



# Apple: Dear you... Who is loved

**"Okay... slowly open your eyes."**

My heart is racing. I willingly admit that the fear of disappointment makes me hesitant to follow the doctor's orders. I will be devastated beyond measure if I open my eyes and see nothing but darkness.

Consequently, I close my eyes tightly and shake my head. I don't have the courage to do as instructed, so I refuse to do so.

"Chris, if you don't open your eyes, how can you know whether you can see or not? The person who donated those eyes to you would feel bad that they went to waste," Puth, my only older brother, emotionally blackmails me.

I follow his train of thought and come to the conclusion that my fear is much less than my guilt. Hence, I press my lips together tightly, like someone who's made her decision.

That's right... if I don't use what was donated to me, it will go to waste.

"Ah... okay."

As soon as I say that, I slowly open my eyes. The brightness of the first light blurs my vision, and I nearly scream. Before this, I only saw blurry colors, not clear images.

But now... I can see everything clearly, including everybody's faces, whether it be my father, mother, or older brother. Every one of them is materializing before my eyes.

"Can you see?" my mother asks, holding her breath in anticipation, tears in her eyes. And as soon as I smile and nod at her, she sobs.

**"You can see... you can see again, Chris."**

The doctor and my family members scream with joy. As for myself, I'm so overwhelmed that I embarrassingly laugh and cry at the same time.

It's like I've been given a second chance to live life. And it makes me realize how beautiful this world is.

*Thank you... thank you to the owner of this pair of eyes for giving me a new life. I will be eternally grateful to that person who is no longer with us.*

"What are you doing? Though you can see now, you still have to rest your eyes," my brother Puth, who's five years older than I am, says as he pokes his face in to look at my sketch.

He raises his eyebrows in surprise. "Whose eyes are you drawing?"

"I have no idea,"

I've been dreaming about the eyes I sketched since I got my new eyes two months ago. It's odd that I can't get them out of my head even after I wake up. "It's ingrained into my brain."

"These eyes are beautiful. But is there a face as well? Why just the eyes?"

"I don't know. I can't remember. I can only remember these eyes from my dream."

"That's crazy. There must be a person as well. Don't tell me you just dream of this pair of eyes floating around without a body."

"It's not like that. That's too creepy." I squint at my brother and laugh annoyingly. "I just can't remember anything else. I don't know what I dreamed about. I don't know what I was doing. I just remember these eyes."



"At least you should remember whether it's a man or a woman."

"Yeah... it's strange that I don't."

I bite the pencil at the end with the eraser on it, like I usually do. There are bite marks all over the pencil.

"You've been having these dreams since you got your new eyes?"

"What are you trying to tell me?" I look at my brother curiously. "Are you saying that the dreams are related to my eyes?"

"It's similar to the movie **The Eye** that can see ghosts... maybe you can see ghosts with this pair of eyes."

"Idiot. This is not something to joke about. Don't scare me." I wave my brother away. "Do you have a lot of time on your hands to be teasing me? Why don't you go to work?"

"Yes, I'm free." Puth glances at me and kicks my shin lightly. "Do you want to work yet?"

"You have work for me?" I immediately sit up straight. I haven't done anything of substance since I got my new eyes. I just hang around at home and let the time pass. So, I think it's time I go out hunting.

Wait... I don't mean killing for food.

Hunting, as in... bringing in the bread. Ah... you know what I mean.

"It's a small project. My friends and I are doing a website about gadgets, e.g., reviewing mobile phones, online games, etc. You get the picture?"

"Ah-huh. And what do you want me to do?"

"You were a video editor, right? We are looking for someone to edit the clips, so I thought of you. But there's no salary."

"Oh? Why would I do it then?"

"I will let you be our partner. We don't have any money to hire you, but if our company does well, we will look to hire more people. But since you're good at what you do, I thought... you're perfect for the job. We're close, so we can talk openly. No one is better for the job than you."

I laugh in my throat, not believing much in this project. But since I have nothing to do anyway, it wouldn't hurt to help my brother out.

"Whatever you say. It doesn't sound like something difficult. But do you need to edit the clips for a website?"

"Of course. We will have clips, like we're doing a TV show. It's very formal. Trust me and my friends. If we're successful, we will be business owners."

"Let it be a success before you brag. But will we do the clips ourselves? I can do the editing, but who will take the video? And who will be the reviewer in the clips?"

