would you choose?"

Everyone at the table went silent. I looked at Intuorn, ready to yell at her every second that passed, while everyone was strangely restless. Then, Arun, who was quiet, cleared her throat to interrupt us.

"Intuorn, what are you doing here?"

Intuorn looked at her girlfriend and smiled happily.

"Just annoying people."

"I heard everything. If you're done annoying everyone, you should go back to work at the office. You're on your way."

"On the way? What is this? How cruel."

Even though she complained, she stood up willingly.

"That's enough teasing for today. Consider the past disagreements resolved, okay, beautiful View B?"

Intuorn affectionately ruffled my younger sister's hair before leaving. View watching the two women leave and then look at me curiously.

"What's going on?"

"That's her girlfriend."

"Oh, I thought Intuorn was dating P'May."

"She was just messing with you. Anyway, I'll read the travel plan you prepared now. View, you should go back"

I said, looking at Chai, my sister's boyfriend, with a neutral expression.

"Please make sure she gets home safely."

"Yes."

View and Chai bowed to me once more before leaving. I picked up the travel plan my sister had printed out and began to read it slowly, but I was startled when the small figure come back, blushing and saying.

"Sister..."

"View B"

"If I had to choose between you and Chai...I would choose you."

"..."

"I like your voice."

After saying that, View and Chai ran out of the store. As I tried to compose myself, I realized that she had said it right away and felt my ears getting hot.

I had to grab a nearby vase of water and press it against my cheek because it was so stuffy.

She liked my voice... Crazy girl!

□□□□□

□03.Mom Luang's Advice□

Just now, I left the store in the care of Khun Arun Berkfa, while I pretending to go get some things from home. In reality, I am going to the mall to look for novels in the bookstore. The term "*novel*" seems so distant from my life... so distant that I can't even find a word to express this distance.

For as long as I can remember, the books I picked up were academic texts that my father always provided for the enrichment of knowledge, with my mother, who was a "teacher", offering logical guidance.

If you ask me about the entertainment I received seriously, it would probably be the cartoons on Channel Nine that I watched on the weekends or the episodes of the Ramayana that were extracted from Thai language textbooks.

"What kind of novel do you want to read?"

"I don't know."

I reply to a friend who I invited and grimaced. M.L. Sipakorn, or as everyone calls her, 'Khun Nueng' handed me a book and recommended it as an expert.

"We grew up in an all-girls school, so we should read something a little closer to our experience."

"What does this have to do with an all-girls school?"

"Well, it's about love between women."

Khun Nueng handed me a novel with a cover featuring two women sitting together. I turned to the blurb on the back and felt a little embarrassed.

"Is there a male protagonist in this story?"

"No, those are the female protagonists, the main characters, right on the cover."

"The male lead looks so cute."

"The female protagonist is a woman."

"Seriously..."

I pursed my lips, feeling embarrass, and put the book back in its place, worries about what others might think.

"Never mind. I don't dare take it to the cashier. What if the salesperson feels uncomfortable?"

"They won't feel anything. These days, the shelves are full of novels about men living each other. Buying a novel about women love each other has become quite normal."

But I still didn't accept it, and I quickly left, feeling nervous. Khun Nueng, who was following close behind, laugh in understanding rather than mockery.

"What's with the sudden invitation to the mall? Usually, you're holed up in the your store."

Although Khun Nueng and I weren't very close during school, meeting each other again as adults with similar personal lives and interests made it easier for us to connect. No matter how troubled I was with family issues, consulting her was like finding a safe zone, a person who understood me.

Sometimes, family isn't a safe space for everyone. It's the same for us.

"Just tell me straight out, no beating around the bush. What's going on?"

Khun Nueng pull my arm to stop me for walking and ask seriously. I looked at beautiful and sincere friend and let out a big sigh.

"Hmm?"

"I'm thinking about writing a novel."

"..."

"It's a long story.

"At first, I didn't have time, but now I'm interested. Let's spend the whole day together. Let's eat something and talk."

It was hard to believe that M. L. Sipakorn, such a distinguished person, would seriously take the time to listening to my trivial purpose of writing a novel.

She look elegant and graceful, sipping her coffee while carefully pondering before offering her opinion without any sense of triviality.

"Novels are a mixture of reality and imagination, but if you make them too real, they can lose their charm."

"Our lives are full of stress. I don't know what to write about."

I took a sip of coffee and sigh.

"Maybe I should find another way to support my little sister. I feel so silly thinking about doing this."

"You're not silly at all. It's warm. You are very good at offering support.

Few older sisters would be willing to silently encourage their younger sister for fear of abandoning their own dreams. In fact, your novel doesn't have to be fantasy. You can tell the real stories, but use fictional characters. Just narrated your story to your younger sister, but use different name."

"My life is not interesting at all"

"That's how we always see our own lives, but others don't think that way"

"But I'm not good at telling stories. I can't remember all the details of my life."

"Just focus on the highlights. When you get home today, try to write down any interesting events in your life."

"..."

"Tell them all. It's not up to you to decide whether it's interesting, it's up to the readers. And the readers will only be interested if you tell the story well, no matter how good or not your life is."

Khun Nueng tilted her head, looking at me playfully.

"What do you think is the best time of your life?"

"Hmm..?"

"That popped into your head, didn't it? That's the climax."

"Apart from being good at cooking, you seem to be good at everything."

"Do you know what the best thing about our biggest story is?"

"What?"

"We'll make grandma sad until her last breath. That's the climax."

The person who give the example is silent, leaving me a little surprise. But honestly, receiving this kind of advice helped me understand the point a little bit.

My role is to be the writer, View's role is to bring the story to life in the best possible way.

"Okay I'll try."

But it's still hard. I'm good at academics, calculus, probability, Thai and world history, but sitting down to tell a story about my own life and pretending it's someone else's is not easy. Right now, I'm listing significant events in my life and I'm a little shocked at how boring it sounds.

Top of the class from kindergarten to high school. Got into the best college.

That's it.

There's nothing exciting about it because my life has always been about books and studied. If there was excitement, it was probably when I skipped school to go out with Intuorn and got caught by my little sister.

What can I write that's interesting, extraordinary, and not so obvious that View B knows it's my life?

As I paced around, searching for inspiration, I look at a stack of books in a box from when I left home and hadn't I hadn't looked at them once since. I brought them with me because I felt like textbooks were my friends, but now they've become more like a feast for termites.

Feeling quite bored, I went to the box and began rummaging through it, hoping for an idea. As I read the textbooks one by one...

I see my own handwriting mixed with doodles I had made out of boredom in class.

There were some unusual moments too...

I flipped through the books until I stop at one, a recycled paper notebook with an all-seeing eye logo on it that had been a giveaway from a school trip in elementary school.

Opening it, the large handwriting that seemed afraid the reader might miss it made me smile to my younger self. I found a passage written in shaky pencil, as if I had been crying while I wrote it.

'Mommy is going crazy'

My heart raced as I read that part of my own handwriting, remembering a past I had tried to bury, but in reality, it still haunted me. That was one of the reasons I had distanced myself from my little sister.

'I... from now on, I have another little sister. She's still the same old View B and always will be. Only the three of us know about this. I promise Dad, that I won't tell anyone.'

Dad, who brought the baby from somewhere, made me promised when I was old enough to understand. And as the daughter of strict teachers, I agreed that this secret would never leave my lips, trying to forget that this child was someone else, not the twin sister who died in childbirth and nearly drove Mom crazy...

I closed my elementary school notebook and sat in silence, not knowing what to do next. Suddenly, a strange thought occurred to me. I returned to my desk and began typing a draft that I would gradually send to View B, as we had agreed.

Am I really going to do this?

It's okay. As long as it's fictional, she will never know.

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Chapter One:

On a stormy night, a child was born amidst everyone's joy. However, her life was very short—she died in less than five minutes. Her mother was so devastated that she almost died of grief. Her husband, unable to bear to see his wife on the brink of death, went to beg a demon, asking that the child be returned to them, even if it meant sacrificing something.

The demon agreed to his request, but on the condition that when the time came, the demon would take the child back.

The father agreed to everything just to keep his wife alive. If the time came to take the child away, he would not feel anything, for the child was not truly his. But the deal did not end there, for this was a pact with the demon more sinister than any thief or curse.

You still have another son, don't you? When the time comes, we'll take your oldest son with us.

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I write this far, then lick my lips before pressing send on the file to the writer's inbox, which is View B. Then I clasped my hands in my lap. The first draft of the novel had been started, and soon my younger sister, who had been waiting for the plot, response promptly.

"Excuse me, but could you please send me the entire plot? It would help me write the treatment accurately. Receiving it one chapter at a time is causing confusion about where the characters are going."

Honestly, I didn't know what writing a treatment was until I Googled it and discovered that it involves outlining the scope of the story, sequencing the content of each chapter, and detailing the ending. This make me sweat a little, because I had just started and didn't even know how the story would end.

"I've heard that the characters develop a life of their own. Feel free to use your imagination, writer. We'll provide an outline for you to continue. We want this kind of novel, and payment will be made after each chapter is completed. Thank you."

After that, we don't discuss anything further. I figured View B would probably be quite considerate of me as a backer, so I accepted. I closed my laptop and lay down on the bed, worried that what I had sent would affect the future in some way.

I was opening a Pandora's box that I shouldn't have touched. Talent is something you can't ignore...

In just one night, View B had updated the new novel using the plot I had sent, complete with character names and the title. When I read it in the morning, I am surprised how the little one could create scenes, events, and dialogues so smoothly, even with just a three or four line plot, turning it into five A4 pages.

I quickly transfer the payment to the writer. It wasn't long before the writer responded to my inbox, thrilled to have received payment for her work. I cross my arms and closed my eyes, imagining that by now View B must be celebrating, telling everyone back home about the money she had earned.

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Ding!

The sound of the shop door opening for the first customer caused Arune, who was on standby as always, to greet them in her usual manner. Hearing that there was a customer, I quickly handed the menu from the kitchen counter that connects to the front to the sweet-faced person, but I have to stop when I see who it was.

"View B...Dad."

I swallow, a little startled, because I hadn't expected to see my whole family together. Mike B explain quickly, afraid that the atmosphere would crumble if my father and I fight.

"Listen first, P'May. Today, View B has some good news. She got her first paycheck from work, so she brought us here to celebrate. She thought it would be nice if we could all eat together. View B wants to share a meal with you."

“...”

"View misses you, P'May. Please make us some delicious food and join us today."

Mike B looks like he is begging. I look at my younger brother, whose dark circles under his eyes suggested he was studying hard. I heard he was an intern now, but he still made time to come because it was a special day. I just shrugged.

"I haven't said anything yet. Okay, I'll join you at the table. Go ask the chef. Tell Arune what you want."

I peek over at my family's table not too far away. View B, sitting next to Mom, looked at me and smiled sweetly. I quickly turned my face away, pretending not to see.

Damn... that smile is so sweet. I don't know how to act.

After managing the kitchen's orders, I myself went out to greet them, bowing respectfully to Dad and Mom like a good daughter. As for Mom, it is not....

It is not because I am angry, but Dad still maintained a stern expression, neither stopping me nor inviting me to stay. Eventually, View B left me to sit next to them.

"I'm glad you could join us, P'May."

"I heard you started making money from your work. Congratulations."

View smile all over her face, which made me look at my little sister with a fond expression before quickly returning to my usual demeanor.

"I can't believe you're making money writing novels. I thought writers usually struggle financially."

"Still struggling a bit, actually. The economy is down and people aren't buying as many books. But I'm lucky to have a client who's very generous."

"The same person who's paying for the tickets tickets to Japan?"

"Yes, that's right. Last night, I received a plot from them and start writing right away. I'm curious to see if writing will actually make money as promised. As soon as I posted the first chapter, they transferred the payment."

"Readers can also be very generous. Good luck with your work. Being able to do what you love is happiness."

"Exactly. By the way, P'May, you are an inspiration to me. Your courage to follow your dreams makes me want to follow in your footsteps."

"Don't take bad examples from May. You might end up on the wrong path."

Dad couldn't help but interrupt, crossing his arms.

"If I end up on the wrong path, it will be one that I chose for myself. When the time comes, if I regret it, I will bear it alone. I wouldn't want to follow someone else's dreams blindly, only to realize too late that I wasted my life."

"Is being a doctor really that bad?"

"It's a good profession, but it's not what I love."

"So cooking is your dream? When did you start to like cooking?"

"Since View B likes it... "

I hesitated during an argument with my father and brought it up. My little sister look at me in shock, as if she couldn't believe what she is hearing.

"When I realized that I could cook well, I knew that this was the path for me. That's it."

"This is supposed to be delicious?"

My father took a large shrimp from the bowl and took a bite. After making a face, he frowned slowly and swallowed. Everyone watched the older man expectantly, wondering what he would do next.

However, he just put down his fork and grabbed a napkin to wipe his mouth.

"It's okay."

"At least you managed to swallow it"

"I'm not eating anymore!"

My father stood up, looking stubborn, and left. My mother looked at me and my father, then nodded wearily before getting up to follow him for a chat.

Meanwhile, Mike B ran hurriedly went to help talk to my mother, leaving only me and View B.

"Maybe I shouldn't have join. It ruined the atmosphere."

"No, it's okay. Just having P'May here is enough. I was hoping it would be like that, but insisting on coming. I'm sorry for ruining the mood at your P'May restaurant."

"It's okay."

I took the spaghetti carbonara that View B likes, turned it over and put it on her plate.

"Eat it, to gain weight. You're too thin."

"P'May..."

View B still not in the mood to eat, look at me and ask nervously.

"What?"

"You decided to cook because View said it was delicious?"

Thump...

Thump...

I knew those words would touch the little one's heart. I licked my lips lightly and thought carefully.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Although it was a simple question, I find it difficult to answer. View B look at me, expecting a better answer.

"Because you will gain weight."

"Huh?"

"When you gain weight, you will look unattractive."

□□□□□

□04.HER STORY□

It seems I'm causing trouble for the family again...

Mom called me and yelled at me after I got home. She said View B kept looking at her favorite spaghetti carbonara but refused to eat it because she was afraid of getting fat.

Maybe seeing this made Mike B angry, so he jokingly put some in his mouth. When he saw how delicious it was, he ended up eating it all. Now the twins are having a huge fight, and View B is crying non-stop because she's mad that her favorite food was eaten.

Oh...such a small thing, so adorable. Crying over just this.

[Is it too much to ask to make another box for the little one? You could send it by LineMan... Mommy feels sorry for the little one crying like she's going to faint.]

"Mommy, don't be too exaggerated it. She's not crying her eyes out. You're being too indulgent."

[Mommy can't stand to see View B crying.]

I rubbed my faced tiredly from seeing Mommy's overdoing it before agreeing, even though I couldn't see it.

"Okay, I'll stop by and bringing to you as soon as I'm done with it."

[Let me know when you're coming. I'll pick it up. I don't want Dad to know. He doesn't like fuss.]

I hung up the phone and sat down, crossing my arms and massaging my temples. Right now, I'm living in a shared house with friends. We call it a "shared house," a rental concept where people share appliances and don't have to buy extras, just pay the rent.

We do things together, like play games, eat, and have similar interests, which helps keep me from feeling lonely being here alone.

"Is it okay if I cook at this time?"

I said to my roommate "Paint," who was watching a drama after the news.

"Sure, but make a little extra because I'm hungry."

"What if I don't make extra?"

"Then I won't let you cook because the smell will bother me while watching TV."

My roommate smiled brightly, looking in a good mood but a bit annoying. This house is full of female friends because we carefully select them based on our preferences and safety. It's not that men are bad, but it's just more comfortable with women, because sometimes we get a little wild without meaning to.

"There's no way, huh? Anyway, you have make a little extra."

I smile and start preparing spaghetti noodles.

While cooking, I glance at the TV screen where my friend was attentively watching the drama.

"Is it really that good? What country is this series from?"

"Korea."

"Watching it without Thai dubbing?"

"It gives a better mood."

"Ah, I see."

I watching the actors express their emotions on the screen and I was impressed by their craft. They could convey happiness and sadness as if they were commanded to do so.

"These actors are really good."

"Especially the Korean actors, they are really, really good. They make you cry with their sad scenes."

"And the Thai actors aren't good?"

"They are good, but the plots are usually just about love, which can't be helped. The general audience..."

"No demand, no supply."

I replies with a smile, understanding.

"So, what's the plot of this story? By the way, why does the heroine's face look familiar?"

"It must be familiar."

Said Mei, another housemate who had just come out of the bathroom and was drying her hair with a towel, laughing.

"It's been shown so many times, hasn't it? 'Autumn My Heart' has been around since the lead actress started her career and now she's married and divorced."

"I wondered why it looks so familiar. Being shown so often means it must be good."

"It's incredibly good. No matter how many times I watch it, I cry. As the writer came to this... The story begins with the heroine being switched at birth due to a hospital error. The lives of the two children change drastically: the rich child ends up in a poor family, scolded by her mother

every day, while the poor child is taken in by a loving and caring rich family. The story unfolds as they grow up and have to move back because of a blood type incompatibility in an accident."

I listening, open mouth at the deep for magical plot.

"I feel sorry for the heroine who grew up well but had to return to poverty. Is there a hero in this story?"

"Yes, there is. The hero is the heroine's older brother who grew up with her, believing her to be his biological sister all along. But it turns out that the brother has deep feelings for her. It's an incest plot, to the extreme."

I bit my lip in shock at the plot.

"How does the story end?"

"Good. "

tsiii.....

The sound of water boiling in the pot for spaghetti interrupt me, so I couldn't hear the end because I have to run back to continue cooking and leave the two friends watching TV while I think about my own situation.

The so-called "evil stepdaughter" was not exchanged in the hospital like in the Korean drama, but it was not much different. The truth can hurt and destroy feelings just as much.

View B is here, so everything must be kept secret. The secret must die with everyone who knows about her, be it our father, mother or even me.

But it's scary because if one day I can't bear my own feelings anymore, this secret won't die and will end up hurting that poor girl even more. It seems better to distance myself and watch View B grow up like this. I can't stand to see my sister sad.

But as for the mother I can't stand it either.

I drive to my parent's house and parking out and parking outside around eleven o'clock. When my mother found out I was there, she ran out and gave me a big smile, like someone who missed their daughter, even though we had just seen each other earlier that day.

"You're such a sweet child."

"Has View B stopped crying yet?"

"Not yet... *hiccup*."

A third voice spoke, making both the mother and I shiver a little. Now my little sister, in her dirty yellow pajamas and dragging her slippers, come out sobbing.

"I was wondering what Mommy was doing secretly.... *sniff* "

"Is she really crying non-stop? Is she that upset about not having spaghetti?"

I frowns, but I couldn't help but smile fondly.

"What a spoiled brat. Not cute at all."

"View was never cute in P'May's eyes. *hiccup*."

"May!"

Mommy raised her hand and lightly patted my arm.

"Why do you always talk so harshly to your sister? You know she's sensitive, and you make things worse."

"But it's true. She's grown up and graduated, but she still acts like a child just because she didn't eat spaghetti. If she won't eat, someone else should. I made food for her to eat, not just to look at."

"Even if she refuses to eat, it doesn't mean she doesn't want to."

"Food is for eating."

And then the crying child sobbed even more. I could only stand there, surprised by her complaint, and turned my face away because I couldn't help but smile, even though I didn't want my mother to see. Mother ran to comfort her and had to call me to come over and offer a few words of comfort.

"If I look ugly after eating, P'May won't love me."

"May, do something! She won't stop crying."

"She won't stop crying because she's hungry, like a baby crying for mother's milk."

"Why does P'May always treat View like a child?"

"Who is an adult here, crying like this?"

I sigh and open the container with carbonara inside, then I pick up the fork I brought and rolled the noodles into a roll before walking over to View with a firm command.

"Open your mouth."

"No, I'm not going to eat."

"..."

"I'm sad."

"..."

"You don't love me anymore?"

In the end, the little one open her mouth reluctantly, tears still welling in her eyes. I fed her the noodles slowly, guiding her with each bite with instructions.

"Chew slowly. Taste. Don't just hold it in your mouth."

"..."

"Is it good?"

View nodded vigorously. I look at the cute crying child and couldn't help but smile. The memory of when I was young, taking care of my sister and helping my mother, came back. Back then, View B was like that crying and refusing to eat. Mom was afraid to look at her because she didn't want to upset her any further, so I was always the one who had to insist.

Make sure she follows my instructions. As for Mike, there aren't many problems because he's a quiet child who listens well. Maybe it's because he's a boy, so he doesn't make much noise.

"Why do you have to make it taste good? If you do it like that, I'll eat it all, and if I eat too much, I'll get fat. If I get fat, I'll get ugly."

"Even if you get ugly, Mommy will always love you, honey."

"And if I get ugly and don't have a boyfriend, don't get married?"

"Then you'll stay with Mommy."

The little girl look at me as if she want some kind of reassurance. I could imagine she probably wanted me to say something like,

'I'm staying with you, and I'm not getting married.'

But I didn't say that.

"Well, there needs to be at least one child to stay with their mother. I'll leave that task to you, since I can't go home."

"P'May, you're getting married, right?"

View pouted as she chewed on her food. She reached out and lovingly wipe her lips absently, so I answer truthfully.

"I'm not getting married."

"So does that mean you're staying with View?" I smile slightly.

"I'm going to live with my partner. Marriage is a waste of money."

My arm now had red, raised marks from my mother's relentless beatings. I look at the marks on my arm and smile before putting on my glasses and concentrating on the Korean drama my roommate had been watching on repeat since the first scene.

Mei, thinking I had fallen asleep, come out of the room, grabbed some snacks, and sat down next to me.

"You're lucky I'm here. I thought you'd already fallen asleep."

"I don't sleep very well. I accidentally heard a ghost story before I fell asleep, so I decided to watch the series. But why are you watching this? You usually don't like that kind of thing."

"I find the plot interesting. I want to know how it ends."

"The heroine gets cancer and dies. The end."

I bared my teeth and look at my friend who had spoiled the ending in one line, in frustration.

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, you wanted to know how it ends, right? So I just told you. Otherwise, you'd be shock and cry later. Some people don't like tragic stories, so knowing beforehand helps you prepare for it."

Mei unwrapped a snack and took a bite, munching on it contentedly.

"Honestly, it's only fitting that it ends this way. No matter how you look at it, the hero and heroine can't end up together."

My eyes remained fixed on the TV, but I continued my conversation with my friend.

"But they're not siblings. What's wrong with that?"

"The problem is that they've thought of each other as siblings their entire lives. Growing up together, falling in love just because they found out they're not really siblings is wrong. It's so immoral. If the story ended with them together, I'm sure the entire country would be outraged, including me."

I still didn't show any emotion, even though my heart was aching.

"Can't love happen between everyone?"

What if a father and daughter fell in love?..."

"..."

"That alone is enough to make it seem sinful, right? In dramas, everything seems beautiful and perfect, but in real life, it doesn't fit. It's impossible to do. Thank cancer for taking the heroin away. Imagine how the father and mother would feel if they knew that their son... we already understand that it's their own son... were together."

"Well, I won't watch it anymore. You ruined everything."

I stood up and threw a pillow at my friend in irritation before returning to my room. Even though I tried to act unaffected, as soon as I closed the door, my back rested against it with a wave of pain in my chest.

Love can't happen to everyone, especially not to me...

Tonight, I probably won't be able to sleep. So, I went to my laptop and started writing a short plot for the next episode, detailing what View B would need to continue.

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Episode 1:

The child was born into a good family, never knowing she was adopted. She was so well cared for that even her biological children would be jealous. But then again... the biological child is the older brother..

No, that won't work... I need to twist reality a little.

The biological child is the older brother who knows everything, understanding that she was adopted to heal her mother's heart. She is a gift that brings smiles to the family. She is the love of everyone.

I will not allow this story to end tragically. View B must have a good and beautiful life as it should be. I will not let myself be a stain that ruining my sister's life just because of my own feelings. If anyone is going to die by cancer...that person must be me.

View B...you are my love.

From now on, this is your story that I will make sure it ends in the most beautiful as possible.

□□□□□

□05.The Role of The Older Brother



I still can't think and continue developing the plot. While the great writer, my talented younger sister, is eagerly awaiting the next chapter.

Apart from wanting to encourage her, give her some incentive to spend money, I now also have to figure out how to turn in the next part of the homework.

"Khun May, there's a flower delivery for you."

Arune, the face of the store, knocking on the door of the room where I usually work or manage some documents, bringing a large bouquet of flowers. I clasped my hands and looked at the flowers before leaning back in the chair, feeling bored.

"Why do men think that all women should love flowers? They are beautiful, but they are useless. Apart from putting them in a vase, there is nothing else you can do with them."

"The giver doesn't think about their usefulness. They give them as a way to express their feelings, like 'I like you', 'I love you' or something like that."

"Has Intuorn ever given you something like this?"

"Never."

"And if you received it, would you like it?"

"For someone we care about, anything they give is appreciated. Khun May, isn't there someone you like?"

"Well..."

I rolled my eyes, changing the subject.

"Anyway, thank you for the flowers."

"Fah didn't buy you flowers, Khun May. Why are you thanking me?"

Arune laughing and turn around, ready to leave the room. But before she left, she couldn't resist turning around and asking again.

"Khun May, isn't there someone you like?"

"Don't try to fool me. I won't fall for it."

"Hehe."

The sweet-faced girl left. I glances at the flowers placed on the table before shifting my gaze to the desk drawer on the right, where I usually keep small knick-knacks. Inside, there was a jar filled with folded paper stars some beautifully made, some not so much rolling around. It had never been opened.

It was the only jar I had kept and never discarded, unlike other jars or knick-knacks I had received in the past.

"I wanted to have a Valentine's Day with you, so I made this for you, P'May... hehe."

It's true... It really depends on the person giving it. No matter how silly it is, we will still see how valuable it is.

Ring...

The sound of my cell phone, which I had set to a classic ringtone, suddenly rang.

When I saw that it was a call from "Lee," the half-Hong Kong guy who was trying to woo me, I could only sigh and reluctantly answer the call.

"Hello."

[I just came back. Did you like the flowers?]

"They're nice. But next time, don't buy anything. It's a waste."

[For you, it's not a waste. But if you don't like flowers, if you don't know what you like, I won't be able to guess what's in your heart. Taking you out to eat is weird because you're the owner of the restaurant and you make the most delicious food I've ever been to. I don't even know what to say when I call anymore.]

"Aren't you tired? I've been so cold to you for months now, and yet you keep trying. Anyone else would have given up by now."

[I don't give up on people I really like. You've probably never really liked anyone, so you don't understand.]

I look at the pot next to me before letting out a sigh. I know...

I'm someone who really doesn't like anything. My favorite thing is to sleep in a cold air-conditioned room and fall asleep with my eyes closed, feeling like my body has had enough rest.

Traveling is exhausting. Going out to eat seems weird since it's someone else's house. I don't understand why I would waste money.

[If I invited you to sleep with me, would you go?]

The person on the other side of the line laughed loudly. When he saw that I was quiet, he gradually calmed down, then quickly made an excuse, realizing that he might have overreacted.

[Sorry, I was just joking.]

"Let's see... Where do you think you would sleep comfortably? Try to think about it."

The person on the other end of the line fell silent, and that made me smile.

"I'm joking."

[You scared me. For a moment, I thought seriously about it.]

I looked at the jar again before deciding to close the drawer and talk to the person on the other end, finally understanding his feelings.

"Maybe we can end up sleeping together if we start by going on a date first. I'm free tomorrow afternoon. You can think about what you want to do. If I feel like it's not working out between us tomorrow, I'll tell you right away."

[O-okay...]

The person on the other end of the line answer, sounding excited and surprise. I ended the call there and sat back in my chair, looking up at the ceiling.

If I don't know anyone, I might be closing myself off too much. As for someone who has no right to be anything anymore, it's better to let things be. Just watching them from afar and watching them grow beautifully is enough.

I haven't been on a date in a long time since high school. Don't even ask if I did something like that when I got into medical school, because I didn't even have time to sleep with all the studying and stuff I had to do. So, this is the first time in many years that I'm going out with a guy.

Actually, I wouldn't mind going out with a girl either... Love is beautiful, after all. I can love anyone.

Lee came to pick me up from home after I finished getting dressed. Today, I wore a simple black dress with high heels, which I hadn't worn in a long time, unless it was for an event. I borrowed my purse from a friend at home. As soon as he saw me appear, my gaze went a little dazed.

"This isn't a Bollywood movie. No one is zooming in on your face repeatedly. Don't act so surprised it makes me feel weird."

"When you were in your kitchen outfit, you were already beautiful, but dressed like this, it's a totally different look."

"Where are you taking me tonight? If it's boring, we're not going to end up in bed tonight."

"..."

"Just kidding."

I laugh when I see that he is surprised by my playful comment. Once Lee had composed himself, he laugh along before running to open the car door like a gentleman. But I shook my head, not really appreciating these gestures.

"No, thank you. Anything I can do by myself, I'd rather do."

"I was just... understood."

"But I'm not saying that's a bad thing. I just prefer to do things by myself so that you don't have to go out of your way. But since you already open the door, I'll accept the courtesy."

I smile and get in the car without any further fuss. Lee quickly moves to the driver's side and led me to the place he has in mind. I ask him to plan the day because I want to see his thought process. A first meeting can reveal a lot of attitudes, beliefs, behavior.

Even though we may be putting on a front at first, you can still catch glimpses of their true selves, things they may not even realize they're showing.

The first place he takes me is an art gallery. I nodded slightly, feeling like he'd made a good choice. If it had been anyone else who couldn't think of anything, they might have taken me to a movie, a meal, or even a temple.

Honestly, if he'd taken me to a temple, I would have cut the conversation short and gone home to bed. But bringing me here, to a place where we

could walk around without it being too hot and with plenty to see besides lighting incense and offering lotus flowers, was a good idea.

"Do you like art?"

"Actually, no. I don't know much about it."

"But you still brought me here?"

"I wanted to see how you move through the space, to understand your thoughts and feelings. I want to know what interests you most besides cooking."

It's not just me who's evaluating the situation, right? He's evaluating me too.

"I don't know much about art either, but I don't care... and yes, I'm pretty superficial when it comes to that subject. But you're smart enough to be here, because it's not hot."

"I can't take you out to dinner because you'd probably get bored. Watching a movie would waste too much of our time together. I want to hang out with you, talk to you, and find out who you are, where you come from, and what you've done. I've been courting you for six months on LINE and by phone, but other than your voice at your restaurant, I don't know anything about you."

"So why don't you start? Who are you and where do you come from?"

"Finally, you are interested in me."

We walk around, stopping occasionally to look at paintings, sculptures and photographs. Others around us stop to study the artwork, discussing what it meant, while we are more focus on learning about each other.

"I feel a little sorry for the artists, though, for having people like us attend their exhibition..."

Lee is a businessman, half Thai and half Hong Kong, with a bit of Western heritage, as his grandmother was British. His business involves importing

and exporting pearls. If you mentioned the brand name, people would probably recognize it.

Honestly, I had already assessed him by looking at his watch, the designer clothes he wore, and the car he drove. He wasn't showing off, but whatever he wore had to be of good quality, representing his status.

"With your position, you should be dating socialites or celebrities."

"I've dated those types before, but none of them could cook as well as you."

"Would you believe me if I said that if we get married, I would never cook for you?"

"I believe you."

"Oh?"

"You didn't even let me open the car door for you, so I'm sure you wouldn't agree to be a housewife who cooks to keep her husband's love. But still... I like you. You're no less than any actress. I like your confidence."

"..."

"I like you."

I felt my face heat up a little at his blunt confession, so I turn my head. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Chai, Lee's boyfriend, about to come down the stairs to another floor. Partly to escape the awkward conversation and partly out of curiosity about whether Chai was with someone else, I decided to call him.

"Chai."

The guy, my sister's boyfriend, look back in surprise before recognizing me and shouting my name.

"P'May B"

"Is he someone you know?"

Lee asking as he approach me, making me smile slightly as I answer.

"My sister's boyfriend."

"Do you have a sister? I thought you only had one brother. You never mentioned it."

That's because I never really considered View B as my sister.

At first, I didn't plan on eating anything, but as time went on, my stomach started to feel empty. So, we stopped at a café to talk, with Chai joining us as a guest of honor.

"Why are you alone? Didn't View B come with you?"

"I don't see View B that often."

"What kind of relationship is this if you don't see each other often?"

"View B is the type who likes to be alone. She only goes out when she's really bored. Plus, it seems like she's been really interested in the novel she's writing lately. I came here to buy some stationery, so there was no point in inviting her."

How far have they really come...?

"Aren't you that close to View B?"

Although I wanted to ask what was on my mind, I opted for a softer and more indirect question.

"How long have you been together?"

"Since our first year of college."

"It's been several years."

No progress...? But I can't ask that directly.

"Yes, it's been several years."

"Have you ever thought about getting married?"

"Ah..."

My simple question surprised Chai a little. Lee look at me for a moment, then smile as if he realize I was usefully questioning my sister's boyfriend. He then stand up and excuses himself to go to the bathroom.

"You two keep talking. I'll be right back."

"Okay."

After Lee stood up, Chai with his back bent into his seat, clearly nervous and a little intimidated by me. To ease the tension, I give him smiled and laugh.

"You don't have to be so afraid of me."

"I don't know... You seem very considerate. And besides, View B said you're the serious type who doesn't socialize with anyone, and..."

"And what?"

"Nothing."

I look at Chai and asking again.

"And what?"

My tone was lower, which only made Chai shrink even further in his seat. I had to lean forward and lift him up to answer.

"And that I hate View B?"

"I'm sorry."

Chai took a sip of coffee, as if trying to find something to help him swallow his nerves.

"View B really wants to be around you. She said that after this trip to Japan, she is determine to become closer to you."

"Aren't you upset that even though you are her boyfriend, she didn't invite you to go with her?"

"Why would I be upset?"

"Well, going abroad with your girlfriend, there are so many things you could do together. You two have been dating for so many years, I guess..."

"No, not at all! We've never done anything like this!"

Chai defending quickly, his face pale which made me narrow my eyes slightly.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. Besides holding hands, I've never done anything with View B. She said she didn't want to upset her parents."

"What does this have to do with her parents?"

Chai's face turn red at the bluntness, which made me feel a little affectionate. I covered my mouth to stifle a laugh and then reached out to gently touch his cheek with the back of my hand, out of curiosity and without any particular intention.

"Are you shy? You're blushing a lot."

"..."

"..."

"..."

This silence... We both stared at each other, and Chai was the first to look away, as Lee came back from the bathroom.

"What are you two talking about?"

"I was just making this boy blush. He's quite interesting."

I rested my chin on my hand and invite him with a smile.

"Next time when you're free, come to my restaurant. I'll buy you a meal so we can get to know each other better."

"Y-yes."

"You have to come. I'll be waiting."

After Chai left, Lee, who was walking beside me, look at me with a smile, his hands in his pockets, as if he is waiting for me to say something. I notice his demeanor, knowing he has something to say.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"You're breaking that guy's heart."

"What did I do?"

"It's obvious you were flirting with him. Were you testing his loyalty to your sister?"

I turn to look at Lee and smile.

Honestly, I was more surprise that he could read my actions so well it impressed me even more.

"Do you watch a lot of dramas?"

"I've been in enough relationships to know how people are. I've been stalking you for six months now. We've been hanging out, and you haven't shown me any signs of interest, except for teasing me about finding a place

to sleep. But with that guy earlier, you used a different tone and body language that clearly showed you were interested, or at least you wanted him to think so."

"Did it work?"

Lee walk in front of me and lean in a little, standing a little taller. I paused and lean back a little, narrowing my eyes to gauge his intentions. But no, he just look at me knowingly, smile charmingly like an adult, and impresses me a little more with his intelligence mixed with flirtation.

"You would have the same reaction as anyone."

Ding!

The sound of a text message on my phone interrupted our flirtatious conversation. I wave at the guy and picked up my phone to read the message, which turned out to be from my mother a rare occurrence, since she wasn't very skilled at online communication.

It was just a 'Happy Monday' message, as usual.

Mom :

Does May have a boyfriend now?

May B:

How did you find out? I pause and smile.

May B:

Did View B tell you? This news traveled fast.

Mom :

Is it true? I heard he's handsome and seems very rich too.

May B:

I'm still deciding if it should be real. He's smart and very rich.

Mom :

Does May prefer people with statuses?

May B :

May prefers direct people. Don't use Mom's LINE to play around. If you have questions, ask directly.

Mom doesn't type messages that fast.

Then the conversation ended abruptly, and if I had to guess, the person typing is probably in shock.

I didn't continue the conversation, since the View B has gone silent. I smile at Lee and touch his elbow with my hand, signaling that I trust him to some extent.

"Shall we move on to the next part of the plan? I'm bored with art galleries right now."

"Can you give me a hint about where you don't like it? I'm afraid if I pick the wrong place and you won't want to see me again."

"I don't let things slip."

"We get along great then I don't like temples either."

"What's your idea of hell?"

"Chili paste."

We can actually make this work...

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Chapter 3: Family

She grew up well under the care of her older brother. She never missed the love and couldn't say that her family had embraced her, as if they all loved her more than their own biological children.

Her older brother was there for her every step of the way-feeding her, helping with the housework, reading her bedtime stories. Before they knew it, they were both adults, and the age difference began to change the dynamics of their relationship.

Childhood for the younger sister and youth for the older brother. The younger sister continued to be the brightness for everyone in the house, including her older brother. However, her older brother started to see her in a different light,she always knew in her heart that she was someone else. To avoid potential conflict, the older brother therefore distance himself.

He treated her as if she were someone else...and he never knew why.



□06.Following Your Footsteps,Mischievous Girl□

Those are the first words that come to my mind when I see Mom sitting in the restaurant. Although I had invited her to eat here many times, she had never thought of coming.

Today, Mom come with View B as guests, and the menu was pretty much the same as always, because it seemed like the little girl only knew my food, which was spaghetti carbonara.

"I feel like I've been seeing my family more often lately, which is really unusual."

I said with a smile, while View B keep her head down, eating her food without looking at me, clearly feeling guilty.

"Is it true that you have a boyfriend now?"

"Since when does Mom care about my personal matters?"

"Why wouldn't I care?"

"Well, you seem to be busy with the twins."

"It's not like I don't care, because I know you can take care of yourself. You've been capable since you were little, so what else do I need to worry about?"

"If you're not worried, then what are you doing here?"

"Just having a meal, visiting my daughter, and asking her updates. Isn't that allowed?"

Mom said, sounding more teasing than sarcastic.

"I come because I'm curious about your boyfriend. At this age, is this guy serious?"

"If you don't count the time we spent laying the ground, we just got to know each other. Whether it's serious or not, we'll have to leave that for the future."

"Don't make life as a joke. I'm worried about you."

"I'm not joking. Even the little one has a boyfriend."

I nodded at the sweet-faced girl who kept glancing at me from time to time. "She has a boyfriend, and when I do, she tells on me."

"Mom, I wasn't gossiping."

View B quickly waved her hands in denial.

"I just mentioned to Mom about how Chai accidentally saw you with that guy, and then Mom got interested."

"And you got interested too?"

"A little... Do you like him, P'May?"

That direct question made me answer honestly, although my feelings are still somewhat superficial. But I don't want to hide anything.

"Yes, I like him. There's nothing bad about him."

Then everything fell silent. The person who was eagerly eating spaghetti before, now she is twirling it on her fork without actually eating it. Mom, who had been quiet, sigh softly before asking bluntly, as only a mother can.

"Are the rice grains cooked yet?"

I raised an eyebrow and laughing. I neither confirm nor deny because I want to keep them guessing, just for fun. But it was View B who frown.

"Why are you laughing? Why didn't you answer?"

"Who really wants an answer here, Mom or View B?"

"If I don't want an answer, why would I asked?"

Mom interrupt again, wanting me to confirm. She shook her head in refusal and took a sip of my drink, while my little sister seemed to sigh in relief.

"Why are you sighing?"

Mom nudged View B with her elbow, noticing the same thing and quickly turning back to the gossip.

"Your little sister is more worried than I am. She says that P'May has a boyfriend and worries that P'May loves someone else more than her."

"Mom! I didn't say it like that. I just mentioned that P'May has a boyfriend now, that's all."

"Even if you didn't say it like that, you definitely acted like it. You should be happy that your sister has a boyfriend! After all, you have one too."

"But my relationship with Chai is more like that of friends there's nothing secret about it. Besides, I go home every day, and Mom and Dad see us."

Her words, which sound like she is reporting herself as well-behave under the watchful eyes of our parents, made me smile. At least, I don't need to worry too much.

"Don't worry so much. If I get pregnant, you'll have a grandchild to hold."

"May B!"

"Hehe"

I laugh, not taking it too seriously, but Mom and View B seemed to be genuinely serious.

"What's the problem? I'm old enough for this. Isn't it strange for this kind of thing to happen. What era are we in?"

"For me, May, you will never grow up. Imagine if View B spent the night with a guy. Wouldn't you feel something?"

Being compare like that, I understand immediately when I look at my little sister. The image of View B and Chai hugging and kissing flashed through my mind, making me press my lips together tightly. I'm not old-fashion, sex is something nature created for us to enjoy. It's like eating when you're hungry. But with some people, you just don't want them to engage in things like that.

Mom feels that way about me.

And I feel the same way about View B.

"How about this? I'm taking my boyfriend home so you can meet him. At least he'll be under the watchful eyes of Mom and Dad."

"..."

"So when I die, you'll know who killed me, huh? Hehe."

"Still joking!"

"It's all just beginning. Bringing him home now seems a little too soon." I told Mom honestly.

"It all depends on the timing. If its too soon and the guy will get scared. If its too late and the guy will get too comfortable. When I think the time is right, I'll bring him."

"Do whatever you think is best. I hope you don't disappoint me, May B."

"Do you want a grandson or a granddaughter? I'll make sure to get the position right."

"May B!"

"Hehe"

I walk my mom and my naughty little sister to the car. Just before they left, View B, who was the last one to get in while Mom was starting the car, turn to talk with me, a little nervous as always for someone who is cautious around her older sister.

"If you have something to say, say it. You know I don't like hesitant people."

"I don't know if it's right to say it or not."

"So don't say it. Just get in the car and go."

"P'May, could you come home?"

The sudden request made me widen my eyes in surprise before smiling knowingly.

"Why? Are you afraid that I'll sneak my boyfriend home or something?"

"N-no, not that."

"Even if I did come home, I could still bring my boyfriend. Remember when I used to skip school and take Intuorn home during our school days?"

Her face turning bright red with the memory.

"Of course, I remember. To me, P'May has always been an example of how to do things. Because of that day, I tried to get a girlfriend and took her home too. You saw how well I did, didn't you?"

One more...

I look at my little sister, pressing my lips together tightly. I am not sure if she is trying to get back at me or what, but it make my heart race.

"So, what was it like? Being with a girl?"

"It wasn't that great. And you, P'May, how did it feel when you did that with Intuorn?"

"It wasn't bad."

"And with a guy?"

"I am planning to try."

"Then I'll try too. Looks like it's time to learn about this."

I grabbing my little sister's arm and squeezes it tightly. View B look at me in shock at the pressure on her wrist. When I realize what I am doing, I slowly loosen my grip and begin to gently stroke her head.

"You've grown up now. What can I say?"

"Yes...and you've grown up too, P'May. How long can I keep being possessive of you?"

I'm her role model...

I just realized how much influence I have on View B. It still amazes me that she dated a girl, but I never thought it was out of curiosity or the 'If my sister can do it, so can I mentality.

While I was lost in thought, "Chai" came to mind. With the way my sister left things, I realized I needed to do something to set boundaries from the start.

"Chai...are you free today? I want to take you out to dinner."

As soon as I sent the message, Chai arriving at the store so fast that I thought, his house must be across the street. Today, the young man come in

a light blue shirt and jeans, wearing a cologne that smelled pleasantly strong. I smiles a little, assessing his outfit, and knew I have to make him feel proud for putting in so much effort.

"You look more handsome today than I have ever seen you."

"Thank you."

"Order whatever you want. Today is on me, and I will cook it myself."

Usually, I have a few chefs and cooks helping in the kitchen. When Chai heard this, his face turn red with embarrassment, and he hesitantly order something modest, worried about the price. After seeing his choice, I went to the kitchen to prepare it myself and served it to him personally. But even so, the young man in front of me was too shy to start eating.

"Go ahead and eat. If you don't, I will be sad."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Hmm?"

"Why did you suddenly call me here?"

I roll my eyes and smile, wanting to create an even more intriguing atmosphere. Chai look at me with a stunning expression, and I know my tactic is working.

"I just want to talk... about the View B"

"Oh, okay."

"Are you serious about my sister?"

Chai's jaw drop slightly, and he nods shyly.

"Yeah."

"So, what do you do for living? Where are you from? Introduce yourself a little."

"I'm from the countryside... "

Chai introduce himself shyly. He's a boy from the provinces who got into a state university in Bangkok. His family is middle class, with both parents working as government employees, no family businesses. He currently works at a bank and, in his spare time, sells his drawings as a freelance artist. He mentioned that he's thinking about quitting his job because he's exhausted.

"You're also good at drawing, huh? No wonder we met at the art gallery. You must really like art. What do you usually draw?"

"I usually draw abstract art."

"Can you draw people?"

"I can, but it's more on the cartoonish side, not very realistic."

"It would be nice if you could draw a picture for me... Since you're already here, how about paying for your meal by drawing something for me? I'll get you some paper and a pencil."

I eagerly walked back to my office, grabbing a thin sheet of A4 paper and a 2B pencil, and handed them to him. Chai, who had already eaten a little, agreed to draw for me as I asked.

I didn't really want the picture, I just wanted to make eye contact with him...

Every man who makes eye contact with me never gets away. Without fail, each one ends up crawling back to me like a dog.

This comparison might be a bit harsh, but it was a game I used to play with my friends in college. Whenever I wanted to test my charm, I would do something like this. But it's been a while since I've done it, and I'm curious to see if it still works.

"You really have a pretty face."

I complimented him as he drew, giving him a smile. Chai tried to avoid making eye contact, focusing on something else.

"You must have had a lot of girlfriends, right?"

"I don't have. View is my first."

"First and only love, huh? How did you two become a couple? Did you officially ask her to be your girlfriend?"

"Well... I didn't really ask her to be my girlfriend. It just happened. We knew we were each other's closest friends. View B isn't interested in anyone else, she only has me."

"This sounds more like a friendship. A relationship should have something more, like making your heart race when you're close, or feeling a spark when you make eye contact."

"..."

"Has anyone ever made your heart race and you feel like you're melting when you look into their eyes?"

The question made Chai look up and then quickly look away. His brief reaction made me smile and rest my chin on my hand.

"Are you not drawing anymore?"

"I can't concentrate."

"By the way, you still haven't said if you've ever felt this way with someone else. Does View B make your heart race and you feel like you're melting when you look into her eyes?"

"To be honest...never."

"So it's not love, is it?"

"So what is love?"

I leaned across the table, tilting my head slightly and looking directly at him.

"Keep coming for dinner, and I'll tell you."

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Chapter 4: Counterattack

Aware of how problematic his own feelings towards her sister were becoming, he decided to leave home to avoid causing discomfort to her family. Her sister, who had no idea of his feelings, could only feel hurt and confused by her brother's sudden distance, unaware that he had been eyeing her from afar.

He was searching for someone who could replace her in her heart, hoping that a new love would help him overcome the feelings he shouldn't have.

But it seemed like no one could replace her. His little sister was the only one in his world, and he believed that no one else could take her place. Even if he was pretending otherwise...

He couldn't really replace her. He was just putting on a facade using the excuse of selecting good people when in fact,

He love her like crazy...

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□□□□□

□07. Cutting Options□

It seemed like everything was easier than I expected after Chai came over for dinner that day. He started distancing himself from View B and visiting me more often.

But today was different. When Lee stopped by to the store to see me, Chai, who was about to come over, text me that he is almost there. So I tell him I am not available because I have a guest.

Chai: Did you have a date with someone?

Chai: Man or Woman?

I smile at his slightly irritates text and types a short reply to cutting of the annoyance.

May B : It's none of your business.

I turn the phone screen face down and continues talking to Lee, ignoring the reply Chai might have sent. Lee noticed my action and smiled with his face.

"Who pissed you off?"

He is such a detail person... Even if I remained completely calm and didn't show any emotion, he could still sense my feelings.

"It's not that important at all."

As I spoke, I turned around and caught sight of Chai standing across the street. The opposite person looking at me with a pain expression and slowly walking away. I Ignored him and continued talking to my guest. A conversation about his day, which I told him completely.

"I thought the situation was a little bad. I'm not the only one you're talking to."

"I just need to have some options. But you don't need to worry about that, he's not even on my list of choices."

"And am I on that list?"

"We'll have to wait and see."

"How long is it?"

"Well, how long can you wait?"

My words were ambiguous, making Lee laughing and playfully bite his lip.

"You're beautiful, smart, and sassy."

"Don't men like women who can talk about anything? Someone who feels like a friend?"

"But I don't want to be your friend."

"You're in a hurry,"

I teased as I twirled some spaghetti from his plate around a fork and fed him a small piece with a smile.

"If I want to be with you, I wouldn't want to be just friends. You look too hot for that."

"You really are something,"

Lee said, opening his mouth to take a bite I offered, chuckling softly and chewing as he try to change the subject.

"By the way, when are you going to Japan?"

"Why do you ask? What's make you bring it up?"

"Maybe I'll secretly follow you."

I hesitates for a moment, unsure whether I should tell him directly whether or not he shouldn't go, before shaking my head slightly in refusal.

"No, you can't. This is a trip for me and my sister. If you go along, View B will feel like a third wheel. I don't want her to feel uncomfortable. Besides, she's paying for this trip all by herself."

"You're really cutting ties without leaving any strings attached. If it were anyone else, they probably would have avoided the subject."

"If the end result is a rejection, it's best to be direct. Besides, I don't want to beat around the bush. You wouldn't like a woman who takes ten minutes to say 'no' after talking in circles, would you?"

Lee rests his chin on his hand and sigh.

"Why did I have to fall for someone like you? There are so many people chasing after me, but I find myself stuck here."

"You don't have to like me."

"Can you prevent the sun for rising? My feelings are the same, they just happen and don't go away easily."

"So, as an apology, if our relationship progresses any further, I'll invite you come over to my place for dinner."

I said, feeling a little embarrass as I twirl some spaghetti on my fork and took a bite, even though it was from his plate.

"By the way, Chai, my sister's boyfriend, told my mother that he saw us on a date. So now my mother insists that I bring 'that man' home for dinner."

"I think 'that man' is me. I can go today."

"It's not up to you."

I smile slightly, and that made Lee's shoulders drop a little before he shrugged in a nonchalant, Western style.

"As you wish. I'm already following your lead. But how will I know when our relationship has progressed enough for me to be invited to your house for dinner?"

I reach out and brushing the back of his palm with my finger, smiling at him.

"We need to get a little closer first. But not now..."

I haven't been in a serious relationship for a long time. When I did have someone, it was always superficial, and I didn't really care because my mind was preoccupied with school and my dear sister.

I couldn't focus on anyone else because I knew dating would just be a waste of time, with relationships starting and ending without ever finding someone who was truly right for me.

The reason I opened up to Lee was partly because I thought he might be a good option and could help me get over the weird feelings I had toward View B.

Shortly after I discussed about Japan with Lee, View B texted me about the dates and times of the trip, which would be next month. I looked at my sister's text with a strange feeling because it was brief and short, unlike their usual playful tone where they always put a sticker at the end to keep things from sounding too dull.

May B: Is that all?

View B: Yes.

May B: Is something wrong?

View B: No.

I staring at those words, feeling a strange sense of anxiety, but I didn't want to ask her directly. Instead, I decided to call someone who probably knew her better than anyone else in the world, her twin brother, who I am not sure he is at home right now.

"I miss your cooking, P'May...haha ."

"When you come here, just ask."

I laugh to the voice of a whiny boy who was just beginning to mature.

"Are you on duty or home?"

"Stay at home, I just woke up."

"At this time?"

I glances at the wall clock, which read five in the afternoon, and said,

"So you're on duty every night?"

"You're lucky you decided to drop out of college. It's great that you know what you like and can do whatever you want. Look at me...because I don't know what I like, I have to study what our father wants."

"Sometimes, knowing what you like isn't always a good thing. For some things, it's better not to know."

I sigh, saying it with a different meaning.

"What do you mean, P'May? Is there really a situation where knowing what you like is worse?"

"I'm just talking. Actually, I called to ask you something, Mike... Is there something wrong with View? I feel like she's acting weird."

"What did View do?"

"She didn't really do anything. Maybe I'm just imagining things."

"You're pretty perceptive."

"Then there's something. What's going on with View?"

"I think View is heartbroken."

It's because Chai suddenly disappeared. View B, who was trying to talk to her boyfriend, started to worry about what was going on, but all he got in return was silence.

"I think Chai has someone else."

It's been a long time since I haven't been home. The last time I stopped by was just to drop off food, but I haven't been back since I fought with my dad about dropping out of college. Today is the first time in two years that

I've been back, and it's my lucky day, since my dad was traveling to another province.

"Where's View B, Mom?"

Mom look at me like she sees a savior, but she is also surprised to see me return because of View B.

"Hiding up there in bed. How did you know View was in trouble?"

"I talked to Mike B"

"Did Mike tell you that?."

"I am curious, let me go see her first."

I didn't want to explain things to Mom at length, so I went straight to my sister's room and knocked on the door a few times.

Knock, knock.

"View B... It's me, P'May."

Since my return wasn't something that happened often, it wasn't long before View B opened the door, as if to check if it was really me.

"P'May."

"So you're old enough to have your heart broken now?"

"..."

The sad expression on my little sister's face made me, who was trying to act tough, slump my shoulders before pulling her into my arms. But it seemed that the more I tried to comfort her, the sadder she got, to the point where she hugging me tightly.

"I'm so glad you come, P'May."

"Do you really love him that much?"

"I don't know. Please give me a hug, P'May?"

We stayed like that, hugging each other, not knowing how much time had passed. View B cling to me like a little monkey, afraid that I might slip away. I almost started to leave if she hadn't pulled away first to wipe her tears.

"I make your shirt wet with my tears."

"Yeah, and it's a new shirt too. It cost over a thousand bahts." "That's so mean. I'm already sad..."

View B look around, then open a drawer as if searching for something before finding some wet wipes. She walk over and starts cleaning my shirt.

"It's not that bad."

"It's still a mess."

"You can take off your shirt, P'May!"

Her sarcastic tone made me burst out laughing before I walk over and threw myself on her single bed, which was five feet wide.

"It's okay. Watching you cry is kind of funny. So, what's it like to have a broken heart?"

"How much do you know, P'May?"

That question made me shiver a little because I didn't know how much View B. I knew about being heartbroken, so I give a basic answer.

"I heard from Mike that you were feeling bad. I felt it myself when your replies to my messages were wrong, so I thought I'd come see for myself how bad it was."

I nodded slightly as if assessing the situation.

"You look heartbroken like a teenager, just like in music videos and dramas. Don't imitate that too much. We're not on camera, no one sees how pitiful we are more than we do."

"I'm not in a music video!"

"Oh?"

"And I'm not that sad either."

"So why were you crying?"

"I just lost a little confidence."

View B said honestly before sitting down next to me.

"We've been together for so many years always be good friends, and then we decided to try dating. We've never fought, but today he suddenly said, 'I'm sorry, View B. You're too good for me. Let's break up.'"

"That's such a basic excuse, too good for him."

"Yeah, that's what's so annoying. So I asked him straight out what was really going on, and he admitted that he liked someone else better. He didn't want to keep me tied to him. It's fair, guess."

"If it's fair, then why are you crying?"

"It's frustrating, even embarrassing. He has someone else, and yet he has the nerve to break up with me. I should have been the one to break up with him, damn, it's so embarrassing. Stupid, stupid, stupid!"

"There's nothing to regret. If you didn't feel that strongly about him, that's a good thing. Besides, a guy who leaves us for someone else doesn't deserve our tears."

I said with a satisfying smile. Finally, I had gotten this unworthy guy out of my little sister's life.

Men will be men, no matter who they are. But, well, everyone has the right to choose. Little bitch has right to choose.

And I have the right to choose not to deal with disgusting men like him. I'll get my revenge on you, dear....

"That's what I'm thinking too. I cried because I'm embarrassed about what our friends who knew about our relationship will think. If I meet old friends, they'll ask why we broke up, who broke up with who... it's humiliating!"

"That's why when you have a boyfriend, you shouldn't announce it to everyone."

"From now on, I won't announce it to anyone. Besides, it's not like finding a boyfriend is easy."

She wiped her tears, looking so pitiful.

"And it's kind of lonely too. We used to talk every day, and now we've become strangers. After the breakup, we're not even friends anymore."

"He doesn't want to stay friends?"

"I can't be his friend. It's too painful. Ugh!"

Then my little sister start crying again, so I pulled her into my arms and rocked her gently as if I were trying to rock a small child to sleep.

"My head hurts so much. I must have cried too much."

"Then sleep."

"Will you sleep with me?"

"...."

"I can't remember the last time I was able to sleep holding you, P'May. Can I hold you to sleep? I miss your smell, P'May."

She begged, hugging me tightly.

"Stay until I fall asleep, and then you can go."

Her soft little body and the pitiful tone of her voice made it impossible for me to refuse. So I lay down next to her, letting View B climb onto my arm to rest her head. She hugged me tightly, snuggling in, and pressed her face against my chest, inhaling my scent. The faint scent of shampoo in her fine hair make my heart race.

"It's so good to have you here, P'May. At least now I know you don't really hate me."

Suddenly, I pulled away and sat up abruptly. View B, who was about to close her eyes, started and sat up in shock.

"Did I say something wrong?"

"I don't want to sleep yet. I'm afraid I'll fall asleep and then Dad will come home and see me here. This might lead to another confrontation. I'd better go."

I had let my guard down too much, allowing everything to unfold naturally. It's better for View B to think I don't like her. That way, we'll both be more careful with each other.

Especially me, I need to be extra careful or I don't want to give in. Just as I was about to leave, View B grabbed my wrist. I look at her, curious as to why she was holding me so tightly without meeting my eyes.

As if she is about to say something, she slowly loosening her grip and let me go without saying a single word, turning her back to me on the bed without saying goodbye.

"Stop crying already. It's just a guy."

"..."

"I'm leaving now."

"If I cry now, it won't be because of a guy."

"Then what will it be about?"

Everything went silent. I didn't press her any further because I don't like prying, so I chose to leave. Just as I was about to leave, Mike, who knew I was there, come to greet me. My younger brother smiles widely from afar and hugged me like a small child, forgetting that he was already taller than me.

"Seeing you in this house is a miracle. You come back because of View, right? She must be so overwhelmed with happiness."

"It's probably the opposite. I'm leaving now, so take care of each other."

"Why are you in such a hurry? Why don't you stay a little longer?"

"I don't want to be around when Dad gets back. I'd rather not hear your sarcastic comments."

"At least have dinner with us before you go."

"I'm sure I'll come back someday, but not today. Keep an eye on our sister."

I wave toward View B's room.

"She's feeling sick. Don't leave her alone too long. Make her do something."

"You really love View B more than she knows, huh?"

"I'd do the same for you, Mike."

"The cooler you act, the cooler you seem. We shouldn't have been brothers."

My playful brother jokes, pretending to look dejected. I reached out and pinched his cheek lightly, just enough to let him know I was joking.

"I'm leaving now. This doesn't make sense."

"I'll walk you out."

Mike B walked me out just like he said. Just as I was about to get in the car, my mischievous little brother nudged me and pointed at View B's window.

"Look who's peeking. Wave at P'May! She's leaving now."

The curtain was then dramatically drawn. I smiled slightly with affection, but then jump a little when my phone rang, showing Chai's name. Mike B saw the screen at the same time, which made him comment:

"Same guy as View's boyfriend."

"I'm really leaving now."

I playfully shoved my brother's hands away, who didn't seem to suspect a thing. I get in the car and answer the call before starting the engine. Mike B ran to open the gate, waiting to close it when I got out, so I had to keep the conversation with Chai brief.

"Hey, Chai? Can we talk later? I'm about to drive."

"You haven't talked to me much these past few days. You haven't responded to my messages, and when I stopped by the store, you said you were too busy to see me. The other day, you even ran into another guy at the store."

"If you're talking about Mr. Lee, he's not just anyone. I've known him long before you."

"What do you think of me?"

I smiles a little and looks at the rearview mirror. Mike B is watching, waiting to see when I would leave.

"I don't think about anything."

"What do you mean by 'don't think about anything'?"

"Do I need to think about something? You're quite captivating, you know.

You're a polite guy, good at drawing, but today I talked to View and it seems like you two broke up, right?"

"I broke up with her because I like..."

"You like me?"

"... "

"You mean in a romantic way?"

"You know as well as I do, our conversations have never been like those between brothers."

"I don't feel that way. I care about you because you are a polite and humble guy. You have never crossed any boundaries with View B during the entire time you were together. But I think this made you misunderstand. Chai, think about it. I am View's sister. What decent person would steal their sister's boyfriend? And what decent person, who is dating their younger sister, would develop feelings for their older sister?"

"..."

"That means you are not a good person. It is lucky that View broke up with you. A guy who is not steady deserves to be alone."

I smiled, pleased with myself.

"You were the one who flirted with me."

"I didn't even notice. So I apologize if I made you feel bad. That's how love is, someone is bound to get hurt. And another thing..."

View B, are you crying over a guy like that? It's a waste. I'll get your revenge.

"I'm too good for you. You don't deserve anyone in this world. Goodbye, and let's never meet again."

I hung up, starting the car, and pull out of the garage, smiling widely at Mike B. I was thrill have to saved my sweet little sister from someone unworthy.

'P'May, you have such a beautiful smile.'

'Don't fall in love with me. Every time I smile, people misunderstand.' Mike B wave goodbye until my car is out of sight.

If my smile was considered flirting, then it was beyond my control. I didn't intend it at all.

□□□□□

□08. Finally Released□

Do you know the difference between *"someone who doesn't give up"* and *"someone who doesn't know how to lose"*?

A person who doesn't give up is someone who fights because they haven't achieved their goal yet.

On the other hand, a person who doesn't know how to lose is someone who has already been judged as having lost, but still stubbornly insists, saying, "I can do it," and the winner is the last one standing, which really irritates me.

Chai:

I really like you. I can't stop thinking about you.

Chai:

You don't have to like me back. Just talking to me is enough.

I read the LINE messages and sigh in frustration. Why do these people have the mentality of “persistence alone rules the world” or “be stubborn and they will eventually soften”? To be honest, it’s impossible. Buying something and letting the other person be influenced means that they also need to have feelings.

Doing this to someone who doesn’t reciprocate is not only futile but also extremely annoying, to the point where I want to shoot him. Even reading it and knowing that I read it, it’s already too lenient.

Since doing this didn’t make it clear, then goodbye.

In the end, I took decisive action by blocking LINE so that Chai could no longer send me messages. I'm not sure if blocking will let the other person know that the recipient has dismissed them, but it doesn't matter. I can't tolerate that boy pestering me anymore; it disrupts my cooking and wastes my daily energy.

But it seems that everything is not that simple.

"Khun May, someone is here to see you."

I, who was focused on the ingredients in the kitchen, looked at Khun Arun and asked with a strange expression premonition.

"A young man around 27-28, right?"

"At that age, he's no longer a kid."

"Compared to me, he's definitely younger."

" Sigh.....

I sighed in frustration, and Khun Arun gave me an understanding smile.

"It must be tiring, being beautiful."

"Does Khun Arun know I'm beautiful?"

"I figured. Everyone seems like to eat here because of your cook. Even Khun Intuorn used to be your ex girlfriend."

Khun Arun's tone softened a bit as she mentioned the past, and it made me smile.

"It's been a long time, but I won't deny that I'm good looking. Because Intuorn is quite picky."

I winked at my partner as I gave her a compliment.

"Otherwise, Khun Arun wouldn't be dating Intuorn."

"You're saying that..."

"Yes, I'm indirectly complimenting your appearance."

"Please go. The guest is waiting."

"I'm talking so much because I don't want to see him. But if I don't, it won't end. I think I must definitely do it ."

"Calm down."

The firmness in my voice made Khun Arun, with her sweet face, a little anxious, fearing that something might get intense. I gave her a goodbye smile before going to find the guest. Chai, who had just texted me less than ten minutes ago, showed up here. His face looked tired like a person who hadn't slept.

"Don't you understand?"

I sat across from him, trying to control my emotions as best I could.

"Didn't I tell you during our call not to come see me again? So what's this?"

"Why are you suddenly so cold to me?"

"I've been like this for a long time, not just with you. Even with View B... Didn't View mention this to you before?"

"But you weren't like this before. You were so kind to me. We used to meet and talk every day, and then suddenly you distanced yourself... because of that man."

"That man you're talking about was here before you. Refresh your memory."

"So why are you nice to him but not to me?"

"Well, he has his qualities."

"In what ways is he better?"

"Can't you figure that out on your own?"

I tilted my head and asked simply, as if it was obvious how Lee was superior to the person in front of me.

"Do I really need to explain it to you? You're just a small-time artist with no meaningful work. You sell a few paintings to survive, have to rent a house, don't have a steady job, and don't even own a car."

Seeing Chai swallow hard, I felt a little sorry for him, but I still believed that bitter medicine is often the most effective.

"It's important to point out that you're dating View B, and View B is my younger sister. It makes sense, right? No older sister would steal her younger sister's boyfriend."

"But you gave me hope!"

Chai's screams echoed throughout the restaurant, drawing the attention of the other customers. I closed my eyes patiently and sighed lightly.

"You're just imagining things. Think about it... If you were me, would you choose to be with a handsome half-Thai guy with a 12 million baht sports car who can take care of you for the rest of your life, or would you choose to be with someone whose future is uncertain and who also happens to be your younger sister's boyfriend? Look at me."

I said, gesturing from head to toe.

"I own a popular restaurant with a lot of money. Even if I didn't do anything, my family would support me in every way."

"..."

"People flirt with me all the time, but I've never taken anyone seriously because I don't want to be bothered with the emotional strain of a relationship like the one you're putting me through. And everyone who's

shown interest in me... is better than you. But I haven't chosen any of them yet."

"Do you like guy based on their statuses...?"

"My parents supported me financially. I wouldn't want to disappoint them by settling for someone like you. Go your own way... and stop interfering with View B. My parents supported her too."

"..."

"Assess yourself. You're just a bystander, not worthy of anyone in my family."

I stood up, thinking that was enough of a reprimand and was ready to leave. However, Chai did something unexpected by running over to grab my leg and cry, causing the other customers to stare. I bared my teeth, feeling embarrassed but forcing myself to keep my composure and firmly ordering him to stand up.

"Stand up now."

"I like you a lot. Please don't do this to me. You don't have to like me back, but don't act like I don't exist. I really can't stand it."

"Chai... Get up ..Let me go now." "If you leave me, I'll..."

"..."

"I'll show you, I'll die!"

His threat made me sigh and turn my face away in annoyance, even kicking him away. Khun Arun, who was watching the scene, quickly went to help Chai stand up sympathetically. Meanwhile, I could only put my hands in my pockets, not knowing where else to put them.

"Go back."

"I really will."

"Then go ahead,"

I said coldly, giving him a sneer. "If you die, the world won't end."

I walk away and went back to the kitchen, while Chai continued to make a scene, threatening to destroy the kitchen. The staff had to carry him out. I could only raise my hands to cover my face, too embarrassed to face anyone. Khun Arun, having dealt with the situation outside, came back and touched my shoulder.

"Khun May."

"I'm sorry for causing chaos in the restaurant. He's gone, right?" "Yes, I called the police, and they took him away to calm down."

"That's good."

"You didn't really mean what you said, did you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know, telling him to go die."

I look at Khun Arun and shrugged my shoulder nonchalantly.

"Just like I said. The world won't end if one person dies. Excuse me."

I, wanting to escape and be alone in peace, was about to leave when Khun Arun spoke, making me stop in my tracks.

"But you know, Khun May..."

"What is it?"

Khun Arun's serious expression made me meet her light brown eyes with interest.

"If he dies, he'll come back as a ghost to haunt you."

“...”

"Ghosts are very fierce, huh?"

I covered my mouth and quickly tried to suppress a smile, but I couldn't help but laugh.

"Haha, sorry. Um..."

Khun Arun pouted, looking just as petulant as View B, which made me watch her with a dreamy gaze.

"Even when you're pouting, you look cute, Khun Arun."

"Don't try to flatter me!"

And then the sweet-faced person walk away, leaving me smiling behind her. After the stressful situation with Chai, I laughed and couldn't stop imagining how that child would come back as a ghost to haunt me.

Oh, so imaginative.

In fact, after the incident at the restaurant, I hadn't thought about Chai all day. However, when I came home and saw my friends watching a ghost show on TV, it reminded me of today's events.

But on another note...

"Are ghosts real?"

I asking as I sit next to my housemates, who are closing her eyes but still wanted to watch the ghost show. I thought that modern ghost shows weren't as scary as they used to be, that they used to have creepy female wailing and stories told by the hosts.

What was that show called..."The Shiver Club" or something? Oh my God, I remember.

"Well, maybe they do exist, since many people claim to have found them."

"And have you found one yet?"

I asked Mei, who was sitting closest to me.

However, my friend shook her head, still scared of things she had never seen.

"Never, but people all over the world share similar stories about the supernatural. If there were no ghosts, how would people from different cultures and languages have ghost stories? Don't you think? That makes sense."

I nodded and felt a chill run down my spine.

"If someone died because of us, would they really come back to haunt us?"

The two friends slowly look at me in surprise.

"Why are you asking this all of a sudden?"

"Just curious. Oh...wait a minute."

My phone is vibrating. I pick up and see, it is View B calling, so I check the time to see how late it is. Why would she call at this hour?

"What's wrong?"

I answers the call, trying to keep my tone neutral, not wanting to seem too anxious that my little sister is calling. However, the voice on the other end of the line is equally monotonous, making me frown.

[Are you free, P'May?]

"Is something wrong? Why are you talking like this?"

[View is in the hospital now.]

"What happened to View?"

I asking in shock, as View B had never been seriously ill before.

"What's going on? Which hospital are you in?"

[Hospital G. Yes, it would be nice if you could come quickly.]

"So what exactly happen... View... View!"

My little sister ended the call abruptly, making me rush to get back on the call, only to be interrupted. Getting anxious, I quickly grabbed my car keys and drove to Hospital G using Google Maps. It took me over thirty minutes to get there, as the traffic had already cleared up. Upon arriving, I walked to the hospital lobby and gave View B's full name to the receptionist anxiously.

However, I was stopped by a small hand grabbing my arm. View is not in the patient list.

"View?"

I turns to grab my sister and place my hand on her cheek in concern.

"You don't have a fever. What did the doctor say and what are you doing here?"

"You seem so worried about View." "Of course I am!"

"..."

"You are my sister."

The little girl looks a little confuse before walking towards the door. Not understanding what was happening, I ran after her until we reach an almost empty parking lot. View B then decided to turn around and talk to me.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Doing what? Coming to the hospital? You said you were here, so I ran."

"View meant what's going on between you and Chai."

"..."

"P'May is the person Chai likes more than View!"

The little girl spoke painfully, looking at me with deep disappointment.

"You know very well that he's View's boyfriend. so you were doing this behind my back?"

"I didn't do anything."

I stood my ground, not wanting to admit any fault.

"I acted normally. It's not my fault if he likes me."

"He likes you because you gave him hope."

"Chai told me everything, and he was about to overdose on paracetamol to kill himself!"

I looked in shock at hearing this, starting to piece the situation together.

"So the reason you came to the hospital is not because View is sick, but because of Chai?"

"Yes. I was the one who asked the landlord to break down the door and found him actually trying to commit suicide. Why did you do it, P'May? What do you hate so much about View?"

The little girl screamed and cried, clearly distressed.

"You don't want to see View happy, so you gave Chai hope until he broke up with View."

"View is heartbroken and crying, but you haven't even said a word you know about it. You act like nothing happened. Are you satisfied with seeing View suffer so much?"

"What are you talking about? Why would I want to see you suffer? It's a good thing the man broke up with you, isn't it? He's indecisive and unstable..."

"What he is... is none of your business. View will decide for myself. You shouldn't meddle. You stopped caring about View when you left home, so why pretend to care now?"

"...."

"There's no justification for your supposed good intentions. You did it for your own satisfaction, and now View is crying and Chai is ruined, trying to get your attention by attempting suicide. What are you going to do next? Whose life are you going to ruin?"

"Speak to me respectfully!"

"How can View respect you when you hate me so much?"

And the little one started crying again, speaking incoherently.

"Are you mad because Mommy always praises View? View could do anything, and Mommy and Daddy never stopped me. You hate View, so you sabotage me with such a treacherous act."

"I don't hate View."

"But you don't love View the way I loves you, do you?"

"Yes."

"If you hate me so much, then I give up. If you don't love me, then don't bother with me. I give up!"

The little one turned around, getting ready to leave. I grabbed her arm and pulled her into a tight hug, afraid she would run away.

"I like you."

"What?"

Really crazy... It just slip out of my mouth!!

□□□□□

□09. In the middle□

"I like you."

As soon as the words came out, I immediately closed my mouth, and clenched my fists tightly. It hurts to speak like that. The silence between the two of us was now so intense that I could hear even the softest breeze brushing against my ear and the sound of cars passing by on the street.

And now, I am afraid that my little sister could hear my heart beating so hard that it felt like it would burst out of my chest.

My heart wasn't racing because of passion, but because I was about to die from shock and I had no idea how to fix this situation. But I'm still me. If I suddenly freaked out, it would look very suspicious. Slowly, I pulled away from View B and took a small step back, creating a small distance between us. Then I stand still while the little girl in front of me stand there stunning.

"If I had known this, I would have told you a long time ago."

View B looks at me in disbelief.

"P'May..."

"You're not going to run away now, are you?"

"... "

And then, my little sister suddenly fell to the ground so fast that it made my heart race. At first, I was going to ignore it, but when I saw View B fall like that, my body instinctively rushed towards her out of concern. This reaction prevented the little girl from hitting the ground too hard and hurting herself.

"P'May likes View What does that mean?"

"It means in the middle."

"What?"

"I don't hate you, but I don't love either."

I replied, keeping my voice calm, trying to control my emotions so as not to reveal anything.

"I just feel indifferent towards you."

"Indifference and liking someone are very different things, you know."

"For me, they're the same thing. But if you like that word more, then I don't care."

View B push my hand away before slowly crawling away. I watching her in surprise, but before I could say anything, the little girl had already run away.

"View... View!"

She looks really shocked.

After maintaining my calm demeanor in front of her, I'm now pacing back and forth anxiously, almost tearing my hair out. I have no idea what View B is thinking about what I just said.

Honestly, all this time...

I tried to distance myself, but View B would often send Mike B, our brother, to bother me and asked for updates. I have to admit, I was glad I wasn't completely away from that kid.

But this time it's different. Having her real sister (or so she thinks) tell her that I like her-it's not love or hate, as defined by the family dictionary, would definitely make that little one think too much. She might even start

to be afraid of me now. She probably wants to know, but she's too scared to ask anyone.

If she ask Mike B and the twin asked what happened, and I told him, it would definitely be very awkward.

"I like you.."

No matter how you look at it, it doesn't seem like something a family member would say.

"Mommy likes May."

"Daddy likes May."

"I like May."

Even I get the creeps just thinking about it!

But I already made an excuse that it was a neutral term meaning "*indifferent*".

I just hope View B doesn't think too much and isn't so afraid of me that she doesn't dare to look at me again. Just thinking about it is painful enough...

Since I couldn't sleep, I got up at five in the morning and went to the kitchen to cook, not wanting to be idle. Today, when my friends woke up and saw the table full of food, they were completely shocked and stunned.

"What is all this? Did you wake up early to cook as a form of offering?"

Mei, who hadn't wash her face yet, looked at the five or six dishes on the table and swallowed hard.

"This is a feast! There's no need to wait for leftovers from your shop now."

"Did anything good happen?"

Paint clutched her chest.

"I hope only good things happen to you, friend."

"I couldn't sleep, so I cooked to relieve stress."

"Cooking to relieve stress? Well, then I hope you're stressed 365 days a year!"

"There are 365 days in a year."

"Some years have 366 days. May you be happy for one day, my kind friend."

Mei smiled contentedly.

"So, what's stressing you out?"

My two friends looked at me intently, waiting for me to speak. Finally, I looked directly at Mei's face, looking into her eyes, and said seriously,

"Mei... I like you."

"...."

"...."

And then everything went silent. The atmosphere, which had been pleasant, suddenly turned into a tense and heavy silence that hung over the entire room.

"Are you shocked?"

"I'm speechless."

"Just the word 'like'? Doesn't it mean that it's neither love nor hate? Can't it just mean that?"

"What does that mean?"

Paint seemed completely confused by my question.

"Is there something you're trying to say?"

"Does the word 'like' really shock you that much? To me, it just means 'indifferent'."

"I don't get it."

Mei put her hand on her chest.

"You made my heart race just to slap me in the face by saying it means 'indifferent'? What does that mean?"

"Yesterday, I accidentally told my little sister that I liked her, and she made the same face you're making now. To me, it just means 'indifferent'. Do you get it?"

"... "

Mei picked up a fork, ready to throw it at my face, irritated.

"You got me all curious and then you just dropped it. So when you said 'like' earlier, you were just asking for an opinion and didn't mean it, right?"

"I don't like anyone who is less beautiful than me."

"You deserve a slap,"

Paint said, baring her teeth in mock frustration, which wasn't uncommon, since people were often irritated with me.

"And this little sister, who exactly is she?"

"A sister is a sister."

"A real sister?"

"Something like that,"

I answered vaguely, because saying she was my real sister wouldn't be entirely accurate. Mei shivers a little and rubbed her arms.

"As someone who has an older brother, if he told me, 'Mei, I like you,' I would run and tell Mom,"

Mei said, still grimacing like she had a bitter pill in her mouth.

"The word 'like' with a family member just doesn't fit. What were you thinking when you said that to your sister?"

I avoided looking at my friends and told her the truth. She thought I hated her, so I told her I didn't.

"So what?"

Paint leaned in, clearly intrigued.

"Then she asked if I loved her, and I said no. She was feeling bad, so I told her that... I liked her."

My two friends rubbed their arms and shook their heads, clearly uncomfortable.

"I know you feel... disgusted."

"It's not really that disgusting, but it's not a word you use with siblings. Do you understand? What were you trying to convey to your sister?"

I just wanted to tell her that I didn't hate her, but saying 'love' felt really weird.

"So you just said 'like'? Could you be any more incestuous?"

Mei stuck her tongue out like she was about to choke.

"Yeah, something like that... And then my sister ran away."

I twiddled my thumbs nervously.

"What do you think will happen between me and my sister? Do you think she'll hate me?"

"If you're worried that she'll hate you, go and clear things up with her. Don't sit around stressing and cooking food for your friends... You're acting like someone who's secretly in love with a senior and is freaking out because she's afraid they'll hate you."

Paint said, hitting the nail on the head. The truth is, I'm really scared that View B will hate me, won't want to see me, won't look me in the eye, and won't smile at me anymore.

Honestly, that might be a good thing, but... I really don't want it to be like that.

"If I were you, I'd tell her right away. But seriously, is it really that hard to tell your sister that you love her?"

Mei looked confused.

"I get it, maybe you're not that close, but still, 'love' sounds better than 'like' in a lot of ways.

"I can't say that... Whatever. I was just asking for your opinions, to see how you felt. If everyone else feels the same, then my sister probably hates me right now."

"Your sister doesn't hate you."

"But she doesn't love me either."

"Your sister likes you,"

Mei said, making eye contact with a hint of laughter.

"In your terms, what does 'indifferent' mean, that's probably how she feels. Yeah, it's kind of a weird relationship between sisters."

"I should go,"

I said, standing up to interrupt the conversation. Even though my friends had called me, I chose to leave the house and drive to the hospital early in the morning since I had other matters to attend to.

I'll deal with View B later. I need to settle things with someone who is demanding my attention.

Around ten in the morning, I arrived at the hospital where Chai was being treated. The doctor said that Chai was conscious and allowed me a brief visit, which suited me fine since I didn't have much time for that conversation. Chai's room was a shared ward because he didn't have the funds for a private room. I dragged a chair over and sat next to him as he lay there groggily.

"Chai, it's me."

My call roused him from his drowsy state, and he opened his eyes, looking at me with a pained expression. His face was still contorted, but the welling tears revealed his broken emotions as he looked at me.

"You don't have to say anything. Just listen to me,"

I said, seeing that he was trying to speak and raising my hand in a gesture to silence him.

"You managed to get my attention. I'm here now, but this is the only time I'll come back."

"..."

"Committing suicide doesn't cause me any pain, only annoyance. View B is angry with me because she found out that you left her for me and got satisfaction from it. View B and I had a fight."

"..."

"But that doesn't mean that I'll start to like you, or that View B will come back to you and love you like before. So the act of taking poison and the few seconds you have before visiting hell mean nothing to me. To help you

understand better, I'm going to share a secret with you and make sure you understand it clearly."

I leaned closer to Chai, who couldn't speak.

"I was teasing you to break up with View. Even if it wasn't you, and someone a hundred times better than you came along and liked View B, I would still act the same way.

"..."

It's not because I want to test your love for my sister, but because I'm jealous.

"..."

I don't want View B to have anyone else besides me.

"..."

Chai's eyes widened in shock, but he seemed unsure of the meaning of my words. I hadn't clarified anything other than emphasizing what he might already be thinking. I couldn't tell exactly what he was thinking, but it was probably close to what I expected him to understand.

"Yes, just as you think. View B is mine alone. Don't interfere with us sisters again. And if you're thinking about dying, call your own relatives, not my sister. View B cries and doesn't look pretty. I don't like that."

"Sister..."

Chai tried to speak, so I gave him a sweet, dripping smile and gently placed my hand on his chest in a comforting gesture.

"Keep living. If you survive and keep living, View B will smile."

"..."

"I like View B's smile more than anything in the world. Remember that."

"..."

"But it would be best if you didn't interfere in our lives again."

I said goodbye with that sentence and left. I was just in time to meet my sister, who had arrived early in the morning. View B stood still when she saw me.

She looked like she had seen a ghost, and it made me feel pained by her fearful expression, different from her usual cheerful demeanor from the previous days.

"Chai is sleeping." I lied...

"Y-yes."

"Don't disturb him. Have you eaten?"

"Not yet. I mean... I ate,"

View B quickly corrected herself and moved away from me, about an arm's length away, which made me sigh.

"What's wrong? You ran away yesterday and today you look like you saw a ghost."

I observed my sister's tired face, understanding that she was really overthinking things.

"Come with me."

"But..."

I put my arm around View B's shoulders and guided her to walk with me.

She trotted beside me, her shorter legs making her move faster, but she reluctantly followed along. Once we were out of the hospital and made sure no one was around, I brought up the subject immediately.

"Are you overthinking what I said about liking you yesterday?"

The clear swallow of her throat made me realize that I needed to resolve the situation quickly.

"Why do you guys get so nervous about the word 'like'? This morning, I told my friends that I liked them, and they reacted the same way as you."

"What should I do... suddenly you, the older sister, said that you liked me, but we..."

"We are sisters."

"Y-yes."

"Do you think I said I liked you because you're as pretty as Mew Nithsara, Pop, Arai, or Ann Patarachaya?"

The small figure in front of me wrinkled her nose in annoyance before answering in a nervous tone, forgetting that she was nervous around me.

"There's no need to compare looks. View B isn't ugly."

"But you're not prettier than me."

"Full of herself."

My little sister grumbled, but I could still hear her and ended up smiling a little.

"How could I like someone who takes all the love from our parents? Besides, we're sisters. If I were to like anyone in the family, it should be Mike B. He looks just like daddy, and his clever brain got him into medical school."

"..."

"The best university in the country, while you're the ugly duckling, the only one in the house."

"Did you really have to say it like that?"

"I need to keep the presumptuous people in check. When I say I 'like' you, it means I don't love you."

"..."

"And I don't hate you either, but I don't know what other word to use... 'Indifferent' sounds too cold. So 'like' fits because it's somewhere in between. Although it's a bit weird, it's not a bad word."

I reached out and placed my hand on View B's head, gently ruffling her hair.

"Puppy."

From nervous at first, she started to smile and let out a big sigh of relief.

"That's a relief. You really scared me, Big Sister,"

The small figure said, placing her hand over her heart and rubbing it as if she had collected the pieces of her fallen heart.

"Suddenly saying that you liked me yesterday really scared me."

She was scared... I smiled with a sense of sadness, but View B would never know what kind of smile it was.

"Do you think I'm some kind of psychopath?"

"Well, not quite, but it's really shocking. Our own older sister saying she likes us is really scary,"

The little one said, rubbing her hands together anxiously.

"I was afraid of what would happen if you liked me. How would I look at you? You're my sister, after all.

"What if I wasn't your sister?"

"I would like you without hesitation!"

"..."

"You might even be the first one to chase me. You're so beautiful, no one could possibly not love you,"

View B said with a radiant smile, raising both arms in joy.

"I'm really relieved now."

"Now that we've cleared that up, you don't have to act like you've seen a ghost like before. Your face was really funny,"

I said, putting my hands in my pockets and tilting my head to look at my little sister.

"By the way, today's smile doesn't look like someone who was mad at me yesterday."

"Oh, I forgot... we were mad at each other. You're smart, Big Sister. You surprised me with your confession and made me forget what I should be mad at!"

"Well, you're the only one in the family who's clueless. But that's a good thing, actually. Clueless people don't overthink things. They get angry easily, but they also get over it quickly."

"But what you did wasn't really forgivable."

I just removed someone with a bad attitude from our lives.

"So I'll do it too. I'll do it to your boyfriend. I'll seduce him, make him break up with you."

"You can't do that."

"Why not?"

"You're not pretty enough."

"I thought you said you didn't hate me. You just like hurting my feelings."

"But I don't love you either. Why should I be the one to take care of your feelings like your parents do?"

"You're jealous. But whatever. At least I know you like me... Even if it's in a neutral way. But you're not neutral."

View B laughed with satisfaction.

"You like me too much to be neutral."

Then the little girl ran like a rabbit towards the hospital, beckoning me to follow her.

"Let's go visit Chai."

"I've already visited him. Go ahead. I'll wait outside... and then I'll take you home."

"How kind."

"Think of it as a duty of an older sister who neither loves nor hates you."

"Because you like me, right?"

And the word "like" to View was no longer a strange word. To her, it meant something between not loving and not hating.

I watched her back with a deep sadness in my heart. View B was so afraid of the feelings I accidentally let out that she couldn't sleep. And that made me realize even more that I should bury these feelings deep down. It's better for her to never know.

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Chapter 4:

The Unspoken Feelings

After her brother blocking others from courting her, the younger sister found out. She was furious and had a huge fight with him. In a moment of weakness, he accidentally revealed her true feelings. He immediately distanced herself from her, which caused her sister immense pain.

To regain her trust, another lie within a lie would be necessary.

"When I say I like you, it means I don't feel love or hate; it's just neutral."

And if he was going to lie, he had to be convincing... The brother had to do something to prevent his feelings from hurting even more.

He needed a girlfriend... someone who could replace her, her little sister.

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□10. My Person□

"I am sorry I told you so suddenly."

[It's okay. I volunteered from the beginning. You're the one who said to wait, that we still had a lot to learn about each other. So I was a little surprised when you suddenly invited me to dinner with your family.]

"Let's just say it's better to get to know each other. Besides, this isn't really a family dinner. Not all of the family members are there. We're just having dinner out with my mom."

[I'm fine with whatever you say... I like that you referred to yourself by name.]

"...."

[Normally, there's always a distance between us. Even if you're willing to talk, you refer to yourself as "I" to show that we're not that close yet. But today, you called yourself "May," which means I've taken another step forward in this relationship.]

"You're very observant."

[See you tomorrow then.]

We both hung up the phone. I look down at my phone, slowly hiding my smile, knowing full well that I wasn't being sincere in the conversation. Did he really think I wasn't aware of calling myself 'May'? I did it on purpose to make him feel like we were getting closer.

Just so I could invite him to dinner without feeling awkward, that's all. Lee is a meticulous person. I just added one small detail, and he happily

accepted it, thinking I did it by accident, but that wasn't the case.

He's still a stranger to me.

The reason I'm taking him to meet my mother this time is so I can finally close the door on the idea that View B and I could be a possibility. It's like running through a maze without finding a way out, obsessing over my sister every day, being irrationally jealous. And in the end, View B almost found out how I really felt just because I blurted it out in a moment of carelessness.

And that's when I realized my sister was really afraid.

If I introduce a guy to Mom, View B will feel much more secure. The other day when we were playing, that girl may have just been joking to ease the tension, but she probably didn't trust me completely. After all, no one in the family talks openly about liking someone, so no matter how much I try to explain, it still sounds suspicious. I have to emphasize even more that it's the truth.

It's not love, it's not hate, but it's just liking, which means "indifferent."

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Mom arrived about half an hour before the scheduled time because she wanted to talk to me before meeting Lee. She asked all sorts of contextual questions, as if today's meeting meant he would propose tomorrow or something. And today was exactly as expected.

Mom took View B with her, since my sister doesn't have a steady job yet besides writing novels, and my younger brother was on duty as usual.

Of course, Dad didn't come either, so today was exactly as expected at all "How did Dad respond?"

"I asked, just to show some interest.

I think your dad wants to come,” Mom said speculatively.

“But he pretended not interested. So I just changed the subject. He’s been grumpy and restless all day, it was worth.”

I laughs and looking at View B, who hadn’t said a single word since she arrived. She just sit next to Mom with a blank expression, so I ask her a question to see if she is acting normal with me.

"What’s wrong? You haven’t said anything today."

"Well, I didn’t know what to say. You and Mom have already talked about everything."

"I thought you’d have some interesting opinions."

"Can View at comment on anything?"

"Of course."

“...”

"No, you can’t."

I keep a neutral expression. View B, who was about to say something, abruptly shut her mouth. Mommy lightly tapped my arm on the table and made a “tsk tsk” sound.

"Why do you like to fight with your little sister? Can’t you be the sweet big sister like when you were kids? I still remember the time when May took a bath with View B. Oh, by the way... why don’t you two take baths together anymore?"

When Mommy asks this I am silent and feel my face heat up. View B seemed to remember too and pretend to look away, unable to answer.

“Why would we take a bath together now? We’re already adults,” I said.

Talking about it makes me embarrassing. Since I'm almost five years older than View B, my body developed earlier. That little rascal has always been so curious. One night, when we were taking a bath together, she pointed to my private area and asked innocently.

"Why does May have hair here?"

Then she pulled playfully, making me scream. From that moment on, I decided that I would no longer take a bath with her.

Ah... just thinking about it makes my face red. Why did Mom have to bring this up?

"You are both girls, why should you feel embarrassed?"

"He is here."

I interrupted to change the subject and get Mom off the subject of the bath. Lee, who arrived just in time as if he knew, walks into the store wearing a light blue shirt and brown pants. He greets my mother respectfully with a wai.

Mom looks at the handsome man who walks in, then glances at me and mutter the words...

"Mommy is so proud of you"

Which almost make me burst out laughing.

"Lee, this is my family. This is my mom, and this is my sister... View B."

Lee looking at View B and smiles, clearly impressed.

"I've heard May talk about you many times, it's good to finally meet her."

"Who's prettier, View or May?"

"Wow, how should I answer this? If I say the younger sister, you'll be upset, and if I say you, View might not like me... so I'll just go around it and

say...your mom is the prettiest because she gave birth to two beautiful daughters."

"Smart answer."

Mom said, clearly impress, and invites Lee to sit down. I look at View B and teased her.

"It's going to be hard for you to steal my man."

"Hmm?"

Lee pulled his neck back slightly, looking at me and my sister, confused.

"Steal?"

"View once said he would steal May's boyfriend." I laughs, knowing it is almost impossible.

"With a face like that, it's going to be hard, isn't it?"

"Idiot."

View muttered.

"I'm glad, though." Lee chimed in.

"That we're fighting over you?"

"No, that you called me 'your man'."

And then I close my mouth as everyone looked a little surprised. Mom smiled mischievously, clearly enjoying our conversation. The only one who looked displeased was View B, who had a sour expression, showing that she was feeling protective of me.

It was the same face she had when she found me with Intuorn at home that day.

We all sit down and talks about various topics. Naturally, my mother, eager to get to know my boyfriend better, interrogates him thoroughly, almost as if she would have asks for his bank statement if she could.

"You made a mistake courting May. If you ever decide to marry me, the dowry I will demand will make you faint."

I said in a tone that sounded uplike a threat, but I just shrugged my shoulders indifferently.

"Name your price, and I will find a way to pay it," Lee replies confidently.

"Wow, you really are determined, aren't you? How can you be so dedicated?"

"You are worth the investment."

"The food at P'May's restaurant is so greasy today."

View B put down her knife and fork, indicating that she is finish. Normally, the little girl would finish her meal, almost licking the plate, but today she left so much, leaving me a little discouraged, wondering if the food was not good.

"Really? Let me try it."

I took the fork from her, took a bite of the dish and frowned.

"It tastes the same as always. I made it the same way I always do."

"Maybe View isn't feeling well"

She suggested.

"Did you go to the doctor?"

I asks immediately, and as soon as Mom heard that, she start to worry about her too.

"Exactly, are you feeling unwell? You were fine before you came here. Do you have a headache, a fever or something else?"

"It's nothing big, probably just the smell of love."

View B answering bluntly, and I immediately realized that I am being provokes.

"Jealousy, huh?"

"I wouldn't be jealous if someone was the one causing couples to break up."

She retorted.

"What do you mean?"

Mom looked at her youngest daughter curiously, while I was thinking that View B had already told Mom about everything... a little surprised.

She didn't tell anyone about what happened? Why...

"It's nothing, I just broke up with Chai, that's all."