"Friends. We don't have the money to hire anyone at first. Let's say you already agreed to do it. I'll keep you updated on the progress."

After I agreed with my brother, I brushed up on my video editing skills by learning about new transitions and new editing programs. The best source of knowledge is YouTube. I must admit that I'm excited about the editing world these days, whether it's local or international MV's. I feel very outdated...

**In the three years that I wasn't able to see, I missed a lot of the beauty this world has to offer...**

My eyes are on my monitor, while my ears are listening to the sports news my mother is watching on TV. The male announcer with a deep voice is talking about Thai league soccer as usual. I have no idea why my heart skips a beat whenever the announcer's voice changes to that of a woman.

*What's this... why does my heart suddenly pound?*

I shift my eyes from the computer monitor to the TV, tilting my head to the side. The female announcer has a very sweet face. She's beautiful without having to do much. She's announcing the news routinely according to her duty, yet it makes me get up and walk over to the TV monitor. I unconsciously reach my hand out to touch the screen.

**Thump! Thump!**

**Thump! Thump...**

Those eyes. Those eyes are the eyes that I have drawn over and over again these past two months.

This face is the owner of those eyes. Though I can't remember the face in my dream, when I see it, I know she's the one... she's the owner of those eyes I have been drawing. It's this woman.

[Today, I, Aontakarn Rakthal, signing off. Good evening.]

The female announcer with a sweet face raises her hand to say good-bye, and the program is cut off without her knowing that there's a person on the other side of the TV monitor who's begging and pleading that she stay on for a bit longer.

Please, at least, let me look into those eyes through the TV monitor...

Yet, the female announcer is gone.

"What's the matter, Chris? Why are you staring at the TV like that? The series I want to watch will be on soon. Please don't block my view."

I don't reply to my mother. I just get out of her way with my hand on my left chest because I'm afraid that my heart will pop out of my chest.

Suddenly, tears flow down my cheeks, and I have to wipe them off. I don't even understand why I have these reactions because of that woman on TV...

**Aontakarn.**



# Chapter 1 : Aontakarn

Since I was born into this world, I have never liked or admired anything in particular. I'm not including my preferences for manga or music. In other words, I have no particular affinity for any individual, whether they be a celebrity or an idol.

When I was in high school and my friends had crushes on male idols or girl groups, I never understood them. I didn't say anything, but I just thought they were wasting a lot of money when they used it to buy collectible cards, especially since they could download them for free from the internet.

That is, until it happened to me... I currently have a huge crush on someone, and I'm trying to find out everything about her—who she is, where she's from, and what she does in her daily life.

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## **Aontakarn...**

The sports news announcer ventured into the entertainment industry by auditioning for a role as an actress. But each person has their own fate. Even if you're very attractive, without a bit of luck, you'll only get supporting roles and eventually fade away from the television screen. Sometimes, people may recognize your face but not remember your name.

Aontakarn falls into that category.

Following her struggles as an actress, the woman with beautiful eyes changed her career path and became a news announcer. She's been doing this for about three years now. Aside from being a news announcer, there's nothing particularly remarkable about her career. She had a few commercials, but they weren't memorable.



This makes it very difficult for someone who has just become her fan—like me. I can't find any of her previous work. I only see her face during the evening sports news, though I don't know any of the athletes she talks about, whether they're soccer players or wrestlers.

“Hey, why are you just staring at your phone when you're here to hang out with your friends?” Meen said.

She's my best friend from high school, kicks me under the table, reminding me to stop playing with my phone and lift my head up to pay attention to our friends who are all here right now. But when I look up, I see my two other friends still looking down at their phones, just like I was.

“You're so biased. Why do you only tell me to do that?”

“They're always looking at their male idols. But you—you've only just regained your sight, and you're already glued to your phone,” Meen says, pushing my phone facedown on the table.

“You should stop paying attention to your phone and talk to your friends... You guys too. If we're going to keep looking at our phones, we might as well just talk online next time.”

“That's what I suggested. Why do we have to meet up? Do you think Bangkok's weather is as cool as Seoul's?” Nat whines, causing Meen to smack her on the head so hard that she almost hits the table. “That hurts!”

“I hit you so that it would. I arranged this meeting because your friend can see with her eyes again. I wanted Chris to get to know your current faces. So... have we changed?”