"Did you break up? Why didn't I know? And you're heartbroken, my dear... why didn't you tell me?"

"If I told you, you would be so worried... I didn't mean to..."

View B looked at me slightly before continuing.

"I don't feel well."

"If you're feeling bad, you need to share. No matter what you're going through, you have to tell Mom. Don't keep it to yourself. I raised you as a precious jewel, and just thinking about you crying alone breaks my heart."

"Let's change the subject."

Lee didn't get a chance to speak, he was being swallowed up by all this.

View B, realizing that Mommy was worrying too much about her, quickly asked to change the subject. Lee, realizing View B was feeling embarrassed, followed along and started talking about work.

"So, what have you been up to lately, View?"

"Eating, but I'm full now."

"..."

Everyone being silent because we know Lee was asked about her work, and View B being cheeky. When I looks at her, she shift uncomfortably and answer more seriously.

"I'm unemployed at the moment. I make a little money writing stories online."

"Writing stories? Wow, that sounds really interesting."

"Really interesting, actually."

View B laughing sarcastically, then squealed when her mother pinched her.

"I was just kidding... it's not that interesting, really "

"Tell me more about it."

"There's not much to tell, really. Don't ask about that... let's just say I'm unemployed at the moment, looking for a job. In the meantime, I'm writing stories to earn a little money."

"Well, it's not just pocket money; you're making quite a bit of money, aren't you? I heard you're planning to take May to Japan,"

Mom interrupted quickly, not wanting View B to seem insignificant. When the topic came up, Lee seemed to remember something.

"Oh, now I remember, you mentioned that you're going to Japan with your sister."

I nodded with a smile.

"They have someone covering the cost of the tickets. That's a shame. I'd love to join in. Why don't you go? The more the merrier,"

Mom suggested casually, but that made View B straighten up and look at Mom with irritation.

"Mom, the budget is just for May and me."

"Lee probably won't take your money anyway. He might even cover the entire trip,"

Mom said half-jokingly, which made me feel a little weird, like we were already taking advantage of him so early on. I exchanged a look with Mom and shook my head, signaling 'that's enough'.

"You're not wrong, Mom. If I go, I'll cover everything," Lee said.

I stay silent, just picking up my water to sip. View B, unable to hold it in any longer, blurted out immediately,

"No, that's not right! This trip is just for May and me, no one else!"

She then stand up, grabbed her bag, and left the store.

Mom and Lee looks confuse as View B continues to walk away, unconcern. I had to get up and follow her.

"Its ok , Mom. I'll take care of this. Lee... please give me a moment." I said.

"Sure."

Lee give me a sympathetic look and let me chase my irritated little sister out of the store. View B was trying to find a way to leave when I calls her back, and she give me an irritated look I rarely saw.

Lately, we've been arguing more often.

"You're not acting very well, View B. Mom is right there, and Lee. Why are you being so rude?"

"Because I don't like him."

"Why don't you like him?"

"He's not the right guy for P'May. He pretends to be interested in my writing. What kind of guy isn't genuine?"

"He just wants to be your friend and talk about things. I haven't seen him do anything wrong. Why are you acting like this? You're not a kid anymore."

"I just don't like him. The way he looks at P'May makes me angry. He's like a snake, always ready to wrap himself around P'May."

"It's okay."

"What do you mean?"

"I would love to be the prey he wraps around and bites. Just waiting for the right moment and opportunity,"

I said jokingly.

View B pursed her lips tightly and waves for a taxi.

"You should take Mommy home and I will go home by myself."

"I know. May will take Mommy home."

However, the taxi View B called didn't stop, which was the first and only time I felt grateful that our country's service sector was so underdeveloped.

"What's going on today? You're not acting well,"

I said, grabbing my sister's arm. At first, I thought she would shake me, but View B stood still, letting me hold on.

"Did you read my last story, P'May?"

"What?"

The little girl slowly met my gaze and asked with a hint of expectation.

"I posted a new story online. Have you checked it out?"

Thump, thump...

Thump, thump...

Suddenly, View B asked me a question I wasn't prepared for, and in the end, I could only shake my head and deny it.

"No, I didn't."

"Ah..."

"Why? Is there something wrong with the story?"

"Just something I was thinking... as a daydreamer, nothing serious,"

View B said, gently pulling her arm away from mine and rubbing it as if it were sore but not actually hurt.

"The plot I received recently seemed very familiar, and I wondered if you were the one who sent it to me."

"Is it that similar?"

"Yes, it is... then it made me a little emotional. If the plot really came from you, I thought maybe I..."

"Maybe?"

"Nothing, really. I'm just being silly,"

View B said, looking around as if regaining her composure.

"Okay, I came with Mom. How can I run away? But I'm not going back inside. I'm going to wait outside until Mom and you finish talking to that guy, and then we'll go back together."

The term "that guy" was a distant way of referring to Lee, indicating that

View B didn't think very highly of him, despite the fact that Lee hadn't done anything to provoke her.

I looks at my little sister and smiles fondly at her concern and possessiveness, reaching out to gently pat her head.

"Be a little sweeter."

"I'm sorry I wasn't very nice today."

"You weren't very nice from the beginning. Everything will be okay."

View B bared her teeth, but she is not really mad.

"Okay, I'll go back inside first."

Just as I was about to head back into the store, View B grabbed the hem of my shirt. Her little hand crumpled the fabric.

"Why are you pulling my shirt?"

"Are you going to marry him?"

"Crazy. I just met him. Why rush things?"

I laugh at her, shaking my head.

"Let's not do anything like that."

"That's fine."

"Please don't leave me."

"Even if I get married, I'm not going anywhere. I'm going back inside now."

Just as I was about to leave for real, I heard her little voice reach me on the wind, saying one last thing:

"I am jealous."

'What'

□□□□□

□11. Trip□

Right now, I feel a little dazed and numb, but amidst the shock, there is a sense of joy crystallizing. It's as if my physical body is functioning normally, but my spirit has already flown out of my body. So when I came back and sat down at the table, I couldn't quite understand what Mom and Lee were talking about.

"What do you think?"

Mom asked me while I was lost in thought, bringing me back to attention before asking again.

"What did you say?"

"Where did your mind wander? And why are you smiling?"

"Smiling?"

I pointed to myself and placed my hand on my cheek.

"Am I smiling?"

"Yes, you are. Ever since you come back from talking to your younger sister, you've been lost in smiles, small smiles, and big smiles. Did something happen while you were away just now?"

Then, the sound of View B's voice floated into my head again, making my heart race uncontrollably.

'She's jealous.'

"It's nothing. We just had an argument and I won, as usual. I'm proud of the victory over my sister, that's all," I gave a lame excuse.

Mom shook her head slightly in exasperation.

"Why do you always have to beat your little sister like that? She's so little, it's pitiful. If you can, let her win sometimes."

"That's just how Mommy is, always worried about my little sister. Let's get back to the point. What did Mommy say before? I didn't get it."

"I said wants to invite Lee over for a meal so everyone in the family can meet him."

"Oh..." I smiled slightly.

"And is everyone in the family is happy to meet Lee? What if Daddy makes a face when I bring him?"

"That one just acts like he's not interested, but actually he wants to meet your boyfriend more than anyone. He's curious to see who you brought home."

"So, what's Mommy going to tell Daddy today?"

Mommy gave Lee a supportive wink.

"I'll just say you have a nice guy. Daddy doesn't need to worry."

I walk Lee to the car myself and offers to drive Mom and my younger sister home.

As we walks together, Lee look at me with some concern.

"I didn't do very well today."

"What do you mean? Mom seemed thrilled with you. Oh, but don't get too excited. This is just for a meal and getting to know each other. You and I still have a lot to learn about each other."

"Does that mean I won't be coming over to your house anytime soon? But that's okay; I can wait. We both need to get to know each other better."

"I think you'd get impatient."

"I've been through my teenage years for a while now, but I admit that I'm impatient when it comes to you. I want things to move forward quickly, but I'm afraid that you'll run away first. You're a very cautious person."

"Don't worry. I'm not that cautious."

"Do you believe that even though I've dated a lot of women, I've never taken the time to get to know someone gradually like I have with you?"

"That's why you find them superficial and get bored with them. Anything that's easy, you find less interesting. Business is like that."

"That's partly true. It's hard enough dealing with you, and then meeting your younger sister who doesn't like me... I can't even remember what I did to make View B dislike me so much."

I put my hands in my pockets and stopped walking when we reached his car. Lee opened the car door with the remote and sighed deeply, clearly distressed, which made me smile.

"You're not the first person my younger sister doesn't like. Since I'm like that, I've been single for a long time."

"How long?"

"Well... it's been a long time. Whenever I meet someone I like, it's usually superficial, like with you. It ends quickly, and I never have the chance to develop a serious relationship."

I've been out of the dating scene for several years. When I meet someone I like, it's usually fleeting. Most people come and go without much seriousness because I was focused on building my restaurant. Plus, I knew in my heart that there was someone else, so I never got attached or regretted anyone leaving.

"Is it because you're afraid your younger sister won't like them?"

"Not exactly."

"When you were with View B, you seemed strict, but in reality, you're very afraid of your little sister."

"What?"

"I said, sounding intense. The idea of being 'afraid' of View B had never crossed my mind."

"Why would I be afraid?"

"You look angry."

Lee laughs fondly and explained quickly.

"The fear I'm talking about isn't about being shy. It's more like... being afraid that your sister won't love you."

"..."

"Even though you tell your mom not to spoil your sister, you don't seem jealous when she shows her affection so openly. It's like everyone is afraid that View B won't love you, especially when you run after her."

"..."

"You didn't realize how surprised you looked when you left. I could see the distress in your expression."

"Please go," I said quickly, gesturing for him to get in the car. Lee smiles knowingly but said nothing.

"I'll be right back. I need to win over your little sister... By the way, what does your sister like? A gift won't do much for that girl."

"Oh, and there's something I want to tell you before you go," I said, remembering just in time.

"If we're going to have a relationship, you need to respect me and my family. Acting like a benefactor, paying for this and that..."

"I am not..."

"I know you didn't mean it that way. It's just that Mom is excited and talking like an old lady showing off her daughter's partner. But the person you need to meet is me. You shouldn't use your money to buy my feelings or those of my family. From now on, please don't offer to buy me things or do anything like that."

We stare at each other in silence for a long moment. Lee nodded and smiles before grabbing my hand and gently holding it, catching me off guard.

"What are you doing..."

"Kissing my girlfriend's hand."

"Girlfriend? What are you talking about?"

"You said yourself that your Mommy was excited about her daughter's partner, so that means I'm your partner now," Lee said.

I pursed my lips, wondering if I had really said that. To be honest, I wasn't really mad at him since I'm not the possessive type, but I had to act tough to make sure he knew I wasn't that easy.

"Go home now."

"I'll call you tonight."

"If I'm free, I'll answer."

"I'll keep calling until you answer."

I left the store and took my younger sister and mother home. During the drive, View B is silent the whole time, while my mother talking about Lee enthusiasm.

"He's very tall and well-built. When we meet him next time, we should drop View B off somewhere... She just broke up with her boyfriend and might be emotionally hurt."

I looked at my mother with a bit of irritation and said what I was thinking. "Is it necessary to rush to find someone new just because she break up?

Being single isn't that bad."

"So why does P'May need a boyfriend if being single is so great?"

View B interrupt after a long silence. Mom laughing, familiar with View B's way of talking.

"Where did that little chicken go? She used to be too shy to talk in front of you. I guess meeting up often lately has been good... It seems like you and View B are close again. I'm relieved."

"Of course we meet up often. P'May is such a good big sister who likes to break people up."

"Break up?"

It looks like we have communicates enough with Mom, so to avoid feeling awkward, I decides to talk about View B and Chai.

"I made View B break up with her boyfriend."

"What!!!"

Mom's loud exclamation nearly burst my eardrums. I am relieves but i haven't so scared that I slamming on the brakes. View B, upon seeing me suddenly speak, look shock, probably not expecting me to bring it up myself, since it's not a pleasant topic.

“If he was a good guy, he wouldn’t be influenced by me, right?”

I explained calmly. As expected, Mom scold me all the way from the restaurant to the house. Although there were no harsh words, the tone is intense. Being scold by Mom, I felt just as hurt. She ended her speech before getting out of the car.

“But you are right. If he were a good person, he wouldn’t look at anyone other than his own partner. Even though it’s a terrible way to handle things, it’s done now. What can you do?”

Mom glares at me with a snarl.

"I think you went too far. Your sister had to get hurt because you wanted to test something ridiculous, and more importantly, you almost caused someone’s death."

"Yes, I know I was wrong."

"Why aren’t you arguing? You usually have a lot to say."

"Because we’re home. If I argue with you, this will go on for a while, and then I’ll have to face Dad. And when I see Dad, you’ll tell him everything, and then he’ll scold me endlessly. It’s better to just admit my mistake and move on, living normally as usual."

"You’re so stubborn. How did we raise you to be like this? When you're kid, you were obedient."

"Back then, I had to ask Mom for money, but now I don’t ask anymore, so I choose to believe in certain things."

"That’s what they call you being stubborn and headstrong. View B, don’t follow her example. That’s a bad example, always arguing and complaining."

Mom continues to grumble as she walk home. My younger sister, behind, stop and then turns to speak to me in surprise.

"Why did you tell Mommy about this?"

"She will find out today or the next day. Besides, we have been giving Mommy hints, which makes her suspicious. I didn't want to feel blackmailed, so it's better to get a scolding now and sort it out."

"I'm not blackmailing you."

"But you will keep making snide remarks, which I won't tolerate. I'm leaving now. I don't want Khun Arun to stay alone in the store for too long; it's tiring for her."

Just as I was about to get into the car, my younger sister grabs my arm.

"We're going next month, around the 11th to the 16th. We're going for five days. View B is waiting for your confirmation to book the tickets and accommodations."

"No problem, I will let Khun Arun know in advance about the days off."

"No one else will be joining us, right?"

I smiles knowingly and teases my younger sister a little.

"If you keep asking, I might invite Lee."

"No way! This is our trip."

"View B hopes that by going together this time, we will rekindle our bond and become close again."

Thump, thump...

"Love like before..."

How can she use that term with her older sister? No, it might be normal, but I'm the one thinking unusually.

"Well, whatever. I'm leaving now."

But View B don't let go of my arm. She slid her hand up to grip mine tightly, staring at the back of my hand as if she is using a laser to burn it.

"What?"

"P'May's hand is so soft," View B said, lifting my hand to her chest level and looking at it.

Then, unexpectedly, she... ***Lick!***

View B licked the back of my hand quickly like a puppy before letting go with a hard shove, causing it to fall to my side.

I could only gape with my mouth open while my sister had the same shock expression.

"What are you doing..."

"View couldn't stand him kissing P'May's hand. View saw it."

"And the lick?"

"Washing away his scent."

"View..."

EEK! What did I do?

Then the little sister run back inside the house immediately, leaving only a cloud of dust and me in a daze, feeling like a lifeless shell.

Right now, the back of my hand is still damp. The warm sensation from that lick hasn't gone away. I can feel myself getting really hot, like there's a lot going on today, and I'm struggling to keep up.

"She's jealous."

"Washing his scent away."

I leans against the car, exhaust and unable to think clearly. I am just dazed and confuse, unable to prioritize what to do first, open the car door or unlock it. Oh no... how am I going to get back to the store?

My mind is blank.

And then!

□□□□□

□12. Our First Trip□

"Hey, it's very late. Why haven't you showered yet?"

Paint, who has get up in the middle of the night, see me sit in the main hall, lost in thought. She lean over the back of the sofa and asked, curious, because I'm usually the cleanest and most hygienic person in this house due to my profession. However, today I was still wearing the same clothes, even though it was already 11pm.

"How many days?"

"How many days for what?"

"How many days without shower until I starts to stink?"

"What the hell?"

Then my housemate step over the back of the couch and sat down next to me. I lifted my hand awkwardly and stroked it shyly.

"Or is there a way to take a shower without getting your hands wet?"

"What's wrong with you? You look so weird, giving me the creeps. What happened to your hand?"

Paint tried to grab my hand, but I quickly pulled it away and hugged it tightly, as if I was afraid it would be stolen.

"What are you going to do with my hand?"

"I mean, what could I do with your hand? What's going on? That seductive look doesn't suit you."

"Why are you shouting?"

The commotion wake up another friend, who come out of her room. Mei, looking half asleep, come out while scratching her butt.

"What's going on? You were so loud that you woke me up."

"May refuses to shower."

"Ew, that's gross... but only slightly less gross than me. I haven't brushed my teeth since this morning."

"Ew!"

We both made disgusted faces at the same time. Since Mei is a freelance product designer, she often gets stuck at her desk. Some days she forgets to eat, and some days she forgets to sleep. So forgetting to shower or brush her teeth wasn't exactly surprising.

"But a woman as clean as May doesn't take a shower? How is that possible?"

"Exactly, it's weird. She's acting so strange, being all protective of herself, especially of her hands."

My pretty friend leaned over and looked at me suspiciously. "What did you do with your hand?"

"Nothing!"

"And you're screaming too!"

"If you won't answer my question, then I'm going to bed."

Mei, seeing that I am about to escape into my imagination to guess what's going on, run and jump in front of me, blocking my way with a smile on her face.

"You're so protective with your hands, it must mean that you've did something good. Let me guess... did you touch someone?"

"You're crazy!"

"Ah! Your ears are turning red! You touched someone, didn't you?"

Mei starts jumping around excitedly and pointed at my ears for other friend to see. Now I am being teased so much that I don't know how to react apart from staying calm. The more embarrass I acted, the more they teased me and provokes.

"I didn't touch anyone or anything! That's silly. I'm going to bed."

"Then you must have grabbed someone's chest."

"Keep it up and I'll scream!"

I run to my room, but I could still hear they're teasing giggles behind me. By now, they had both concluded that I must have grabbed someone's breast instead of just touching something else.

They are on the same wavelength... really great.

But honestly, I can't go without a shower, especially with my job as a chef. If I don't clean and cook, and customers will get sick...

Who else could be to blame but the chef who didn't wash her hands? Actually, I planned to take a shower last night, but I overthought it and ended up falling asleep. When morning came, I intended to take a shower, but my two friends, eager to have fun, ready with buckets of water, waiting for me.

Splash!

From being half asleep, now I am full awake. After hearing this sound for so long, I could now really understand its full effect. The laughter of my two friends made me close my eyes and bear it patiently.

"What is this?"

"We're making you take a shower, haha!" Mei laughing, clearly pleased with how irritated I am so early in the morning. I looked at my friends and sigh, pointing at the floor.

"When you've done playing, clean everything up."

"Come on, can't you be a little more angry? You're so hard to break!"

Paint, who wanted to see me lose my temper, seemed disappointed.

"First, the writer doesn't update her novel, and now my pranks don't make you angry. Is there a darker day than this?"

"What novel?"

I walk towards the bathroom expecting an answer and, when I look in the mirror, I see myself soaking, like a puppy caught in the rain.

"The novel on the internet it hasn't been updated for four days! I'm dying to know what happens when the sister finds out that her brother isn't really her brother "

I peeked out of the bathroom, starting to get interested.

"What title?"

"***'Good Girl...I Love You.'*** The title is a bit cheesy, but the story is good. It's about a family that adopts a little girl to help her mother avoid depression, and the older brother who was lovingly caring for her falls hopelessly in love with his little sister."

Thud, Thud...

As soon as I heard this, I start to have a bad feeling that it could be the same story I had sent to View B to write. I decided to keep asking, pretending not to know.

"Is it really that good?"

"I can't say yet. It hasn't reached climax yet. All we know is that the older brother is trying to distance himself, while the younger sister is getting really sad. Apparently, he's even trying to find a boyfriend now... I feel sorry for the older brother's girlfriend. She has no idea what's going on, but she's being dragged into the mess because he's trying to distract himself."

".... "

"The older brother might think that dating someone else is his way of giving himself a chance. Perhaps, in time, he will fall in love with her."

"Once ee fall in love with someone, its hard to stop. Unless the relationship clearly over, I bet a hundred bath that the older brother wouldn't dare hurt his sister. But there's an interesting twist in the story."

"How is that?"

"We only know the older brother's perspective, but we have no idea how the younger sister feels. What if she has feelings for him too?"

"Incest disgusting."

Mei, who had been listening for a while, looked as sick as someone with siblings.

"Love in fantasy is one thing, but in reality it's disgusting."

"Come on, Mei. foreign royalty used to preserve the blue blood by marrying within the family."

"Ugh, I can't stand it anymore. Just thinking about my brother falling in love with me, makes me want to faint. This romance should be reported and deleted."

"You're so narrow minded! I told you, they're not real siblings. The family adopted the girl."

The two of them starts arguing even more intensely, while I just stand there in silence, looking at myself in the bathroom mirror, feeling confused. I looked at the back of my hand, remembering the soft touch of that tongue, and let my thoughts wander. In the end, I decided to turn on the tap and wash my hands, even though the saliva was probably no longer there.

"So, how do you want the story to end?"

I ask as I washes my hands. Mei and Paint, who are discussing it, stop for a moment and looked at me in surprise.

"Wait, are you interested in the novel too?"

"Well, we're talking about that, right? If it were you, how would you like the story to end? Let's start with your thoughts, Mei."

"If it were me... I'd move on quickly, knowing that it's impossible."

"That's narrow minded. But what if his little sister also have feelings for him?"

"That's hard. After thinking they were real brothers all this time, how could they suddenly fall in love? This isn't a Japanese comic for adults. For me, I would keep my feelings to myself forever. Firstly, to keep the family peaceful, and secondly... so that the sister doesn't feel like a burden."

Mei's blunt opinion made me pause - it was exactly what I had been thinking all along, making me retreat into my thoughts. But Paint, who was following the novel closely, saw things as a reader who preferred happy endings.

"Have you ever heard that love can't be controlled? Love can happen to anyone. If it were me, and I felt my sister had feelings too, I'd tell her everything."

"You're the selfish one. Don't you care about your depressed mother?"

"Isn't it more selfish to stop people who are in love? Do you think secrets can stay hidden forever? If not today, then eventually the truth will come

out, and when that happens...His little sister also have feelings for him too, so maybe it's a good thing that they find out that they're not actually blood relatives.

"But no matter how you look at it, it won't have a happy ending. The family will never accept it. They'll definitely explode with drama."

My two friends continues their heated debate about the plot, while I silently closed the bathroom door and stayed with my thoughts, no longer getting involved in the conversation.

How should I ended this novel... The smile on my face in the mirror is far from pleasant.

View B: P'May, View has booked the flight and hotel. Please confirm if you are available. We can still cancel the hotel if necessary.

I read the message without replying. Since the day View B licked the back of my hand, we haven't spoken. I wasn't sure if she was embarrassed of what she did and was avoiding me, or if it was because, after listening to my friends' opinions. I chose to remain silent and take some time reflecting.

I thought that after a few days, my feelings would disappear, but no. Every time I saw this little girl's name, my heart raced.

My heart was pounding like a teenager with a fiery spirit, but all I could do was hold back my feelings and stay still. I didn't respond immediately, hoping View wouldn't notice that I had already read the message.

But why did I do that? It's not like View knows what I'm thinking. After more than three minutes of leaving the message marked "Read," I finally responses.

May B: Confirmed. I have already informed Arun that I am going to take some time off.

View B: Okay.

View B: Sticker.

View B always add a sticker at the end of messages, I looked at the cute kitten sticker and couldn't help but smile. Even if I tried to remain indifferent, I could never resist smiling when this little one made a move.

View B: P'May, are you mad at me? Hmm?

I blinked in surprise at the question. As I didn't answer quickly, View B sent another message to ask.

View B: That day, I didn't know what I was thinking either. I'm sorry for what I did.

May B: What are you referring to?

View B: Nothing.

View B: Sweet dreams.

And then the conversation ended abruptly. View didn't say anything else. I knew she was referring to the incident of her licking the back of my hand, but I want to keep the conversation light and fun. Instead, it seemed to make View shut down, as if she didn't want to talk about it anymore. The awkward atmosphere between us felt like we were having a silent argument.

I wanted to get in touch and start a conversation, but I figured she probably didn't want to talk about the hand-licking incident.

So I decided to send her a sweet dream sticker. The other side just read it and didn't didn't reply.

What kind of relationship between sisters is that?

Why are we so distant?

Two weeks have passed since that day, and View B and I had barely spoken to each other until the day of the trip. Today, Paint offered to drop me off.

In return, Paint asked to borrow my car while I was out of Thailand.

"Have a good trip! Thank you for letting me borrow your car."

Paint turned the keys in her usual quiet way, raising both arms in front of her as if inviting me to hug her.

"It's a tradition. Aren't you going to hug me?"

"I'm going away for five days, not five years. Don't be so dramatic."

"You have to hug me. I didn't take no for an answer. I love physical contact. Come here!"

"No."

"Come here!"

Paint pulled me into a hug and kiss me on the cheek, making me jump back and cover my cheek.

"What are you doing?"

"Saying goodbye to a friend. It worked! You're surprised. Wow!"

Paint raised her hands in triumph as if she had managed to thrill me, which make me bite my lip in annoyance.

"Come back soon."

"... "

"I am going to miss you...Oh, does those people behind you know you? They've been staring at us since earlier."

Paint pointed over my shoulder to the door, where Dad, Mike Be and View B are watching us with interest. As soon as Dad realized I am looking, he turns around, while Mike run over to us.

"Of course I knew it's you, P'May. Mom was gossiping a lot earlier, saying things like, 'Look at them, such a flashy couple.' "

My younger brother laughs, clearly enjoying Mom's gossip about her own daughter with a funny expression.

"Well, you two make such a cute couple."

"Is this your relative? Sweet talker. Come here and give me a kiss."

Paint leaned over to Mike B, but pulled his ear before he could.

"I was only joking."

"This is my little brother. Don't be too forward. Dad's strict."

I gestured towards my family. Paint made a slightly regretful face... just a little, before waving her hand politely.

"Hi, Dad, Mom, younger sister and younger brother. Ha... family. I'm not sure... maybe family!"

Paint addressed the three of us siblings as if she were familiar with the story.

"This must be View B. She's so beautiful. Why doesn't she look anything like you?"

"I'll be back soon."

I open my five fingers and pushed Paint away because I didn't want her to mention any differences, as it was a sensitive subject and could upset my mother.

"Don't forget the vibrator I asked you to buy. Get the one with the spin function or the one with two heads so we can take turns using each side."

"You are crazy!"

"...."

"When I got back, don't forget to pick me up."

"You're crazy!"

"Ha ha ha!"

Paint's outrageous behavior make me cover my face with my hands. Even though I couldn't see my own expression, I could I imagine that it is probably very red, given how hot my face now.

"Your face is as red as if you were in a cold climate. Your skin is very good."

Mike B comment as he help drag my luggage, being the attentive younger brother.

"P'May's friend is quite funny."

"Don't mind the crazy woman."

"I can't believe that P'May would be friends with someone so lively."

"Why is it so hard to believe?"

"They say that similar people are friends because they reflect each other's personality," Mike Be explaining.

"That made me think that maybe P'May is like that too."

"You read too much and think too much."

I went to my family. Dad continue to ignore us, looking away, while Mom come over and hug me tightly, reminding me to take care of the little one.

"Take care of yourselves, okay? It's a different country and all. Don't fight with your little sister while you're there, okay?"

"Yes, Mom. I'm not going to fight with her."

"You're going away with May. Instead of going with Mike," said Dad hinting again, making View B link her arms around Dad and explain again.

"View already told Dad that I wanted to go with P'May. Besides, Mike's a guy, we should be able to separate and not be so attached all the time."

"I know."

Dad sigh and looked at me.

"Take care of your sister."

"Yes."

"Call every day."

Mom reminded View B, rubbing her arm with concern.

"Don't skip meals, stay out of the group and don't talk to strangers, okay?"

I, tired of the advice, dragged my luggage to check-in, pushing View B to take care of her own business. Now, standing silently behind me, View B isn't saying a word, so I urge her first.

"How are you?"

"Hmm?"

View looked up and met my gaze.

" I am fine. How are you, P'May?"

"I'm fine."

"Do other sisters greet each other like this?"

Suddenly, the same set of questions I had thought come out of that little girl's mouth, making me a little suspicious, but I answered in a neutral tone.

"I don't know, maybe not."

"We're not close, are we? I think we've gotten better lately."

View B lower her head and look at the floor as she speak. Not liking to see her so anxious, I chose to lift her chin with a finger to make her look up and meet my gaze.

"When we talk, look into my eyes."

"..."

"I like your eyes."

Then, suddenly, I said something that was buried deep in my heart. It made View B and I freeze, as if we'd been frightened by a ghost. The cheek-in line start to move, and that's the moment I have to turn around quickly and push my suitcase. However, the little girl managed to grab the hem of my shirt before I could.

"View B wants to be closed to you, like that friend before... Even though we grew up together, that woman did a lot of things that View B never did."

"..."

"Are we mad at each other? Are you really mad at me for licking your hand that day?"

Can licking someone's hand make people mad at each other? I looked at the girl with a sad expression and want to ask, but I chose to remain silent, except for answering:

"No, I'm not mad."

"Then why have we been so cold to each other? In the last two weeks, you haven't been in touch with me. That makes me think that if you're still angry, this trip won't be any fun..."

"It will be fun."

I took my hands away from my bag and use both of them gently cup the face of my little sister, who look scare of me.

"We're going to have a lot of fun on this trip. Licking my hand didn't make me mad at all. To make you feel better..."

I move my hand from her cheek to her neck, shoulders and then to her hand before pulling her up...

Lick it!

View B quickly pulled her hand away and squeezed hard. I, trying hard not to show my embarrassment, looked at her and shrugged.

"We're fine now."

"P'May..."

"Let's try to act normal. We have to stay together for five more days. We don't know what might happen, so let's not fight. Think of it as going back to being sisters like we were when we were younger."

"Really?!"

View B's face lit up and she smiles broadly. I am a little surprised and then turn to continue in line as before.

"Yes."

"We'll do everything like we did when we were kids, right?"

"Yes. Whatever we used to do when we were kids, we'll do it."

"Great! Then when we get to Japan, I'll take a bath with you!"

"What. "

□□□□□

□13. Requests□

Now, the two of us are sitting on the plane. It was almost that we were able to leave Mommy because she kept reminding us of everything. Most of her attention was focused on View B, probably because since we grew up together, my little sister has never been away from Mommy, who loves and cares for her excessively.

View B, sitting next to me, sacrificed her window seat for me, even though it was originally hers.

"So you can enjoy the view outside, P'May."

I give my little sister a mischievous smile.

"Just tell me you're afraid of heights."

"No, not at all. I was just being considerate so you could look at the clouds."

"Yes."

I replied with that and laugh. View B remained silent for about ten seconds, which surprised me, so I turn to look and found her staring at me with those light brown eyes, along with a soft smile on her face.

"What?"

I flinched a little when I see that look because I feel nervous and shy, but I still try to keep a calm and compose face as if nothing could shake me.

"P'May, when you say it like that, you sound like a very lovely older sister."

"I'm cute because I'm already naturally pretty."

"I hate thissee ..."

"You can't hate me, View."

P'May, when you say it like that, you sound like a really adorable older sister.

I'm cute because I'm already naturally pretty. I hate thissee.

You can't hate me, View.

"True."

View B rested her chin on her hand and lean her face close to mine, almost touching.

"I love you so much, P'May."

Thump.... thump...

I didn't know how to react, so I pushe her face away and turn to look out the window.

"Why are you leaning so close? Your breath stinks."

"You're so mean! That's such a rude thing to say."

The little girl look so insecure it's almost pitiful. She then cupped her hand over her mouth.

"But there's no smell. Are you serious?"

Before I could respond, my phone, which I hadn't yet put on airplane mode, ring. I look at the screen and see that it's Lee calling. I answer without responding to my sister, who is starting to lose her confidence.

"Yes, you called right when the plane is about to take off."

[You should have let me drive you to the airport.]

Lee seemed like someone who was desperate to earn some points with me, plus he really wanted to meet my entire family.

I wasn't ready to let him come along. First, because I still wasn't sure about him, and second, I felt a little awkward around my sister, though I couldn't figure out why.

"We're going to Japan. No need to make a big deal about it. And you're already calling me."

[It's not the same as seeing you in person. By the way, where are you staying? You never mentioned it.]

"I didn't tell you because I'm afraid you'll come up with some clever plan to follow us."

[Got me!]

"I already told you, this is a trip for View and me. No one else can join."

At this point, View B, who was making a "haha" sound next to me, suddenly stop and tilted her head to look at me before smiling, as if she liked what I said. I, on the other hand, pursed my lips slightly, pretending not to notice her expression.

[Am I really just 'someone else' to you?]

"We're nothing yet, are we?"

[You're my girlfriend, you just haven't realized it yet.]

"Okay, I'm totally unconscious."

"Hang up now, the flight attendant is coming to tell us."

View B raised her voice playfully, making sure Lee could hear. So, I had to end the call.

"Alright, I'll talk to you later."

[Let me know when you get to Japan. I'll be waiting.] "Why are you waiting?"

[Because I miss you.]

"Hang up now!"

View B emphasized once more, so I had to end the call. Honestly, I hadn't seen any flight attendant come to tell us, but I glances sideways at my sister and shook my head.

"What's the problem with you and Lee?"

"Nothing, I just think he's being too clingy with you. You're about to leave, and he's still calling to bother you."

"He's calling like anyone would."

"Like anyone would, how?"

I glances sideways at View B, who is now cornering me. But since there really wasn't anything between Lee and me, even though sometimes it felt like there was, I just shrugged like I didn't care.

"Like anyone who has a little sister with bad breath."

"Do I really have bad breath?"

I went back to the previous topic, and View B, who had almost forgotten, now look horrified again, which made me really start to feel sorry for her.

"No, that's not true."

"Then why did you say that?"

"Because you're annoying, always chatty."

"Well, we're close!"

As soon as I confirmed that what I said wasn't true, View B rested her head on my shoulder and cuddle it like a kitten.

"You said we'd go back to the way we were before. I'm trying, okay? You need to cooperate too!"

I tensed up in embarrassment, looking lovingly at the little head resting on my shoulder. At first, when I found out she had booked economy class, I thought about upgrading to a better seat for a more comfortable six-hour flight. But when Mei, who happened to see me using my laptop in the common room, said...

Business class is great because you have more privacy when you sleep with partitions. You don't have to worry about the person next to you resting their head on your shoulder.

I immediately closed my laptop because I didn't need that much comfort... and judging by how clingy View B is acting, it seems like that decision paid off.

Oops, the plane is moving!

The little one still leaning on my shoulder, while holding on tightly to the armrest. I looked at my little sister, who was still deathly afraid of heights, feeling affectionate. I reach out, took her hand, and squeezed it reassuringly.

"Hold my hand. It gets scarier when the plane takes off. That's the part that scares me the most."

"Weren't you the one who said you weren't afraid of heights, you little dog?"

"Okay, I admit it."

View B turn her palm up and intertwined her fingers tightly with mine.

"Just hold on to me, okay? Don't let go."

"I'll never let go."

Never...

However, the one who finally let go was View B, who fell into a deep sleep after taking two antihistamine pills because she's very weak and sensitive to any kind of vehicle. Even so, the little one still managed to rest her head on me, and that made me lean my head against hers and casually watch the in-flight TV. I really didn't want to sleep because I liked being close like this. The smell of her shampoo, the sound of her breathing, and even her occasional frightened spasms made me feel at ease.

After 5 hours and 50 minutes, the captain announced in English that we have arrived at Japan International Airport. View B, who had been sleeping the entire flight, sat up groggily, looking a little irritated before stretching. Watching her natural movements, I couldn't resist lightly brushing my finger against her mouth as she yawned.

Chomp!

View B, knowing exactly what I was doing, immediately bit my finger. The small teeth pressing into my finger made me flinch as if I had shock, and I quickly pulled my hand back, causing my sister to jump in surprise.

"Is it hurt?"

"No, it is just a reflex."

"Well, I bit you on reflex too. Yay! We're finally in our own world, just the two of us!"

The sweet-faced girl clapped her hands lightly in joy. I look at her, my heart fluttering a little. A world with just the two of us... what a lovely thought.

"Just the two of us? There are people everywhere."

"But we're the only Thais here."

"Mom, let's go to Disneyland! Don't forget!"

A Thai child's voice shouting from the other side made View B pause for a moment.

"Oh right, I forgot that Tokyo is basically a relocated Bangkok."

"So we're not the only Thais after all."

"But still, no one here knows us. We can do whatever we want. No one will recognize us."

I glances at my little sister, who seemed oddly excited, before pushing me into the aisle to open the overhead compartment and grab our bags. View B, too short to reach anything on her own, was nearby providing moral support and chattering.

"Let's take a shower together, okay?"

Suddenly, the bag I was reaching for, slipped and hit me square in the head because I lost focus when I heard View B say that. I staggered a little from the impact, feeling dazed, and the little one cried out in alarm, asking me worriedly.

"Are you okay? The bag landed on your head really hard!"

"I'm fine."

"No, it's not! I saw it! Let me check, was it okay here?"

My little sister stand on her tiptoes to inspect my head. Seeing how worries she is, I bent down to her eye level, and she blew on the spot where I had been hit, like a mother using magic to heal her child.

"Poof! All better now. No more pain, right?"

Her sweet attempt to comfort me made me smile a little.

"You're acting like a child."

"Well, I can't help but worry about you. You're already hurt, and we haven't even get off the plane yet. Poor thing. I'll hug you tonight to make you feel better."

"Stop being so clingy," I said in a fake stern tone, not quite serious, and grab my bag to leave the plane as the line begin to move. View B follow close behind, clinging to me like a little monkey, her voice full of excitement.

"I'm so glad I take this trip with you!"

Smile

"View loves you, P'May"

I didn't respond right away until we're walking down the aisle outside the plane. View B, walking beside me, tilted her head with a hint of embarrassment.

"If someone says they love you, P'May, you should say it back. It's polite, like... 'Hello, how are you?' And then the other person responds, 'I'm fine, thanks, and you?'"

"Nonsense."

"On this trip, I'm going to make you say you love me."

View B suddenly had a serious expression, as if she was determined to achieve a goal.

"It's going to be so much fun."

"What are you talking about?"

"I think deep down, P'May is just stubborn."

View B walked in front of me, then turns and start walking backwards, not even looking where she is going, just so she could speak.

"I often I think P'May can be harsh and strict, but in the end, you always seem to spoil me. Like when I asked you to come on this trip, you didn't say no at all and let me plan everything."

"That's just because I'm lazy. Besides, who would pass up a free trip?"

"And you let me rest on you the entire flight."

"Well, I can't exactly pressure you to rest on someone else, can I?"

"Who do you like more, me or that guy?"

"..."

"View likes you more than Mike."

View B answer herself, as if she expected me to share my own feelings, similar to how she expected me to tell her I love her back.

"Seriously?"

"You're not being receptive to me at all."

"Because you're being ridiculous."

I make eye contact with the little girl and smiles, not seriously scolding her. View B bit her lip lightly and turn to walk normally, but she remain close to me.

"Even when you're cold, you still look good. Don't you think you should get married?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

I laughs a little at her comment. However, View B suddenly looked at me seriously and speak as if she is making a plea.

"Please."

"What?"

"Don't get married. Stay with me forever."

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Chapter 5: A Request

Although the older brother tried to distance himself emotionally from his younger sister, his deep feelings made him unable to resist being drawn back to her. Thus, when he tried to date someone else, the relationship often became complicated.

It felt like everything was about to fall apart, because I felt like I was betraying and breaking my little sister's heart, although she never knew that the love her older brother had was not the same as the love her sister had.

But sometimes, the sister gave her brother hope, especially when she sincerely pleaded,

"Please don't get married"

□□□□□

□14. Sisters Talking□

Even though I had been lying motionless on the plane for six hours, after clearing immigration and taking a car into the city to check into the hotel, I still felt exhausted. View B and I each had a rolling suitcase and a small shoulder bag for wallets and passports.

When we finally arrived at the hotel and checked into our room, View Be immediately threw herself on the bed, collapsing face down as if her body was about to collapse.

"After all that sleep, you're still yawning, huh?"

I said, even though I know traveling was always tiring. My little sister turned her head to look at me and mumbled.

"It's exhausting."

"This room is so small."

I said, looking around at the tiny space that was the size of a cramped box but priced like a luxury room in Pattaya or Phuket, Thailand.

"But it's nice, just two steps and we're next to each other. Convenient."

"The bed is small too," I said, looking at the queen-sized bed, then at View B, a little embarrassed about the fact that we would have to share it. But I tried to hide my discomfort from her.

"Just a little movement and you can feel it."

"View doesn't turn over in bed when I sleeps. It's great, we all sleep snugly. They say ghosts in Japan are pretty scary."

"Since when are we afraid of ghosts?"

"Should we be afraid?"

View B roll her eyes mischievously, making me look at her fondly. Just as I am about to start unpacking, my phone ring. Lee is calling, and of course View B notice too. She immediately make a sarcastic comment, clearly irritates.

"He knows exactly when to call. It's already past 11 PM here. No consideration."

"But it's only 9 PM in Thailand. Why do you dislike him so much?"

I answer the call and speak to Lee in a friendly tone:

"You calls as soon as I got to the hotel."

[Yes, I timed it well. How are you? Tired?]

"A little. The flight was quite long."

[I call to check if you arrives safely at the hotel. But are you seriously not going to tell me where you're staying?]

"No, I won't. You can follow me here."

[Oh, how mean. I guess I'll have to call you then.]

"You can't do much more than that. Anyway, I'm going to hang up now. I need to unpack and take a shower before bed."

[Okay. Dream about me.]

"Good night."

[If I dream well, it means I dreamed about you.]

Lee's increasing flirting make me realize that he is becoming more comfortable with our relationship. Although I kept things casual and didn't get physical like other couples, he accepted what I offered without complaint. Maybe it was because I kept my distance, was a little strict, and he didn't overdo it.

Or maybe because I didn't liked him as much as other people like their partners, so I didn't care about how he felt. If he wasn't satisfied, he could just walk out of my life, it was that simple.

That's the advantage of not caring. But for those who do care... I look at View B, silently unpacking her clothes. I had hung up the phone in a hurry because she clearly didn't like my conversation with Lee.

That's the difference. We're always afraid that the people we care about won't love us. Maybe Lee was right when he realized I was afraid View B wouldn't love me. I just never paid attention to my own behavior.

"Who's going to take a shower first?"

I ask, breaking the silence. View B, who was busy unpacking her clothes, raised her hand without even turning to look at me.

"Okay."

"How far did you and Lee get?"

She asked, catching me off guard. I paused for a moment as I closed my suitcase and answer in a neutral tone.

"Not far. We're just talking, and I'm definitely not getting married anytime soon. Don't worry about it."

I remembered her request before we left, when she begged me not to get married, so I quickly reassured her. View B look at me with an innocent expression and ask,

"If you don't plan on getting married to him, why are you dating him? Isn't it a waste of time?"

"We need to get to know each other first, right?"

"But you promised you wouldn't get married."

"I didn't promise anything. You made that up yourself."

I shrugged, acting indifferent. View B pouted and back to organizing her clothes, which make me a little worry that she might get upset.

"But I'm not getting married, don't worry."

"Really?!"

Her face lit up immediately. I look at her as she quickly changes her mood and nod.

"Yes, because I'm moving in with him. I told you, it's cheaper this way."

"You're so mean, P'May!"

View B grab her clothes and go to the bathroom to take a shower, leaving our conversation hanging in the air. I continue unpacking and smiles softly to myself.

"But you're always cute to me, puppy."

"P'May."

My smile froze as I glances at the bathroom door, not waiting for View B to poke her head out. The little girl, who seemed about to say something, tilted her head curiously when she see me smiling.

"Why are you smiling?"

"Am I smiling? I don't even realize it. Maybe I'm glad Lee called."

I bluff, knowing it was something that usually irritated her. It seemed to work because she kept quiet.

"What's wrong? Why don't you finish your bath?"

"I just remembered something."

"What?"

"That I want to invite you to take a bath with me."

Thump.... thump...

I look at my sister, unsure how to respond. However, it seemed like her earlier irritation, had drained her mood, so she quickly back to the bathroom.

"But don't worry, I'll take a shower by myself. You can continue daydreaming about your someone special."

It really seems View B doesn't like Lee. I wonder what could make her dislike him so much.

After View B finished showering, I go to take my own. The hot steam from the shower lingered, making me feel like my skin was burning, though it was more of an emotional heat than a physical one. As I had thought, this trip meant that we will spend all our time together, just the two of us, with no family or parents around.

I have to make an effort and take care of her like a big sister should, but I also afraid that I would slip up and let my gaze linger on her in a way that I shouldn't. I was afraid to say or do something that would push her away.

I looked at View Be's toiletries, picking them up to examine. Her toothbrush, with its small head, seemed to match her petite self. Her facial cleanser was just basic, nothing fancy, reflecting her modest spending habits. Despite not being picky about her beauty products, she still look beautiful. It is enviable how good her skin was.

I found myself envying the facial cleanser that touches her soft cheeks, and the toothbrush that knew her lips so well.

Lips...

Oh no. I can't believe my thoughts are wandering like this. It hasn't even been a day.

After regaining my composure, I applied some cream before getting ready for bed. I discovered that View B had dimmed the lights almost completely so that I could see my way around. She is lying on her side, facing the wall, apparently fast asleep.

So enviable... she falls asleep so easily.

I'm the type person who has trouble sleeping at night. I usually have to read a book or play games on my phone before go to sleep. But since there wasn't enough light and I didn't bring a book, my phone become my only source of entertainment before bed. Just when I thought View B was already asleep, she turn to me and stare. Now we were only a few inches apart, which made me feel a little awkward and nervous.

"Don't use your phone or you'll hurt your eyes."

She said, taking the phone from my hand and keeping it with her. It seems like she's not as afraid of me as she used to be.

"I thought you were sleeping. "I can't sleep."

"Is that unusual?"

"I'm excited to sleep with you."

Her blunt answer left me a little stunned, since part of the reason I couldn't sleep because View B is lying next to me too.

"Excited? It's not like we've never slept together before."

"Because we've done this before and I miss it so much. It's been ages since we last snuggled like this."

View B said, nuzzling her head against my shoulder like a kitten. The faint scent of shampoo and soap reaches my nose, making my heart race a little.

"Have you secretly use my soap?"

"Looks like I got caught."

Although the hotel provided body wash, I chose to use View B's because I wanted to carry her scent with me. It must feel quite surprising to her that I would go out of my way to use her soap.

"The hotel provided it."

"I always think the free things is not good, including the hotel stuff."

"So you chose to use my free soap?"

"That's an exception. Are you jealous?"

"No..."

View B sniffing around my shoulder and said in a nasal voice.

"I never realized how fragrant my soap, until it is on you."

"Is it really that good?"

"Yes, I've been using that perfume for a long time, but I've never felt like this. You're really enviable, P'May. It seems like everything you use tastes good, even my cheap body wash."

"If it's that good, I'll use that one. Judging by how much you praise it, it must be really great."

"If View B were a guy, you would definitely lose your virginity to me."

She said in a teasing tone.

Trump Trump...

Trump Trump... Again...

I swallowing hard, struggling to find words. This make me seriously consider that this soap could be mine forever if it makes View B feel that way. Scents are always links to feelings, and it seem that View B has associates this scent with me.

"What are you saying? Let's go to sleep."

"How was your first time, P'May?"

Just as I am about to end the conversation, View B, ever perceptive, brought up another topic. It make me want to bury my face because I am not sure how to respond.

"I won't tell. I'm going to sleep now."

"This is a sisterly conversation, you know. I can't talk about this with Mom or Mike."

View B said in a dejected tone.

"Even though Mike is a twin and a doctor, do you understand, P'May? You can't discuss this kind of thing with a male sibling."

At first, I turn around, but then I slowly turn to lie on my back, staring at the ceiling before letting out a tired sigh.

"Sure, ask!"

"That's good," she said.

"The first time is a little awkward, but it's good."

"Was this your first time with a woman, P'May?"

"Yes, the one View B saw that day was my first time and my first partner."

I said, remembering that time with In, when we had fun and were quite fond of each other. I wasn't sure if it was due to the hormones of youth or the excitement of novelty and curiosity.

"Have you ever been with a man?"

"Almost, but not yet."

"Tell me how it almost happened."

"I won't go into details, just that it almost happened."

When I had a boyfriend, I was also curious. Having tried things with women before, I was interested in trying it with a man. But when the opportunity came, I was scared by his size and shape, and it almost happened, but I gave up.

"So you've only been with women back then. What's it like to do that?"

"Hasn't View B had that experience too? I remember seeing it."

I said, my tone showing some irritation. I am not sure if View B notice, but she keep talking.

"Yes. That's why I want to ask what it's like."

"It's exactly as View B described."

"So, wasn't it fun? "Huh?"

I pulled back a little, looking at View B in surprise, although I was initially avoiding eye contact.

"Wasn't that fun for you?"

"Did you like it, P'May?"

"It was... okay."

I answer vaguely. Back then, I was a pretty quick learner, so everything was full of excitement and fun, including getting to that point.

"Didn't you feel good about it?"

"It was painful, so it wasn't fun."

View B turn around and looking at the ceiling.

"I don't like the feeling of someone invading my body. I mean, kissing is nice, but after that, it doesn't feel good."

"You end up with someone who didn't know how to do it right? Are you scared now?"

"I don't know, but I didn't like it. For me, it's not important. Loving each other is enough."

"People who say sex isn't as important as love are usually those who have never had an orgasm and don't know how good it can be. In the end, they just stay in a relationship as friends."

I said frankly.

"And people who have had an orgasm, know how good it can be. When they end up with a partner who can't get them there, it usually ends in disappointment and a broken bed."

"And what's it like?"

"..."

"Can you describe what it's like to have an orgasm?"

"I'm not a writer, so I can't describe it. By the way, aren't you a writer? You write romance novels, right?"

"Yes."

"And how do you describe love scenes in your writing? It looks like you have a lot of experience with men."

"Have you read my work?"

Damn...

I finally blurted out. Now, I am stunning into silence, not knowing how to continue. Just as I am about to change position and end the conversation, View be changes the subject.

"If you can't explain it, can you teach me?"

"Teach me what?"

"Teach me how to orgasm."

"Are you crazy?"

I almost scream in shock at my little sister's request.

"How can you teach something like that?"

"If you don't teach me, who will? Are you going to ask Mike to teach me? Although he can since he's a doctor."

"No way!"

I exclaimed again, feeling completely conflicted and nervous.

"Why do you want to know about this?"

"Well, I'm already an adult and I've never experienced this. I've only read in novels that it's like riding a rollercoaster, exciting and intense. Some books even say it feels like your body is exploding and your mind goes blank. In adult comics, it describes it as throbbing. Why does it throb? Even squeezing it is tiring."

"I can't take this anymore..."

"Are you feeling excited, sis?"

"No way! I'm going to sleep!"

I turn around immediately, unable to handle the conversation any longer. View B laughs softly, hugging me from behind and resting her forehead on me as she speaks in a muffled voice.

"Hehe, I make you blushing! Even the cool big sister is embarrass now."

"..."

"Good night, big sister. Dream about me."

"Why should I dream about you?"

"So you don't dream about anyone else. I want to be the only one in your thoughts. Hehe.."

And then the little girl who used to chatter gradually fell silent, leaving only the sound of steady breathing as if she had fallen asleep. Now, it's just me with wide eyes because all I can think about is her.

Growing up, she's become such a bold and cute child.

Sigh.

□□□□□

□15. ONSEN□

The long night finally come to an end, while View slept soundly, leaning against me, exhausted from the trip. She fell asleep, but I was the only one who was completely exhausted. I hadn't slept on the plane, and when I finally lay down on the bed, I found myself even more unable to sleep.

My sister keep hugging me tightly, squeezing herself so tightly that it felt like she is trying to merge with my body. I don't know when I finally fell asleep, but one thing is for sure: I didn't get enough rest. On the first day of visiting Japan's capital, Tokyo, my body felt completely exhausted.

But I still fascinated by the new and different sights of the city. The next day, I forced myself to walk around with my sister, trying to stifle my yawns so she wouldn't notice, and pretending to be calm as we walked around, admiring the view.

"People here are so organized. There are no cars, but no one is crossing the street either."

View excitedly took out her phone to take pictures of the empty road, amazed at how much people were still following the rules.

"It makes us not dare to cross either."

"When you are in someone else's country, you have to follow their rules, right? But when we back home, we will go back to our old ways."

"Why do other countries have to be better than ours?"

"Because we are only here for a short period. If we actually lived here, we would feel that our home is much better. It's like being in a relationship with your current partner..."

I gave an example to illustrate my point.

"We never feel that our partner is good enough. Every new person that comes into our life looks better. But when we leave the old one for someone new, we start to miss the old one because we are familiar with them, they know us inside and out."

"If we have someone new, why would we miss the old one?"

"Because when we argue with the new one, we can't help but compare it to the old one. If you live here permanently, View, you will miss Thailand every day."

"I doubt it." View replied.

"There's nothing here that's worse than our country."

"You'll miss Pad Thai, Som Tum, and spicy mixed salad."

I said as the light turn green, signaling pedestrians to cross.

"Meanwhile, after 9 p.m., there's nothing to buy here."

"Okay, I think I get it now. I couldn't cope without Som Tum or spicy mixed salad. Plus, not being able to buy food at night, except at a convenience store, would be torture."

"And even convenience stores have opening and closing times; they're not open 24/7."

We started walking slowly, taking our time, while the locals around us seemed to be racing each other. It's easy to tell who is Japanese and who is foreign just by the color of their clothes.

Even the teenagers walking around wear clothes with a black and white theme or something similar. View would often take out her phone to take pictures and make notes, like someone collecting data. Watching my sister, who never forget why she come here, make me feel a little proud.

People who are truly dedicated to something always captivate me. Those who really know what they're doing are the ones I admire, and they become even more impressive when they exceed expectations.

"You're really focuses," I commented.

We are now sitting in a café on the second floor of a shopping mall. Ahead of us was the busy street, separated only by the glass windows of the building. We could see every movement of the people passing by below, but it's look like I am the only one looking at the view...

The view sitting right next to me...View Be.

When I commented, my little sister look up from her little notebook and gave me a slightly embarrassed smile.

"Sorry for leaving you alone for so long, sis."

"You're getting serious, huh? I am kidding. Keep doing what you have to do."

"I finished taking notes."

"You took a lot of pictures here, didn't you? That's for the novel that's funding this trip, right?"

"Yes."

"Is the story set in Japan?"

"Not entirely. Most of it takes place in Thailand, but there will be some scenes in Japan. I don't know what I'll write next yet. I'm just gathering information about what the people are like here, what the streets are like. I'm waiting for the owner of the story to send me the plot. So, P'May, have you read any of the novels I've written?"

"I've looked at a few. Maybe you've told me about them."

"Even though I already know, I'm still shy about it."

View B cover her face with her hands, but peeked through her fingers to look at me cutely.

"Have you read the new story I posted online?"

"Not yet, but I've been meaning to read it. I'm curious to see what kind of romance novel gave me the added benefit of this trip."

I took a small sip of my drink, pretending to be oblivious.

"Give me a brief summary. I don't know the whole picture either." She laughs.

"I learn the story chapter by chapter like everyone else."

"Just tell me what you know so far."

Well... I don't really need the plot because the one who came up with the idea and told her to write it... was me.

I wanted to talk more to hear a writer's perspective, what she thought about this kind of story.

"A brother in love with his sister... It's actually hard to believe that a sister could love her brother like that, right?"

I shared a thought from Mei, who strongly opposed this kind of plot, finding it disturbing.

"Because the sister never knew the truth that she wasn't really related to him by blood. She only saw him through the lens of a real brother. So how could they fall in love? That's the challenge," View B replied.

I have to convey this in a way that makes the sister feel like it's not an ordinary love and makes her question whether she's overthinking things.

"If it were up to you, how would you tell this story? I mean, do you think the two of them could end up together?"

View B pause for a moment and then shares her perspective as a writer.

"If I look at it from a romantic point of view, I would like for the two of them to end up together. Nothing beats a happy ending. But realistically, if this were the real world, the sister could never fall in love with her brother. The basis of love is not based on a romantic relationship, and that is something hard to change."

"Exactly," I agreed.

I turn away, feeling a sense of disappointment, but I had expected this outcome. Only someone abnormal would fall in love with someone they grew up with, especially a sister who had always known it. Changing your feelings after knowing the truth would be nearly impossible...

Very difficult.

"Think about it, P'May. What if Mike B come to you one day and said he likes you, want to stop being your brother and become your boyfriend? Would you accept that? Look at my arm!"

View B showing her arm, which is cover in goosebumps just imagining the scenario. I could only nod in understanding.

"Yeah, then I guess it won't end well."

"I don't know what the owner of the story will decide for the plot, but it's their romance. Whatever ending they want, I'll go along with it."

"What if instead of Mike B, it is me?"

"Huh?"

I turn to look at my sister, locking eyes with her seriously.

"What if I come up to you and said... I don't want to be your sister anymore. Would you be my girlfriend instead?"

What would you say?"

“...”

View's eyes wide in shock. Seeing her surprised reaction, I couldn't help but laugh, reaching out to gently pat her forehead playfully.

"Just kidding. If it's impossible for Mike B, it's even more impossible for me. I'm not just your sister..."

I trace my hand to her smooth cheek and pulled it lightly until it stretched
"And I'm also a girl."

"..."

"Anyway, we should go. Didn't you say you will taking me to see some lights in Odaiba? According to the train map, it's still quite a distance."

I said, changing the subject as I unfold the map and stand up. View B followed from behind and, as she stood up, muttered something under her breath.

"It doesn't matter to me whether you're a girl or a boy, P'May."

"What do you mean by that?"

I asked, turning to her.

"It means we're going to TeamLab! I'm so excited!"

View B quickly change the subject, and I let it go, taking the conversation far away from where she was.

We headed to Odaiba, following the detailed itinerary that View had meticulously planned. The trip took almost 40 minutes, as the place was quite far from where we boarded the train. But when we arrive, it is worth it. The place was full of attractions, including a ferris wheel and shopping malls.

On our way out, we find ourselves near a vast body of water that connected to the sea. The first place View B took me to Teamlab Borderless, an

immersive digital art installation with vibrant lights and Epson projector images. The beauty of the place made my heart race. I really didn't know much about this country, and to be honest, if it weren't for View B, I wouldn't have discovered such a stunning place.

"I'd seen a lot of celebrities posting about this on Instagram, so I wanted to follow their footsteps. Isn't it beautiful?"

View B said, looking at the projected waterfall. People gathered around, taking pictures, as I found myself lost in the magical surroundings, as if we have enter a fantasy world.

"It's really beautiful."

"I'm so glad I come here with you, P'May."

View B smiles so wide that her eyes closed, and I looked away from the bright lights to smile back at her.

"I'm glad I come with you too, View."

The petite girl hook her arm around mine and rest her head on my shoulder. We walk slowly through the exhibit, stopping here and there to take pictures. Of course, my phone was full of pictures of View B, while hers is full of pictures of me. It was a shame that we couldn't take a picture together.

"About what you asked before... if you, P'May, asked me to be your girlfriend, how would I feel..."

View B suddenly brought up the question I had asked, catching me off guard. Too afraid to hear the answer, I quickly tried to change the subject.

"Oh! They have an adult store here? Paint asked me to buy a vibrator!"

View B, who was about to say something serious, seemed to be puzzled for a moment before frowning in frustration.

"Why is it that when we're taking a nice walk, you think about someone else?"

"Can't I think about my friends?"

"I'm only thinking about you, P'May, but it seems like you're always thinking about other people."

And to emphasize her point, Li video-called me at that very moment, making me feel a little guilty about my little sister.

"This is supposed to be our trip, P'May, but it seems like you brought your boyfriend and friends too. Have you seen me talking to anyone else since we got here besides our mom?"

"I guess I'm not allowed to talk to anyone else then."

I quickly hung up and put my phone away, not wanting to upset her any further.

"You've been getting really bossy lately. Did Chai ever get mad when you were dating him?"

"He didn't."

"He must be a really patient guy."

"When you love someone, you don't get angry. Because they're the only ones on your mind."

View B said, walking in front of me. I watched her small body from behind and tease her playfully.

"So, do you love me?"

The little girl hesitated for a moment, looking surprised. I myself started to get anxious, having asked so directly and fearing that she might overthink it.

“Well, I...”

"... "

"Yes, I love you, P'May. Is that clear enough?"

View B said, her voice a mix of stubbornness and affection, much like a younger sister who is possessive of her older sister.

“... ”

"Oh."

But it was a declaration of love wrapped in the typical bad mood of a younger sister who is protective of her sister. It's not something to overthink.

Our first day was filled with her grumpiness and stubbornness, but we agreed to stick together. No matter how grumpy she was, View B determined to see this trip through to the end. Next on our itinerary is...

An onsen.

View B take me to an onsen, the only place in Tokyo where you can enjoy an outdoor hot spring experience. I had heard that people here are quite open about public nudity, without any embarrassment. However, it isn't something I used to, having been raised with the belief that nothing private should be seen or touched by anyone except your spouse.

Now, View B and I standing in front of the lockers, needing to change our clothes before heading out. We had seen a few Japanese women changing their clothes earlier, which left us staring at each other in shock. When it's time to change our clothes, we don't know where to start.

"Well, I'll change my clothes first so you don't feel embarrassed,"

View B offers boldly, knowing well why I am hesitating. Her comment made me a little irritated, feeling like I am the coward while she takes the lead.

“No, let’s change together. It’s just clothes; it’s no big deal.”

We exchange a glance before we begin to take off our clothes, piece by piece. The most challenging parts are the bras and underwear, but there is no alternative but to take them off. I managed to undress first and act like I don't notice View B watching me, then turn to put on the pink yukata.

“What about you?” I asked.

“P’May, you get so beautiful as you get older,” View B said, hugging herself tightly.

“I’m just not confident about my own body. Everyone has the same things, more or less,” I reassured her.

“That’s true.”

"Let’s see how similar we are.”

I said, trying to lighten the mood and help View B relax. She pouted before finally taking off the remaining pieces of clothing, revealing herself completely. My heart raced as I looked at her shyly, but I try to act as nonchalant as always.

“We’ve grown up a lot now.”

"Yes, and we have everything in common, just like you, P’May!”

View B said, looking at my middle and placing her hand on her cheek.

“When I was younger, I didn’t understand why I didn’t have hair like yours. Then, it gradually started growing and getting longer.”

"Do you really need to describe it in such detail, little writer?”

I tried to hold back a smile, but ended up laughing.

“So, how is it now that we’re similar?”

"That made me understand why we need to plant lots of trees in the mountains. When it rains, it helps to retain the water and prevents it from running away all at once."

"You're ridiculous!"

"Actually, I only understood the role of trees when we come here," she said.

I cover my face because her playful comments are too cute, then I turn to lock the closet, hoping to change the subject.

"I'm not going to talk to you anymore."

"Hugs!"

View B hugging me and rub her face against my back. I am surprise because I didn't expect to be hugged like that out of nowhere.

"What are you doing, View?"

"The more beautiful I see you, the more protective I become. Just thinking about someone seeing your body makes me feel possessive."

"People will see my body in the onsen anyway."

"I mean, if you get married."

"Well, they will if it's about that kind of thing."

"Can't I be the last one to see it?"

View B speak as if she is begging. I turning to my younger sister who has moves away and quickly hugging her from the front, afraid that she may escape, and tilt my head to look at her.

"So, you don't want me to get married at all? If you want to be the last person to see me naked, then marry me!"

I held her cheeks with both hands and squeezes them as if she is a round ball.

"Little one."

Now, View be look so adorable to me and I don't know how to describe it. I can understand the feeling of liking someone so much, that you want to use a sweet and affectionate nickname, like calling a partner by names like "*chubby*", "*puppy*" or "*little one*".

View B is silent for a moment, then look straight into my eyes. The little one, who has initially hugging me stand up without taking her hands off my waist and said seriously:

"P'May, please propose View."

"..."

"If it's you... View is fine with it."

□□□□□

□16. AV is the cause□

"What do you mean?"

I looked at View B, dumbfounded by the serious words that came out of her mouth. She said that if I proposed to her... she would be okay with it. But when I stayed silent for a while, the younger sister who was acting all serious at first started to squinting her eyes and stick out her tongue.

"Bleh! I was just joking. Why did you stay quiet, P'May? Are you mad?"

View B, who changed the mood from serious to playful, leaned closer to me until our noses almost touch and laughs.

"Don't take it so seriously. I just wanted to lighten the mood."

"I'm fine, really."

I took a step back, shaking my head. For a second, I almost blurted out, "Really? Then let's get married," or something like that, if it weren't for her quick revelation because the atmosphere around us had become very quiet.

"Hurry up and get dresses so we can go inside. We've been here for a while already. If someone comes to change clothes, we won't be able to move."

"Okay... By the way, can women propose to someone?"

I ignored the rhetorical question and walked into the hallway, leaving View B to change her clothes. Not long after, the two of us walked into the hallway.

Amidst a large crowd, this place was transformed into a traditional Japanese market. It recreated the atmosphere of a festival with food stalls, ice cream,

claw machines, and various arcade games.

If you wanted to buy something to eat or play a game, all you had to do was scan the barcode on your wrist at the machine for added convenience. My little sister was having a great time, excited about all the new and unfamiliar things, enjoying the convenience as if she had a credit card on her wrist.

After we had eaten enough, we went to soak in the onsen, which was the main reason we came. This experience really opened my eyes to the fact that everyone undressed without any shame.

"It's probably only you, P'May, who could make me lose my confidence. Other than that... I can hold my own pretty well."

View B looked at the figures of the other women in the changing room and slowly undressed without feeling embarrassed anymore, since we had already seen everything of each other.

"My nipples are the pride of the nation."

"You're crazy."

I shake my head, feeling exhausted by how much naughtier my little sister was compared to when we were in Thailand. View B now looked like a cheeky 12-year-old girl again.

"I'm going to take a shower."

"I'm going too."

The little girl said, hooking her arm around mine with her naked body, and we go to soak in one of the more than ten hot springs. We stand there, deciding where to start, and eventually we chose the closest one, since it is empty.

"This is so relaxing. Why doesn't our country have anything like this?"

"Because we absolutely refuse to let other Thais see us naked. Earlier, I think I saw other Thais here."

View B immediately covered her chest with her hands, looking horrified.

"True. As soon as P'May mentioned that there were Thais here, I felt embarrassed. Why should we be embarrassed in front of people from our own country?"

"Because Thais tend to gossip, you know. They like to criticize others' appearances, while people here mind their own business. Or they might gossip, but we can't understand it either way. Just like you said you had a better figure than the others in the locker room."

"Who would dare criticize P'May? With your face, figure, and skin like just come out of a bridal class, anyone who criticizes or gossips about someone else should make sure they're better first."

View B spoke with a hint of annoyance, as if someone had already criticized me. Seeing that my sister was overly affected, I splashed some water on her face and laughed.

"No one has criticized me yet. I was just giving an example."

I looked into View B's eyes.

"Does this count as us taking a bath together?"

"Not really."

"Why not?"

"This is an onsen. Taking a bath together means in the bathtub. I'm still thinking about the time P'May washed my back, and we had things floating in the bathtub, singing songs together..."

"And you also pulled my hair."

"Aww, I don't remember things like that."

"And then you never took a bath with me again."

"I don't pull hair anymore."

View B come closer to me, hugging me and resting her head on my shoulder.

"Don't be mad, honey."

The word "honey" made me laugh, and I pushed her away, even though she stubbornly pressed herself against me, wanting to win. I wasn't really mad; I just wanted to tease my sister a little before letting her stay in the hug.

"I love you so much, P'May."

"What is this? Suddenly being all affectionate?"

"I don't know... I just wanted to say. I want P'May to know that I love and respect you more than anyone else in the world. Except Mom and daddy, of course. How lucky am I to be born into the same family as P'May and be close and do things like that?"

"Well, that's all you get."

"What do you mean?"

I look at my sister and shrug.

"Because my partner will get everything and more."

I teased, pretending to make her jealous of my future partner, knowing she was possessive.

"My partner and I will have a family, he will be able to hug me, take a bath with me, sleep in the same bed, kiss me and..."

"I don't want to hear this."

"Come on, just listen. During climax, only he will hear my voice. Hehe. Oh... why are you doing this!"

View B kicking water all over my face, then stand up and walks away. Now, the water was in my mouth and nose, and I was coughing and wiping my face, looking at my sister's naked form with irritation.

"I'm not talking to P'May anymore!"

Like I said, this trip was full of petty arguments, but in the end, we always made up. Just like now, after I got back from the shower and checked into the hotel, I decided to take a shower again because I can't stand not being clean. I'm respectful of the linens, and even though I took a shower, I still braved the crowds on the subway.

"Are you really going to take a shower again, P'May? You're so hygienic."

"Even though the germs aren't visible to the naked eye, they're still there. Aren't you going to take a shower, View?"

"No, I'm going to watch TV."

"What are you watching? It's all in Japanese."

"P'May can't understand why you're wearing headphones, but View listens with my heart."

View B put her hand on her chest and closed her eyes very theatrically. Seeing my sister being so annoying, I couldn't help but reach out and pinch her cheek before going to take a shower. While I was in the shower, I thought I heard the sound of a door opening and closing. I wasn't sure what View B was doing, but she came back soon after.

"I thought I heard the door opening and closing. Did you go out to get ice?"

"No. I was bored, so I went to use the movie machine."

"Didn't you say you listen with your heart, not your ears? Yet, you ended up running to find a movie to watch anyway."

I laughed and grabbed a towel to dry my damp hair. View B was still busy with the remote, trying to figure out how to start the movie.

"What's wrong? Can't you get the movie to play?"

"I think I get it now."

Then the TV screen went blank as if a new program was about to start. I looked at the screen to see what movie my sister had chosen, only to see a Japanese actor who didn't look like much of a star. But I wasn't too worried, as I knew that the industry here focuses more on skill than looks.

Sometimes, the kids around Siam Square are even more attractive than some of the actors here.

"What kind of movie is this...?"

I didn't need an explanation from my sister; it quickly became clear what kind of movie it was when the male actor on the screen took off his underwear and started swinging his genitals like a baton.

"View! What kind of movie did you choose?"

"I don't know the title either. If I had to give it a name, I'd call it 'An Affair with the Doctor', but if you want a more cheerful love series title, it could be 'Long Bite: The Baton'. Just leave this for little sister to enjoy."

"I didn't ask for the title!"

My shock made me quickly stand in front of the TV screen.

"You're not allowed to watch this."

"View is all grown up. This isn't the first thing View has seen. P'May shouldn't be embarrassed. It's just sex education... a sexual activity that we all encounter with a partner."

View B waved at me.

"Don't block the screen. View paid for the rental, so it would be a waste. P'May, you're so shy, pretending you've never seen this before."

'I have, but never with my little sister!'

I almost said it out loud, but I ended up turning away from the screen and sitting next to View B, who is watching intently without showing any signs of embarrassment. Her composure surprised me, making me wonder how many movies she had seen.

"To make the experience better, let's have a beer."

"You're going too far."

"Well, Mom isn't watching, and besides, with P'May here, what's there to be afraid of? I quickly went to buy some while you were in the shower."

With a sweet smile, she walked over to the small refrigerator and handed me a can. It was about the same size as a Japanese AV actor's prop. View B opened the flap with a loud 'pop' and took a big gulp, exclaiming,

"Ah!"

"You're good at drinking beer. It's not that tasty, you know."

"The beer here is better than in Thailand. When I was in Thailand, I didn't drink much either. If you don't believe me, try it for yourself."

She offered me a sip from her can. I looked at the opening of the can and thought it was like indirect kissing. I wanted to try it, but decided to open my own can. I had to admit that it tasted much better than the beer from our country.

"Isn't it delicious?"

"Be careful not to get drunk."

"Getting drunk is good."

"Why is that?"

"When you're drunk, you become more braver, willing to say and do things you wouldn't normally do."

View B looked at the screen, where the couple was getting into action, with sounds of moaning and grunting piercing the ears. It made me uncomfortable, but I had to pretend it was nothing to keep my cool.

"It's such an awkward moment, watching porn with my little sister like this. Do you watch it often or something?"

"The internet is full of it, leaked videos and everything. I've seen it all. What about you, P'May? Do you watch it often?"

"I have watched, but not often. Besides, watching something like this with family is just weird."

"You can make any face you want. You can even make a woman's face in the video."

View B rested her chin on her hand and tilted her head to look at me.

"You can moan for me."

"Huh!"

"I'm kidding."

The little girl turned to the screen and sigh.

"You know, ever since you said that in the onsen, I've been thinking about it all the time. I wonder why... the person who comes after, like your future partner, why can he kiss you, why can he caress your body? Why do you make those moaning sounds for someone you just met, but you end up spending your whole life together."

"Well, I suppose no younger sister or brother would want to hear their older sister moan."

"View wants to hear it."

I held my breath for a moment when View B said that, then shake my head.

"No."

"But View can moan for you, P'May!"

"...."

"Do you want to hear it?"

"No. "

"Ah. "

What's this. View B, who is sitting with her legs dangling, shifted to kneel on the bed and turned her face to me with her eyes closed.

"Mmm...so good... Ah. "

The little one swallowed hard, and I saw the rhythm of her slender throat moving. View B ran her hands over herself and exaggerated her expressions so much that I couldn't help it. I reached out to push her down, but still having some sense left, I changed my approach and spread my five fingers, pushing View Be's face until she fell backwards.

"Ugh. "

"Too fake. If someone has never gotten there, they can't do it convincingly."

"The porn we're watching is fake too. It's all just acting. Have you ever acted like that when doing something like this, P'May?"

"Never. Because I care too much about myself. In order to preserve or enhance the partner involved, if I'm not done, I'll say so. Therefore, my sounds and expressions during intimacy are all genuine."

"That's great."

View gave up and stopped the act, then crawled back to her own place on the bed.

"What's so great about that?"

"Nothing."

"So, we're not going to watch that movie anymore?"

"No, we won't"

"Then why did we rent it and waste money?"

"I don't know. Maybe I wanted to hear you moan, P'May!"

"Porn won't make me moan. I'll turn it off then."

"Okay."

The movie, which wasn't even ten minutes long, was interrupted because the person who wanted to watch it, now ready to sleep. After turning off the lights, I went to bed, but that night, it seemed that my little sister wasn't as affectionate as she had been the first night when she snuggled close.

"Sweet dreams, good night."

"..."

There was no response from the recipient to the speaker. If she wasn't pouting over something I don't know (which is normal), she must have fallen asleep easily as soon as her head hit the pillow.

As for me, I remained the same, unable to sleep but too lazy to pick up my phone and play with it.

Five minutes...

Oh...

Ten minutes...

Oh...

Half an hour... Great...

An hour...

Imagination is more important than knowledge, and now I replaced that little girl's face with the heroine of the AV movie before going to sleep. I still couldn't sleep because View's moans kept echoing in my head, even though I knew it was just acting. But since it was her, the one I always had impure thoughts about, seeing her do this felt like my self-control was being shaken. It was like this trip was a big test of my willpower.

I have to get over this. It's already the second day and nothing has happened. Siblings play like this all the time, moaning at each other.

Everyone does it.

I know.

As I was thinking daze, the person next to me stirred a little before slowly getting out of bed to go to the bathroom. I didn't make any noise because I was lazy and it was time to sleep. If I started a conversation, I wouldn't be able to rest. So, I just turned around and lay on my back. In the end, I could only watch the little girl in the dark from the moment she went into the bathroom until she came back and lay down next to me on the bed again.

And yes, View was still lying on her side, facing the same direction, which was starting to irritate me a little.

Maybe I should pretend to hug her...

But as I thought about doing that, View B, who had just turned around, quickly turned around. I had to stay still because now her arms and legs were wrapped around me.

It has to be like this. The first night, she hugged me. How could she ignore me the next night!

As I fell asleep and could have been smiling, I slowly stopped smiling when I felt the little one had propped herself up and was staring at me. From initially peeking with half-closed eyes, I had to pretend to be deeply asleep, wondering what the little one could be doing now.

Is she still looking?

Or has she already settled down to sleep?

With such curiosity, I slowly opened my eyes to find the little girl leaning towards me before gently pressing her lips against mine.

It was so soft that it felt like there was a thin feather between our lips, but of course... there was no feather at all. So what touched was just flesh against flesh. My heart was pounding and I almost forgot to breathe.

"Can I not be your little sister anymore? That stops me from kissing you."

View B muttered to herself before lying down, hugging me again, pressing her body closer and falling asleep. As for me, who already couldn't sleep, now I definitely wouldn't be able sleep at all.

If bats woke up at night, I would be Batman, the father of all bats!

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□17. Sleepwalking□

I've never looked up statistics on how many days a person can go without sleep before it becomes fatal. All I know is that right now, I feel like I'm approaching nirvana. Since I arrived in Japan, I've barely slept, not because I've been upset or irritable, but because of my own restless thoughts.

It's like the adrenaline pumping through my body won't stop, keeping me alert all the time. What's frustrating is that when I want to sleep at night, I can't, but when it's time to go out in the morning, I feel so exhausted I could pass out.

'Can I not be your sister anymore?'

The feeling of last night's kiss still lingers in my mind. I lay there wondering all night if what happened was just a dream. Would it be weird if I suddenly asked my sister about it? And if it really happen, why did View B do that?

No matter how I look at it, there's no reason to bring it up. That would just make things awkward for no reason.

"P'May, do you really want a pocket pussy that badly?"

"Hmm?"

I was so lost in thoughts about other things that I didn't even notice my own hands and my gaze fixed on the sex toy my friend asked me to buy. It wasn't until I turned to look at my sister's curious question that I snapped out of it. Startled, I quickly put the pocket pussy back on the shelf and shook my head.

"No, I was just picking it up to take a look."

"I figured. What would P'May do with something like that?"

View Be smiles at me. Today, she didn't have the same hyper energy as the previous days, which surprised me. Normally, she's like a little firecracker, but today she was so calm that I couldn't help but ask.

"Are you feeling unwell today?"

"No, I'm fine."

"Why do you seem so quiet?"

I reached out to touch her forehead, but she pulled away and walked the other way.

"It's nothing. Maybe after traveling for three days, I just feel tired."

"You're not mad at me, are you?"

"What do you think of me?"

"Suddenly, she returned to her usual face."

"Do you think I'm the type to hold a grudge?"

"You're like a whirlwind, one moment you're fine, the next you're not. I can't keep up with your mood swings."

"P'May, do you prefer View to be lively or calm?"

"Why does P'May have to like or dislike something about you? Just be yourself."

"That doesn't answer the question."

View Be, who had walked away, decided to come back and stand by my side again. Then she picked up the pocket pussy that I had put back on the shelf and started playing with it.

"Do you think guys use this instead of their hands?"

"Why are you curious about something like that? Some things you don't need to know."

"I need to know. I'm going to write a book... Hmm, speaking of which, the person I'm writing for hasn't sent me the new chapter to work on yet. I have no idea how the story should end."

"Maybe they didn't want to bother you since they knew you were traveling?"

"I didn't tell them I was traveling. How would they know?"

"I pretend not to know and watch my sister play with the sex toy in her hands without any embarrassment. Honestly, I felt more awkward watching her handle the silicone than I did watching her play with it."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm curious if the real thing and the fake one feel the same."

View B stuck a finger in the hole and rolled her eyes upward, focusing intently.

"It feels really tight. Is the real thing that tight?"

"Why are you asking that?"

I snatched the toy from her, unable to bear watching my sister do something like that, but she quickly snatched it back.

"I'm studying it!"

View B looked at me with genuine curiosity.

"So what's the answer? Is it that tight or not?"

"I don't know."

"How does P'May not know when you've used your fingers there?"

"You used your fingers too, don't act like you don't know."

"I didn't do it! "..."

"..."

The two of us fell silent after arguing over something so trivial. I pressed my lips together, took a deep breath, and replied just to put an end to it.

"It's not that tight. This area is flexible. Otherwise, how would a baby come out, right? Babies are huge."

"So why did it hurt me?"

"Well, maybe... maybe..."

I started to feel uncomfortable, not wanting to explain too directly. Then I noticed a bottle of lube nearby, so I poured some on the toy as an example.

"Maybe you weren't fully aroused, so that area wasn't... like this."

"What do you mean by 'like this'?"

"Well, like this."

"Say it out loud. What is it?"

"Liquid."

"What kind of liquid? Tears?"

View B tilt her head curiously and smiles. Realizing she was teasing me, I playfully bared my teeth at her and set the whole thing down. But before I could walk away, the little rascal grabbed my hand.

"Okay, okay, I won't tease anymore. So, what did P'May do next? Once there's liquid, do you just dip your finger in? Tell me how you did that."

"Oh, why are you so curious? Isn't the novel about a guy and a girl?"

"Well, what if the guy uses his fingers? I need to describe it properly. I don't even know how many fingers to use."

I closed my eyes, fully aware that she was just teasing me, but if I acted embarrassed, she would think I was weak. So, I decided to join in on the fun, slipping a finger into the pocket toy and flicking it upward.

"If you're worried about pain, just one finger."

"Which finger?"

"Which one do you think I used?"

I wasn't sure how red my face at that moment. View B laughed, looking at the toy and narrowing her eyes as if she was thinking deeply.

"P'May's finger looks so pretty."

"..."

"Can I suck it."

Sigh!

"P'May!"

View B screamed loudly when she saw me fall to the ground, exhausted. Now, the people in the store were looking at us with interest. Seeing that I hadn't actually fainted, my sister laughed happily and hugged me tightly.

"Fainting just because of a little teasing? View was just joking. Aww... you're so cute."

Damn, she can't play with me like that!

My body was seriously restless, so we didn't do much sightseeing today. We just bought a few things at our accommodation and went back to the room

to rest. Honestly, View B also wanted to sit quietly and use her phone or computer, so we were okay with it. As I rested my eyes, almost falling asleep, my phone rang, something I usually wanted to throw out the hotel window but couldn't.

"Hey, my friend. Do you miss me when we're not together?"

The Paint video call made me grimace. I was irritated and frustrated because it seemed like she was the main cause of my fainting in the store. Because I was asked to buy a vibrator as requested.

Did she think I was joking when I said at the airport that I would buy the double-sided one? I was serious!

"Calling to remind me about the gift, huh? I didn't forget."

"Crazy! What kind of friend are you? If you didn't forget, show me the thing, pretty girl."

I laughed out loud.

"Hmph, just a moment,"

Before crawling over to pick up the item my dear friend asked me to buy and showing it off, feeling a little embarrassed.

Wow, it's the right size. Is it double-sided?

"Only one side."

"I asked for a double-sided one!"

"Well, they only sold the single-sided ones. You'll have to adapt it yourself."

"Adapting how? One side with a silicone head and the other with a rough texture?"

"Have you been using a rough texture lately? That's what I use for cooking!"

I almost shouted, and that made Paint laugh happily.

"You idiot! I use the cucumber you brought for cooking, not the rough thing. It's just the right size."

".... "

"How cute, making you blush means I won today. I didn't call to remind you about the gift; I called because I missed you. You'll be back the day after tomorrow, right? And has there been any change in the landing time?"

"Seriously, taking care like a husband."

"That's why I ordered the double-sided, so we could take turns with both sides and have fun. Where are you? Are you blushing, are you embarrassed?"

"I'm covering my face."

"Why are women these days so open about everything?"

"Does that mean there's more than one person? Besides me, who else?"

I move my phone's camera to where View B is sitting and typing at the table, not realizing that she is being secretly filmed.

"Oh, your sister. Call her. I want to say hi."

"Don't bother her; View is working. Besides, you're her older sister."

"What's wrong with calling a friend? ... View B, it's me... your husband. "

I hung up immediately because I was irritated by my friend's teasing. Paint tried to call me again, but I ignored it, feeling irritated. Now, our room was silent again. It seemed that View B wasn't paying attention to what I was discussing with my friend, which was a relief...

"P'May's friend is really nice."

"Oh, did you hear that?"

"How could I not hear you with the two of you talking so loudly?"

"I thought you were focused on your work."

This meant that my sister had heard everything we talked about before, but despite being called, she still didn't turn around.

"I was trying to focus on my work, but with you two talking so loudly, I couldn't concentrate."

"You should have said something so I could have gone outside to talk."

"If View had said something, I wouldn't have heard what you two were talking about."

I looked at my sister and gave a half smile. View B, noticing that I was quiet, turned to look at me, then straightened when she saw my curious expression.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You're curious, you know?"

"No... you two were talking loudly, so I heard."

"Next time, if anyone calls, I'll go outside to answer it."

Before I could finish speaking, my phone rang again. This time, the caller ID showed Lee's number. As I stood up to go outside, my sister jumped up from behind and hugged me tightly like a little monkey.

"Where are you going?"

"I'll go outside to answer the call. Let View work."

"No, don't go."

The small figure clung tightly to me and rested her chin on my shoulder.

"Answering the call while View B is here is fine. I want to know why he's calling.

View B still referred to Lee as 'he', as if she didn't want to use his name, making the poor guy who called seem like a stranger. I sigh lightly before answering the call with my little sister's ear close to the phone.

"Yes, Lee?"

[Where are you currently sightseeing in Tokyo?]

"I won't tell. You can follow me."

When I answered like that, View B gave me a thumbs up, clearly satisfied, and continued listening.

[Well, I'll tell you. I'm staying at the same hotel as you.]

"What did you say?"

View B moved away from me and calmly sit down on the bed, not saying anything else. I glance at my sister, starting to worry that this trip might end up being a pain for her, so I closed my eyes and start to feel nervous about the caller.

"Are you kidding?"

[If you don't believe me, go down to the lobby.]

"Okay, I'll be right down."

I hung up and turned to View B briefly.

"I'll be right back."

"Take your time. View B isn't mad."

"Are you mad at me? I didn't tell him to come."

"Are you going to sleep with View B tonight?"

"Why wouldn't I sleep with View?"

"I don't know. Maybe P'May will sleep somewhere else."

View B lay down and turns her face to the wall. -

"Go. He'll be waiting."

"I'll be back soon."

I said that and walked to the elevator, pressing the button for Lee's floor. Part of me hoped that what Lee said was just a joke, but it seemed a little far-fetched. He'd been trying to find a way to join me ever since I mentioned Japan, but I refused. Now, he showed up at the same hotel. It couldn't be a coincidence.

"Who told you I was staying here?"

"You seem pretty mad."

Lee said, sending me a distant smile. When he saw that I wasn't in the mood to joke around, he slowly let his smiles fade and spoke softly.

"I meant to surprise you, but it seems I was surprised. Are you very upset?"

"Isn't it clear enough that I didn't want to tell you where I was staying and told you straight up not to follow me? This trip is for me and my sister. We want to be together!"

".... "

"Your appearance makes me uncomfortable. I don't like surprises; they're things I can't control."

I turn my face away, trying to hold myself back from losing my temper at the hotel.

"I don't think we're going to get along."

"Wait a minute."

Lee said quickly, waving his hands when he saw that I was ready to cut ties, knowing full well that this wasn't a good situation.

"Please don't do this. I just wanted to accompany you on the trip. If you're that upset, I can change hotels."

"You still haven't answered how you found out where I'm staying."

"Your mother told me."

"Damn."

I bit my lip in frustration, angry at my mother for liking this man so much, despite having only recently met him.

"Let's agree to go our separate ways."

"Okay. I won't bother you."

I turned to go back to the elevator, but seeing his pitiful state, I stopped and turned around. I noticed that Lee was about to leave.

"You." I called Lee again, sighing.

"It would be better if you were a little selfish. Don't act like I'm playing hard to get or anything."

"Why should I do that? It's my fault for following you."

I reached into my coat pocket, sigh again, and shrug.

"It's because you're sorry I'm softening up like this. Since you're here, you can stay at this hotel. However, I won't be able to go sightseeing with you because I have a little one with me who doesn't want strangers around. That makes things uncomfortable."

"Understood."

"But if you want to eat something nearby, that's fine. You went to the trouble and expense of flying all the way here."

Lee smiles as if he see a glimmer of hope at the end of the tunnel. I reached out, patted his back, and pushed him forward.

"But you're paying for this meal. I didn't bring any money."

"Okay!"

Lee took me to a nearby restaurant, an Italian restaurant. We ordered pizza and drank beer while chatting pleasantly. Before we knew it, it was already 10:00 PM in Japan. I admitted that I had drunk quite a bit of beer, and combined with the exhaustion from lack of sleep, I was shocked to see how late it was when I looked at the time. I excused myself, claiming fatigue, which Lee agreed to.

We paid the bill and walked back to the hotel together, but on the way there, I felt like I had abandoned my brain in the Japanese countryside, barely able to talk to him.

Something like that. But when I got back to the room, I found View B sitting alone, watching porn and drinking from about three cans of beer lying around. I had to put my hand on my chest again. I still couldn't act normal while watching my own sister watching porn.

"Are you going to watch porn all the time? Not only is it obscene, but you're also a drunk."

I sat down next to the little girl whose eyes were glazed over with alcohol, and she smiled widely.

"I'm obscene and a drunk, that's why no one wants me."

"I'm not used to seeing you grow up like this. When you were little, you only watched Doraemon."

"View used to watch Doujinshi with Shizuka and Nobita too, you know. Ugh... I got goosebumps. Watching that cartoon was never the same again."

"What kind of friends do you have? I'm starting to wonder."

"But my friends didn't ask me to buy vibrators. Your friends are more creepy."

When she said that, I realized I couldn't argue with my sister, so I just sigh.

"Stop drinking and go to bed. From the look on your face, you're completely drunk."

The sweet-faced girl tilted her head to look at me, her long hair spreading to the side. The way she looks make my heart race a little.

I am beginning to wonder if it's the effect of the beer that make me act this way.

"What were you doing?"

"What do you mean? We just went to eat."

"What took you so long... Did you go to his room after eating?"

"I went to eat. I didn't do anything!"

I was genuinely mad at my sister for thinking I was easy. Even though I don't take sex seriously, I'm not the kind of person who just rushes into things.

"Why are you getting mad? It's like someone who did something wrong is trying to cover it up."

"I'm mad because you're asking ridiculous questions. Come on...get up and go to bed."

I stand up and help my sister up. View B hesitated a bit before swaying from sitting for too long and ended up leaning against me.

"You're drunk, but you're still acting out. You won't be able to go out tomorrow."

Grab it!

View B wrapped her arms tightly around my waist and buried her face in my neck. Since our heights weren't that different, I was a little tense and could only smell her breath on me.

"Remember, you promised not to get married."

"I went out to eat, not to get married."

"You went out to eat with him. P'May likes him."

"It's just politeness."

"You should devote yourself to me, not leave me alone in a foreign country where we speak different languages. This is our trip. It's our world."

Suddenly, View B pulled away and wrapped her arms around my neck, kissing me passionately. I staggered a little under the weight of her sudden embrace. The smell of the beer she drank and the taste of it on her lips made me dizzy.

I almost responded with a kiss, but I had enough presence of mind to push her away and retreat about an elbow.

"What are you doing, View? What was that just now?"

"I don't want to be your sister anymore... Hiccup, I don't like this feeling at all."

The sweet-faced girl screamed. The combination of her drunkenness and confusion left me in shock. If you ask me if I was angry, I wasn't; I was just shocked and unsure if she would remember this in the morning.

"View, do you realize what you just did?"

"Yes, I know! I know everything, and I also know that you were the one who sent me the plot to write!"

"What...what are you talking about?"

"View is not an idiot. If you don't want me to love you, why are you doing this? Do you think what I'm doing is good? I'm going crazy."

"I think you should calm down first. At least go take a shower."

I rubbed my face in disbelief.

"I'm going out for a walk to give you some time to think."

"If you're going to see that man, just say so. Don't pretend it's just a walk." My little sister beat her chest with her fist like a heartbroken person.

"I'm hurting... *Hiccup*."

I said nothing and left the room, leaving her to cry. I said I was going for a walk, but in reality I stand leaning against the door, pressing my face into the palm of my hand. Everything was confusing and disorienting. She felt this way about me, even though I thought of her as my sister, while I, fully aware of the situation, found it even harder to control myself now that she had opened up to me.

Now, I was shocked and pleased, with a mix of hurt and complicated feelings about our relationship. What should I do? My dark side was telling me to follow my heart, but that would mean betraying everyone in the family who wanted View B to remain a daughter and sister forever.

The sound of View B's crying continued echo from inside. I could only pace back and forth in front of the door, feeling confused. Her cries hurt me. This

trip was supposed to be joyful, not agonizing. It felt wrong.

"View, open the door for me."

Eventually, I called her from outside and knocked on the door. After a moment, she opened it with tears streaming down her face, although she tried to wipe some of them away.

"Have you calmed down?"

"Is it that easy?"

"How drunk are you now?"

"Why do you care?"

"Get even drunker."

"..."

"Promise me you'll forget about this."

After saying that, I lunged at her and pressed my lips to hers, just as she had done before, but this time I was the one who initiated it, my tongue slipping inside to communicate that I felt the same way.

View B stiffened in shock, but after a moment, she kissed me back and slowly backed into the room as I used my foot to close the door.

To hell with it... Whatever happens let's happens.

For now, I just wanted to stop her from crying.

And that was the best excuse I had right now.

□□□□□

□18. She Has Changed□

The scent of View B's skin made me start to feel weak. After holding back for many nights, it now seemed like I could no longer resist the dark desires within me. I pressed my lips against my younger sister's without thinking about the consequences or what might happen later. I just wanted to follow my desires at this moment, whatever happens, I will deal with it later, irresponsibly.

View B willingly opened her mouth to accept my kiss, pressing her body against me as if signaling permission to continue. Our breaths intertwined, stopping in rhythm with each other. Our legs tangled together and we fell onto the small bed. Now, on top of her, I looked up into the face of someone clearly drunk with desire.

View B wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me closer, afraid that I might pull away. We pressed our bodies together, desperately seeking each other. The smaller one turned me onto my back on the mattress and covered me in kisses. I used both hands to touch her delicate face, wanting to

experience the desire I had longed for for many years, it felt like a dream. It was unbelievable...