It works. When our friends hear Meen say that, they look up from their phones and look at me expectantly.

“Am I more beautiful than before?” Nat swings her hair like she's in a Pantene shampoo ad. “Answer wisely, or I'll make you blind again.”

“You're all more mature.”

“She means you look old,” Ern adds, stirring the pot.

“You’re beautiful in a more mature way.” I watch my friends banter, then ask, “What were you watching on your phones, by the way?”

“Men,” Meen answers for them, causing Nat and Ern to cry out in unison.

“Not just men. Idols—who are role models for others.”

“Crazy fans.”

“Why do people like to look down on us and call us crazy fans? Who do we hurt? Narrow-minded,” Ern retorts, addressing Meen, who often criticizes their idol fandom. I nod in agreement.

“Oh... this is new.” Meen looks at me in shock because, before this, our group was split equally: K-pop fans versus those against it. Yet today, it seems like I’ve changed sides.

“You could say that I’m thinking more positively,” I say, shifting uncomfortably before continuing. “By the way... you like these K-pop idols a lot, but have you ever met them?”

“Yes. We greet them at the airport or go to their concerts. Just seeing them from afar is good enough.”

“You only see them at those places? Have you ever met them in a more private setting?”

“Argh... Their bodyguards are fiercer than bulldogs. No one can get close. But that’s good because they would be swarmed to death if people could get close easily. Imagine BNK48 allowing every otaku to get near them all at once.”

I get the picture immediately.

“And... how do you know their schedules? Like...” I keep asking, ignoring Meen’s scrutinizing gaze. “Where do you get updates if not from Google?”

“For us, there are groups on Twitter. We have our social circles where we share any news or updates we know... There are groups for Thai celebrities too. They share public schedules so fans can go support them.”

“What if it’s not a celebrity or someone without a fandom? How do you learn their schedules?”

Everyone falls silent and looks at me intently.

“Who do you have a crush on?”

When I’m caught red-handed, I sit up straight and try to look innocent.

“Crazy. I was just asking out of curiosity. You know I’m not a crazy fan. I’d never follow someone around and scream.”

Everyone nods in agreement because, out of the four of us, I’m the least into these things. I’m more into IT, editing photos and videos, and sketching. My inspiration is architecture. No idol or celebrity has ever cracked the wall and entered my heart.

Until...

“Yeah, you’re not one to like or have a crush on someone because others tend to be the ones who run after you,” Ern adds as if to make a point. I sigh with relief.

I’ll never tell anyone that I have a crush on a celebrity. It’s not cool. I have to keep my character.

“So, what?” Nat glances at me after everyone stops paying attention, but I still want my answer.

“What I asked earlier—the schedules...”

“Are you writing a thesis or something? Why are you so serious... Like I said, if you join a group of people who like the same thing—for me, it’s Big Bang—when there are concerts or events, we’ll update each other in the

group. Just get involved with a group of people who like what you like, and you'll be updated."

"Get involved..." I murmur, following her train of thought. Dammit, I don't even like football, but do I have to learn how to play? "And what about..."

"What now?"

"How do you support your idols?"

"We beg them to be our husbands every day. They must know what we desire... It's nothing much. We support them in whatever work they do and be nice fans," Nat explains, and Ern adds to her Bananas in Pyjamas partner.

"Or you can write letters. I did that. I wrote in Thai and asked someone in the group to translate them into English or Korean."

"Will they really read it?"

"Nonsense. They're so busy. They won't read it," Meen says with her arms crossed, growing frustrated that I won't drop the topic. She looks like a mother scolding her children. "They probably twist their mouths when they see the pile of letters and go on with their dance practice."

"Even if they don't read them, they're undoubtedly encouraged, and I'm proud to be a part of that."

"Even if they don't even see your letters? What a sacrifice! Once you have your own family, you'll regret wasting so much time and money to support..."

And my friends go on to argue about being K-pop fans, as usual. It's good that we aren't the **"must-win"** type. We just listen to each other's opinions and argue from time to time. It always ends well. This time, too.

**Ah... letters.**

It's lucky that Aontakarn is Thai and not famous. Writing her letters shouldn't be that difficult. When I come to that conclusion, I head straight to the stationery section at the mall, where I'm strolling with my friends after our meal. I buy a notebook and a nice pen to write something to that female news announcer.

Gees... I'm so determined that even I am shocked.