I believed it was happening. She willingly agreed to do this with me without any reluctance.

I watched her.

I thought about her.

I was captivated by her.

But it was forbidden, and I had to act coldly and heartless, distancing myself to keep the boundaries so that things wouldn't go too far.

This trip to Japan seemed like the opportunity that made my self-control break. My strong desires and overwhelming lust destroyed the patience I had built, causing everything to fall apart. Now my mind was blank, there was no longer any sense of right or wrong. I couldn't hold back anymore.

My hand slowly slid under View B's shirt, resting on her body. The smaller one shivered a little, apparently surprised, which made me hesitate and stop all movement. I pulled my hand back until she grabbed it.

"No, it's not that... it's not..."

"What, isn't it? I asked.

Both of our voices were heavy with exhaustion. View B bit her lip, trying to explain something, but tears welled up in her eyes. Suddenly, she threw herself into my arms, burying her face in my neck, sobbing uncontrollably until I didn't know what to do.

"View loves you so much, P'May, so much."

"View..."

"I know it's wrong, but I don't know what else to do."

I understood her guilt well. The little one was struggling with the sin inside her heart, and it made me feel so sorry for her that I switched from reaching under her shirt to simply hugging her in comfort.

"It's okay, don't think too much."

"How can I not think about it? I've thought about it," she sobbed.

"Then let things take their course. We'll do what we can, and that's enough."

"We'll do what we can..."

I gently pulled her away from where she was crying into my neck, turning her to face me.

"We'll do what we did now, but we won't go any further."

It felt selfish. I couldn't even explain why we would go this far, but it was a secret that would have to die with us. No one in the family, no one in the world, View B must ever know. It seemed like a dead end, but I still chose to go down this path, causing more confusion for her.

"That's more than enough," She said softly.

View B spoke as if she had already made up her mind before pressing her lips to mine, following her wishes without crossing any more lines. She didn't go any further, which, for me, was more than enough.

Our story would be nothing more than a dream.

We agreed to this and we would pretend it never happened.

I woke up to the sound of a Line notification on View B's phone. However, my younger sister was no longer in bed. The sound of water running from the shower immediately told me that she was in the bathroom. I sat up for a moment and looked at her phone, noticing a message from someone named "Chai," but I couldn't see the content because it was marked as private. For a moment, I felt a surge of anger that my sister was still in contact with her ex-boyfriend, knowing that guy was untrustworthy. But when I remembered what had happened last night, my anger quickly faded and I let my shoulders slump in defeat.

Okay... this would be the hardest part of the morning, figuring out how I was supposed to act after what happened last night.

Click!

The sound of the bathroom door opening startled me a little. I didn't know whether to pretend to be asleep again or just sit as I was. But before I could

decide, my sister already coming out of the bathroom, dressed in her clothes.

She wasn't fully dressed yet, but she greeted me as if nothing had happened before.

"You woke up later than I did today, P'May."

"Yeah, I think I had a little too much drink last night."

To reinforce the idea that nothing happened last night, as we had agreed, I felt the need to say this. View B nodded slightly in agreement, as if she completely understood the unspoken agreement.

"Probably. You slept like a log last night."

"Well, since we're well rested, let's make the most of today. We don't have much time before we have to go back to Thailand.

I got out of bed and went to the bathroom, but not before stealing a glance at View B, who was applying lotion in front of the mirror. The little girl, busy taking care of her skin, noticed me in the mirror and raised an eyebrow at me.

"Why are you giving me furtive glances? Are you secretly in love with me?"

"Ridiculous."

"Actually, there's something I want to talk to you about, but I'll wait until you're done showering."

"Don't worry."

I interrupt her briefly. View B looked at me in the mirror and shrug, as if it's nothing important.

"Okay, later then."

With that, I ran to the bathroom, took a quick shower, and got dresses so we could leave for the last day of our trip.

But to be honest... View B's indifference was making me a little irritated. Not only was she acting completely normal, unlike how I was feeling, but she was also laughing and cheerful, just like the previous days, as if last night had been nothing more than a dream.

Or... was it a dream? Now I wasn't so sure. Maybe I had drunk too much beer and imagined the whole thing.

As we were going down the elevator to leave, it stopped on the 5th floor. As soon as the doors opened, Lee, who was about to enter, hesitated when he saw us standing there.

He seemed unsure whether to enter, probably worried about disturbing View B and possibly putting me in a bad mood as well.

"Come in, are you stunned by my beauty?"

View B greeted Lee with a laugh and waved him in.

"Come on, Lee, stop standing there like that, or the elevator might get stuck."

"Okay." Lee walked in, keeping his distance from the two of us, probably afraid that if he made any sudden movements, I might yell at him. When the elevator reached the ground floor, he gestured for the two of us to exit first, then slowly followed, being considerate. Eventually, View B, walking beside me, stop and turn to call Lee.

"Are you going for a walk, Lee?"

"Well... yes."

"Join us! It's more fun with a bigger group."

I looked at View B uncertainly, and had to ask again to be sure.

"Are you sure? You said you wanted to go just the two of us."

"I changed my mind. It's better with more people, less lonely. I'm in a good mood today."

Lee looked at me to confirm that he could join the trip, and I agreed. That made his face light up with a wide smile.

"I'm so happy to join you!"

"But on this trip, you'll have to follow View's lead if you come with us."

I said, still letting View B take the lead as usual. Lee nodded in understanding, without objecting at all, and was even looking forward to it.

"Sure, wherever you want to go today, I'm in! I'll act like I'm invisible so you two won't feel uncomfortable."

"This is awesome, relax! View B laughed, amused by her seriousness, then turned to me and said,

"Lee is really cute, right, P'May?"

"View..."

"What? He's really cute, but View is the cutest."

She said cheerfully, her bright demeanor making me frown in confusion. She seemed like a completely different person from the first day.

"Today we're going to Ueno Park. You don't have any objections, do you, Lee?"

"None. I'm happy to go anywhere."

The three of us traveled to our destination by subway. It took several transfers, but it gave us the feeling of being like ordinary pedestrians in Japan. If you ask me what I like about this country, it would probably be the

fast pace, the sense of order, and the attention its people pay to everything they do.

For example, when I stopped to buy a pair of sunglasses, the staff kept asking me questions, adjusting the frames, cleaning the lenses, and making me try them on over and over again, as if I were some kind of royalty. Paint once told me that people here follow the philosophy of Ikigai¹, dedicating themselves to their work as if it were their life's purpose.

For someone like me who enjoys cooking, I just need to be happy preparing food for others. The money we earn is for survival, but the work we do is a source of pride and dignity. We live to find joy in what we do, and that's enough. It sounds simple, and the people here really are. That's why this country is one of the most advanced in the world.

Other than that, I can't really tell the difference between places in this country. It's all buildings, shopping malls, traffic lights, and trains. If there weren't signs telling me what district we were in, I would think everything looked the same. It's different from Thailand. If you say you're at the Democracy Monument, we'd think of the monument in the middle of the street. If you say you're in Siam, we'd think of Paragon or something.

"This park is huge, wow!"

View B clapped her hands in joy when we finally reached our destination. Okay... now I can say Tokyo has parks, and we're in Ueno.

"If you come during cherry blossom season, it's like paradise," Lee added, sounding like someone who had been here before, which piqued View B's interest.

"You've been here during cherry blossom season? What's it like?"

"The place is full of white and pink everywhere. There are people everywhere, walking under the trees..."

Lee and View B began to walk side by side, chatting excitedly. As her older sister, I could only watch them curiously. Today, View B was acting

strangely cheerful, so much so that it seemed a little fake. She didn't even like Lee that much, but here she is, acting overly friendly in a strangely secretive way.

"Next time, we'll come back during cherry blossom season. You should come with me again, P'May."

"Can I go too?" Lee asked.

"By now, Lee, you probably won't be around anymore."

"Why not?"

"Because..."

View B pretend to roll her eyes and laughs.

"I won't tell. I'll leave you guessing."

"Hey, making me curious like that isn't fair."

They continued their lively conversation, seeming to forget I was there, so I couldn't help but interrupt.

"You're having so much fun, already thinking about next time. Let's finish this story before dreaming about the future."

"Oh..."

"So, what will you do when you finish your novel, View?"

Lee, hearing this, took the opportunity to talk more, feeling that he could make a good impression on my sister.

"Well, I don't know what to do. At my age, no one wants to hire me anywhere. I guess I'm a bit lazy. Hehe."

View B said, scratching her head, which make Lee smiles fondly.

"Would you like to try working with me? I'm about to open a small car care business and I need a manager to help with the operations. If View has no objections, I'd like to invite you to join."

"Don't spoil her too much. She can't do anything."

I quickly interrupted, feeling like he might be flattering View B too much.

This may make me uncomfortable in the future because, to me, Lee is still just someone I'm studying. If there's no excessive involvement, it's easy to leave. But...

"By saying this, you're making me want to try even more!" View B said eagerly.

"View, we need to discuss this first." "What's there to discuss if I want to work?"

"We need to discuss this with me and talk to Mom and Dad."

"Before we talk to Mom and Dad, we need to discuss what happened last night."

The mention of last night made me pause. A few scenes flashed through my mind, making me clear my throat to make View B hold back and say more. However, curiosity got the better of me, and Lee couldn't help but ask,

"What happened last night?"

Lee's "What happened" meant something entirely different from what I had interpreted. View B, who felt superior and a little playful, replied in a teasing tone,

"Almost something."

"View..."

"Dad and Mom have wanted View to work for a long time. This is a good opportunity. So, let's talk about it after we've discussed it among ourselves."

Once we have a conclusion, we can talk to Mom and Dad. Does that sound good?"

View B said to me in a consultative manner.

"Besides, this is Lee's business, who is a friend and someone I know. It shouldn't be a problem. For now, let's agree that View will take the job. When we get back to Bangkok, we can discuss when to start. And once we agree, there's no going back, okay!"

View B said firmly, and Lee laughs with joy.

"View, don't change your mind later, or I'll have to find someone else."

"Deal!"

View B said, extending his fist to Lee, who looked a little confused until he explained:

"A fist bump to seal the deal."

"Oh, I see. Okay, deal!"

The tour ended around 10pm in Japan, and we each went back to our rooms. As soon as we got to our rooms, View B collapsed on the bed without even taking a shower. Unable to bear it, I had to pull her up.

"Go take a shower first. How can you go to bed like that?"

"Let's take a shower together. If you take a shower with me, I will."

"That's pushing it. I'm tired. We have to get up early for the airport."

"In that case, answer my question first, and then I'll take a bath."

"I won't answer."

"Then I won't take a bath and keep asking."

"Alright, ask. I'll answer if I can."

View B reluctantly get up from the bed, smiling broadly.

"Did you send me the plot?"

"No."

"Isn't it too much of a coincidence that the plot is so similar to our current situation? It would be strange if the characters in the story weren't siblings, or we..."

"If you want to take a bath together, just come in."

I avoided answering and started to undress. Due to the small space, I couldn't remove everything completely. View B stop asking questions and undressed, showing no shyness after the onsen experience. I turned on the shower and stood under it, while View B joined me from behind, hugging me. The feeling of her wet body made my emotions surge, but I controlled them.

"It's hard to take a bath like this."

"Well, the bathroom is small."

The playful girl kissed my back, knowing she could. She began to touch me, making me lean against the wall as she explored freely.

"It would be nice if the

plot of that novel was real."

"..."

"View will catch on....."

I turned to her and kissed her under the warm water that fell over us. What we had been able to do the night before, today we would do only that, no other intrusion. We could only touch each other from the outside and

embrace each other according to our overflowing desires, but there's still a fine line between what is allowed and what is not.

This trip was a dream trip for me, and it could be for her too.

But dreams are just dreams; eventually we must wake up. For now, though, this moment, when it is just the two of us together, is all that matters. Let's cherish the story.

This will be our secret... and perhaps forever.

□□□□□

Footnote

1-‘Ikigai’ is a Japanese concept that can be translated as “reason for being” or “meaning of life”. It refers to the idea of finding a purpose or reason for living, which brings satisfaction and personal fulfillment.

□19. Don't Do it Again□

Our trip has come to an end. During the five days we spent together, most of it was filled with happiness. There were some frustrating moments, especially since View B tends to get moody and whine a lot. But it didn't last long, since I didn't try to comfort her, and she eventually got over it on her own. Besides, we both had certain secrets that didn't make us upset for long, because there was always a way to make up that satisfied both of us.

When we arrived at the airport, Mike B came alone to pick up his twin. As for me, Paint, who I had arranged to meet in advance, was already waiting for me.

"Did you come alone today? I thought our parents would come too."

"Mom is already cooking at home, waiting for View, so she couldn't come. She even told me to invite you too, P'May, for dinner."

"No, thank you. I asked Paint to come pick me up. She would be upset if she came for nothing."

"Hide and seek, boom boom!"

Paint, who had been mentioned, hugged me from behind before reaching out to playfully squeeze my chest. Of course, I was so startled that I reflexively elbowed her in the stomach.

"Ouch! Why do you have to be so rude?"

"Are you hurt?"

I quickly turned to Paint, feeling guilty.

"My body just moved on its own. I am Sorry! Can't you greet me like a normal person?"

"No, otherwise the world wouldn't remember me. I missed you so much! Hi! My friend's little brother and sister, they're so cute I could eat them!"

Paint reached out to pinch Mike B's cheek as if they had known each other for ages, even though it was only the second time they had met.

"Do you have a girlfriend yet? I'm available."

"I'm available too!"

"Don't encourage her, or she'll jump on you. Even when I don't play along, she still harasses me nonstop. See, the moment she saw me, she grabbed my chest."

"But if it were Mike, I'd grab something else. It has to be soft, for sure."

"What!"

I yelled at my overly inappropriate friend. Paint, ever the daredevil responded with something, though the meaning was completely different.

"Damn."

"You're full of it."

"Exactly."

"Cover your ears, both of you."

I instructed the twins to cover their ears. Mike B complied, but View B quickly interrupted.

"Come on. I'm tired. Let's part ways here. Goodbye, P'May. Goodbye, P... I don't remember your name."

"Paint."

"Yes."

View B quickly gave us a wai and left, while Mike B looked back and forth between Paint and me before waving and running after his twin. Paint tilted his head, watching the twins walk away, and then spoke frankly, as always.

"Your little sister doesn't like me."

"You're thinking too much."

"Why wouldn't she like me? I'm pretty."

"..."

"But it's understandable. Women usually don't like someone prettier than them, it's normal, haha..."

Paint laughed carelessly and put her arm around my shoulder, guiding me in another direction.

"Or maybe she's just protecting her sister, afraid that you'll get close to someone other than her."

"That's probably it."

I looked back at View B, already feeling a pang of desire, even though it had only been two minutes since we parted. Maybe I should call her tonight. Seeing her looking down like that makes me uncomfortable.

"You heartless thing! You only bought one!"

"Why do you need so many?"

I made a slightly horrified face when my friend mentioned that she had a complete collection of vibrators.

"What kind of person does that?"

"It's better to have too many than too few! And I'm the type who is open and happy without having to go chasing after men abroad. Hehe. I was waiting for you to come back from Japan, bored as hell! But hey, better late than never. The light green one looks nice."

"It looks like a cucumber, la la!"

Paint waved the vibrator like it was Harry Potter's magic wand. I put my hand to my temple, shaking my head slightly.

"Well, enjoy your memory then."

"I'll use it tonight."

"I'm so exhausted with you. I can't believe I have such a shameless friend in my life,"

Mei voiced exactly what I was thinking without holding back. But that didn't faze Paint in the slightest.

"Hoho! Why should I be shy around my close friends? By the way, did you take your boyfriend with you on this trip?"

Paint asked, as she carefully examined her toy. I looked at her, suspecting that she had eyes in the back of her head or some kind of sixth sense.

"How did you know?"

"Because I'm perceptive."

"Tell me straight, how did you find out?"

"From the hickey on your neck, of course."

"Where!"

Mei quickly lunged towards me, tugging on my collar, her eyes widening as if she had just discovered something incredible.

"That's right! You said you were with your sister, and now this? What happened?"

"A mosquito bite."

"Don't they have condoms in Japan?"

"Condoms are available all over the world."

"But I can tell you it wasn't a mosquito. Everyone sitting in front of you has had sexual experiences before."

"If you already know, why ask?"

"I asked because I'm curious and want to know how it happened!"

I hesitated, feeling awkward, because I really couldn't explain what had happened. The silence made my friends look at me suspiciously before finally letting me off the hook.

"You might still be tired, so I'll let you go for now. But you'll tell me eventually. Consider it payment for the new toy you brought. Remember that."

Paint walked to her room, blinking as she went.

"Please don't bother me, time to do some research on toys!"

"Gross!"

Mei shouted behind her, shrugging.

"I'll let you go for now too. Pushing you might get me cursed. Go shower and freshen up. I'm glad you came back safely."

"Thank you."

My thanks cover everything from letting me off the hook for now and not snooping too much. I get up and walked to the bathroom, looking at myself

in the mirror.

I hadn't noticed before, but there was a small red mark near my ear, probably a parting gift from View B, sneaked in when I wasn't paying attention. While I was thinking about how I'm going to scold that little rascal, my mother called.

"Yes, mother. I thought you were so excited about View that you forgot about me."

I teased my mother a little, but she didn't seem amused and got straight to the point.

[Did you do anything with your sister in Japan?]

"What do you mean?"

I shake my head, asking again.

"What happened, Mom? Why are you asking this?"

[Ever since View came back, she's been quiet, not talking to anyone. She seems to be in a bad mood.]

"Maybe she just didn't want to leave Japan yet. It's nothing."

[She also not eating and has been acting grumpy nonstop. Maybe my cooking wasn't to her liking. Would you mind if...]

"I'll make her some spaghetti. Just give me some to get prepare."

[I know you must be tired from your trip.]

"It's okay, Mom. I'm more worried about View."

Originally, I had planned to relax and lie down for a while, but now I had to get up and go to the kitchen to make spaghetti, something I was good at. In no time, I had everything packed neatly in a container, ready to grab my car keys and phone to leave.

Just as I was about to leave, I received an email from View B, sent in her capacity as a writer communicating with her employer.

"Can I ask you something? I noticed you haven't sent me the next storyline in a while. Do you still want me to keep writing or is there a problem? Let me know if you're stuck; I can help if needed. I actually have an ending in mind if you're interested."

View B

After reading the email, I remembered View-B's words on the plane and started wondering why she suddenly sent this follow up email. I could feel her frustration in every word, even though it was a professional email about work.

I replied,

"I'm sorry for disappearing. Right now, I can't think of the next part. Everything feels like a dead end. I want to end on a good note, but it feels like there's no way out. I actually do have an ending in mind, but it feels a little dark. Would you mind sharing some of your ideas? Thank you."

Anonymous

The name *Anonymous* was not a pseudonym, but more of an indication of no identity—something like that, which was already understood among us, it was understood that I preferred not to reveal my identity.

After sending the email, I didn't get a reply, so I stopped worrying about it and drove to my mother's house, since she was waiting. It took about twenty minutes to get there, and when I did, Mom and Mike B run to greet me with worried expressions.

"You took so long. You said it would be quick."

Mom grumbled as she snatched the spaghetti from my hands and ran into the house. Meanwhile, Mike B sighed and scratched his head, clearly annoyed with the women in this family.

"Having sisters is a pain, you know, sis? Always making noise. Just got back from a trip and now she's causing trouble and making everyone worried. She's probably on her period."

"I'm a woman too."

"Oh, oops! Except you, of course. You're the best woman Mike has ever met."

He said as he hugged me like a child trying to flatter me. I pushed his face away before he could finish.

"You're so mean! I missed you!"

"You went to the balcony to check on View? How is she?"

"You're just like Mom, always worried about View."

"Well, she's in a bad mood right now."

"Do you know what's wrong with her?"

"No, but Mommy said she's in a bad mood and isn't eating. I wanted to ask you first. How is View acting?"

"From what I've seen, she's sitting quietly in her room with the lights off, hugging her knees on the bed. Did something happen in Japan, P'May?"

"Did View fight with Mr. Lee? I knew it! It's all Mommy's fault," Mike grumbled, scratching his head in frustration.

"I told Mommy not to tell anyone where you and View were staying, but she wouldn't listen. She insisted on sending a man to look after you two, thinking it wouldn't hurt."

"As far as I know, View hasn't had any problems with Mr. Lee. They were even planning on working together."

"So what could it be?"

"I better go check it out."

I said, getting ready to run inside the house, but Mike grabbed my arm.

"P'May, Daddy's inside."

"I don't care. Whatever happens let's happens!"

"That's so cool!"

I entered the house, only to be greeted by my father, standing at the bottom of the stairs. We looked at each other without saying a word. He stepped aside as if giving me permission to go upstairs. I nodded slightly and then hurried on without exchanging many words.

"View, your mother brought you some P'May spaghetti. Eat something, honey."

"I'm not hungry, Mom."

"You can't skip meals like that. You're skin and bones now."

"View needs to work."

"You just got back. What work are you talking about?"

"Mom... I'll take care of it."

I put my hands on Mom's shoulders and squeezed gently.

"If it's me, she'll be more considerate."

"But..."

Just as I was about to speak, my phone rang with an email notification. I decided to check the email first, leaving Mom standing there, frustrated. When I finished reading, my heart raced and my hands trembled, not knowing what to do next.

"May, do whatever you have to. You said you'd talk to View, but you're just reading your phone!"

"Yes... I'll talk to View, but I need to talk to her alone."

"Huh? But I want to talk too."

"Some things are easier for me to discuss directly with her. Please, Mom."

"Are you sending me away?"

"Yes."

"May!"

"Just this once, please, Mom."

Seeing that I was firm in my decision, Mom finally gave in and backed away. I stood in front of View B's door and knocked, calling out in a calm voice.

I spoke firmly to make sure View B took me seriously, unlike Mom, who spoiled her so much that View was used to doing things her way.

"View, it's P'May. Open the door, we need to talk now."

"How did you get here?"

"Let me in so we can talk. I'm really tired today. Don't make me repeat myself."

"..."

"Open up!"

As soon as I finished speaking, View's bedroom door opened to welcome me. Fearing that she would change her mind and retreat again, I quickly went in, locked the door securely to prevent Mom from coming in, and ran to the window to cover it, making sure Mike wouldn't peek in.

"What are you doing, P'May?"

"I'm making sure we're talking alone, without anyone snooping around."

I said as I hung clothes to block the window. Finally, View B and I faced each other alone.

Yes.

Ba-dum... Ba-dum

Ba-dum... Ba-dum

Now that we were truly alone, I felt a surge of nervous excitement. After receiving the email, I tried to calm myself down, unsure if what I had just read matched the current reality. I had to ask to be sure.

"Mommy said you haven't been eating."

"I'm just not hungry. It's no big deal."

"Mommy also mentioned that you've barely been talking."

"I'm still tired from the trip. What do you expect me to say? I already gave my regards to Mom and Mike B."

View B said, sitting up in bed and shrugging as if nothing was wrong.

"P'May, did you come here just because Mom was upset? You can believe whatever you want."

"If you're worrying Mom, it's because you won't tell me what's wrong. If you don't explain..."

"What if I don't want to?"

"Then I won't let you touch me again."

"I don't like P'May's friend Paint."

View B said almost immediately, reacting to the threat. I almost laughed, but kept a straight face to match the mood.

"Why?"

"She gets too close to you, it seems like more than just friendship."

"Are you crazy? This isn't just crossing the line, it's crazy!"

I laughed out loud this time, although View B is still grumpy.

"Don't make so much noise. The trip to Japan is over. Didn't we agree that this would be a secret?"

The deal was that no one else would find out... View B pouted, crossed her arms and turned her face away.

"I'm just in a bad mood. Is it so wrong to be protective of my sister?"

"It's when it makes others worry, and then there's this."

I said, combing my hair back to reveal the faint marks on my neck, which made View B smirk.

"Why did you do that?"

"To show ownership."

"The only person who will break the secret now is you. And I don't like it."

"..."

"Don't do that again."

Having gone from being the wrong person to taking control, I spoke with a serious and stern tone that View B couldn't resist. Seeing that she was in trouble, she quickly hugged me tightly.

"I'm sorry, P'May. I'm really sorry."

“...”

"Don't be mad at me, P'May. I was wrong. I... I was being childish and too possessive because I care so much. I love you so... so much that I would do anything for you."

I hugged her and gently patted her back, understanding her feelings. I felt the same way, maybe even more deeply, because I had been that way from the beginning. Honestly, I didn't know what to do with the situation at hand. "You can marry Lee if you want," View B said.

“...”

"But only if you're still in my life. We'll keep our relationship a secret, with Lee as our shield."

"View..."

"But only Lee. I can't tolerate anyone else. I love you so much."

Her confession softened my heart. Her proposal seemed naive and selfish to her own love, but I understood. After reading her previous email, it was clear that she had already made her choice.

A choice to do anything, as long as we had each other.

“Dear Anonymous,

After all, this is a romance novel. If the ending is too realistic, it might be too sad and might disappoint the readers. To heal hearts and give hope to the readers and View herself, I think... we should let the brothers find love.

I want to end this novel with both characters finding happiness in their love, even if it means going against everyone else.

And it will be a secret forever.”

-View B

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"I love you too " I said.

"P'May..."

The smaller person hugged and kissed me, feeling deeply touched.

"I love you so much, P'May."

"I know, I know."

We did everything like we did when we were in Japan. Although we agreed that there would be nothing like that after the trip, our love was unstoppable.

"Honey.....I love you. "

□□□□□

□20. Happiness□

Now, View B and I are silent. After talking and clearing things up, we still remain in a long hug that lasts several minutes. It is not uncomfortable, but if it lasts longer, it may raise suspicions from others in the house who are watching the situation unfold. Even more worrying, View B and I may end up doing more than we should, and now, we are still in a house with family.

When I was a child, classmates and teachers always told me that I was smart, good at handling situations, had leadership qualities and could survive even in critical moments. But it seems that they may have overestimated me, because now, I can't think of anything.

I can't handle the situation at hand, especially in front of View B. Now it seems that things have become too complicated to go back in time. I can't stay strong in a situation where I should be. That cool person I used to be is gone.

"We can't stay in this position all night, can we?"

"And what other positions can we be in?"

"..."

How about a backbend?

"You're such an idiot."

I laughed as View B tried to lighten the mood.

"We should leave now. Mom's waiting. You're making her worry."

"Just a little longer, please. If we leave, you'll probably leave soon after, and I'll miss you so much."

"We just got back from spending five days together. What's there to lose?"

"Is that kind of love possible?."

View B changed the subject, catching me a little off guard, because even I couldn't answer that.

"If we want it to be possible, then it will be. If we think it's wrong... then it's wrong, and it shouldn't happen."

"So let's make it possible, okay? As long as we understand each other, that's enough."

"Hmm."

As we leaned closer to each other, as if drawn by some force, the sound of Mom knocking on the door broke the atmosphere that was about to go too far. We both froze, startled, then awkwardly pulled away from each other.

"Now, let's go eat dinner. Mom is really worried."

"Of course we'll eat, since you took the time to cook."

"So... I'll leave now."

"Are you leaving already?"

View B grabbed my wrist, feeling reluctant to let go.

"I have to go. I need to open the store tomorrow."

"Is the store more important than me?"

Her childish and spoiled question, knowing she might ask, made me smile a little as I reached out to pinch her cheek.

"Don't make me choose."

"And if you had to choose, what would it be?"

"I would choose..."

I leaned over and tapped her forehead with my finger.

"Of course, I would choose open the store. Enough talking. Let's go out before Mom gets suspicious."

"What is there for her to suspect? There's nothing suspicious about us, is there?"

"You've been talking a lot today."

"Can you come home?"

View B's request made me pause for a moment. Her tone and demeanor made me hesitate.

"I want to sleep cuddled up with you."

"You're pushing it now."

"Please?"

"I'll think about it. I really need to open the door now."

Mom kept knocking on the door persistently, so I cut the conversation short and reached out to open the door. She stood there with a frown, clearly displeased.

"What were you doing standing there so quietly? I've been knocking for a while."

"We weren't doing anything!"

I answered quickly, feeling a little nervous, which made Mommy stand up with her hands on her hips.

"If you weren't doing anything, why didn't you open the door? I thought you were hitting your sister... or were you?"

"P'May pinched me."

View B walked over and hugged Mommy, playing at being sweet to her. Her sour mood disappeared in an instant, leaving Mommy surprised.

"Acting sweet like that must mean you're better. What did May do?"

"She hugged me."

I stood there with my mouth open as the little rascal told Mommy this. Mommy gave me a confused look.

"How come just one hug from May made you feel better right away? I've been hugging you all day and you haven't gotten any better. So what's wrong? Tell me."

"She was mad at me, but I made it up to her now, and she's fine. So, I'll be going now."

I raised my hands to wave at Mom before briefly glancing at View B.

"Be a good girl, okay?"

"And you won't tell her what she was upset about?"

"P'May promised to come home, but she didn't keep her promise!."

View B took the chance to turn this to her advantage.

"But just now, she said she would, so I'm better."

"Are you really going to come back? That's wonderful!"

Mom sounded very happy, which made me sigh a little.

"But it doesn't just depend on me. It also depends on the owner of the house."

I was referring to Dad, and when Mom heard that, she seemed to understand.

“.....”

"Anyway, I'm going home first. I haven't even had a chance to take a shower or wash my face since I came back from Japan, and now I have to deal with. whatever it is. I'm going."

"I'll visit you at the store tomorrow."

View B said cheerfully, tilting her head. Her eyes looked much brighter, as if the lingering problems had completely disappeared.

"Aren't you going to write your novel?"

"Can't I write in your shop? If I'm writing and looking at you at the same time, I'm sure inspiration will flow."

"Oh, you two are so cute. Just a short trip to Japan, and now you're back to being the sweet sisters you used to be. I like this atmosphere."

Mom chimed in, which made me feel a little guilty. The cheerful mood between us wasn't due to a typical sibling bond. It went deeper than that, though neither of us was willing to say it outright.

"I'm leaving now. See you."

"Sweet dreams! Dream about me too."

I looked at View B and nodded with a small smile.

"I'll dream about you."

And it seemed like I had managed to make one particular girl blush tonight...

"Coming home at midnight with a smile that gives you crow's feet makes me imagine all sorts of things. Did you just have a one-night stand?."

Paint, who came out to greet me after I finished taking a shower, startled me a little with his comment.

"Why are you still awake?"

"I just finished some work. I was going to make instant noodles, but then I saw you smiling when you came out of the bathroom. Let me take a look."

My friend ran over and grabbed my face with both hands, tilting my head back and forth as if she is looking for something, so I have to ask.

"What are you looking for?"

"Hickeys."

"Oh, you idiot! I didn't do anything like what you're thinking. I just went home to bring spaghetti to the View."

"And just delivering food to your sister makes you smile like a Cheshire cat? You're not lying, right? Do you have a secret lover and you haven't told me?"

"Why are you so obsessed with whether or not I have a boyfriend?"

"I just want to hear some exciting and juicy experiences! You came back from Japan with a hickey, but you didn't say anything about it. There must be some mystery, and I am determined to solve it."

"Please take me out of your twisted world for a while. Every conversation with you ends below the belt!"

I bared my teeth at my friend and went to the fan to dry my hair. I couldn't deny that I was very happy, but I needed to be more careful. The people in

this house very observant.

"By the way, you really care about your sister, huh? The moment she's hungry, you run to bring her food, even if you're dead tired. If you weren't sisters, I would think you have a thing for younger girls."

"Stop talking nonsense... Ah!"

I jumped a little at the sound of a message notification. When I saw it was from View B, I couldn't help but smile, until I realized Paint was watching me.

"What?"

"You really like your sister."

"Yes, she's cute."

"She's not a newborn baby. Are you sure you're really sisters?"

"Stop being disgusting. I'm done talking to you."

I quickly retreated to my room and started texting View B from my bed.

The little one was texting me at midnight, clearly wanting to chat.

View B:

What are you doing? Are you in bed yet?

May B:

Not yet, I just took a shower. I'm about to dry my hair.

View B:

When you mention taking a shower, it reminds me of our time together in Japan.

View B:

I was planning on taking a shower in the same tub as you, but we only got to use the onsen. And there's no bathtub at home either.

May B:

Do you really want to take a shower with me so badly?

View B:

It would be nice, wouldn't it, to soak in the tub with you.

When I see View B type that, my face heated up as I suddenly felt nervous. I bit my lip a little, trying to type a reply, but I had to hang up the phone because my heart was racing.

That idiot... why would she say something like that to make me think too much?

When View B see that I was just reading the message and not replying, she decided to call. I cleared my throat a little before replying and tried to keep my voice normal so she wouldn't notice.

"Did you really have to call?"

[You read the message but didn't reply, so I thought calling would be better. Plus, I wanted to hear your voice.]

"You're really trying hard, huh?"

[I like your voice, P'May.]

"...."

[What do you like about me, P'May?]

"...."

I didn't answer because I was too shy. View B, who was waiting for my answer, seemed to sense how I felt and let out a small laugh.

[Honestly, I've always thought highly of you, P'May. You're a person of few words, so good at hiding your feelings that I always thought you were cold. But in reality, you just... don't know how to act, right?]

"Are you saying you know me so well?"

[You've already said a lot today. I won't pressure you. Let's just say I'll leave it as homework and ask you again tomorrow what you like about me. See you at the store, okay? I'll bring my computer and keep you company all day.]

"Do whatever you want."

[Sweet dreams! Dream about me too, okay?]

"Sweet dreams... View "

I called her name softly, afraid she would hang up too quickly.

[Yes?]

"I'll see you in my dreams."

View B was silent for a moment, so I called again.

"Are you still there?"

[I'm blushing... I'm crying a little.]

"Is it really that good?"

[It's really good... Well then, I'll see you in my dreams. Sweet dreams.]

I threw my head back on the pillow and kicked my feet in the air, feeling like I was ready to explode. I had never been so excited before. My heart was pounding, like butterflies were flying around in my stomach relentlessly.

I wasn't sure if it was because I felt good that we were on the same page and excited about this hidden relationship, but whatever it was, it was better than anything else!!!

□□□□□

□21. Love and Family□

I've heard many people say things like, "It's worth the wait." I always turn around when I hear that and get irritated by those who use advantages of waiting to belittle others. Waiting only makes sense for those who wait for something and succeed. As for me, who has always been in the "impossible zone," I used to look at these people with envy.

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But who would have thought that "success" would happen to me? Even though I wasn't waiting intentionally, the thing I've been watching for over twenty years seems to finally respond to my feelings. It's happening.

Hmm... it was worth it. Today, I'm going to allow myself to be a little mean and use these words to express how I feel right now.

This morning, I woke up feeling joyful. There's nothing hidden, concealed, or weighing on my mind anymore. When our feelings were acknowledged, it feels like a weight has been lifted. Over the years, I've been happy about some things, but nothing has made me hum a tune like today.

Everything feels and looks beautiful. Even Khun Arun, who opens the shop early in the morning, couldn't help but comment when she sees me.

"I can really feel it today, the atmosphere around us is filled with happiness."

"Why is that?"

"Maybe it's because of the song you're humming, Khun May."

"Does that mean I look pretty today?"

"Probably."

She said with a small smile. I am about to enter my office when I stop for a moment and look at Khun Arun, her sweet and graceful face piquing my curiosity. I had wondered about this before, but never thought to ask.

"How do you think I look, Khun Arun?"

"What do you mean?"

"Usually, people around me give me some compliments, but I've never heard anything like that from you. Don't you think I'm pretty?"

"Uh..."

"What a strange question, isn't it?"

I suddenly felt shy asking about my appearance, even though she was just a colleague.

"Just pretend I didn't ask."

"She told me that you're considered very attractive, so I thought you probably looked good."

"Probably?"

"Well, I don't really know what it means to look good," Arun replied.

"Oh... okay."

We both exchange awkward smiles, as it's a conversation full of flattery. I quickly go to my office, changing my clothes for the kitchen. While I was busy getting things ready, my phone rang, making me smile. Although I had been feeling a little irritated earlier, waiting for a message from my little one that hadn't arrived, I am finally happy to hear it.

View B:

I overslept. Sorry for the late reply.

She knows I was upset... but I'm over it now. I forgive her.

May B:

Great. Get plenty of sleep so you can grow taller.

View B:

Are you teasing me? Isn't being small and cute a good thing. You'll enjoy hugging me even more, P'May.

May B:

Stop it, you're saying embarrassing things.

View B:

Actually, I wish I was taller than you, P'May, so I could hug you and keep you warm.

View B:

This thought makes me happy.

May B:

I won't talk to you anymore. I'm going to work.

I paused for a moment, feeling shy, but I couldn't resist asking what I wanted to know.

May B:

What time will you be here?

View B:

You're waiting for me, aren't you? I'll take a shower and then take a taxi. Give me ten minutes! Or maybe I should take a motorbike, it's faster.

May B:

There's no need to rush. Taking a motorbike is dangerous. Come when you can, I'm not going anywhere.

View B:

But my heart is already in the store.

View B:

I miss you so much. I'll run to you soon. Wait for me, okay?

.

I smiled at my phone, get dresses, and headed to work. I couldn't resist checking myself in the mirror to make sure I look okay. The store wasn't too busy today, so I had some time to think about the plot for View B and

continue writing. It had been a while since I had submitted anything. In this novel, everything depends on the tone and flow set by the writer, and that's exactly how I feel right now—typing with a rosy feeling, floating, aimless, but full of happiness.

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Chapter 12:

After the older brother expressed his feelings, the younger sister seemed to reciprocate, but neither of them dared to show it too much. They were simply happy in those precious moments. No one noticed...

The changes between the two went unnoticed, as everyone assumed it was just normal affection between siblings. They acted as they always did, but the way they looked at each other had changed.

If this world consisted only him and her, with no obstacles, it would be perfect.

.

.

Ding.

The bell hanging above the door rang, signaling that a customer had entered the store. I looked up from my computer screen, forcing a small smile, careful not to show too much excitement, then closed my laptop without clicking send on the email.

"I'm here! Did you miss me?"

View B smiles broadly, unconcern, half-walking, half-running towards me with a large bag containing her laptop, clearly ready to work.

"Missed you? We just see each other yesterday. I see you every day!"

"So that mean I'm the only one who misses you, P'May?"

"It seems so."

"So cold!"

"..."

"But still, I look pretty cool, right?"

View B, no longer showing the fear or hesitation she usually did around me, looked endearing. I smile at her, then flick her forehead playfully.

"You're such a tease."

"By the way, what's up?"

"What do you mean?"

I asked, genuinely not understanding what my sister meant. View B shrugs and pout playfully before bringing up the unresolved topic.

"The topic of returning home, of course. Have you thought about it?"

"I haven't thought about it. Last night, I got home, took a shower, and went to bed. When am I supposed to think about it?"

"P'May, you're not taking what I asked seriously! I even went to ask Daddy's permission this morning to let you come home. Was all my effort in vain?"

"Have you asked Dad yet? What did he say?"

I asked, genuinely curious.

"But if you ask me if I want to go home, I really don't. I like the freedom of living on my own."

"He didn't say much."

"That means he hasn't agreed yet."

I replied, leaning back in my chair, feeling a little relieved. But I noticed that View B looked a little disappointed, so I lightly tap her leg with my foot.

"Come on, just because I'm not coming home doesn't mean we won't see each other. You can always come visit me when you miss me."

"It's not the same. If you're home, I could see you every day. Whenever I want to go to your room, I can just walk in."

As soon as she mentioned this, I look away, feeling a little weird. What's wrong with me? She's just talking about coming to my room, nothing

major.

"Wasn't sleeping together in Japan enough for you?"

"No, it wasn't! Ah! How about this?"

View B pursed her lips slightly and leaned in closer.

"Why don't we take a trip to somewhere in the countryside?"

"We just got back from Japan and now you're already planning another trip?"

"But going to Japan and now, it's not the same thing."

"What do you mean?"

"... the feeling."

View B said, lowering her head and wiggling her fingers.

"This time, it'll be even better than Japan, for sure."

"..."

"There's a bathtub too, hehe."

At that, I couldn't help but laugh. I reached out and ruffled her hair affectionately.

"You're something else, really."

"Please?"

"..."

"Great."

"So... where do you want to go, and when?"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? Already?"

As we laughed and talked, lost in our imaginations, the front doorbell rang again. This time, the person who come in, make our laughter gradually die down, until Lee, who has just walk in, looks a little confused.

"What are you two laughing about? It went quiet as soon as I walk in...Hello, View. We've been seeing each other every day lately."

For a brief moment, I noticed a sharp glint in View's eyes, but it quickly disappeared when she broke into a smile.

"That's right. We've been seeing each other a lot."

"Mind if I join you?" Lee asked.

"If I say no, will you sit on the floor?"

View B's joked, still smiling, making Lee laugh, thinking she's just joking. I, on the other hand, extend the invitation out of politeness.

"Please, have a seat."

The moment she sees her opportunity, the little girl quickly move across the table to sit next to me, leaning in close as if she know she could. Lee looked at the two of us with a smile and immediately asked.

"So, what were you two laughing about? I caught the end of it."

"Ah, we were talking about... hmm?"

View lightly squeezed my thigh, signaling for me to stop. I understood that the little girl didn't want anyone to know about our trip, so she quickly changed the subject.

"We were talking about convincing P'May to come home. We were laughing about all the things we would do together if she came back. You

know, typical sibling stuff, just having fun."

I glared at her when she mentioned the words "having fun," knowing there was a hidden meaning behind it.

"Oh, so P'May doesn't live at home, right? So, she agreed to come back?"

Lee asked, directing the question to View. The little girl pouted slightly before answering.

"She still didn't say yes or no. But if I ask, P'May will definitely come back. Do you know why?"

"Why is that?"

"Because P'May loves me."

View said, wrapping her arms around me, trying to show some form of ownership. Lee looked at my sister with a warm smile.

"Well, of course she loves you. Who else would she love if not her little sister, right?"

At the mention of "little sister," View B paused briefly, saying nothing. Seeing an opportunity to break the silence, I turned to Lee and asked.

"So, what brings you here today? No work?"

"Well, as I mentioned, we're in the introductory phase. I came to ask View if she's still interested in working with us. The store is about to open."

"I think that..."

"Sure, I'll. But View's prices are pretty high."

She insisted on working, and I give her a disapproving look. I planned to discuss this more clearly after Lee left.

"I'll do my best," Lee said.

"View has never worked anywhere before, so don't trust her too much. If you can find someone better..."

"View is the perfect choice. I promise not to overwhelm her. She can just be the store's guardian angel. She can come and go as she pleases."

"You're really sucking up to her."

View said, looking at me with a smile.

"Working with someone who's courting your sister usually comes with great perks. And if Lee's interest doesn't pan out, will View be fired?"

"Don't say things like that..."

"I'm just preparing for the worst. I want to see if Lee is really as professional as he claims to be."

The half-serious, half-joking question make Lee smiles, unsure of how to respond. After a while, the three of us changed the subject. I tried to divert conversation because I didn't want this agreement to become too binding. I planned to convince View B to reconsider working with him.

"View, I really don't agree with you working with Lee."

I said after we sit there for a while and then go to office for a private talk. View, sitting on the guest couch, smirked and looked at me mischievously.

"Why not? Working with him is no big deal."

"I don't want to get too involved with him. It'll be hard to break up later." I expressed my concerns honestly, but View shake her head.

"It's easy for you to let go of him, but he can't seem to move on."

"And having you working with him will make it even harder."

"No, I'm going to work with Lee for a reason."

The little girl said, reaching out to hold my hand and intertwining our fingers to reassure me.

"I don't want him to leave you."

"What do you mean?"

"I want you and Lee to keep up this charade so Mom and Dad don't suspect anything about us."

"View... this isn't a joke." I said firmly.

"Let's stop talking about this."

View B cut me off, making me frown. I looked at the little girl, who refused to continue the conversation I was trying to solve.

"It's getting late. Lee took up all the time I should have spent with you. I have to go home before 8pm, so I only have an hour to spend alone with you. Lee, you're a ghost!"

View B's grumpy expression made me smile and forget about the argument I wanted to continue. I found myself captivated by her every move, as if she was irresistibly soft and captivating.

"You're being so spoiled. We've been seeing each other almost all the time since Japan."

"It's still not enough. To make up for it, let's spend the night at home."

View B said, resting her chin on my shoulder and giving me a pleading look.

"Home? Whose home?"

"Whose home is it? Our family home, where we grew up, of course."

"But how can I stay there? I haven't been there in years. If I suddenly go back, Dad will definitely throw a fit. He's always been strict about us not

getting along."

"You should visit home more often. Dad will let you stay. Besides, he's softened up a lot lately and seems more interested in you. He's just playing tough"

View B said, knowing I was about to give up. She walk over.

View B laid her head on my lap and blinked at me with hopeful eyes, trying to charm me into agreeing.

"But..."

"Daddy isn't faking it."

A third voice said as the door opened. View B startle and quickly sit up as if she has been caught in our private moment. Dad, who had clearly heard from outside, looked at me and View B with a cold stare. Arun, who was with him, looked at me with a hint of concern.

"I'm sorry, May. Dad said he would come get View, so I took the opportunity to bring him inside. And..."

"And you heard us gossiping about how pretentious Dad is."

I finished for her, my tone dry.

View B, who had been the one to say it, quickly looked regretful and laughed nervously.

"We weren't gossiping. I was just explaining that Dad is really kind but acts tough. By the way, why is Dad here?"

"I came to take you home." Dad replied.

"You really didn't have to go through all that trouble. P'May can drop me off."

View B said, disappointed that she couldn't stay with me, which meant our time together would be even shorter.

"Dad is already here. Isn't that a good thing?"

"Well, not exactly..."

"I thought I'd stop by and get something. The spaghetti was really good the other day, but I can't remember the name of the dish."

Dad looked at me, still with a somewhat hostile expression, like the indifferent person View described.

"So, I was thinking about taking some home or asking the cook what ingredients are used so we can have Mom make it."

View looks at Dad in disbelief. Even I'm surprise to hear that. I bit my lip lightly before nodding and calmly answering.

"I'll make it for you. If you want to eat it often, I can ask View to take it home. Are you going to come see us every day or what?"

"..."

"If I want to eat it every day."

Dad put his hands in his pockets and pretended to be annoyed, "Then you should go home. Isn't that easier?"

"Dad..."

The little girl looked at Dad with her hand on her chest, while I bit my lip, trying to suppress a smile. But since I afraid of embarrassing Dad, I could only keep a neutral expression.

"I'd also like to go home and stay there sometimes, but I'm afraid Dad won't be okay with it."

"I'd also like to know if it'll be okay. Why don't you try spending the night and tell me how you feel?"

Dad nodded slightly.

"Try tonight. If you don't feel uncomfortable, you can tell me yourself."

"..."

"Before you come back to stay, make sure you cook that dish for us first. Go sit outside, View... keep Daddy company."

"Sure."

View looked at me and Daddy before jumping on Daddy's back with a cheerful.

"I love you, Daddy!"

"You were just complaining that Daddy is too indifferent, you little rascal."