Oh... my heart is pounding so hard just seeing the notebook I just bought. It gets me excited. And there's a nice fragrance coming off the paper. Sniff... What does it smell like?

It's so familiar...

"Why are your nostrils so wide?"

My friends, who were browsing around, poke their faces in to look at me as I caress the notebook in my hands. I straighten up and clear my throat.

"Nothing. It smells good and familiar."

"Of course. It says on the cover that the scent is apple."

"This is an apple scent? What kind of innovation is this... I'll buy it." I decide without further consideration. I pay for the notebook with a smile on my face. Everyone needs encouragement, and I want the person with beautiful eyes to know that someone has their eyes on her, though she doesn't know.

**Today... I will write to that female news announcer.**

**Aontakarn.**

I spent the entire night crafting beautiful words. I've never written a letter to anyone before in my entire life. I thought about writing one to the prime minister when I was in middle school, but that was just a thought.

Right now, I'm writing a letter on actual paper with a heart fuller than ever before.

How will the receiver of this letter feel if she knows that someone is following and supporting her work, as well as being allured by her light brown eyes?

*Dear You, Who is Loved,*

*I must first say that I've never done something like this before. So, writing this letter is very difficult for me. I just want to send you encouragement and let you know that I really like your work. The first time I looked away from my computer screen was because my mother turned on the television, and there you were on the screen. You spoke very clearly. Your eyes were full of determination, showing how focused you are on your job.*

*You probably don't know how capable you are. It's too bad that you don't have more work. It would be nice if I could see you more often on more media channels.*

*Love you,*

*From... Apple*

Will Steve Jobs slap me in the face for using his brand as my alias? To be honest, I thought hard about how to end the letter. While I want Aontakarn to be aware that she has an admirer, I refrain from disclosing my sexual orientation. Apple doesn't seem too ladylike, does it? Using mango or durian would be a bit odd.

**Apple it is. It fits the paper I used.**

"Where are you going?" Puth asks as I'm about to leave the house. I glance at my brother, who interrupted me as I was heading out for what feels like a mission.



"Going to send a letter."

"Okay. Hurry back."

"Why?"

"We have a meeting concerning our '*AppTalk*' website project today."

"Wow, there's already a name for it. Cool." I shrug. "Why does it have to be today? I have errands."

"If you're just sending a letter, it wouldn't take long. The mailbox is right on our street."

"I'm not dropping it in the mailbox."

"Where are you dropping it, then?"

"None of your business."

"Why not use the post? Why complicate things?"

"Stop asking so many questions. I'll hurry back. It won't take long."

That's all I say before I call a motorcycle taxi to take me to the TV station where Aontakarn works. Actually, I know I can send the letter via postal mail, but it feels too impersonal, and I'm also worried it might not reach her. My friends said that letters fans send to their idols rarely actually get to them.

To be honest, I don't expect that female news announcer to read my letter. But I want to do something more special than just sending it through the mail—like dropping it off at the station myself.

It's fortunate that Aontakarn's office isn't too far from my house, so I get

there quickly. Today, I'm disguised with a cap and mask because I'm too embarrassed for anyone to discover that I am a fan of an idol.

**No—more precisely, I'm a fan of a news announcer.**

When I reach the reception area, I awkwardly say that I'm here to drop off a letter.

“Can I leave this for Miss Aontakarn, the announcer?”

“Who should I say it's from?”

“From... Apple.”

I keep it short and run away to hide behind a large pillar. My heart is pounding. It's just the receptionist, who looks nothing like the female news announcer, but I'm so nervous I almost faint.

I've become a new person since I received my new eyes. I'm a brand-new me.

As I pat my chest to calm my racing heart, my phone rings. Seeing that it's Puth calling me to check if I've forgotten about our appointment, I grimace.

"I know, Puth. I haven't forgotten. I'm about to head back. Geez, you're acting like we're handling a \$100 million business or something."

[Hey, our project is very solid. We have you, who's a professional video editor, and my friends and I, who are knowledgeable about gadgets. And a big surprise—we're getting a professional announcer to join us.]

“What announcer? How many partners do we have?”

[Me, you, my friends, and Karn.]

“Karn? Who's that?”

[You probably don't know her, but maybe you will recognize her. She's a news announcer on a digital channel. Her contract is about to end, so my

friends and I made her an offer to become our business partner.]