I follow them out of the room and watch father and daughter chatting warmly. I smile. It seemed like Daddy was softening his stance, probably because my little sister asked him to. Maybe he was less angry with me now since enough time had passed. Maybe he wanted me to come back and live as a family again, without separation. A family like that...

Thinking about it make my heart ache. While Daddy sees all of us as a family, I feel like I betraying everyone in the house with my wrong feelings.

View...what should I do?

Loving you is causing our family in pain.

□□□□□

□22. Escape□

It was hard to believe that the day would come when I would come back to stay at home, with Dad being the one to suggest it. Aside from my own excitement, even Mom and Mike B were equally shocked when they found out that Dad had been the one to bring it up.

But since everyone knew Dad's nature well, if anyone teased him about it, he would cover his embarrassment by throwing me out. So, everyone chose to remain silent and simply acknowledge it with smiles.

"Are you coming back to stay with us forever, sis?"

Mike B, who isn't on duty today, come to spoil me like a little brother who misses me dearly.

"You don't have to live outside anymore. Come back home with us."

"That's right, your dad has already given the green light. It would be best if you come home." Mom added.

I didn't agree right away; I just smiled because I still hesitant. I love the freedom I experienced, spreading my wings and flying around the world. If I go back home, I'll have to go back to living under Dad's rules again: coming home after work and leave whenever you want.

"I'll think about it."

"Playing hard to get, huh?"

Dad, who isn't far away, teases when he sees that I don't immediately agree.

"It's not like I really want you to come back. I only did it because View asked me to. How annoying. Go take a shower and go to bed. Don't make any noise."

Dad got up and go upstairs to escape the commotion, or rather, because he's irritated and frustrates that I'm not doing what he wants. Everyone looks at me with a hint of disappointment, but they all know that no one could force me to change my mind. If I could just drop out of medical school and face Dad, there was nothing left in this world I would fear.

"Heartless, you don't love us anymore."

View B muttered as she followed Dad upstairs. I watched my little sister's retreating figure with a slight pang in my chest. Just now, I said I am not afraid of anything anymore, but it seems like I have completely forget about this child.

"You know, the mood was so good, and you ruined it. Is going back home really that hard? Your father has already committed so much."

Mom scolded me.

"But anyway, going back is a good first step. Go take a shower. Although I haven't had time to clean your room yet."

"It's okay, Mom. I can do it. Everything is still in place for me to fix, right?"

"No one touched your things. You can go ahead."

"Okay."

I walk up to the second floor and open the door to my room, pausing for a moment to look around. It had been years since I had last spent a night here. This room was filled with so many memories. It was where I had studied tirelessly, where I had locked myself away when I was overwhelmed by Dad's pressure, and even where I had been caught by View being naughty once when she had come in.

Everything was still in its place, as it had always been. As Mom had mentioned, no one had disturbed anything in the room. It remained as it was, covered with dust cloths to keep dust from accumulating. However, it seemed like someone had been cleaning it occasionally because the dust was too light for a room that hadn't been used in years.

Okay... maybe spending a day at home will make me want to stay here permanently.

After taking a shower and taking care of my personal tasks, I changed the sheets on the bed a little, afraid that the dust would be too much. Just as I want to get into bed, a knock on the door interrupted me.

"Yes?"

"It's me."

View B said as she opened the door after hearing my answer, carrying her pillow with her, and it isn't hard to guess what she wants.

"Can I sleep here with you?"

"My bed is really small."

"Even better! Now we can sleep squeezed together!"

The little girl, without hesitation, placed her pillow next to mine. The bed, only 1 meter wide and made for one person, would now have to accommodate me and my little sister. Looking at it, however, it didn't seem to take up much space.

"But you toss and turn in your sleep. I remember when we were in Japan, you would struggle and even howl loudly."

"Snoring is enough. View is a person, not a dog!"

"Oh, snoring?"

"No! I don't snore. And besides, if I roll over..."

View B leaned in mischievously, flashing a cute smile.

"Then hug me! If I fall off the bed, you're the one who'll get hurt, P'May."

"Why would I be the one who gets hurt?"

"Because you love me."

I looked at the little girl who had clearly won me over, pursed my lips a little, and nodded toward the bed.

"If you want to sleep, just sleep. Don't bother me."

"Well, you don't bother me either, P'May."

View B snuggled under the blanket, making herself comfortable. When she sees that I still there, she quickly pat the spot next to her, inviting me to lie down next to her.

"Why are you still standing? The light is piercing my eyes. Turn it off and come sleep with me." View B urged.

I stand still, watching my little sister, who is so eager to sleep, with a sense of knowing. Part of me couldn't shake the feeling of unease, fearing that this closeness might lead to something more than just sleep. What make me anxious, the fact that we are home, under the same roof as the rest of the family. I have a sense of propriety, I don't want to do anything inappropriate. Having her in the same room like this make me nervous.

The more I try to avoid it, the more tempting it become. Human nature is like that.

"Are you really going to sleep with me?"

View B hesitates for a moment, then look at me before giving me a soft smile.

"Of course."

"Aren't you scared?"

"Why would I be scared if I'm here to sleep with you? The real question is, who's scared?"

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Thump...

Thump...

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As we stare into each other's eyes, silently communicating, we are surprised by a knock on the door. Turning to see who it is, we find Mike B standing there, carrying a pillow and a blanket.

"Of course, I know you'd rush to sleep with P'May! No way, I'm sleeping here tonight too!"

Mike B declares, holding his pillow confidently.

View B turned her head to face her twin brother, her voice rising in protest.

"You can't!"

"Why not?"

"Well..."

The younger sister looks around, searching for a reason.

"This is a girls' room! You're all grown up, you can't sleep here, right, P'May?"

"I... I guess.."

I stammered a little, since the reason kind of makes sense.

"But P'May doesn't care. No need to make a big deal about it. Besides, you're not sleeping naked, so why be embarrassed? We're siblings! Don't overthink it."

"But..."

"Just as I thought, all the kids are gathering here."

Mom said as she walked in with a pillow, her face full of joy.

"I love this! All my kids together. I'm coming too!"

"Yay! This reminds me of when we were younger!" Mike chimed in happily.

"We used to sleep together and Mom would tell us bedtime stories, and P'May would always look annoyed and say, 'I'm too old for this.'"

Now, my small room was filled with everyone in the family, except Dad, the only one missing. View pout slightly at the sight.

View looked like she's about to cry because the plan for tonight has completely fallen apart. All I could do reach out and ruffle her hair in sympathy before turning my attention back to my mom and little brother.

"But the bed only fits two people." I said.

"Then I'll sleep in bed with View, and May can sleep on the floor." Mom replied.

"What?! Mom, why are you kicking P'May, who owns the room, to the floor?"

View couldn't accept that she couldn't sleep with me.

"Mom can't sleep with Mike and let View sleep with P'May."

"What are you talking about? You want me to sleep on the floor with him while you sleep in the bed with May? I'm your mother... and you're still

crying."

"Mike!"

View yelled at his twin brother, then glares at Mom when she sees her two children starting to get noisy, so she changed the plan again.

"Okay, how about Mom sleeps with May, and View goes downstairs to sleep with Mike?"

"But Mom, View is already a big girl. How can a girl and a boy sleep together?"

"What does it matter? Just go downstairs and sleep. Let's get this over with."

I smile a little when View reluctantly give in and go to sleep with Mike below while Mommy and I sleep together in the bed. I instructed Mike to turn off the lights before I throw myself down to sleep.

"Is that it? P'May comes and everyone just falls asleep?"

View still isn't willing to give up, so Mommy scold her in an irritates tone that I rarely see.

"Why are you being so difficult today, View? Can't you just go to sleep and get it over with? It's annoying."

Mommy is mad with View.

"Yes."

"Hehe, serves you right. Today is finally here, you mutt."

Mike laughing before being kicked aside, yelling,

"You have a bad attitude. No wonder no one wants to be your boyfriend. Even Mommy doesn't love you anymore, bleh!"

"You two be quiet. Stop acting like children. Mommy is going to sleep."

After being scolded again, the younger two finally calmed down and began breathing steadily. As for me, I'm not someone who falls asleep easily; I stared at the ceiling, counting sheep to try to force myself to sleep.

At the same time, I regretted not being able to sleep alone with View like I had intended.

If we're really sleeping side by side, what would we do?...

I think we would just cuddle and fall asleep. That was all I really wanted, to be together, to hold each other, to smell that little girl who reminded me of a small child. It made me happy. What more could I want? As I stood there thinking aimlessly, and the others in the room fell silent, I felt someone below moving restlessly before getting up and leaving the room. Before leaving, View looked at me.

She seems to know that I am not yet asleep and moved out of sight, which made me get up slowly, being careful not to wake Mom, and tiptoe after her.

On the second floor of this house, there are only four rooms: one is a bathroom and the other three are bedrooms, including ours. I figure View will run back to the bedroom, so I open the door without knocking. The moment I enter, View runs to hug me and deftly close the door behind us.

"I miss you so much."

She said, burying her face in my chest. I felt the same way, so I wrapped my arms around the little one and buried my face in her shoulder, inhaling the scent I craved.

"I miss you too."

"Can we sleep together this time?"

"Take me to bed."

View pull away and take my hand, leading me to bed without saying anything. We slid under the covers together, and even in the darkness, we hugging each other like I intended all along. The little one snuggles close to me, hugging me tightly as if she's afraid I would get up and leave, which make me laugh.

"Is this how you want to hug tight?"

"I don't want to wake up and find P'May gone. That would feel like a dream."

"It's true. It really does feel like a dream."

Being with View like this is different. Usually, sisters who love each other very much hug, but View and I are an exception. I've tried to keep our distance all along, but recently we seem to have come to an understanding, and we've both grown closer, afraid that when we wake up, this isn't real.

"My heart is beating so fast!"

"It's pretty loud, isn't it?"

I intentionally teasing the little one, so I make a nervous expression.

"Then I better turn around."

I did turn around, and the little one started to complain. But when she sees that I am not turning around to hug her, View B the one who hugging me from behind, leaning against me so that I could feel her soft skin, which isn't wearing a bra, through my back.

"This way I can hug P'May. It's good to be me hugging you."

View B said, putting her nose on the back of my neck and inhaling the scent softly, making me shiver.

"It smells so good."

"You can't be naughty, can you? Why don't you go to sleep?" "Can't I smell it? Then I'll do something else."

The little one's hands slowly moves up from my waist to my chest, with only a thin shirt between us, and she hold on tightly. I don't even try to pull away, other than taking one heavy breath.

"Your body is so perfect. I'm jealous."

"Don't you have anything of yours own to take?"

"I'm tired of seeing mine; I want to see yours."

"You saw everything when we were in the onsen."

"It's not the same. Back then... and now."

View pushes me down, laying on her back, then nudges my face with her nose.

We both took care not to use our lips directly, pretending to smell each other, afraid of something.

"But for me, it's always the same, no matter when."

I hold her face with both hands and then pushes her down to lie beneath me after she satisfied her teasing. Now it's my turn to touch her, like someone who craves it.

"Can I kiss your cheek?"

"No! It tickles!"

"Can you escape?"

I laugh and lean in to kiss her cheek, then my nose trail along her neck. View, who had initially pretended to resist, gradually softened, breathing heavily, pulling me closer.

"You smell so good."

"It's the same soap you use."

"Use it again next time."

"If using it means you'll sleep with me like this, right?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll use it. I'll use it forever."

The little girl said hesitantly, then lifted her legs so I could settle into a comfortable position.

"Can't you go back home?"

"If I go back, what will I get?"

I said, as if I have negotiating. Honestly, I barely focus on the conversation. The little girl keep talking, and I just responding without really understanding the sentences.

"I did everything, P'May."

View be fooled me. I squeezed my legs tightly, and it made me feel like I was crushing them together until I accidentally moaned.

"You're so selfish, you know."

"I've always given in to you, haven't I?" View looks at me determinedly.

"And I think I need to talk to you directly and seriously this time."

"What?"

"Make me feel good."

That brief request made me stop whatever I was doing. I turned my face away, knowing full well that there isn't much I could do; Just being intimate with her already a grave mistake. However, the person below me reached out and grabbed my hand, forcing me to slide my hand under her blouse to squeeze and caress it, making me feel the sensation against my palm.

"View...View knows we can't go any further."

"It's too painful. View wants to be happy like other couples."

"..."

"I want to hear you moan, P'May."

Then the person holding me pulled me up and whispered in my ear while nibbling lightly until I felt weak.

"And View also wants to scream out loud to tell P'May that I love you when I feel like this."

Trump, trump...

Trump, trump...

Just as I want to give in and let my wild instincts go away in the form of "Fuck it," I bent down to kiss View and frantically groped her small chest. Suddenly, someone's voice echoes, making everything freeze as if the hands of the clock are stuck in the air.

"P'May and View actually ran away to stay in this room, Mom."

□□□□□

□23. Oh Jesus!□

Everything was quiet. View B and I didn't dare move or do anything in the darkness. Mike B, who opened the door and called out for our mother, still didn't see us because he didn't turn on the light. Our hearts were racing, beating hard against each other, because we had no idea what would happen next.

"What's wrong with you two? I went to the trouble of lying down with you, and you still escaped."

"Okay, let me wake them up, I'll turn on the light."

"No need. They're lying like this, they must have already fallen asleep. Why wake them up?"

Mike B, who was about to turn on the light, was interrupted by our mother. "Oh Mom, but I want to sleep with P'May."

"Does your sister want to sleep with you? If she did, why would she run away here? Don't worry, you can sleep with her when she comes back. Leave her alone."

"Mom!"

"Close the door, or the mosquitoes will come in."

Mom ordered my whiny little brother to close the door and quietly left. When I was sure they were out of the room, I slowly moved, laid down on my side, and sighed in relief.

"That was close. If only Mike B had turned on the light now... Whoosh!"

View B quickly grabbed the blanket and covered herself, clearly embarrassed. I hadn't even finished speaking, but when I see her shy reaction, I couldn't help but laugh a little.

"What's wrong?"

"Sleepy."

"Well, it's late."

"Come to think of it, this house is pretty chaotic, isn't it? I just want to sleep with P'May, why does it have to be so hard?"

The word "sleep" that View B used had several different meanings. I stared at her for a moment before turning to hug her and close my eyes.

"I didn't think it would be easy. This is just the beginning. So, what do you think? After seeing all this hassle, are you thinking of giving up?"

"No. Everything that is easy is meaningless."

"True."

View B turns to me, nuzzling her head on my chest, seeking warmth. We both avoided talking directly about what kind of relationship this, as if we're afraid that if this happened, everything would change. Right now, we are still pretending to be sisters, although some of the things we do are already crossing the line.

But, well...And deep down, we both know very well that this is no longer a common feeling, and we wanted it to stay that way.

"Shall we sleep now?"

"I think we should."

"You give up so easily."

"Taking it slow is better."

"Okay."

We both lay there cuddled together under a blanket that wasn't too thick.

The smell of View's soap mixed with the soft fragrance of her skin made me sleep soundly, almost dreamless. The next thing I knew...

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"Wake up!"

Mike quickly ripped the blanket off of us both and screamed so loudly that I wake up startled. When my little brother saw that View and I were huddled together, he couldn't take it anymore. He immediately jumped on the bed, wedging himself between us, and kicked the little one, sending her flying off the bed with a loud thud!

"Ow!"

"View!"

I sit up, looking at my little sister who had fallen to the floor, then turned to Mike with a scolding look.

"Why did you do that? View is a girl, you know?"

"Mike never sees View as a girl anyway. Don't worry about it, P'May. This girl is tough as nails."

Mike B hugging me tightly, as if he missed me.

"Now it's my turn. View already hug you all night, hehe."

"Get out now!"

View B quickly stand up and pulled Mike B away. Realizing that her twin was stronger, she grabbed his hair and pulled hard, pulling a tuft of hair into

her hand.

"Ow! That hurts! Why are you being so rude?"

"You're a boy! How can you hug P'May like that?"

"Well, I'm her little brother, right?"

"No! Get out now!"

View B's serious tone and demeanor made Mike B flinch a little and look at me in confusion.

"P'May, look at this. Why is she being so serious? It's not just you who's her sister, you know, you brat."

"..."

"Hey, are you really mad?"

Mike B kicked his leg lightly towards the twin standing over him, trying to check if View B was really upset.

"I was just joking when I kicked you out of bed. Is it really worth getting so mad? Or is it that time of the month?"

"..."

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry. Maybe I went too far."

My little brother stand up and scratches his head, understanding that View B was mad because he kicked her out of bed.

"What the hell? Usually, we play rougher than this, and you never get mad. It was just a little kick out of bed."

"View probably wake up early, so she's in a bad mood."

"Early? It's already 8 in the morning. How long do you plan on sleeping?"

"And what would I wake up early for? To photosynthesize?"

View B retorted, almost making me burst out laughing. But as the older sister, I couldn't laugh and make her lose face.

"Answering, huh... okay, I'm leaving. You have twenty minutes to calm down. I'll make it up to you at the breakfast table. See you then."

Mike B decided to compromise and left, closing the door behind him. As soon as View B realized we're alone, she jumped into my arms, hugging me possessively.

"Why would P'May let Mike Be hug you?"

"Why wouldn't I? Mike is my little brother."

"No, you can't. I'm jealous."

View B insisted, and that made me hug her back sympathetically. But it seemed like we hugged a little too long, and we didn't realize that Mom had opened the door and now watching us with a frown.

"What are you two doing?"

View B and I quickly separated, and View adjusted her clothes, although nothing was really inappropriate or seemed inappropriate in the least.

"You two jumped away like you were sneaking. Did you really start clinging to your sister the moment you woke up?"

"Well, Mike B kicked View out of bed, so she came over for some comfort and some magical healing."

I explained softly to cover the situation. Hearing this, Mom rushed to check View B for any bruises or injuries.

"Mike B, you're acting crazy. How can you, as a boy, kick your sister? Come here, let me heal her. Who's better at magic than Mom?"

"I'm hurt here, right here."

View B made the most of the moment, drawing attention away from our mother. The two of them left together, subtly diverting attention from the scene our mother had entered, making sure nothing looked suspicious.

This is the challenge of our relationship, it's complicated and has to be hidden.

It's not easy at all...

After taking a shower and getting dressed, I went downstairs to have breakfast at the table. Today was one of the rare times the whole family was together. The food was simple, congee and orange juice. Dad was drinking his usual coffee. Seeing everyone gathered like this, I decided to bring up something that had been on my mind for a while.

"Dad, Mom... you know, right? That View B is going to work with Mr. Lee."

I, who rarely speak to Dad, started the conversation by talking to the older generation first. Dad, who is s busy reading the news on his iPad, looked at me and then at View B.

"I heard something about that from your mom. This Mr. Lee... is he your boyfriend?"

"No, he's not."

View B quickly interrupted, unable to stay silent. His twin brother, sitting in front of us, let out a small laugh, already understanding the situation.

"Why are you answering, View? Dad was asking P'May if he's her boyfriend, not yours."

"I can answer! Mr. Lee is not P'May's boyfriend."

"Fine, if you say so."

Dad concluded nonchalantly, clearly not wanting to hear the siblings' argument. I, on the other hand, give a different answer than View's.

"We're still talking. Not exactly boyfriend and girlfriend, but we're closer than most."

View's give me a frustrated look, as if she'd forgotten that she was the one who suggested I date Lee to keep up appearances for the family. After this conversation, I'll have to explain to her why I said what I said.

"Well, that's good. View's already in her twenties and she's starting work a little late. It's good to gain some experience. When applying for other jobs, having that on her resume will help."

"But I don't agree."

I shifted uncomfortably and explained my reason.

"Lee and I aren't even sure where we stand. Letting my sister work with him puts a lot of pressure on me. If I'm not okay with him, View might get fired out of spite one day."

"Fine. If you're really not okay with him, I'll leave."

View said casually, which made me look at her with some disgust, but she remained indifferent.

"Since you're still okay with him now, I'll work with Lee. It's a good thing, I'll be there to keep an eye on him. If he shows any suspicious behavior, I'll let you know."

"But I don't want you to take this job. Can't you listen to me?"

"There are things I asked P'May that you couldn't do either, but I understand your reasons. So this time, please understand my reasons."

"From what I'm hearing, it doesn't sound so bad," Dad chimed in.

"Let View try working with May's boyfriend for a month. If it doesn't work out, she can quit. Plus, she'll keep an eye on him for you."

"Boyfriend this, boyfriend that. Mom, you really seem to like him, huh?"

View complained, her face sour. Mom, not noticing her tone, answered clearly.

"Well, he's handsome and from a good family. How could I not like him?"

"Between Lee and me, who do you like more?"

"You can't compare! Lee and you are two different people, you little troublemaker."

"If View dated P'May, who would you like more?"

"Of course, it would be my View!"

Mom reached out to gently pinch my sister's cheek affectionately, making the sweet-faced girl smile before abruptly changing her expression.

"Which is impossible anyway."

"Mom doesn't love you!"

"What's with all this fuss? P'May having a boyfriend shouldn't affect you."

Mike B, who had been listening for a while, couldn't help but tease his twin with a smile.

"P'May is mine!"

View B's overly serious tone made everyone at the table fall silent. Sensing that the atmosphere had become tense, I quickly tried to calm things down.

"I belong to everyone in this house. Besides, if I have a boyfriend, family comes first, always."

"What happened in Japan? You two seem really protective now. You didn't even seem that close before. If it weren't for the fact that you were sisters, I would think that you two were sneaking around as a couple. Oh, Mom, why did you hit me?"

Mike B shouted after being playfully slapped by our mother, which made me sit up straight, trying to look normal while feeling anxious about this whole situation.

"It's good that you two are close. Soon, P'May and View will be back to the way they were. Let's not make a big deal about it... Let's change the subject. So, View, why don't you try the job?"

"Work is work, and let Mr. Lee be a topic for the future. If it doesn't work out, View can always quit, and that will be the end of it."

"But..."

I tried to argue.

"Don't shut yourself off like that. If a nice guy is interested, get to know him. Are you planning to grow old running a restaurant?"

Mom quickly interrupted, making it clear that View had to go work with Lee. Although I'm a little irritated, there's not much I could do about it.

"Let's wrap up the View situation. What about you, May? What are you going to do about going back? Everyone wants you to come home."

Mom, knowing Dad wanted to discuss this, brought it up herself. I looked at Dad and remembered last night's conversation with discomfort.

"I can probably go back for a few days since I have to share the rent with my friends. I can stay here for three nights and spend four nights at my friends' houses."

"Why waste money unnecessarily when you have a house?"

Dad interrupted after listening for a while. I looked at View Be, knowing she would understand.

"That house has a bathtub."

View B straightened up in surprise, not expecting to hear that from me. My sister, who had once asked me to come home, smiled a little and then began to change the subject smoothly.

"It's better to hold something in than to blurt it out. P'May coming back is good enough. Mom and Dad, give her some time... By the way, is there anything in that house that P'May needs to bring back here?"

"Why do you ask?"

View B leaned forward a little, her eyes shining with excitement. "I can help!"

It seemed like I had turned a crisis into an opportunity for someone. When she learned that the house I was renting had a bathtub, View B eagerly offered to help move things back.

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However, we both knew what she really wanted to do here. The little one, who had never been in this house before, was now exploring everything with wide-eyed curiosity.

"So, this shared house means that everyone's furniture is combined, and you share everything without having to buy anything new? Wow... that's a cool house!"

"We split the rent and food costs... I take care of the food, while the other two cover the bills. Makes things easier on the wallet,"

I explained a little. It seemed that Paint was out for work, while Mei probably taking a nap, since it's night that she did freelance work.

"Have you ever brought a boyfriend home?"

"No one has brought anyone yet."

"P'May, of course."

"Hmm?"

"You're the first one to bring someone home."

View B said with a smile. Since it's very suggestive, she added this comment before changing the subject.

"Which room do you sleep in?"

"The room with the white door."

As soon as the little girl heard this, she run to the white door, but not before looking at the adjacent room with the yellow door.

"And what's in the yellow room?"

"That's Paint's room."

"So you sleep next to that friend of yours?"

My sweet sister looked at me with a hint of disapproval.

"Do you like her?"

"Who?"

"Your friend named Paint."

"Of course, I like her."

"Who do you like more, her or me?"

When asked this, I smile a little and answer teasingly, wanting to see her pout.

"Every person has a unique charm, so it depends on who makes you like them more."

I open the door to my room and walked in. View B come to stand next to me and held my hand tightly.

"Hmm? What's up?"

"P'May, you must like View more, right?"

"Why should I like her more?"

"Because she has the eyes you like."

View B said, taking my hand and rubbing it against her cheek.

"She has a voice you never get tired of hearing."

"..."

The small person slowly run her hand along each part she's mentioning. My hand now touching that delicate neck, feeling the vibration of her voice.

"She has the skin you said you liked the smell of."

"..."

"And last night, you didn't finish what you started."

Then, View B gathered her courage, forcing my hand to touch her chest before leaning against me.

"So, you can like View more than that friend?"

I wanted to say that how could I like someone when she was so adorable, but I couldn't get those words out. The small person's challenging gaze

made me not resist; I wrapped my arms around View B's waist and pulled her close, leaning my face towards hers to smell the skin I always wanted to inhale.

My body have been clinging, caressed with longing since last night. My nose and mouth were kissing the smaller person's neck, biting. The sound of the moan in my throat was exciting. I become more chaotic than before. As I pushed the small person's figure towards the bed, dizzy, everything had to be stopped when my room door open, with the figure of Mei who I thought was already asleep and wouldn't wake up for a long time.

"You're back already... Oh Jesus!"

Damn, why didn't I remember to lock the door!

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□37.She's Gone□

I still don't have the courage to face View B, because I don't know how to explain my disappearance. So, I let the troublemaker Intuorn take care of the situation for me. As for my scheming ex-girlfriend, when she saw that I wasn't ready, he just looked annoyed.

"So demanding."

Now, I'm hiding inside, secretly watching View B, who is awake and talking to Intuorn. I can't quite make out what they're saying. Then, everyone got up and left the store, with Intuorn leaving Ms. Arun's phone with me temporarily, since she saw that I didn't have mine. She texted me that she would take View B home, not missing the chance to lecture me with a short message:

Intuorn:

Hurry up and make up your mind. Some people can't wait forever, you know.

It wasn't that short, actually, but I pretended to let it slip, not wanting to pay attention.

Intuorn:

Now that you have money, buy a phone. They even sell them cheap at 7-Eleven. Acting so vulgar doesn't suit you, especially if you're In's ex. It's unbearable.

I think she's talking too much...

I followed Intuorn's advice and went to buy a cheap phone just for temporary use. After that, I hesitated, not knowing what to do next. In the

end, I decided to take a taxi and go back to the house where I grew up. The lights inside the house were still on, indicating that someone was home.

I was curious to know if everyone was together tonight. View B must have arrived by now, but what about Mike B? Is he on duty tonight? I stand there, looking out the big gate, wondering what everyone was talking about when I wasn't around.

Am I really that homesick...?

The overwhelming feeling made my tears overflow. The scene in front of me became blurry, so I wiped away my tears and sniffed, trying to compose myself. Just as I was about to turn around and leave, a voice sound out from inside the house.

"Who's there?"

It was my younger brother's voice, completely different from my father's. It wasn't loud, but loud enough for everyone to hear, making me jump a little.

Footsteps from inside the house run towards the front door. Seeing this, I quickly turned to leave, but I could still vaguely hear Mike's voice calling me.

"Don't go! I recognize your back, May. Is that you, May?"

I slowed down for a moment, but chose to keep running, emotions swirling inside me. I wanted everyone to know that I was still here, but at the same time, I was angry at them for making me feel this way. So, I walked away, leaving me with unresolved feelings.

I'm so confused about myself right now. I'm afraid my presence will bring pain to everyone, but I also want you to know that I'm still here and that also feel sadness for my existence!

After stopping by my house, I called a taxi to take me to the shared house where my friends and I lived together. I didn't expect Paint to still be living there. Maybe my friend had moved out, feeling lonely or scared of ghosts,

but I still wanted to go back and delve into the memories of when I lived there.

May... who lived here.

When I visited the first house, I didn't even dare show my face to anyone. But in this house, I found the courage to ring the doorbell to see who was inside. My heart skipped a beat when I saw that the person who came out was Paint, my old friend, who I hadn't even dared hope would still be living here.

"Yes?"

My tall friend must have quickly stepped away from her computer when she opened the door see me. Silence immediately fell between us, and then, suddenly, the door slammed in my face.

"What?"

Within three seconds, the door opened again, then closed. It opened, then closed, three times, like someone trying to make sure they weren't seeing things. Paint raised her hand to cover her mouth, her eyes filling with tears of disbelief.

"Six months have passed, and now you remember the way home? Why are you only showing up to give me lottery numbers now?"

"I'm here to ask you to come live with me."

"I love you, but please go to hell alone!"

Bang!

The door slammed in my face again, and I couldn't help but laugh out loud. I knocked on the door instead of ringing the doorbell this time, yelling for my friend, who was probably shocked and mad by now.

"Just kidding! I'm just here to give you lottery numbers. Open the door, now."

"..."

"I missed you."

The door finally opened again, and there was Paint, tears streaming down her face. I wasn't sure if she was crying out of fear or because she missed me.

But my friend pulled me into a tight hug, as if she wasn't afraid of anything anymore.

"I missed you too."

"Are you not afraid of me anymore?"

I never thought you were dead. You were just on the missing persons list. I believed that if you were still alive, you would come back to me, come back here.

Although Paint and I were not born and raised together, we lived together for many years. We shared countless good memories, whether it was problems at home or personal issues, we never kept secrets from each other.

Even when it came to my relationship with View B, my friend never judged whether what I did was right or wrong. They listened and gave advice as best they could. It's up to me whether I would accept it or not.

'You never gave up on me, did you?"

"Someone like you wouldn't die so easily."

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Tonight, I have a place to stay...

At first, I thought I would have to spend the night at the restaurant, but seeing that Paint was still here, and none of my belongings had been moved, gave me some peace of mind.

It was different from Mei in one small way, though, only a few belongings from another friend remained. I glanced at Mei's room without asking anything, but Paint, who seemed to already know what I was thinking, answered for me.

"Her mother came to get everything, said she would take it as a souvenir."

"How is her mother?"

"Heartbroken. Mei's father died the same day as the plane crash, but... less than what your family went through."

Paint looked at me and said frankly,

"Knowing that your daughter is dead is painful, but at least you know where she is. It's not the same as when your daughter goes missing, you don't know if she's alive or dead, if she's disabled, or how she's living her life."

In fact, I knew from the beginning, when I regained consciousness, that Mei had passed away from the list of deceased and missing persons.

When I found out, my heart broke just as much, which is why I stole her name, partly to remember her death.

"..."

"You're quiet, does that mean you don't know what to say? Silence won't make your choices disappear. Come on, tell me what happened, how you suddenly appeared and if you've returned home yet. Tell me everything."

"But it's a long story."

"I have all night to listen to you."

Being able to finally tell someone everything I'd been holding in for so long really lifted the weight I'd been carrying on my chest.

As I told my story, there were times when I sobbed, and Paint, who was listening, cried too. But my friend pushed that emotion aside to be there for

me, offering comfort and support more than anything else.

"So that doctor really believed you couldn't remember anything? Even I can't believe it after hearing all this."

"Maybe he knows, but he chooses not to say anything."

"What you're doing is deceiving everyone, the people who love you, the people who don't love you, and even yourself."

Paint sighed and turned to look at me, lying next to her.

"Part of the reason you came back was so everyone would know you were still alive, wasn't it?"

"No, I just didn't want Dr. Ake to get too suspicious."

"Dr. Ake doesn't matter that much to your feelings. Sure, he's been a help, but you're too smart to mix gratitude with love. Or, to put it another way, that man lets you get away with a lot. He lets you manipulate him. It's not right to repay someone who helped you like that."

"Giving him hope is a way of repaying him. He's happy about it."

"And how long will this happiness last? One day, you'll have to come back to reality. Even if you say you don't want to see your parents, you won't be able to avoid it forever."

"I don't want to see them..."

"If you really didn't want to, you wouldn't have come back. But there's no point arguing, you know the truth deep down. So what are you going to do now? Keep playing hide-and-seek with your family like this? Appearing and disappearing just enough to make them wonder if you're still alive? When you see them suffering, you smile a little, and then what?"

"Why would I smile?"

"I don't know, like in those TV dramas. When the character is satisfied, she smiles a little, talking to herself as if she's afraid the audience won't know what she's thinking....you really think I'm that dramatic?"

"Well, normal people don't do that. They don't fake amnesia, hide, and then reappear. Even when you found View B, you still played hide and seek, making your ex lie that she was dreaming. It's crazy. Why do you have to make everything so difficult? If you're upset with your parents, just go home and throw a tantrum. Simple as that."

"It's not that easy. Before... Dad was the one who said it would be better if I wasn't around."

"And what did your mother do wrong?"

Tump tump...

Tump tump...

My heart was pounding as if my chest was being squeezed. I knew very well that someone as oblivious as my mother was also suffering because of what I had done.

But I still chose to do it. I pressed my lips together tightly, unsure of which path I should take. If I reveal myself to my family, Dad, who once told me to die, might not be happy, or maybe he'll be happy that I come back. But what then? I'll be the same daughter again and I won't be able to love View B.

It feels like a dead end. No matter where I go, I can't move forward. If I choose one path, I'll have to sacrifice something else.

"I don't want to think about it yet."

"Running away from your problems won't help."

"I need time to think."

"You've had six months to think. What have you been doing all this time?"

"At least give me one more day without thinking about it."

"Problems may seem overwhelming, but if you deal with them one at a time, you might find that the tangled mess can be unraveled easily,"

Paint said, getting up and leaving my room, closing the door behind her. I stood there, thinking about her words, but I still couldn't figure out what to do next or how to start.

Whatever... it'll pass eventually.

But it didn't seem like it would any time soon, after I fell asleep and woke up the next morning, I got a text message from Intuorn. She inaugurated my new phone by sending me a photo of the day:

View be sitting down, having lunch with a man. I couldn't tell who it was, since the photo was taken from the back.

Honestly, at first I didn't think much of it, maybe because I wasn't fully awake yet or just didn't want to think about anything. But then, after about two minutes, the second and third images popped up, and the person in the photos was Lee, who I thought had disappeared from our lives.

May B:

When was this photo taken?

Intuorn:

Just now.

Intuorn:

You're being too shy; the dog is just waiting to eat.

May B:

Don't you have a job? Why are you sitting around taking pictures of other people?

Intuorn:

My dad is rich. The economy can't do anything to stop me!

Intuorn:

Choices are more important than economics, honey.

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I jumped out of bed, feeling frustrated when I realized that it was Lee who was taking care of View B. Intuorn's comments about a guy hanging around nearby made everything click; that guy must be him.

He knows how to approach View B at the right moments. Even though View B denies having feelings, in those delicate and vulnerable moments Anyone could catch up with her.

"Where are you going so early?"

"I'm going to the store."

"You seem to be in a hurry. You've gone back to living your life, right?"

Paint asked curiously, waking up almost at the same time as me.
I shook my head, neither denying nor accepting.

"I don't know. I just want to see how it goes for a while."

"Since when did you become indecisive about your life? This isn't the same person I knew."

"May B already died."

"But being reborn as someone worse isn't good enough."

After being teased by my friend, I made a disgruntled sound and left to call a taxi. My eyes kept drifting back to the pictures of the two of them sitting together, and I couldn't decipher whether they were flirting or not. Either way, I still didn't like him because Lee wasn't the kind of guy View B should be close to.

Someone who liked older and younger sisters is really not a good person!
After about thirty minutes, I arrived at the restaurant, but I asked the driver

to drop me off a little further away because I wanted to watch from outside. View and Lee were still sitting by the window, eating and talking as usual.

They were smiling and laughing, depending on the flow of the conversation, which made me even more irritated.

Last night, she was crying and fainting at the sight of her sister, but today she was able to sit, eat, and talk to someone else like that?

How is that possible?

Jealousy or whatever made me want to go to the store and stop to look at View through the glass from outside. My shadow blocked the light from inside, where they both were, causing Lee, who was talking, to turn and stare at me with wide eyes, shocked, which was something I expected to happen.

When View was nudged by Lee to look, she paused for a moment before turning to look at me. We locked eyes silently for almost thirty seconds before the little girl turned to Lee and acted as if I was invisible.

What is that... that expression when she saw me? Why did she come out like that?

To make sure I wasn't imagining things, I saw that View didn't look the least bit scared; instead, I walked straight into the store. The employees, who used to be my assistants, froze in shock at my presence, stopping all their actions.

I went straight to View's table, where she was still acting normal, unlike everyone else. I called out to my younger sister, hoping she would look at me clearly and realize I was back.

"View"

"..."

"I'm back."

A silence fell between us again. View put down her spoon and fork, looked at me for a moment, and smiled.

"I'm really sorry."

"..."

"Do we know each other?"

"What are you saying? It's me, May B. Don't you remember me?"

I reached out to hold the little girl's face and looked around for any injuries on her head.

"Yesterday, when you fainted and fell, did you hit your head on the floor? Why do you look different today?"

View pulled my hand away and made a slightly displeased face.

"What are you doing? You just came in, said you came back, and even said your name is May B. What do you want?"

"What would I want? It's me, May B. Why can't you remember?"

"How can you be May B?"

"What? May Be is dead."

"Wait a minute, View..."

Lee, who tried to interrupt, was dismissed by View.

The little girl turned to look at me with a serious expression.

"If you want to die, as far as I'm concerned... you're already dead."

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□38. The App□

View B's indifference felt like a hammer hitting my head. My face is now completely numb, and even if someone slapped me, I probably wouldn't feel anything. There's no more pain. Lee, still confused by my sudden appearance, stood up and asked, genuinely concerned, something I was sure wasn't just an act.

"May... Is it really you? Everyone is so worried about you. Where have you been all this time?"

"I told you, she's not May."

"But..."

Lee tried to protest. Irritated by the situation, View B stood up, ready to leave, but I managed to grab her arm just in time.

"So, is this how it's going to be?"

"Exactly like this."

Her small figure responded in the same tone she always used when she was upset with me. Slowly, I let go of her arm and clasped my hands behind my back.

"Okay."

"..."

"I let you go. If you want to go, go ahead."

The two of us stared at each other for a long time, and in the end, View B was the one who left the store. Lee, torn between staying to talk to me or following my sister, had a conflicted expression, but in the end, he chose to go after View B, leaving me behind.

Isn't she happy that her sister is back? Well, that's good. It'll make things easier.

"Maybe I should..."

Intuon, who was lurking somewhere in the store, suddenly jumped out with an irritated expression. I closed my eyes, putting together the pieces that this mess was probably caused by this troublemaker.

"Since you sent the photo, you've been here the whole time, haven't you?"

"Of course! And you've only made things more annoying. She's so upset, why didn't you run after her and apologize?"

"This is real life, not a Hollywood movie. If she says I'm dead, why should I bring it up again?"

"She said you're dead and you're just going to accept it? Why give up so easily? That's not like you at all!"

"That's exactly who I am. And as for you, stop meddling in my life. You're being a nuisance."

"Ugh! Now I'm a nuisance? I'm the one who had to take a car to get back here instead of a plane! Okay, you're fine now, but don't come asking me for help later. Don't even think about texting me if you need anything. In doesn't love you anymore!"

Intuon pouted and walked back into the store, but not before poking her head out again.

"Come apologize right now! I'll give you five minutes."

How did she grow up to be so funny and adorable? Silly girl!

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Although I was back in the store, I hadn't gone into the kitchen to work like a proper business partner should. There were still a lot of things I needed to take care of in my life. At the very least, I had to call the doctor, who was probably waiting to hear from me since he had no way of contacting me. As soon as he answered, his polite tone, due to the unknown number, made me laugh before I could even pretend to be one of his patients.

[Whose laugh is that?]

"Guess who?"

As I wandered into a nearby convenience store, I playfully teased him over the phone.

[You have a cell phone now, so I can call you anytime!]

Dr. Ake's voice sounded happy to finally be able to talk to me, but then I heard a light honk from beside him, and I quickly realized.

"Are you driving? In so, I'll hang up now!"

[It's okay, I'm using Bluetooth in the car. Besides, hearing your voice while driving is kind of relaxing. I just hope I don't fall asleep.]

"You haven't been getting enough sleep again, huh? You're always working and not taking care of yourself. Where are you driving to now, the hospital nearby?"

[Not exactly nearby. I'm driving from Phuket to Bangkok.]

"Are you in Bangkok? What are you doing here?"

[Isn't it obvious? I came to see you.]

"I haven't even told you where I am yet. How are you going to find me?"

I was surprised by his sudden visit. His pretty voice on the other end sounded a little anxious, probably worried that I might be upset.

[Are you mad that I'm coming to see you without telling you first?]

"No, I'm just surprised. If I hadn't contacted you first, how would you have found me?"

[I called the hotel and got Intuorn's number. My plan was to ask her where you were when I got to Bangkok and surprise you. But it's a good thing you called first. Otherwise, I'd be wandering around Bangkok, completely lost.]

"In that case, let me pin a location for you. If you still can't find your way, I can give you directions, or we can meet somewhere."

[That sounds great.]

"See you soon, then."

[I miss you.]

"..."

I stand there for a moment, unsure of how to respond.

Dr. Ake wasn't usually very expressive with words, though sometimes he would communicate through body language, his eyes, or small gestures. I could usually tell how he was feeling.

But this was the first time he had been so direct with his words.

"See you soon."

I cut the conversation short and hung up quickly, then sighed, feeling uncomfortable. I couldn't help but worry that Dr. Ake felt bad because I hadn't responded at all. It must have taken a lot of courage for him to say something like that, only to receive a simple "See you soon" in return.

"Who were you talking to? You seemed happy."

The familiar voice behind me startled me. I turned to see the View B that I thought had already left the store. Somehow, she had appeared behind me in the convenience store without me noticing.

"When did you get here?"

"Does it matter?"

"I thought you had back already."

"Are you older than me?"

The small figure pretended to look at the items on the shelf, not making eye contact but continuing to talk.

"You really remind me of my sister, May."

What's this about?

View B must be sure that it's me by now. The fact that she followed me shows that she's still interested, but beyond that, I can't guess what's going on in her mind. So, I decided to just play along for time being.

"You also remind me of my little sister. Sorry for confusing you and calling me your big sister all the time."

"It's okay. You look kind of old."

I bared my teeth in a fake snarl at the teasing comment. For a split second, I saw her suppress a smile, clearly pleased with the teasing, but she quickly covered it up as if nothing had happened.

"So, is our conversation just now a coincidence or did you plan it?"

I turned the question back on her. View B straightened up a little and shrugged.

"Probably just a coincidence. Or maybe you're following me."

"In that case, let's part ways here."

I said, interrupting the conversation and going to pay for my things. View B followed right behind me with nothing in her hands, falling in line behind me like a duckling following its mother. I looked at her and asked, even though I already knew the answer.

"Are you following me?"

"No, just walking in the same direction."

"Ah, I see. After you, then."

"..."

"Aren't you going?"

"I can stay wherever I want, can't I?"

"Feel free, then."

I finished paying, grabbed my things, and left. The little one kept following me step by step. When I walked, she walked. When I stopped, she stopped. This went on for about 500 meters until I finally hailed a taxi to see what the little one would do next.

"To XXX Mall, please."

I told the driver the destination and opened the door to get in. Without hesitation, View B opened the front passenger door and got in. I raised an eyebrow, holding back a laugh, but didn't say anything. Instead, I teased her.

"So, what's this all about, getting in the car with me? You're not going to say you can sit anywhere, are you?"

"I saw you were going to the mall, so I thought I'd hitch a ride. Same direction, saves money. Why not?"

"As long as you help pay, who would complain?"

"What a cheapskate."

As we walked together, we kept sneaking glances at each other in the rearview mirror, as if afraid that one of us might disappear in the blink of an eye. But before we could reach the mall, View B spoke.

"Make the driver pull over on the side of the road in the apartment and rental area instead of going to the mall together."

"Here's the fare. I'll pay my share."

"I thought we were going to the mall together. Why are we stopping here?"

"Well, I'll stay here."

"Stay? Here?"

I looked outside, in disbelief, because the house where View B lives is on the other side of Bangkok, the place where we grew up together.

"Yes, thank you for letting me hitch a ride with you."

View B drove away without looking back as the taxi moved slowly through the Bangkok traffic. Anxiety and curiosity made me ask the driver to stop and pay.

"It's okay. Traffic is very heavy. Thank you very much... Oh, no need for change."

The taxi pulled over to the side of the road and dropped me off not far from where View B got off. I walked back to where my little sister had gotten off and looked around, figuring she might have gotten into the apartment building where she got off. Once inside, I couldn't get to the building

because I needed a key card. The clerk, seeing me standing awkwardly, opened the office window and said.

"Who are you here to see?"

"Um..."

I hesitated for a moment before trying to ask casually.

"I'm here to see my little sister, but I'm not sure which room she's in. Can you help me find her?"

"It would be easier if you called your sister. We can't tell if she's here or not; it's a matter of resident privacy."

"Oh... okay."

I figured I wouldn't get an answer since this was about maintaining privacy. As I walked out, feeling dejected, I sit down on the stone bench in front, trying to think of what to do next. View B's little voice suddenly came from behind, as if she had been waiting for me to arrive.

"This isn't a coincidence, is it? Did you follow me?"

A mischievous smile appeared on the little girl's lips, and it made me a little irritated.

"No, I was just passing by."

"So you're saying we met by chance?"

"If you want to put it that way. Well, then it's fine."

Just as View B was about to leave, she suddenly stopped and turned to me, still silent, before clicking her tongue in annoyance.

"Why didn't you call me back?"

The change in the little girl's pronouns made me raise an eyebrow slightly before smiling slowly, trying to contain myself after being sure that I had won this round.

"Do I have to call?"

"Are you going up?"

"We just met. It's weird to invite someone to your room out of the blue."

"If you come up, we'll get to know each other. If you don't want to follow, then don't follow!"

"..."

"Hey!"

"Ha!"

I laughed happily as View B turned around, nervous that I wouldn't give up. Then I stood up and followed the little girl.

"Okay, okay. Since you want me to go up so bad, I'll go. Honestly, I've never followed someone I just met up to their room. You're the first."

"Hmm"

"Is that a tone of disbelief?"

There was no response from the little girl until we climbed the stairs to the fourth floor. View B used a key to open the door to her 25 square meter apartment, which had a private bathroom for me to admire. The room didn't have much besides a wardrobe that looked like it came with the place.

The rented room had a mattress on the floor, with a laptop on a low Japanese table next to the bed.

"When did you move here?"

"About five months ago, I think."

"And your mother let you?"

The little girl looked at me for a moment before sinking into the mattress and looking at me.

"You're really interested in my family, huh? Why? Are you secretly in love with me?"

Even though we both knew who the other was, we still pretended not to know each other. Honestly, I was getting tired of playing this game, but since View B wouldn't stop, I had to just keep going.

"I'm just curious, that's all."

"How about this: if you ask a question, you have to answer a question in return. What do you think?"

I smiled a little and sat cross-legged on the floor, facing her as she sat up a little taller, raising an eyebrow.

"Sure, go ahead."

"Who were you talking to on the phone at the convenience store?"

If it was a general family member showing concern, they would have asked something different, like "Where were you?" or "How did you manage to get out?" "Why haven't you contacted me?"

That's what most people would ask. But since View B is a girl who usually lives in a fantasy world, driven by emotion rather than reason, she was probably more curious about who I was talking to.

"A doctor."

"Was it a man or a woman?"

"It's my turn to ask now."

I cleverly changed the conversation to ask what I wanted to know.

"Why are you staying here?"

"Why can't I stay here?"

"Well, you have a house..."

"It's my turn to ask."

View B also dodged the question.

"Was the doctor a man or a woman?"

"A man... so your family doesn't care that you're living like this?"

"They may care, but there's nothing they can do about it. When one daughter is sent to die, the other daughter can't handle it and has to leave."

"What did your mother say about that?"

"Why were you laughing so happily with someone who's just a doctor? Is there anything else?"

I bit my lip, trying to contain my irritation that View B was still stuck in this.

"There's nothing else. He's a doctor who cares... maybe a little too much."

"He likes you, doesn't he?"

"What did your mother say about that?"

"She keeps crying, shocked that she lost a daughter... her heart is broken. That's the best way to describe how she feels."

I wondered how much my mother's heart was broken. Would my coming back this time do more good or harm? I couldn't tell. Maybe I shouldn't go back home to let my family know that I was still alive.

"Does he like you?"

"I think so."

"Did you two get involved?"

"How could you get involved with Lee while I was away?"

View B and I looked at each other in silence; now it was her turn to answer. The little girl bit her lip in frustration and threw a pillow at me.

"Because he's the only one who was there when my sister disappeared. He's the only anchor that kept me from sinking into the deep sea and kept me from thinking about committing suicide!"

"Are you saying you thought about suicide?"

"Because I couldn't go on living!"

View B shouted when she reached this point.

"Every day, I didn't know what I was doing when I woke up. The person I loved the most was gone, and there was no contact. What about you? If the person you love the most died, would you be able to continue living?"

"I never imagined it would be like this."

"So what do you expect? That I'll get over her death in three days and start a new life with another man?"

"That's how it should be, right?"

"Just because you saw me with Lee doesn't mean I can run up to him and introduce myself, claiming to be someone important. How can I say I expect him to do that?"

"You can date whoever you want, but not that guy. He's not a good person... at least, he liked me, and he's going to try to claim you too."

"So if it's someone else, would you be okay with that? Okay, let's see."

View B took out her phone, pressed something, and scrolled a bit. Before long, a "ding" sound came from her phone, and she turned the screen to show me.

"What about this guy? The app matched us; it says we're compatible."

"What kind of app is that?"

"It's a dating app! You said it could be anyone except Lee, so I'm going to pick this guy."

View B pretended to type as if she was chatting with someone on that app. I watched the little girl's sarcastic actions and snatched the phone from her.

"Don't do that; life is not a game."

"You said you could pretend to be dead!"

View B yelled at me, pushing me back to sit down again.

I told her everything! I said I pretended to be dead because I wanted to leave everything behind. I was willing to give up everything, even her, the one I said I loved so much!

"P'May... "

I pressed my lips together, not knowing what to say at that moment. I finally managed to say what I was thinking to help my little sister understand.

"I just thought there might be someone better suited for you than me. We shouldn't have started this in the first place. Dad is hurting, and Mom and Mike are hurting too."

"You care about someone else, but you don't care how much View is hurting. For six months, it was like I was dead, while you, on the other

hand, probably spent all your time with that doctor, right? You completely forgot about View."

"That's not true! I never loved anyone!"

"If you missed View, you should have come back. You can't just leave me like that."

The sight of my little sister crying so pitifully made me cry along with her. Not knowing what to do, I slowly crawled over to hug View and rocked back and forth as if she was in a crib. At first, she resisted a little, but soon after, she let me hold her and cried on my shoulder.

"View misses you so much. Why does your return have to hurt too? Can't you come back as the same P'May?"

"I'm still the same person."

"Prove it."

"What do you want me to do?"

"You know what you need to do."

I hugged my little sister slowly. I put my hand in the opening of her shirt. Unclasping the bra clasp in the back to undo it. We both got closer. I leaned my head towards View and brushed my nose against her cheek and traced my lips to her chin. The longing that feeling of being suppressed for more than six months filled me.

I completely forgot that my old self had died. Then the original May B woke up, as if she had been awakened only by meeting the sweet-faced person I missed. I pressed her small body to lie down on the mattress and held her chest with my hands, over her shirt, a strong touch under my palm. The hand that was playing with View B's chest went to her pants and unbuttoned them to pull them off, but View B interrupted.

"That's enough."

"What do you mean?"

I was still confused because I didn't understand the words my younger sister wanted to say. My mouth continued to brush the back of her neck to inhale the familiar scent.

"View is not in the mood."

Again...

I froze everything and immediately sit up straight. The view of the scene widened a little, and View looked at me while biting her lower lip.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"No, it's just that... I don't want to, but it's been proven that you're not dead like you said."

"View..."

"This time, try to wait a little, okay? Wait like View waited."

"..."

"View has been stuck waiting for you for six months, so trust me, this won't kill P'May."

View give me a sweet smile, but her gaze was serious, making me swallow hard several times. There was a high level of cunning in this encounter. I was sure that View was not as disinterested as she claimed, because her body's responses told me otherwise through her palms and fingertips. But it seemed that the little one was more resentful, so she was willing to torture herself to provoke me like that.

"Whatever. It's also a way to torment View's heart."

"What does P'May know?"

"What do you mean?"

"P'May doesn't have to be the one to help release these feelings. There are plenty of people ready to let me vent completely."

View Be stood up, buttoning her bra and adjusting her blouse.

"It's already quite late; P'May can come back now."

"Why are you trying to get rid of me? Do you have something to do?"

"A little. I have plans with a friend; we'll meet up soon."

"A friend from where?"

The little girl smiled at me with a mischievous smile, the way she always did when she was about to do something naughty.

"A friend from the app."

□□□□□

□39. Call Mommy□

Part of me didn't want to believe it, but I couldn't help but worry because I didn't know if View Be was serious or just being sarcastic. After being sent away, I stayed nearby, keeping an eye on the little one to see where she was going.

About ten minutes later, I saw the person who said she had plans with a friend leaving with a bag. She wasn't very dressed up before she went to call a taxi. I was worried that if I called the next one, she might not take me, so I ran back to the next alley and caught a motorcycle taxi to follow her.

Since it was rush hour, View B and I were stuck in traffic for almost an hour and a half before we finally reached our destination, which was a shopping mall near my parents' house.

For a moment, I was anxious to run into someone I knew here, but my curiosity about View B overcame that, so I decided to go into the mall. The surveillance continued relentlessly as I kept a distance of about six feet behind her so that I could see her clearly. Who did she meet? I hadn't seen anyone yet.

The phone I had silenced buzzed against my thigh, which I had tucked into the front pocket of my jeans. I answered the call without taking my eyes off my little sister to see where she was going, forgetting that I had made an appointment with someone.

"Hello?"

[I just arrived in Bangkok.]

Hearing Dr. Ake's voice on the line made me straighten up a little, as if he was right in front of me and I had to show him some respect or

consideration.

“Oh...”

[You seem to have forgotten I was coming.]

"That's not it! I was just surprised at how early you arrived."

Or to be more precise, I had forgotten he existed in the world, so his moved from Phuket to Bangkok hadn't crossed my mind. When he suddenly said he was here, it caught me a little off guard.

[It's not that early. Since we last spoke, I've already driven halfway. By the way, can you set up a location for me? I want to make sure I can meet you. I don't know the streets of Bangkok; when I was here, I only took taxis and didn't have my own car.]

"Right now, I'm at the mall. How about this? You come meet me first, and then we can go back together."

[Okay. Mei's having dinner...]

I hung up, thinking he was done talking. I hesitated for a moment, realizing I hadn't even said goodbye to him. But then again, it wasn't the time for a chat because I was too focused on following this little girl, curious about who she was meeting. Part of it could be called jealousy, but it was more about concern.

I've never trusted technology that moves so fast. Nowadays, people barely get to know each other first. When they see someone's profile picture on their timeline and think everything's fine, they just arrange to meet up. Some couples end up together for a long time, which is great, but many aren't so lucky, and that's usually the case.

As I followed her, View B picked up the phone to answer someone and started talking, looking left and right as if searching for something. I quickly hid in a corner watching to see what my sister would do next. I

watched the little girl walk down the escalator and head towards the supermarket.

Do people really go on dates in supermarkets these days? No, she might just be stopping by to buy something.

I started acting like Conan, thinking about what my sister could possibly be buying here. A toothbrush? Probably not. Shampoo? This is no time to buy trivial things on a date.

Condoms?

.

Thump, thump...

I shook my head, as if I couldn't believe what I was thinking. To be honest, sometimes I didn't like my own imagination, which often wandered too far and too far from reality. Most of these thoughts were influenced by Paint and Mei, but I didn't think they would infiltrate me so much. Maybe I should calm down and just see what View was really doing before I panicked.

"View, Mommy's here!"

The familiar voice of an older woman made me stop and quickly back away to find a hiding place. My heart skipped a beat when I heard my mother's voice after not seeing her for over six months.

"Hello, Mom."

"I thought you weren't coming."

"If it's Mom, View is already here; you know that."

View's tone wasn't as sweet and childish as it used to be, but it was clear that she was still very close to Mom. I slowly peeked around to observe their body language, and tears welled up in my eyes when I saw how much thinner my mother looked compared to before.

Mom looked older and thinner, seemingly lacking in energy, but she could still smile, even if it wasn't a full smile.

"Does this mean that if Dad or Mike were here, View wouldn't go out to see Mom?"

"Mom, don't say that again. Let's change the subject. Come on... View is going to help pick out the things for the house and then I'll going to help carry them to the car."

Then the two of them started picking out the items for the house using a shopping cart. I slowly watched Mom through the various shelves, worried and wanting to see every move. View B didn't suspect that I was secretly following them.

I felt like maybe she knew, but was just pretending not to see. But it was probably for the best, since I wasn't ready to face Mom yet. I didn't know how to introduce myself or how to explain why I had disappeared without sending any news.

Creeeeek...

My phone vibrated again. It was easy to guess who it was. I went into another aisle to talk on the phone, avoiding a possible confrontation for all of us, and answered the call. Are you here?

[Yeah, I just parked. Has Mei eaten yet?]

"Not yet. Are you hungry? You come over here and ask if I've eaten."

[You're making me shy. I drove straight here, so all I had was water.]

"So... let's meet somewhere first and have dinner, okay? Where are you now?"

I glanced over to look at Mom again and sighed. I no longer needed to worry about what View B was doing to find someone from that app, because in the end, she was with Mom. Feeling relieved, I decided to go out and make an appointment with Doctor Ake.

[I'm at the entrance to the 3rd floor, Door 3A.]

"Okay, I'll meet you."

Although leaving this time made me a little sad, I knew I wouldn't be able to accomplish anything by staying, so I walked over to Doctor Ake, which took me about 3 to 5 minutes to reach the third floor via the escalator.

I had originally intended to take the elevator, but it was too crowded. When I arrived, Doctor Ake, dressed elegantly as always, greeted me with a big smile, seeming genuinely happy to see me.

"Mei."

"It feels like we haven't seen each other for a long time, even though it's only been a day."

"Are you being sarcastic with me?"

"Did I make you think that?"

I didn't mean to be sarcastic or mock him; I was just speaking casually before bursting into an involuntary laugh.

"Oh, don't be upset. I said that because it feels like I haven't seen you in a long time. Ever since Mei got sick, I've been with you all the time, so it feels a little empty not seeing you."

"It feels like I've become a part of you."

"You're a good friend."

I changed the conversation to prevent him from going too deep and giving him too much of a head start.

"You must be really hungry. Let's get something to eat first."

"Sounds good."

Even though I had entered the restaurant, my mind was still preoccupied with thoughts of Mom and my little sister, who were probably still buying various items. Doctor Ake, noticing my distracted behavior, cleared his throat to bring me back to reality instead of just playing with my food.

"What's wrong? Is the food not to your liking?"

"Oh... it's not really to my taste. It's a little weird, you know? People who cook for others don't eat what they prepare themselves."

I put down my knife and fork and rested my chin on my hand, looking at the person in front of me.

"It must be similar to you, right? When you're sick, having someone else take care of you must be pretty weird."

"Actually, I don't get sick very often."

"But you're not a robot; you have to get sick sometimes."

"True. My immune system dropped a bit due to lack of sleep, and I caught the flu for a while."

The doctor, who took good care of your health, even down to your food choices.

"The food still needs to be balanced in all five food groups."

He laughed shyly.

"But I know I should take care of myself and know what medications to take, roughly."

"But in the end, a doctor can't treat themselves. If something serious happens, they have to consult another doctor."

"Okay, I can admit that."

The handsome man held up his hands in surrender, like someone who couldn't win an argument, or maybe he was just admitting that I was right. He often ended conversations by making me feel justified, even though some of his thoughts might have been correct.

"So if you have a reason, go ahead and argue."

"But I won't argue about it. You're right. If I get sick, I'll end up seeing a doctor, and that's really weird."

"Yes, it's really weird that someone like you, who takes care of yourself, can be so messy with food, getting it all over your mouth."

I grabbed a tissue and reached out to wipe it for him, smiling fondly.

"Are you a kid or something?"

"I'm just pretending to make a mess so you'll clean it up for me."

I paused for a moment, feeling a little shy. Although I'm not easily swayed by simple things, especially such obvious antics, it was different with him.

He, who never dared to be too direct with me despite having the chance, was always polite and well-mannered. Today, he was acting like a man genuinely trying to get closer to me.

"Not seeing each other for just one day makes things worse, doesn't it?"

Thud!

Just as I was about to pull my hand away, someone grabbed my wrist and squeezed it tightly. When I turned to look, I see that it's my mother standing at the head of the table, staring at me in disbelief.

"May... May B."

"Ma..."

I managed to make a sound, but nothing came out of my throat because I was too shocked. The mix of surprise and the overwhelming emotion of seeing my mother with tears streaming down her face left me sitting there speechless. The doctor, who had been talking to me, turned to my mother and greeted her politely.

"Hello, ma'am. Do you know Mei?"

"Mei? No, this is May B, my daughter... it's really you!"

My mother didn't wait for me to say anything; she run over and hugging me tightly, as if she's afraid that I might disappear into thin air if she let go.

The people in the restaurant were staring at us in surprise, not understanding what was happening. The mixture of pity for my mother and deep longing made me choke back tears as I prepared to hug her in return, but before I could, View B's voice interrupted.

"Mom, don't make her uncomfortable. She's not your daughter."

My little sister's voice made me stop just as I was about to hug her back, and I looked into View B's eyes, curious about what she would do next.

"Why not? This is May, right? Don't you remember her, View?"

"If she really is your daughter, she must remember Mom. Did Mom hear her say 'Mom'?"

"H-Huh?"

My mother pulled away from me, holding my face with both hands and looking intently.

"This is definitely May."

"May is dead. Mom, just accept it."

"Can't you see that this is May B!"

Mom yelled at her favorite daughter like she had never done before, then turned to me, asking,

"Isn't that right, honey? You're May, right?"

Mom...

"Just answer me. Are you May or not?"

"If she is your daughter, she should have called you 'mommy' from the first moment you met... right?"

View B smiled mischievously at me, as if testing my resolve.

"So, what do you say? Are you May or not?"

"..."

"If you are, then just call her 'mommy' and that's it."

□□□□□

□40. Receiver□

Now, all the pressure is crashing down on me like a huge wave, ready to take me far, far away. Sometimes, I wish this wave would drown me, and I would never have to resurface again, if that were possible at this moment.

My mind is blank.

I miss my mother, I really do, but if I could go back to being the same daughter, everything would go back to normal. I would have to go back to doing things behind my parents' backs.

My family won't let us be together. My father will turn into a monster again, pushing me away. This time, it might not be a plane crash, but it might be me jumping off a tall building because I can't take the pressure anymore.

Just as I was about to call my mother, Dr. Ake, who was sitting in front of me, reached out and grabbed her wrist. Then, he spoke in his usual soft and polite tone.

"Excuse me, I think you might be misunderstanding something."

He said gently but firmly, feeling how tightly my mother was holding my wrist.

"This is Mei, my girlfriend."

.

Thud...

Thud, thud...

.

The introduction and new status coming from the young doctor's mouth made my mother shake her head in disbelief.

"She's not Mei. This is May B, my daughter."

"How about this?"

Dr. Ake took a business card out of his wallet and handed it to my mother as a form of negotiation.

"If you have any questions, you can call me directly. Mei is currently not feeling well. She was injured in a serious accident and is still recovering."

"What accident?"

My mother was immediately interested, but Dr. Ake continued to smile calmly.

"I'll tell you all the details, but can I ask you to calm down and contact me later? Mei is already very shaken up, and I'm afraid that if she gets any more scared, she won't remember anything."

"B...but..."

"Please..."

Her politeness and the reasons that somehow supported my mother's hopes made her finally let go of my hand, although she didn't take her eyes off me. There was longing, protection, and concern in her gaze, and I couldn't bring myself to meet her eyes.

"Go rest for now, Mom. I'll take care of everything."

"No,"

Mom shook her head and speak clearly before putting away the business card.

"I'll take care of it myself. Everyone is trying to take care of things, and no one has getting anywhere."

She finally left with Viw B, while I sit still, unable to move. Dr. Ake was the one who came to my rescue in that climactic moment when I couldn't make a decision.

"Let's go home, Mei. I can't eat anything right now."

"Okay, let's stop at a convenience store and grab something simple to eat in the car."

.

.

He was still the same, always giving me my personal space, never pressuring me for answers if I wasn't ready. The whole time we were in the car, until we stopped at a roadside convenience store to get something to eat, I sit there staring at the sausage in my hand, unsure of what to do next.

"Go ahead, you've been staring at it for a while."

"Huh?"

I looked at Dr. Ake, a little startled, as it seemed like he was reading my thoughts. I was wondering what I should do next.

"It seems like you're still in shock."

"You never ask me anything."

"I'm pressuring you to tell me yourself."

"..."

"Is it working?"

"You're so sneaky."

I managed to laugh a little after the long silence before sighing.

"Okay, I'll tell you."

"Do you really think she's your mother?"

He didn't ask "Do you remember?" but rather "Do you think?", as if he was trying to avoid some truth, afraid that I might remember something and bring it all back.

"She's my mother."

"..."

"Since I returned to Bangkok, I've learned a lot about myself."

"But you're still not ready to really face your family, right?"

"That's right."

"Why?"

A simple question, but the answer was so difficult. I stayed silent, unable to find a good reason why I didn't want to return to my family so much. Until Dr. Ake reached out, took the notebook he brought and handed it to me.

"Here."

"What is it?"

"In case you need it. I remember you left an unfinished piece of work."

I immediately turned to face him, surprised. He must have suspected something about the content of the novel I was writing, which is why he handed me the notebook and brought it over.

"That's impressive. You remembered, and you went to the trouble of bringing it."

"I thought it was important to you. By the way, how many siblings do you have?"

Dr. Ake paused for a moment.

"Since you mentioned that you've learned a few things since you came back, I'm curious about your family. Who's in it? How many are there?"

"Well, there's my father, my mother, my younger sister, and my younger brother... they're twins. I'm the oldest.

"And your name is May B."

I nodded.

"Yes."

"That's fine."

He chuckled lightly, accepting it easily, but I didn't laugh along. His casual attitude made me ask directly.

"Why is Dr. Ake still so calm about all this? Things have gotten so serious. Besides, if you wanted to investigate more about Mei, it wouldn't be hard at all. You're just pretending not to know, aren't you? In fact... you do know something, don't you?"

Dr. Ake looked into my eyes, holding my gaze for a long moment before nodding.

"Yes, I know your real name isn't Mei, but I don't know what to call you."

"Why did you do that?"

"I was afraid that if I pushed you too hard, you'd disappear. You must have your reasons for doing things this way, and also... I'm afraid that you'll go back to living your life the way you used to, without thinking about having me in it."

He didn't underestimate me or disregard my feelings. He thought long and hard and let everything unfold as I needed it to, as long as I remained in his life.

"Now that you know, what will you do next?"

"I won't do anything."

"..."

"I want you to be the one to decide everything. If my kindness can win your heart, I'll consider it a gain."

"You're lost, though. The truth is... you care for Mei, but you never get anything in return."

"Being with you is enough for me, even if it's not in a romantic way."

I almost reached out to hold his hand, but I was afraid he might misinterpret my gesture and get his hopes up. So I sit there, tears welling up in my eyes of gratitude before I wiped them away and changed the subject.

"Why do you say that? By the way, how many days is Dr. Eke off?"

"Three days."

"Okay, so for these three days, Mei, no, I mean, I'll give you my full attention."

"Does that mean you won't come back with me?"

At this point, he was still smiling without showing any emotion. I couldn't help but reach out and gently place my hand in his, as a way of apologizing and thanking him at the same time.

"Please give me some time. When everything is sorted out, I'll let you know."

"Let me know about what?"

"Anything you want to know."

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Dr. Ake drove me back to my place with Paint, and then he went back to the hotel he had booked through the app. Before he left, I reminded him to call me when he got to his room to make sure he was safe.

However, just as I was about to enter my place, View B's voice sounded behind me, as if she had been waiting here for a while.

"Is he your boyfriend?"

I wasn't too surprised by my curious little sister showing up like this; she's always been curious about my life ever since we were kids.

Back then, she wasn't as bold as she is now, knowing that I had feelings for someone.

"It's really late. Aren't you going back to your room?"

"Did you find a boyfriend after six months away? If that's the case, you might as well stay dead!"

Her sarcastic tone made me go quiet as I narrowed my eyes at her fiercely. View B, who afraid of me, began to waver when she sees me looking at her with the intensity of an older sister, but she still tried to stand her ground.

"While I was stuck in my situation, you went out and got a boyfriend. Aren't you worried that I'd get mad?"

"Well, while I was away, you made friends on the app, didn't you? But it seems like those friends are a bit older."

"That's how it is! I like older people who feel like family!"

"I really don't want to argue with you, View. Just go back for now. I'm tired of all the surprises that keep coming."

"Do you think you're the only one who's surprised? Your return has shocked everyone, some are happy, some are sad, and some are angry. Mommy is probably up all night, not knowing what to do just because you didn't call her 'mommy'."

"So what do you want me to do?"

I reached out and squeezed my sister's arm, losing my patience.

"I miss Mommy too, but if I go back to being her daughter, we'll fall into the same cycle again. Can we deal with this?"

"Mommy will have to deal with this."

"Of all people, I don't want to hurt her anymore."

"But we've already done this! We can't run away anymore, P'May!"

View B's voice rose, and her words hit me hard, almost knocking me over.

"Do you think this endless race is good for everyone? The fact that we love each other has already broken our family's hearts. If we're honest with everyone about our love, it can't get any worse than this."

"But..."

"Can't you be a little braver, P'May? You used to be the strong May who was decisive and didn't care about anyone's opinion. You dropped out of medical school despite our Dad's disapproval. Why do you have to be such a coward now when it comes to telling our family that we love each other?"

"It's more than just crushing our parents' hearts, View. We love each other and we're happy, but our happiness is trampling on Mom and Dad's hearts."

"What about our grief over this loss? Does that mean Mom and Dad can just build new hearts? If we break them, we have to help restore their hearts. May's death didn't help at all; you just have to come back!"

"..."

"When you left, a part of them died too... and now your return is like reviving their hearts again. Please... don't let their will to live disappear once again."

View B, who was initially full of pride, ran into my arms and cried.

"View can give up on May. View isn't being sarcastic anymore. Please go back to the way you were before. Whatever P'May wants View to do, I will do."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

I shivered and pulled away from the little girl who was begging for love and another chance before using both hands to support her face and make eye contact.

"..."

"So how can I fall in love with someone else?"

Our lips met immediately, but this time it wasn't rushed. There was no sarcasm like the first time when we were in the little room. I pulled away and looked around cautiously before grabbing View's hand tightly.

"Be quiet."

"Yes"

The little one giggled, covering her mouth like a child who just got a lollipop. After she finished crying, I slowly took the key to unlock the house door that was locked from the inside and sneaked in without Paint, who was working in the room, noticing.

"This way."

We both ran to my room and quickly closed the door, locking it securely. From the beginning, we were in no rush to kiss, now it seemed like a storm was happening. View B jumped and hugged me as I leaned my body against the door, shaking everything I could, including our clothes.

Our clothes were getting less and less. Before I knew it, I was pushed down on the bed, my back pressed against the mattress, while View B knelt beside me, lifting my legs.

"Wait a minute..."

"No! I've decided that if I see you again, what I'm going to do is devour you whole, P'May."

"W-why?"

I gasped when I felt the little girl's lips touch between my legs.

"Ah... View..."

"I kept thinking about why I never did anything good for you when we were together. I just kept getting spoiled...."

The little girl said this as she continued to act, making me cover my mouth with my hands.

"This time, I'll be the one to feed you with love."

"But..."

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Knock, knock, knock.

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The sound of someone knocking on the door made me stop everything in shock.

"Hey, May, are you back? Why are you so quiet? Is something wrong?"

View B looked at me for a moment and smiled happily before bending down to use her tongue... I couldn't do anything but endure, almost screaming, but I had to answer my friend outside.

"No... huff... I'm fine..."

"What? Are you or aren't you?"

"It's nothing! Ah!"

Now, my legs are shaking because View B is starting to enjoy torturing me. With a myriad of flashy tricks that I don't know where she got from, I can barely drag myself away, but I still don't want to leave because I haven't reached my destination.

"If it's nothing. Why is your voice like that? "

"I said it's nothing. You can go back now."

"I'm worried about you. Open the door! I want to know what you're doing."

"Can't you mind your own business?"

I'm really getting mad because my friend keeps butting in and won't stop. But the more I try to stop her, the more she seems to provoke me, making Paint genuinely curious.

"Don't tell me you're using a cucumber from the fridge for something naughty! That cucumber is mine!"

"Someone like me doesn't need a cucumber."

"So what are you using?"

"Get out of here!"

"If you answer me, I'm leaving. What are you using?"

"..."

"Quick!"

"She is using View. Hello, P'Paint!"

View pulled away from my legs and shouted back. The voice from outside went silent and disappeared, as if it was feeling shy or maybe deciding to be polite. I raised my hand to cover my face, I was too embarrassed to do anything while View B laughed, amused.

“That’s enough. P’Paint is so curious!

"Why are you like this?"

I stand up and pressed View B’s face against my body, rubbing my hips against her without caring about modesty. But my body’s desire was greater, and I closed my eyes, biting my lip hard.

"Get it over with. Stop talking; you’re interrupting."

"I know you must like it."

As soon as she finished speaking, View B started doing everything she had learned, and I had to let myself fall again. Maybe this return would be better. This time, I was no longer the one giving in.

Now I was the one ‘receiving’ for a change.

View B stopped talking and did everything I wanted. My hips pressed against the sweet-faced girl's lips and, to give me even more pleasure, View B slowly slid her fingers inside my body, thrusting in time with the tortured sounds I craved. The overwhelming desire took me to my destination quickly. I pulled View B on top of me and turned her over on the mattress, tearing her clothes off. I looked at that body with desire and kissed it as if I were starving.

View B's soft moans drove me crazy.

The sweet-faced girl, wanting it so much, begged like someone who had lost all dignity.

"Cum for me."

I did as she said and smiled.

"Just tell me what you want, okay?"

"I like everything you do, P'May... a little to the left, please."

Even though she said she liked everything, she couldn't help but give a few commands.

"And do it fast. I want to finish fast."

"If we finish fast, it'll be over fast."

"I'm telling you that if we don't do it soon, we won't finish."

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They say not to make decisions when you're really angry, really happy, or after having sex because it can lead to impulsive decisions that you didn't think through carefully.

I don't know if that's true, but after playing with the little one and taking a break, we were both exhausted and just lying on our backs, staring at the ceiling, with only a thin blanket over our naked bodies, completely unconscious.

"Tomorrow, take me to our house, okay?"

View B, who seemed to be dozing off, nodded dazedly before regaining her composure and jumping up to look at me.

"What did you say?"

"I told you to take me home,"

I said, looking at my little sister, who looked shocked as if she couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"Why are you so surprised? Don't you want me to go back and see Mom and Dad?"

"Is that what you want, P'May? I thought you didn't want to see anyone in the family anymore."

"Well, I'll have to see Mom sooner or later. I can't hide it for much longer. Seeing Mom's heart break really hurts me."

"So how are you going to explain what happened? Where were you? What were you doing? And that guy..."

When View B mentioned him, she bit her lip in frustration.

"Damn, I'm jealous!"

"I understand because I'm also jealous that you're still hanging out with Lee. But still, he's been nice to me; he's a good friend. It's not the same, so stop bothering Lee."

"Same."

"Same what?"

"He's a guy and he likes you, and Lee is a guy and he likes me."

View B pouted slightly, as if she didn't want to admit it.

"Even if he liked you in the past, you have such a strong charm. Wherever you go, there are always people who are in love with you."

"Well, I can't help it. I'm really pretty."

"Hmm"

"Hey, don't you think I'm pretty in View B's eyes?"

"That's annoying. You could be a little more modest. I don't know, P'May, but you have to stop messing with this guy. Just tell him that you have a girlfriend now."

"Where am I going to find a girlfriend to tell him?"

View B looked at me with a piercing gaze.

"If you break up with this guy, I'll stop trying to hook up with Lee."

"Are you seriously using the term 'trying to hook up'? What have you been doing while I was away? You don't feel bad about my absence, do you?"

"I wasn't doing anything before, but now that you're back, I'm seriously thinking about trying to hook up with someone. Someone like you doesn't know the value of what you're about to lose right in front of you, so choose whether you want to stop messing with this guy nicely or if you want me to make a fool of myself."

Lately, that little girl has become quite the negotiator, and I'm worried that View B might actually do what she said, because I've seen her mimic my bad behavior almost perfectly.

I sighed a little and raised my hands in surrender.

"Fine. I'll tell him I have a girlfriend."

View B smiled brightly, satisfied, then climbed on top of me and started sniffing like someone who loves scents.

"Great! Also, tell him how cute your girlfriend is, how well she knows you, and that this person is actually View."

"Okay, I'll describe everything about View. And View, you have to..."

"I'll tell Lee that there's nothing between us anymore. Thank you for always supporting me, but my girlfriend doesn't like me hanging out with you."

I smiled at her determination, but then she quickly took on a dejected expression as she continued,

"Honestly, I went back to work with him to earn money for rent. Just because you came back, I gave up everything, huh?"

"Are you really working with him?"

"Well, I started working when I was 25, and without any experience, no one would hire me."

"What about writing novels?"

"The person who sent me the plot simply disappeared, and I'm not very good at writing, so it didn't make any money."

"From now on, I'll be diligent."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll send you plots like before. This time, you'll have money to spend."

"Are you admitting that you're the one who sends the plots?"

View B looked at me, her face scared.

"Acting like you didn't know."

"But P'May never admitted it directly."

"There are too many things to hesitate about. I just want to silently support you. And besides... the plot suggests certain things."

"Are you talking about the fact that we're not sisters?"

"..."

"I went to get a DNA test because of that plot. I discovered a secret and then learned another secret. It's strange how the world works, isn't it?"

View B jumped into my arms for a hug.

"But I'm glad we're not sisters. It allows us to love each other so much."

"Let's say we really were sisters. What then?"

"I would still love you, P'May."

"What about family?"

"But I choose my family."

I smiled at the sweet-faced girl's thoughts and hugged her back.

"Thank you for thinking so, my little sister... you've grown up well and I'm proud of you."

I fell asleep, thinking about tomorrow.

"Tomorrow, I'm going home."

"Really? Are you ready to face everyone?"

"Let's just say that tomorrow, you have a duty to fulfill when we meet mommy and daddy. Just... stay by my side, okay?"

"What are you going to do?"

View B pulled away from me and looked at me curiously.

"And what is this duty that I have to fulfill?"

"Your duty is to introduce me to mommy and daddy, so that they know who I am and what I mean to View B."

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□41.The Final Curve...But Not the Last□

View B stayed with me for one night, and we agreed that today we would both go home to meet the family together. But before that moment came, I wanted to clear things up with Doctor Ake first. View B had similar thoughts; she would talk to Lee today to sort things out as well.

"Let's meet at home at exactly 7:00 PM."

"Okay. If anything happens, call me to keep me updated."

"You won't abandon me, right?"

"Do you see me as that kind of person?"

"You're the one who's afraid of Mommy and Daddy."

Hearing that made me frown a little, so I reached out and patted the little troublemaker on the head, waving her off.

"Go take care of your business."

"From now on, all you need to think about is me."

"I've had you for a long time."

We smiled at each other for a moment before hugging each other tightly, as if we missed each other very much.

Even though we had been playful and affectionate all night, it didn't even begin to make up for the six months we had lost. Only now did I realize the

value of time. Time that has passed cannot be brought back.

Six months without her is something I can't get back either. But right now, I will cherish every second that we can be together, even if it means weathering the storm of a family that completely disapproves.

"Be careful with your words. This conversation with Lee could get View fired again. You have to support me, okay?"

"I own a restaurant, you know? I'm rich."

View laughing out loud, full of joy, before jumping into my arms for another hug and leaving the house.

I stood there, smiling happily at my little sister until I heard Paint cough, which reminded me that I still had a roommate in this shared house.

"Don't tease me."

I turned to warn her, knowing full well that Paint's mouth had no filter. Paint pouted slightly, looking annoyed, and shrugged.

"Can you really stop me from talking?"

"I can't stop you, but I'll try."

"So, it seems like we're back to the good old days. Have you decided what to do next?"

"Yeah, I feel like playing someone else's role is a bit much."

"No way, it's quite a lot. This is real life, not a scenario where there are twins that turn into one or two. It's good that you realized that; don't make life more complicated than it needs to be. Do you see how happy everyone is to have you back?"

Paint was referring to View B, who was laughing happily as she left. I nodded slightly, though I didn't completely agree with the rest.

"Not everyone is happy about my return."

"Don't jump to conclusions. It might not be as you think."

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Because today, I had decided to go back to living my life as "May B". So, the first person I needed to clear all my feelings with was Doctor Ake, who had been so helpful to me from the beginning.

"Doctor Ake, today I'm going to introduce you to my family, but before we get to that, we should talk first."

I arranged for him to meet me at my restaurant. Doctor Ake didn't look surprised at all, which made me raise an eyebrow. The fact that I referred to myself as "May B" even made him smile.

"That's great. Finally, you remembered."

"Today, I have a lot to confess to you. Some things may be acceptable, and some may make you angry, but I'm not going to blame you or get mad at you. I just want to be honest with you."

"Right."

He was very quiet, which made me uncomfortable. If he seemed stressed or showed a hint of anger, I would feel more at ease. But then again, he's always been good at controlling his emotions and never showed his feelings to anyone. Even I, who prided myself on reading people well, couldn't figure out what he was thinking.

"Actually, I remembered everything from the first day I woke up."

"Right."

"Aren't you surprised?"

"Actually, I thought I already had a good idea."

Doctor Ake lifted his coffee cup to drink and smiled slightly, like a polite person.

"If you really couldn't remember anything, that would seem like a long time. Usually, memories come back gradually. Amnesia like in dramas doesn't really happen."

"Then why didn't you say anything?"

"I didn't want you to feel too pressured. When you were ready to tell me, you would. And that time has come."

I smiled at him, feeling deeply grateful that he was ready to understand everything. I remained silent, as I still didn't know what to say, waiting for him to ask me about what he was curious about.

"By the way, what made you decide to tell me now?"

He asked.

"I'm going to go back and live my own life. I've kept the people who care about me waiting for too long."

I replied, referring to View B and my mother, who cried nonstop when they saw me.

"Even though this return may cause a lot of pain for many people."

And I meant my father... I wasn't so sure he would be as pleased as everyone thought. But still, no matter what happened, I was ready to accept it. There was no more reason to torture my feelings and those of View B

"Okay. I respect your decision. But that's not the only thing you plan to tell me, is it?"

"..."

"Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

Doctor Ake looked at me with a glint in his eyes, as if he already knew something beforehand but was just waiting for me to confirm it. I continued to twirl the coffee cup in my hands hesitantly and then nodded decisively.

"I already have a partner, and today I'm going to introduce him to you."

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Clearing things up with Doctor Ake was surprisingly easy, so much so that I didn't trust him much. If he were a character in a novel, he would be the most annoying and suspicious character because I had no idea what he was really thinking.

Now, time had passed and it was close to the time for the meeting at home. I arrived early and let the doctor, who was serving as my driver, park for about ten minutes.

"Aren't you going to get in?"

He asked.

"I'm still not sure... I think it's better to wait for my sister first."

Now, I still felt a sense of dread. Facing my family this time was scarier than when the plane was crashing. I didn't know how the people in the house would react to seeing me. At first, my mother might have prepared herself to accept that I wasn't May B, but today, if I announced that I was her daughter, she would probably be shocked repeatedly.

This made me hesitant to make any bold moves until I could contact View B.

As for View B, after I tried to text and call her, she didn't respond at all. I wasn't sure how well things were going with her side of the story. I felt a little anxious and had a bad premonition. But the fear I felt at that moment drowned out my instincts and sixth sense completely.

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Knock, knock

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The sound of knocking on the window startled me. Doctor Ake rolled down the window and discovered that it was Mike B. I was a little surprised, just as my younger brother was equally shocked.

"Is that really you, P'May?"

"Mike!"

"It's really you!"

Doctor Ake looked at my younger brother with a scrutinizing gaze before smiling warmly at him.

"So, this is May's little brother, huh?"

"

Yeah... Mike, can I park the car inside?"

"..."

"May I?"

When asked again, Mike, still in shock, nodded vigorously and quickly ran to open the front door of the house. Although his face was pale and colorless, I could see the excitement on it and could feel his joy at seeing me again.

After Doctor Ake finished parking the car in the garage, I walked out, and before I could prepare myself, my younger brother rushed over to hug me tightly, causing me to stumble back against the car. His tight embrace made me feel uncomfortable and happy at the same time, so I reached out to gently pat my younger brother on the back.

"How are you? It's been a while."

"I didn't think I'd hug you again. I'm so happy to see you!"

The last time we saw each other, it seemed like we weren't getting along very well, so I was surprised to see how much Mike B missed me.

"I thought you'd be sad to see me back."

"No, I'm happy to see you again. That day, you were the one standing at the front door, right?"

"Yes, it was me."

"Ever since that day, I haven't been able to sleep. I didn't know if I missed you so much that I started hallucinating or if I felt guilty for arguing with you before you left. I kept wondering why I had to fight with you and why the plane that crashed had to be the one you were on. I... I..."

"Let's just say I'm back now. Don't cry. You've grown up."

"Hello."

Doctor Ake, who was standing next to me, greeted me politely, but his tone seemed to indicate that he wanted Mike B to know that he wasn't alone with me. Doctor Ake's gaze seemed a little stern when he looked at my younger brother, but it quickly returned to its usual polite demeanor.

"Hello,"

Mike B pulled away from me and straightened his clothes, wiping away the tears that had fallen from his embarrassment at showing weakness.

"Sorry; I got carried away. Let's go into the house. I'll close the door first. Mommy will be so happy to see you, P'May."

"And Daddy?"

"Daddy's here too."

"I mean, will Daddy be happy to see me?"

"Of course, Daddy will be happy, and so will I!"

Mike B hurried back to close the door, while Doctor Ake and I entered the house as instructed by my younger brother. Inside, every piece of furniture was still arranged as always. Nothing had been moved, no matter how much time had passed.

I invited the young doctor to sit on the vintage floral-patterned guest sofa with a wicker base. My mother said it would make the house sweeter, and it felt like this sofa had been there almost as long as I had.

"Who is it, Mike...?"

My mother's voice came from the kitchen as she came out to look. When she sees me, her mouth fell open in disbelief.

"You...!"

"It's me, Mom."

When I called her that, she raised her hand to cover her mouth in disbelief. Just before that, she had apparently accepted the fact that the person she met at the mall that day was not her daughter.

But today, suddenly calling her 'Mom' like that must be hard to believe or seem like a dream.

"Is it really you, May? You said..."

"That day, I hadn't said anything yet."

I smiled at my mother and went in to hug her.

"I'm sorry for not being nice that day. I should have called you 'Mom' from the beginning. Otherwise, you wouldn't have suffered like this."

My mother slowly reached out to hug me, her body trembling. When she was sure that I was really there, she held on tightly without any sign of wanting to let go.

"It's really you. May is back!"

"Yes, I'm back."

"How is that possible? The May I thought had died came back to find me... And where were you all this time? Why did you just come back out of nowhere?"

"It's a long story, and I'll tell you everything little by little."

I paused for a moment as I looked over my mother's shoulder and see my father, who was being pushed in a wheelchair. He looked as stunned as Mike had when he see me. I stood there, not knowing how to react, happy to see my father, but also sad to see him.

"Dad."

I speak simply as my father remained silent. My mother turned away from me and turned to the elderly man behind her, quickly relaying the news with excitement.

"May is back! Talk to her! This is our real daughter!"

"May B... it's really you."

My father reached out, hoping to touch me, but I acted like I didn't see him because his words from that day echoed in my head, causing me pain.

"If you died."

"Yes, it's really me. Today, I brought a friend home... This is Dr. Ake, the one who helped me after the plane crash. If it weren't for him, I would be in trouble."

We all gathered in the living room, and as we talked, I kept looking at my phone because at this point, View B still hadn't contacted me, and it made me uncomfortable. Mike B, noticing my concern, asked curiously:

"Is something wrong, P'May?"

"It's View... I had arranged for her to meet here at seven, but she hasn't arrived yet."

As soon as I mentioned "View B", my father and Mike exchanged knowing glances about our relationship. I wasn't sure how much my mother knew about it, since only she and Dr. Ake seemed unaffected by the awkward tension in the room.

"Let me try calling her first. You guys can keep talking."

My mother said as she picked up the phone and dialed. Dr. Ake, who had been watching Mike B for a while, politely asked:

"Is Mike B the youngest son?"

"Yes, I am."

"Do you have a girlfriend yet?"

His direct question took me by surprise, and I looked at him in mild astonishment because normally, the handsome doctor isn't the one to ask such probing questions. But with Mike B, he asked without giving him a chance to prepare himself.

"Not yet."

"What kind of girls do you like?"

"Well... I'm not sure."

Mike B said, blushing a little.

"Maybe someone like P'May, strong, determined, and firm in her beliefs. She never hesitates to do what she thinks is right."

"You and Mai... no, I mean May B, aren't biological sisters, are you?"

Although this was no longer a family secret, I had never told anyone except Paint. Mike B frowned slightly, not fully understanding the question.

"You must be the character in the story Mei wrote. You are her love."

And I immediately understood Dr. Ake's intention. He must have read my novel through my laptop and was thinking that the person I would introduce today was definitely Mike be. The story I wrote has about 80% real-life elements, including family problems and running away from my family. But he was a little mistaken; my lover...

Isn't a man.

"View!!!"

My mother's scream made all of us, who were deep in conversation, turn to look. Mike B quickly snatched the phone from her hand, noticing her pale face, and listened to what was happening on the other end of the line.

"Mom, what's wrong? I didn't hear anything."

I heard... View screaming on the phone. I don't know what's going on, but something definitely happened. What should we do?

Then the call disconnected. What started as a family meeting turned into something new with my sister's call ending abruptly.

"Call the police," my father, the most composed among us, said in a hoarse voice.

"Why are you all standing there? Call the police! Oh no!"

Then my father put his hand to his chest in pain. Dr. Ake, who had regained his composure the quickest, rushed to my father's wheelchair, checking his condition and answering professionally.

"Your father is having a heart attack. I think we should take him to the hospital immediately."

"What about View?"

My mother screamed, unable to handle the situation. Mike answered on her behalf, as he seemed to have come up with a plan.

"I have View's Find My iPhone. Let's check the map to see what's going on. Here's the plan: Mom, you go to the hospital with Dad and Dr. Ake. In the meantime, Mike and I will go find View. In the meantime, we will also report to the police."

"But May..."

"Mom needs to take care of Dad first. Going won't help at all now."

I said firmly, like the eldest daughter. Hearing this, Mom nodded in understanding and squeezed my hand tightly.

"Take care of View. If anything happens, call me... and don't disappear again."

"Mom..."

"No matter what happens, you mustn't disappear again!"

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Dr. Ake and Mom took Dad to the nearest hospital, while Mike and I went our separate ways to find View according to the iPhone's location.

Luckily, it wasn't far. The place where View was looked like a car wash, which I guessed belonged to Lee, who had mentioned earlier that he owned a business and had hired my sister to work there.

As I got closer and see the flashing red and blue lights of the rescue vehicles and ambulances, my anxiety grew.

When Mike parked the car, I immediately run to see the scene, praying that my worst fears weren't true.

"Is anyone hurt?"

"I..."

Lee's shaky voice made me turn to him in shock.

"Why are you crying? Where's my sister?"

"I'm a doctor!"

Mike immediately identified himself before running to check on the person on the stretcher. I couldn't bear to see who it was, so I lunged at Lee first.

"What happened?"

"I didn't mean to... I..."

"What did you do?"

I grabbed Lee's shirt collar, holding him tightly.

"I'm asking you, what did you do?"

"I hit her with my car. I didn't mean to... I was just angry and wanted to leave, but..."

"So you just ran her over?"

"I thought she would get out of the way!"

"You bastard!"

□□□□□

□42. Confession□

I slapped Lee across the face before running to the stretcher, feeling like my heart was about to break. But as soon as I pulled the blanket away, it was the body of an aunt, about 45 years old, lying on the stretcher, moaning in pain, with her neck in a cast.

"This isn't View. Where's View?"

"I am here."

View B's clear voice come from the side of the car, shocking me and Mike B because she had been crying and making a big fuss before.

"Wasn't View hit by the car?"

"Actually, it should have been View who was hit by the car, but since her legs are short, she couldn't run fast enough. Lee's aunt, seeing us arguing, ran to block the car. But Lee couldn't brake in time, so she was hit and thrown off. And, well, here we are."

"So why did you cover her face?"

"Auntie asked... I asked to cover my face."

The auntie on the bed tried to answer in a weak voice.

"I didn't have any makeup on. My pores are huge. I was embarrassed."

I opened my mouth, speechless, then looked at Lee, who I had slapped earlier, feeling guilty, but I still had other questions.

"What about the scream on the phone?"

"View screamed in shock."

"Then why didn't you answer when I called? The phone suddenly hung up."

"The phone fell into a drain. Luckily, there was no water in it. I had to call the rescue team to help retrieve it... hehe."

I rushed to hug View B tightly, my heart almost breaking. I carefully examined her small body to make sure she was okay, then hugged her again before bursting into tears.

"Sob."

"Why are you crying, P'May?"

"I thought you were the one lying there. What would I do if something happened to you? How could I live without you?"

The little girl hugged me back and gently rubbed my back, understanding how I felt because she had been through it herself. For a moment, as I imagined View B in an accident, I thought about how much pain she would be in. And if she didn't wake up or recover, I couldn't bear to think about what my world would be like.

"Now you understand, right? How I feel when you're not around, P'May?"

"I understand, I really do. I'm sorry."

"So from now on, don't disappear again, okay?"

"I won't disappear, my dear. I'm not going anywhere."

"That's great."

As we hugged, the rescue team carried the injured person to the ambulance and slowly left, one by one. Now, it was just me, View B, Mike B, and Lee, who watched us hug with an expression that was hard to read.

"May B is the one? The family member View told me about?"

Lee's voice broke the silence. Suddenly, I realized we weren't alone and we were about to walk away, but View B grabbed me, wrapping her arms around my waist as if to make a statement.

"Yes, P'May is the one. The one I said no one could replace."

"But she's your sister."

"Come on," Mike B interrupted, not wanting to say much more. But as he turned to leave, Lee, still confused and seemingly unable to accept the situation, shouted.

"Can you accept this?!"

Lee looked at my brother in disbelief.

"When View B told me he already had someone she loved and that it was a love no one would approve of because it was with a family member, I thought it was you. But this... this is beyond anything I could have imagined. And you're acting like everything's okay? This is crazy... everyone's gone crazy!"

"..."

"You're all sick! How can siblings love each other? This is family!"

"We're not real siblings, all of us."

My younger brother revealed in a tired tone.

It's not exactly right, but it's not completely wrong either. Just accept it. I've accepted it myself.

"Mike..."

I looked at my younger brother, tears welling up in my eyes as I listened to his words. Mike B gave me a small, resigned smile.

"What can I do? I love you, P'May, too much to lose you. Since it's not a big deal, we're not really siblings. Whatever you and View want to do, go ahead. Just please don't disappear again."

"..."

"Don't leave me again. That's what I really can't accept and never will. Thank you for coming back and giving me a chance to make up for my past mistakes."

I pulled away from View B and went to hug my younger brother, holding him tightly. The strength of my hug matched the weight of my gratitude, and made me realize how much this return meant. At the very least, I was able to return to a broken View B and help her rebuild herself.

I was reunited with my brother, who felt guilty for my disappearance, and now he was trying to make amends while accepting the feelings between View B and me. Even though he wasn't fully able to accept it yet, he knew he had to let things go.

View B walked over and hugged me, feeling emotional, and we all laughed together, momentarily forgetting that someone was nearby, furious about the situation.

"You all really lost it! Why do I have to deal with you?!"

Lee, full of frustration, stomped back to the car wash. I, being the cause of it all, yelled at him before he could leave.

"Lee!"

"What?!"

Even though he yelled, he stopped walking, as if he was angry but still reasonable enough to listen.

"I'm sorry for dragging you into this mess."

"I'm glad you know."

"But you shouldn't forget that I cut you out of my life ever since. You're the one who got into our mess."

"You're saying..."

Lee looked at View B and closed his eyes, exhaling deeply.

"Yes, it was my fault for approaching View out of sympathy and then letting my feelings get the best of me. Thank you for teaching me that we can't interfere in the lives of those who are already in love."

"..."

"Especially when it comes to those who love each other within the family!"

He walked away without looking back, probably not wanting to continue our friendship any longer.

Although he pretended to understand, he couldn't help but make sarcastic comments that made me feel a little petty. Mike B came closer and wrapped his arm around me lightly, as if to create a protective barrier, assuring me that I would be fine.

"We should go. These things take time. I need time too. Besides, this isn't a big obstacle for you to face, P'May."

"..."

"These are the people you'll have to face next."

Mike B was right. The biggest obstacles I've had to deal with weren't him, Lee, or anyone else, but my family, specifically, my father and my most important person, my mother.

I didn't know if anyone had explained the situation between me and my younger sister to my mother since I left home.

"Has View mentioned our situation to Mom? yet"

As we sit in the car on the way to the hospital, I asked, wanting to know what had been said to prepare me for the situation that was to come. The little girl, looking out the window but still holding my hand tightly, nodded slightly.

"View told Mom."

"What did you say?"

"View said we love each other."

"And what did Mom say?"

"Mom said... 'Well, that's good then.'"

View B turned to look at me with a worried expression.

"If Mom had shown any doubt or anger, I could have continued the conversation. But she acted like she wanted to put it behind her, like 'siblings loving each other is good' or something. So I wasn't sure what to do next."

Then we'll have to make it clear. What will you do if Mom doesn't accept our relationship?"

"I don't know."

"You know Mommy loves you more, right? Even though Mike B is her biological son, she doesn't spoil him as much."

Mike B, hearing his name mentioned, looked at us through the rearview mirror and sighed.

"P'May, don't divide us like that. We're all Mommy's children. I've never thought of you as someone different, even after knowing what's going on between you two."

Mike B shook his head.

“It’s acceptance amidst rejection. I accept it reluctantly. Either way, having you, P’May, is better than not having you. I love you so much, so please stop saying that one is a real daughter and the other isn’t.”

I smiled at Mike B and couldn’t resist reaching out to ruffle his hair until it was all messy.

"How many times have you told me you love me today?"

"I'll tell you I love you for the rest of my life."

"Don't steal P'May!"

View B reached out to ruffle his twin's hair in annoyance.

"Only View can say he loves P'May!"

"Don't think that just because you're P'May's love, you can do whatever you want."

"I can do this because I'm P'May's girlfriend!"

"You guys will break up eventually. You can't compete with me. Being a brother means you'll be like this for the rest of your life. Nyah!"

"Can you really brag like that? Take that!"

"Ouch!"

Mike B and View B continued to argue and laugh as we drive, until I had to reach out and tell them to stop joking around because it was dangerous to joke around while driving. Even though I managed to laugh a little, I still felt uncomfortable when we returned to normal.

Mike B, noticing, spoke to comfort me.

"Don't think too far ahead, P'May. I understand, and Mommy will have to understand too."

We all arrived at the hospital where Daddy was being treated. Luckily, he didn't need to be admitted; the chest pain was just from shock and nothing serious. Also, Mike B called ahead to update everyone about View B, so everyone felt more at ease when we got in the car and drive home together. When it was all over, we all breathed a sigh of relief.

"What about Doctor Ake?"

"He's going to drive there later. I wanted to go with my kids."

Mom replied cheerfully. View B give me a disgruntled look for asking about another man, even though she knew what was going on, just being a jealous child.

"Why does he have to drive there? Why not just leave?"

"Hey, that's a weird thing to say. He brought your dad to the hospital, you know? Plus, he's May's boyfriend."

"Isn't that a..."

View B, trying to interrupt, was interrupted by Mom, who spoke louder.

"I was so shocked at first! Why is View acting like this? Hey, hey!"

Our Mom reached out to pinch her arm as they sit next to each other in the backseat, with our Mom sitting in the middle and our Dad sitting in the front next to Mike B.

"If your father had a heart attack because of this, what would we do? What about me? If nothing's happening to you, shouldn't you call and tell me and your father? You can't just stay silent like this."

"How could I call and let you know?"

"You could borrow someone's phone nearby to call."

"But I don't remember anyone's number."

"Come on, we're family. How can you not remember?"

"So can you recite my number to me?"

Once Dad asked, Mom fell silent because she couldn't remember it either, so she tried to change the subject.

"But is everything okay now? I feel a little relieved. And you, can't you act a little different? You always act like your heart is broken or that you're sick. Can't you change and do something else? You like to put on a show."

"Do you think I want to be in pain or get sick?"

"Then just have a headache or a stomachache, change a little. It's getting boring."

"You really are being ridiculous."

Dad and Mom fought quietly during the trip until they fell silent. Mom, unable to bear the silence, spoke cheerfully:

"I feel so good! It's been a long time since we've all been together like this. This reminds me of when we used to drive out of town as a family. We should find some time to go on a trip together. A happy family outing!"

Mom clapped her hands in joy.

"We can invite Doctor Ake too! He's a nice guy; I like him."

"No way,"

View B interrupted firmly, seizing the opportunity to speak after several attempts.

"He can't come.

"Why not? He's May's; he's part of our family now."

"But..."

"Did you really stay with him for six months while your father was in the hospital? I've been asking about this and that. What did you learn?"

Mom continued, seemingly ignoring View B.

Mom turned to me with a curious expression about Doctor Ake.

"Does he take good care of you? Were you alone with him or does his family live with him?"

"Doctor Ake lives alone. His family is in Chonburi, but he works in Phuket,"

I replied.

"So, are you alone together? This isn't good,"

Mom said, her tone full of concern.

"My daughter is going to get hurt like this. This isn't going to work! When we get home, I'm going to have a serious talk with him. He should know how to behave properly around you. This is unacceptable!"

"Mom, this isn't what you think between me and Doctor Ake."

"But he said he's your boyfriend! I remember that from when we were at the restaurant."

I hesitated, remembering the time when Doctor Ake had offered to be my boyfriend to help me get through an embarrassing situation. Now, it felt like it had become a tight knot around my chest, making it hard to breathe.

"I think it's best to wait until we get home to discuss this,"

Dad interrupted after a long silence, looking at me in the rearview mirror.

He understood the situation well. I felt lost, not knowing how to deal with Mom's concerns.

"Okay, we'll talk about this when we get home."

"Doctor Ake is not my boyfriend. I'm dating..."

"We'll talk about this at home,"

Mom interrupted, her tone leaving no room for discussion. The atmosphere in the car grew tense, and I felt like Mom was trying to divert the subject.

But Viw B, being the favorite daughter, wasn't backing down.

"We should talk about this now! I already told Mom that we love each other."

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Thump...

Thump...

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The car went silent as if the air had been sucked out of it. It seemed like a psychological battle between Mom and Viw B, each trying to see who would give in first.

"That's great! It's good for siblings to love each other and stick together. We only have each other,"

Mom replied, forcing a smile.

"But you know what I mean!"

View B insisted.

"We'll discuss this when we get home!"

Mike B broke the tension by speaking and quickly getting out of the car to open the front door, the headlights of Doctor Ake's car following behind.

The silence in our car remained as we all got out, each of us wrapped up in our own thoughts, it was eerie.

Until Mike B got back in the car and parked inside. As everyone started to get out of the car, View B walked over to block our Mom immediately.

“No, Mom! View won’t let you leave anymore. Mom, View and P’May love each other!”

The little girl’s voice reached Doctor Ake, who had also gotten out of the car. The mother looked at the handsome man, feeling awkward, and give him a teasing smile.

"Doctor, don’t be surprised. The children in this house love to tell each other that they love them."

"Mommy knows what View means. Stop running away! Today we have to make it clear. View and P’May love each other."

View looked at me, still silent, then raised her voice.

“P’May, say something! We’ve come this far!”

"View, I think we should take it slow..."

"Are you worried about him?"

View looked at Doctor Ake and scowled at me.

“Or do I have to die before you’re willing to talk? Do we have to sacrifice something before you do something?

"Where are you going?"

Mike B run after his twin sister, looking worried. I watched View B’s impulsiveness and nodded to myself, having made my decision.

"Mom, View and May love each other."

"I know."

"We're dating. That's our relationship."

My words made View B, who was about to open the door to the big house, stop. She turned to look at me, stunned. Although she expected it, hearing this still seemed to shock her a little.

Doctor Ake, standing not far away, closed his eyes and pursed his lips as if trying to take it all in. My mother, standing still, looked at me and spoke in a calm voice, as if she wasn't too surprised.

"If May and View are really dating, then we're not a family anymore, are we?"

"..."

"Does May want to be someone else to me and everyone in this family?"

I looked at my mother with tears in my eyes before hugging myself, feeling a deep pain in my heart. At that moment, when I fought with my father and was told to die, it didn't hurt as much as hearing my mother say those words with such indifference, asking me, "Do you want to be someone else?"

"I'm sorry, Mom. If loving View B means that May becomes another person in this family, then it would be better... if everyone thought that May was already dead."

"..."

"Just like before."

I knelt down and bowed at my mother's feet, tears streaming down my face. As I did so, I heard the sound of sobs carried by the wind, tightening the pain in my heart even more. View B came to help me up, and we walked out together.

When we passed Doctor Ake, the handsome man who had been silent for a long time reached out and grabbed my wrist, smiling at me.

"This is the end of a romance novel, isn't it?"

“ ... ”

"And you are her heroine."

"Yes."

I only answered that, and Doctor Ake let go of my hand, allowing me to walk away with View B. No one called us back.

Everyone let go of us...

□□□□□

□43.The Real Thing Is This Person



The tight embrace of our bodies as we hugged each other, the sounds of our breathing alternating, competing as we helped each other reach a destination. The atmosphere was filled with a smell that was slightly suspicious, but it didn't create an uncomfortable feeling; instead, it was intoxicating in an endless way.

In the end, we both lay on our backs, staring at the ceiling, letting our thoughts wander wherever they wanted.

Sex is a way of expressing love and also serves as a means of releasing stress. The muscles in our bodies, which had been tense, gradually relaxed. View B, lying next to me, slowly turned to embrace me, wrapping her legs around mine. I remained silent, lost in my own thoughts.

We felt happiness and an inescapable sadness. Both View B and I knew very well that we were under a lot of stress, but through love and passion, we tried to get rid of it by doing other things as a substitute, like someone with depression trying to escape negative thoughts by forcing themselves to sleep.

We just found another way to cope.

My mother's voice...

My mother's gaze...

No matter how rebellious we are, in the end, we can't deny that we don't want things to end like this.

"Are you happy, P'May? "

"What about you, View? Are you happy?"

"View asked first!"

We both fell silent as if we couldn't find the right answer. I felt good next to View B again, but if you asked me if I was completely happy, I would have to say no. I let out a small sigh and answered directly.

"I'm happy, but not that much."

"View thought that if we loved each other, that should be enough. Why is it so hard?"

"Because in this world, there are people we care about,"

I said, turning to face View B and explaining what was happening.

People can achieve success and wealth, but they won't be truly happy if there's no one important to share their joy with.

"We want people to accept our love this time, right?"

"Yes."

"Maybe Mike B has accepted it, but why aren't we still happy?"

"Because the people we want to understand us the most are Mom and Dad, who don't accept our love."

We hugged each other as if we were comforting each other. The scent of our love wafted throughout the room, enveloping every fiber of the blankets, the air, and our bodies.

"Can this be called a happy ending?"

View B said, almost like a moan, without asking anything seriously. Then I used my comforting hand to slide down to her hip and gently rubbed my

fingers to help her relax in the middle of her body. View B's breathing began to get heavy again, and she let out a soft moan.

"Well, it's not the end yet, so we can't say for sure."

"So can you take me to the end?"

"Of course."

"..."

"Spread your legs."

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Now that View B wouldn't be working with Lee again, my little sister had inadvertently become unemployed.

To keep the naughty girl from getting too distracted, I decided to let View B write the rest of the novel.

I sit next to the little one and shared the plot I had in mind, while View B helped to improve everything to make it more complete.

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Chapter 18

After a long absence, the eldest brother returned, ready to start over without caring about anyone else. He realized that during his time away, he hadn't helped at all.

He should have focused on his sister's feelings instead of the people around them who tried to interfere. Therefore, upon returning, he intended to tell everyone how he felt, regardless of whether they accepted it or not.

For him, this had to end with them getting together. Those who disagreed with this would have to deal with their own problems.

Even if they were family...

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"Is something wrong? Isn't the new chapter interesting? I'm sitting here thinking too much," I said.

View B shivered a little before turning to give me a weak smile.

"It's not that it's not interesting, but it's sad."

"Should I come up with a new plot? I can think of something else," I offered.

"It's okay, but View isn't really in the mood," she replied.

"Usually, you're so excited while writing this. What happened?"

"Because of Mommy, my mind is full of thoughts about her right now."

The little one was comparing her own story with the narrative of the novel. I was thinking along similar lines. We were both unhappy. The pain of arguing with Daddy was nothing compared to the coldness Mommy showed us. The person who loved and cared for us the most was now letting us go. There was no force or coercion; it hurt even more than being scolded.

"Maybe it's because I'm here that you can't think of anything. How about this: I'll stop by the restaurant for a bit to give you some time to gather your thoughts."

"You don't have to."

"I'm just going out for a minute. By the time I get back, the novel should be finished."

I winked at my little sister and walked out of the apartment View B had rented. I called a taxi and told the driver to take me to my parents' house. In about twenty minutes, since the traffic wasn't too bad, I arrived. I opened the front door without ringing the doorbell so no one would notice, and found Mom sleeping on the couch with the TV on, while Dad sat in his wheelchair watching TV.

"Daddy?"

As soon as I appeared, Dad looked a little surprised. When he was about to call Mommy, I waved my hand to stop him.

"It's okay. Let Mommy sleep."

"Did you come alone?"

"Yes, View is working in her room."

"In her room? Oh, in the apartment she moved into, right?"

Dad nodded and turned down the volume on the TV remote.

"So why are you here today?"

Or maybe what Dad really meant to ask was, *"If you wanted to be alone, why are you coming back?"*

I forced a bitter smile and sat on the small couch separate from where Mommy slept, trying to talk to Dad in a low voice.

"I just wanted to stop by."

"..."

"We're not as happy as we thought,"

I said, my voice shaking. I'm usually strong in front of Dad, but this question was too heavy.

"I thought being free would be better, but it's not. It would be better to listen to you or Mom complain and scold me. That would be much better, really."

Dad didn't say anything, just remained silent, as if he was thinking. My voice only trembled, but seeing Dad's stillness made me start to sob.

"I'm sorry that my return this time has caused everyone so much anguish. If I had died like you said, things wouldn't be like this."

"May..."

"I'm sorry that I never did anything to please you. Even though you and Mom have kindly taken me in and raised me, I still act as if your love is worthless, while I consider my own love more important than anything. Dad and Mom give me what I want, but I know I'm not as happy as I thought. I really love you both... "

"I know."

I looked at Dad, who suddenly spoke in a gentle tone.

"I know you love your father and mother. If you didn't love me, you wouldn't have come back, even after you gained a new life."

Dad's voice started to shake as he talked about it.

"I remember the last words before your plane crashed... I said I wanted you to die. I know how heartbroken you were, but you still came back."

"Hoo hoo"

I buried my face in my hands and cried loudly as Dad started to choke back his tears and kept talking.

"You still want us to be a family, but you're not sure if your return will be accepted by us, so you pretend not to remember. But in the end, you gave up. You want Dad and Mom to know that you're still here, so you won't

feel too lonely, and you probably don't want to see Mom heartbroken any more than that."

"But my return did..."

"No... your return is a good thing. Sometimes, social norms aren't that important. Maybe if Dad can't change you and View, then I have to change myself."

Dad wiped his tears and looked at Mom for a moment.

If Dad, who is so stubborn, can accept it, then Mom should be able to accept it too. But it might take some time.

"I'm not sure if Mom will really accept it. I'm worried about her. View isn't comfortable either. If... "

I pressed my lips tightly together and spoke with a heavy heart.

"If I give View back to everyone and leave would be better..."

"We don't just love View." Dad said.

"But having both of us here hurts everyone's feelings. I know."

"If you know that, then you shouldn't have started in the first place."

Dad didn't say it sarcastically; it sounded more like a reflection.

"But, you know, love can't be controlled. From the romance novel I've read, I understand that you must have tried."

"Romance?"

"Dr. Ake said you wrote a story and briefly explained the plot to him. I knew right away that it was about you and View."

"..."

"It's fun, but I can't tell if it's good until it has an ending. Whether the story is judged as good or not depends on how the author chooses to end it."

I smiled sadly and nodded.

"Actually, I already have an ending, but it seems View doesn't quite agree."

"Is it a bad ending?"

"It's a good ending, but it contradicts everyone's feelings."

I laughed through my tears.

"So I thought if it had a bad ending, the readers and the people around the story might be happier."

I stand up and raised my hands in a wai to Dad, signaling that I wanted to leave. He looked at Mom and couldn't help but ask me.

"Aren't you going to wake your mom up to talk?"

"It's okay. I just wanted to see you Dad. I'll say goodbye now."

"May..."

"Yes?"

"Daddy loves you."

"..."

"No matter how the ending ends, don't die again."

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Now, I didn't even dare go back to View's room because I felt guilty for both my family and my sister. Making that little girl become another person in the family was painful for me.

Seeing that cheerful child sitting lost in thought, unable to work because of stress and worry, tormented me. So, I sit down to vent my feelings to Paint, in the shared house, where I had been going back and forth, considering it my home too.

"Even if you feel guilty, there's no going back now. Like your father said, this shouldn't have started in the first place. And if you want to wipe the slate clean and start over, that's not an option either. You can only move forward."

"If I'm not here, View can still come back to the family."

"The glass is already cracked, you know? I think you should focus on preserving what you still have. And like your father said... don't die."

Paint clinked her beer bottle against mine and took a sip. I just stared at her like someone who couldn't understand things and sighed deeply.

"Why is life so hard?"

""If it were easy, would it still be called life? Think about it. Mei just wanted to see her sick father, and she ended up dying in a plane crash. Now her mother is all alone. That sounds hard, right? Living is harder for her than it is for you right now."

"What do you mean?"

"Because she's alone. You still have View, and View still has you."

"If we could switch places, I'd like to die."

"But you can't switch, that's why life is hard. You have to fix your relationship with your family like this. Stop thinking about disappearing like you did before."

"I never thought of it that way!"

"Stop lying. Just by asking me for advice, I know what you're thinking. You want to be a good kid, send your sister back to ur family, and then disappear

forever. Just say it."

Paint said, splashing some beer on me, irritated. I could only show my teeth, not knowing how to respond after getting caught up in her words.

"I don't have any good way out."

"Well, think of it as a punishment for your sins. No one wins everything in life. When you win something, you have to lose something else... Here's a simple question: if you could go back in time..."

"..."

"Would you still tell View that you love her?"

My heart raced...

Just that question left me speechless, and I fell silent. Just as I was about to answer, Paint waved her hand to stop me.

"Take your time. Think about it. If you keep these feelings inside, your sister will be hurt because she loves you, but she can't say it. She might end up rebelling by getting a boyfriend, only to break up with you later because he's not her sibling. Her life will be a mess, while you'll just be left in pain, loving your sister and maybe having random girlfriends without ever finding a true connection until you grow old and die."

"I couldn't take it anymore since you said View B is being sarcastic about life by having a boyfriend."

"In the end, it still ended up like this, no matter which path we take. That's why I said to just accept it. Sometimes, time can make things better. Your family might be able to accept more than that. Didn't you say your father has softened? That adorable little brother of yours is starting to accept it too because he sees you living a better life than not being in this world."

I looked at my friend and smiled, feeling grateful. Even though this didn't make the situation better, it made me think of something.

"Yes."

"If you're stressed and can't figure things out, come to me. But don't run away again. Don't leave View B alone and don't die."

While I was touched by what my friend said, my phone ring. View B's number on the screen make me smile, even though I felt sad deep down.

"I'll answer this call."

"Don't be dramatic. Just act normal. Your sister doesn't know anything about this. Dealing with your mother alone is stressful enough. If your girlfriend acts like she's going to abandon you, I'd definitely jump off a bridge."

After being reminded of this, I answered the call and happily talked to View B as if nothing had happened.

"Hey, have you finished writing your novel?"

[P'May has been gone for a long time. I thought you would just leave and come back right away.]

"You know that writing a novel requires concentration."

[I came to visit you at the restaurant! Didn't you say you were at the restaurant?]

"Oh, you didn't tell me you were coming. Now, I'm off to meet Paint."

[Hanging out with a friend again, huh? Are you really just friends? I'm jealous.]

The little voice wasn't serious, before laughing to put me at ease.

[View is just joking!]

"Your cheerful tone sounds great! You're feeling better now, right?"

[Yes, I can write my novel without any problems now.]

"Didn't you say you didn't like the ending?"

[Because I changed the ending.]

"Huh? How did you change it?"

[Someone helped me think of it.]

"Who?"

[P'May comes to see me at the store, and then I'll tell you. I came to visit specifically to tell you, but I couldn't see you. It's weird! Come on, hurry up! I'm so excited!]

View's cheerful voice made me smile after feeling down all day. Just like Paint said, if I could go back in time, I'd probably do it all over again, and the result would be the same. Just like before. Since there's no way out of this, I just have to face it. It hurts a little, but that doesn't mean there can't be happiness.

In this world, no one gets everything they want. But at least, you're still here in this world.

"Okay, I'll find you."

[Yay! Hurry up, okay? I'm waiting to eat spaghetti. I'm hungry!]

The nasal tone of someone who is a bit of a whiner made me smile before I hung up. When Paint sees me smiles, she made a face like she had a mouth full of dog shit, looking annoyed.

"Hurry up and go! I can smell the love."

"You should smell the love too."

"I just love cucumbers in the fridge."

"I hate this!"

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I arrived at my restaurant about twenty minutes later. View was sitting by the window, typing on her laptop, looking at this and that while talking to someone sitting across from her. The reflection from outside made it hard for me to see who the person was, so I decided to go over and take a look. As soon as I got to the table, I called out to my sister.

"View... Oh! I just see you sitting with someone else."

"Oh, she just went to the bathroom. Sit down; she'll be back soon."

"Who is it?"

I sit down when my sister invited me, frowning in surprise at how different she looked.

"View, you look so different from this morning. What happened?"

"Maybe it's because I finished writing my novel."

"Is it about changing the ending? Then... what is it? Tell me."

"I'll tell you, wait for the person who helped me think of the plot to come back from the bathroom."

As View smiled widely, I rested my chin on my hand and looked at her sweet face, reaching out to caress her cheek affectionately.

"Keep smiling, okay? Your smile makes me feel like this world has meaning."

"Mom agrees."

My mother's voice startled me, and I looked up to see View sitting up straight before she smiles at me and gestured with her hand.

"Finally, the person who thought of the ending is here... P'May! This is the person View said I wanted you to meet, the one who came up with the ending for this novel."

Mom raised her eyebrow at me slightly before sitting down next to View.

"Yes, and that person is Mom herself."

□□□□□

□44.The Ending That Should Have Been□

I looked at my mother, not understanding her completely, although I could guess a few things.

View B smiles at me, her eyes filled with such deep love and gratitude that it made me anxious, fearing that what I thought might be true.

"Oh... I'm surprised to see you here, Mommy."

"Is it a good surprise or a bad one?"

"I don't know how I should act now."

Because at that moment, I was full of confusion and felt lost. Earlier today, I went to see my mother at home, but in the evening, I found her sitting here, looking at me with the same loving eyes as before. It wasn't like our last conversation, which was full of disappointment. Thinking about it always broke my heart.

"Be yourself, like you always are. How do you usually be, May?"

"Someone who only thinks about herself and doesn't care much about others."

View B quickly replied, making me lightly kick her leg and show my teeth at her.

"What are you saying?"

"I actually like this version of you," our mother added.

“Seeing my once strong daughter acting so defeated, like a fish with a broken neck, that’s not the May I know.”

"Did Mom forgive me?"

"I don't know. It's a feeling I can't put into words. But you know... nothing in this world ever happens exactly the way we want it to. When I heard your plane crashed, I waited with hope, wishing that you would come back to me, no matter what condition you were in. Whether you came back whole or not, I just wanted you back, my daughter, just like before. And today, you're back... exactly the way you were, completely whole. The only difference now is that there's love."

“ ... ”

"I think the higher powers were testing me, to see if I could really handle what I asked for. And the test was intense; I almost couldn't handle it."

"Mom..."

View B rested her head affectionately on the older woman's shoulder, full of gratitude. Meanwhile, I let my tears flow, wiping them away quickly, not wanting Mom to see how emotional I had become.

"I return your daughter back to you, but on the condition that your family will never be the same. Can you accept that? If you can't, you will lose not just one child, but both."

At that point, Mom's voice shook, and she raised her hands to wipe her face. I couldn't hold it in any longer. I reached out, grabbed her hand from the table, and squeezed it gently to give her strength.

"When we lost May, the house barely felt like home. Then View asked to move out, and your father told me it was because she found out what he had told you before the plane crash."

"Yes."

"Everyone knew except me. And when you came back, it seemed like both your father and Mike took it so easily. I ended up being the only one who couldn't handle it, making me the villain. How did I, who used to be the heroine, become the evil witch in my daughters' eyes? It's so unfair."

Mom laughed through her tears.

"Today, when you came to see me, I heard everything you said."

"Really...?"

"Don't pretend you didn't know. You probably realized I would listen to you, and that's why you said all those emotional things to make me feel guilty. Did you really think it would work?"

"No, Mom, I didn't know you were awake..."

I stammered, trying to defend myself, but Mom pouted at me.

"You're smart."

"I really didn't know."

"And it worked?"

View B skipped the question of whether I knew or not and asked with a smile. Mom shrugged a little and answered casually.

"If it didn't work, would I be here now? End the plot beautifully. I heard bits of Dr. Ake's story, which helped me understand and complete the final chapter."

"Dr. Ake?" I was even more surprised.

"Yes, Dr. Ake read your novel on his laptop and then continued reading the version View B wrote online. That's how he put it all together. He was the one who shared his feelings with me... It's surprising. I never realized that you and View B had these feelings for each other. If you had told me that it was Mike who had feelings for you or for View B, I would have been less

shocked. No, actually, I would still be shocked. Nothing could have lessened my surprise. I almost need smelling salts.”

Mom rummaged through her bag, pulling out an inhaler to calm herself down.

"Since we've come this far, why don't you read the ending I wrote and tell me if you liked it? View B glanced at me briefly before turning the laptop around. The novel was already finished, with a brief plot summary that said something like:

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Final Chapter: Happy Ending

The family realized how important the presence of both people was, and they decided to let everything unfold naturally, without force or opposition. The mother, who was the last to understand everything, asked her two children to introduce their partners to the family once again. Unbelievably, the real heroine of the story turned out to be the mother.

And so, everyone called her... Aum Patcharapa.¹

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"Everything is great, except... Aum Patcharapa."

View B glanced at our mother with a sidelong glance and laughed softly.

"If you want a beautiful ending, you have to let me be the heroine and have a standout scene. That's what makes a good plot, by my recommendation," Mom said.

I, having finished reading, looked at her, wanting her to elaborate on the word "recommendation." View B raised an eyebrow slightly and cleared her throat.

"Mom, I have someone I would like to introduce to you... This is my girlfriend."

"View..."

I looked at my younger sister, surprised by her sudden words. But View B, fully prepared, gestured towards me and introduced me formally.

"My girlfriend is a woman. Her name is May B. She graduated from a good university, has a stable career, and a lot of money in her bank account. She can definitely take care of me. She has been taking care of me since we were kids, like an older sister, and even when we grew up, she supported everything I loved, especially my writing. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't be pursuing my dream.

"What dream?"

Mom asked with a smile, knowing full well but playing along.

"The dream of becoming a writer. Even though it may not seem like much to others, to P'May, it's important. So important that she gave me the plot for my novel, confessing her love subtly through it, although I never realized it. Until... now."

View B finally started crying.

"I used to wonder if it was you, P'Ma, but I thought, no way. You hardly ever asked about my novels or showed much interest in the little details of what I liked. But in truth, you cared about everything, you always loved me. Even though you knew how painful it would be to go back, you still came back because you couldn't leave me... *Hiccup*.

"..."

"This is the person I love, Mom. It's May B... my wonderful May B."

Seeing my little sister crying like that, I couldn't help but cry too. Mom looked at the two of us, nodding as if trying to understand our relationship.

"If she's as wonderful as you say, how could I object? Whoever you love, I love too. And likewise... May B, please introduce your partner to me. You've never introduced anyone before, have you?"

Now it was my turn, a subtle reminder that I was also Mom's daughter, and I was expected to introduce my partner. I smiled slightly and followed the cue I was given.

"Ok... Mom, this is my partner, View B. She is a mischievous girl, good at getting along with adults, has a vivid imagination, and most importantly... I am sure View B will get along perfectly with you. You will probably love her more than me."

My introduction brought tears to View B's eyes, and Mommy shrugged lightly.

"It's true. I already feel a connection just by looking at her."

"..."

"I felt a connection with you both the moment you walked into the house."

As soon as she said that, View B and I burst into tears, filling the atmosphere with a mixture of joy and sobs.

"Thank you," I said, bowing to Mommy with tearful gratitude.

Mommy reached out, held my hand, and smiles once more.

"Then, come back and be my daughter again. We're going to start from scratch this time, but there's just one condition... just one."

"What is it?"

"Don't be too affectionate in public... I can't handle it. Have some mercy,"

She said, and View B and I rushed to hug her. The three of us laughed and cried together, drawing curious glances from other people in the restaurant.

"I say I'm okay with it, but it still feels weird. You'll have to give me some time to adjust. At home, no 'I love you's, no kissing, nothing like that."

"It's okay. We can do all that outside,"

View B joked, making our mother reach out to pinch her.

"Ouch!"

"Scream all you want, but don't say that! I can't handle it. I'll faint!"

"Mom!"

It seems like our two families—well, actually, it's just one family—are slowly getting used to us (sort of). But that might not happen anytime soon; it's going to take a while for everyone at home to get used to it. So, we both have to keep the promise we made to Mom: no public displays of affection.

At home, we act like the perfect sisters and loving daughters of our parents. But when we go out together, we are passionate lovers, completely inseparable.

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I went back to my normal life, I went back to being a chef and owner of a restaurant that has won several awards. I even started expanding to new locations. As for View B, she decided to follow her dream. It may not be as grand as J.K. Rowling's, but simply doing what she loves is enough for her.

"Are you self-publishing your book?"

"Yes! Nowadays, many people do it. It's a bit exhausting, but that's okay. It's fun too, doing every step by yourself."

Said the little girl, proudly looking at the proof of the book's cover before sending it to the printer, confirming that everything was fine.

"And will it be sold in bookstores?"

"If the reception is good, I would love to try."

"Do it! I will help finance it."

"No way! Don't help me again. Let View do things on my own! View is already clinging to you all the time. This will be View's first big chunk of money, and now View can buy you dinner."

"Paying for the chef, huh?"

"Sure! I mean, having a partner who cooks delicious food isn't so bad either. I just can't figure out how to repay you,"

View said, pouting adorably. Seeing her cute expression, I leaned over and give her a quick kiss on the back of her neck, which startled her.

"Ouch! What was that?"

"You don't have to do anything. Just being here is a way of repaying me."

I said. The sweet-faced girl looked at me and smiled shyly.

"You're crazy...Tell me now... You're feeling it too, right?"

"I can't?"

"P'May!"

View B looked shocked before giving a mischievous smile.

"Can we do this now?"

"What are we waiting for? Come here and let me pin you down properly!"

"Ha! Pin me down! Do it now!"

View B raised both arms as if to surrender, but in reality, she wanted me to pull her shirt over her head. Just as I reached out to do so, another voice interrupted us, making us jump as if we had been shocked by electricity.

"Ha! Didn't Mommy tell you not to overdo it? I heard everything... I'm fainting!"

"Mommy!!!"

We both run to catch Mommy, who pretended to sway, but seemed to know where the couch was. Even though we knew she was just acting, we couldn't help but worry, so we abandoned our previous plans and took care of her while laughing mischievously.

"I completely forgot we were home. P'May is just playing around."

"Mommy fainted! Should we try again?"

"Let's go!"

"Ha! Mommy fainted again!"

"Mommy, stop it!!!"

"What's going on? Dad, who was outside enjoying the garden, pushed the stroller inside and asked in a shocked tone, before looking bored.

"Mommy fainted again? This house is so boring. It's either sunny or rainy. Can't we have some excitement?"

"Hey, I'm sick here!"

"Ah, you're better now."

"Ha! You fainted again!"

"Is that you, P'May, and that brat again?"

My little brother, who had just woken up from the night shift, came downstairs scratching his head.

"Wow, our house seems so much noisier than before. Mommy is screaming and fainting all the time!"

"Mike, you're a doctor, right? Mommy is fainting! Go comfort her, now!"

"Okay....Mommy!"

Then the three of us gathered together and hugged Mommy tightly in a big huddle, while Daddy could only shake his head in exasperation.

He wasn't sure if everyone had accepted and gotten used to our relationship yet, but from what he could see, it didn't seem much different from before.

I am still Mommy's daughter, and View B still Mommy's daughter too.

And we were in love with each other just like we always wanted to be. As we hugged Mommy, View B and I exchanged glances, signaling to each other that we needed to go upstairs soon for a silent tease. Of course, every day, we never forgot to do just that.

"I love you, P'May,"

The little one whispered, her lips moving silently so Mommy wouldn't hear.

I replied, as quietly as ever.

Good girl... I love you!

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ootnote:

1-Aum Patcharapa (Patcharapa Chaichuea) is a Thai actress who is very well-known in her home country. She has starred in several television dramas, films and commercials, and is widely recognized for her beauty and acting skills. Her popularity extends beyond Thailand, especially in other Southeast Asian countries.

□Special Chapter□

There is indeed a love like ours that ends in happiness...

Now, everyone in the family is together, although Dad, Mom, and Mike know what my relationship with P'May is, but no one says anything. Everyone understands and is ready to support each other because what is scarier than this is losing someone.

In addition to the smooth relationship, there is also the matter of my dream that I have realized, which is to publish a novel with P'May as my sponsor. The first time I held my own book, tears streamed down my face, and my sister, who also plays the role of my partner, had to hug me from behind and kiss the top of my head gently.

"You are such a crybaby."

"It really happened, P'May."

"When someone is determined to do something, they can achieve it."

"But without you, P'May, there would be no today."

I turned to hug her back and buried my face in the taller person's neck, feeling affectionate and grateful. She is the woman who means everything in my life, just like my mother, she has become everything to me, my sister, my girlfriend, and my benefactor.

"Don't get too excited yet. Let's wait and decide whether I'm going to cry when the book actually sells."

"I'm done with you."

I turned away from the serious-looking person and crossed my arms. However, P'May, who was teasing me, used both hands to hold my face and kissed me deeply on the lips.

"That's spicy! Why are you so small and cute, Pookpik¹?"

"What are you looking at me?"

"My girlfriend."

"Good answer."

I jumped into her arms and hugged her tightly like a little monkey before kissing her back. P'May, knowing what to do next, picked me up and carried me to the bed, starting to take off our clothes piece by piece while laughing.

What kind of merit have I done to deserve that a woman like that would love me? It's a question I always ask myself every time I look in the mirror. I'm short, my appearance is nothing special, but I secretly admit that I'm not ugly. It seems like I can't do anything right.

Writing a novel? I don't even know if it's fun. I only have dreams, but no extraordinary skills. If she hadn't pushed me, I probably wouldn't be here today either.

For as long as I can remember, P'May has always been the prettiest older sister, and I would always puff out my chest when I went to school, hearing my friends compliment her beauty. From elementary school to high school, she was voted the prettiest, one of the stars of her class.

Although she wasn't number one like her friend named M.L Sippakorn, she was still considered very pretty.

When P'May saw my face in the crowd, she never smiled at me.

Although she never spoke harshly, this distance often made me feel neglected, and I would cry secretly alone. As I grew older, I understood

how much she had to hold back because her feelings for me went beyond those of just a sister.

As we were in the heat of passion, my mind wandered back to the past, which was both amusing and bitter at the same time. Then I remembered the moment when I opened the door and found P'May and P'In lying naked together.

I stood up and faced the serious-looking person, who was about to use her mouth between my legs as I grabbed her hair, while she tilted her head to meet my gaze.

"Did P'May do this to P'In?"

"Is this the right time to ask something like this?"

Yes... the way things are now, it's completely inappropriate to think about someone else, but I just can't help it. My emotions seemed to be off, and I needed answers to fuel my anger.

"You must have done this before. You're so skilled with your mouth."

"Why are you trying to provoke me?"

"Just answer me."

P'May, who was so gentle, now had a cold and fierce look in her eyes. I thought she loved me, so I was being spoiled. When I saw her acting like this, I shrugged my shoulders a little, but tried to put on a brave face.

"I never."

"You're lying."

"So what kind of answer do you want?"

"I want the truth."

"I never used my tongue on Intuorn."

"So how do you two do it?"

"It was only Intuorn who uses her mouth on me."

My girlfriend's blunt answer made me want to scream. What kind of answer was I looking for? And Intuorn, a senior, actually did that?

So, P'May is either the dominant or submissive type in our relationship, but... it doesn't really matter. We usually switch roles anyway.

"If P'May liked me back then, then why did you do that to Intuorn?"

"That was a long time ago, you know."

"I just want to know."

"I couldn't do that to you."

"..."

"Besides, hormones were raging. Hugging, kissing, and being intimate with someone feels like butterflies flying in your stomach. Intuorn isn't ugly at all; everything felt like a win-win... Oops."

I picked up a pillow and threw it at the person who was praising her ex, feeling irritated.

"Not to mention P'May disappearing when the plane crashed. If you loved me, you should have come back! But when your Senior found you and persuaded you to come back, you agreed. You still have feelings for your ex, don't you?"

"View..."

"Yes! P'In is beautiful, rich, and confident. I can't compete with any of that. While you were gone, I was almost going crazy, wanting to die every day, many times, I felt like that, but I couldn't do anything because I was still waiting for you to come back. Just because you disappeared didn't mean you were dead."

"..."

"If I were to persuade you to come back, would you come back, P'May?"

"I would come back for you."

"You're lying!"

P'May closed her eyes to control her emotions, then stand up to fix her clothes. The intense feelings disappeared as I continued to tease her nonstop.

"I think I should go back to my room. Today, you seem to be in a bad mood."

But when P'May seemed like she was really going to leave, I jumped on her back like a little monkey, not ashamed of not wearing anything underneath."

"I'm sorry."

"This always happens. Whenever you do something wrong, you just apologize. Why don't you think before you act? Am I just a way for you to vent your feelings?"

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"Whenever I want, P'May always helps me vent my emotions. It's the same now."

I opened my mouth and nibbled on her ear, which was her weak spot. For a moment, I felt P'May's legs weaken, but she leaned against the nearby wall and bared her teeth.

"Don't play tricks like that on me. Why are you trying to start a fight? I don't feel like it right now."

"It's because I'm jealous. I feel inferior to Intuorn every time I see her. Your ex is a top-notch girl, you know?"

"Crazy! Comparing Intuorn to a top-notch girl? She would have a fit if she heard that."

"Why do you have to defend her? You love her, don't you?"

"I love her, View. Are you satisfied? I came back because she said you sat at the restaurant every day, left the house and didn't eat anything. That's why I agreed to come back. You must have some valid reasons for your jealousy or we should discuss it some other time, not when we're..."

P'May stopped abruptly, embarrassed to say it out loud.

"I'm done with this. I'm going back to my room. Let's sleep in separate beds tonight to calm down."

"Don't go! Why would you want to take care of yourself when I'm here?"

"Crazy! Who would do that?"

"If you go, I'll definitely do it because I still feel like it, but it might be better if we help each other... I'm so jealous and I love you so much, P'May. Let's sleep together tonight."

"No, right now I'm completely out of my mind. I have no desire at all."

"I'll create again."

I slowly moved my hands up to the top button of the person I was clinging to, unbuttoning them one by one from behind, while sliding my hand to play with her firm breasts, which were becoming sensitive and easy to arouse.

"This time, I won't make you angry anymore, my dear."

"Don't start with small talk."

"Just a little."

My blunt words make P'May changes her mind almost immediately. She picked me up and carried me to the bed, continuing what we had started.

My body yearned for her intensely, ready to nourish her with a love that would never dry up. It was a mixture of pride and embarrassment. The butterflies that flew back and forth at the beginning were now scattered in different directions as the flower's nectar gushed out enough to satisfy us both.

P'May slowly took off her pants and joined our bodies, starting the second round immediately. The sound of the sweet flower nectar echoed in time with our grinding hips, further intensifying our emotions, especially for P'May, who had yet to reach her peak.

She moaned loudly and called out to me with the sweetest, most sensual words.

"My dear... my dear.."

"You are so good, P'May."

"My dear.... uh... can you go a little faster?"

I helped her move her hips faster. In less than five seconds, P'May exploded and fell onto the bed, exhausted. I crawled up to hug her, resting my ear on her left breast because I wanted to hear her heart racing after we were done.

"Getting angry before you're done really intensifies the mood, doesn't it?"

"What are you talking about..."

Her breathless voice and the way she covered her face revealed that she was feeling very shy. We had been through this several times, but the fierce-looking girl never seemed to get used to it.

"I'm so jealous, but I've secretly heard that if you argue before you get intimate, it makes things even more intense... Wow, I should use this as

material for my novel."

I quickly pulled away from her and walked naked to the desk, writing down notes. P'May stand up to look at me, baring her teeth like she wanted to kill me.

"So the reason you were fighting before was to gather information for your novel?"

"A writer can only be trusted if she has accurate information. No wonder couples who argue frequently have children all year round. It's that kind of atmosphere."

"View B!"

That fierce tone made me sit down with my shoulders hunched in guilt.

"But I really didn't want to try it. I just want to do something intense like that... that's just part of it. But I thought about P'In at that time, so I ended up feeling jealous, but I also had some ideas for the plot."

"I think I'll go back to my room. You can sleep alone tonight."

P'May picked up her clothes scattered on the floor and started to get dressed. Not knowing how to make it up to her, I run over and hugging her leg, putting on my innocent face, knowing that it would definitely make her less angry.

"No need for that."

"Have you read my novel yet, as someone who started it?"

"Not yet."

"You should read it. It's your girlfriend's work."

"I was going to read it tonight, but now I won't. My girlfriend is being annoying and acting silly."

"I love you, P'May."

"Don't try to flatter me."

"I love your voice, P'May."

"Stop teasing me."

"P'May's taste is the most delicious in the world."

"View!"

That high-pitched tone at the end made me burst out laughing as I handed her the book I had brought.

"What now? What are you going to do?"

"Just open the page I marked. I guarantee it will stop you from getting mad."

"..."

"Open it!"

I urged P'May anxiously. The fierce-looking girl, still upset, tried to escape, but the legs I was holding made her only huff before reluctantly opening the book to the marked page.

"This book was written for my beloved sister, the person I love most in the world."

P'May paused for a moment, then looked at me as I hugged her leg and sighed. Seeing her demeanor soften, I stand up and hug her tightly.

"You're not mad anymore, right? I told you it would work."

"I'll sleep with you, but don't start any fights again, okay?"

"I promise I won't start any fights. So, how about we go for another round?"

"Pervert!"

She says that, but in the end, after I persuaded her a little, she willingly gives in. P'May is usually seen as fierce and a leader in the eyes of others, but whenever she's with me, she becomes weak and submissive in bed. Just as P'May was about to use her mouth again, she hesitated, and I, who was reaching my peak, felt irritated.

"What's wrong? Just a little more! Can't you do it for me? Are you trying to get revenge on me? Why are you like this? %^RT%\$^%^*"

"View... listen to me."

"What? Are you trying to get revenge on me?"

"I know why you're causing trouble."

"Because I'm jealous!"

"View, it's that time of the month."

"..."

"It just started!"

"Ah!!!"

END

□□□□□

Footnote:

1-"Pookpik" () is an informal word in Thai that usually describes something or someone that is cute, adorable, or small. It is used to express affection or to refer to something or someone that is charming in a childish or delicate way.