“A news announcer? What a coincidence...” I glance toward the reception area and almost have a heart attack when I see a petite woman in a t-shirt and jeans. Yes, though I’m viewing her from a distance, I recognize her well.

That woman...

Aontakarn.

**Thump Thump... Thump Thump...**

**Thump Thump...**

Aontakarn is talking to someone and is about to enter the elevator when the receptionist calls out to her. I blush as I eagerly anticipate whether my letter will reach her.

[Are you listening?]

“Ah-huh. I’m listening... What’s the name? Karn?”

[That’s the nickname. Her full name is Aontakarn.]

When that name comes from my brother’s mouth, I am startled and stand up straight. I look towards the reception, clutching my phone tightly.

“Aontakarn... Are you sure?”

[Yes, that’s her name. My friend recommended her to us. I was told she’s very professional and, more importantly, very beautiful. It’s a shame that the opportunities in the entertainment business are...]

Puth continues to babble, unaware that his sister has already dropped her hand, which is holding the phone, and is no longer listening to him.

And the letter I left with the receptionist reaches the hands of the news announcer, whose nickname is 'Karn.'

The petite woman takes it and reads it right there and then. She closes her mouth with her hand as she blushes, displaying the same reaction I'm having at this very moment.

Oh, wow...

What perfect sitcom timing!



## Chapter 2 : Heart Full of Lust

The meeting among the partners who will start the new website, *AppTalk*, began. There are five of us: Puth, Jetha, Tho, me, and the last partner who will be the face of our website.

"You can call me Karn," she said.

"At first, I thought you would not take the job," Jetha, who invited Karn to join us, remarked.

"I wasn't going to at first. But... there was a good event today."

Her nasal tone of voice, the same as the one on TV, makes my heart race. Though I maintain a calm exterior, no one knows that my toes are digging into the ground from shyness.

*Damn... It's so real. It's her, in the flesh.*

"I feel bad. Our website is in its early stages, so there will be no revenue initially." Puth, unusually embarrassed, said with a dry smile. Karn didn't reply. She just smiled and looked at me.

**Thump Thump.**

Geez. I can't keep eye contact. I'm dying...

"This is Chris, my younger sister. She will be the camerawoman and do all the editing. You will have to work with her more than anyone else," Puth

said, seeing where the sweet-faced person was looking. My brother's nervousness makes me nervous as well.

Gosh. Can't he act normal? I'm so tense I can't control my facial muscles.

"Chris... say something."

I remained quiet because I didn't dare to say anything. My brother poked me. I glanced at Puth briefly and replied shortly...

"Ah-huh."

Did my voice shake? If I speak more, I will surely cry.

Ah... I must not show that I'm crazy about her. She might feel uncomfortable if she finds out. We have to work together for a long time.

Karn smiled at me a bit and turned her attention back to the meeting. As for me, I didn't absorb a word because I was so excited about meeting the news announcer to whom I sent a letter this morning. I feel very lucky. I must have saved the world in my past life to be this fortunate.

**Gosh... my heart is melting.**

"The meeting went well. Our website will be a success for sure," Puth declared.

I glanced at my brother, who was now babbling but had been so quiet during the meeting.

"You're the founder, aren't you? If you're not confident, how can it succeed? Why were you so quiet during the meeting?"

"Argh. I'm not good at talking. Moreover... I was nervous. There was a beautiful woman there." Puth nudged me with his elbow. "Karn is so



beautiful, right? I thought she was beautiful on TV, but her, in the flesh, is even more beautiful."

"Ah... I guess."

I pretended not to be overly excited because I wanted to keep my cool. Despite the fact that MY Aontakarn is very 'aww,' it wouldn't be ideal if the camerawoman were too excited.

'Awww' means cute. Cute like a seal that cries 'awww.'

"You guess? Geez... women tend to be envious of another beautiful woman."

"Why would I be envious?"

"You're envious because you're not the only woman on the team. Gosh... you're also beautiful, sis. But you have to admit that Karn is very beautiful. How can a woman look good in every molecule? She sits up straight. Her hair is shiny. Her facial features are so delicate."

"Delicate? She has a very high-bridge nose. A great bridge," I argued unconsciously. It made my brother squint at me.

"You're very observant."

It's not called good observation; it's called scanning her every inch. When I looked her up on Google, I would have licked the computer monitor if I wasn't afraid of getting shocked by electricity.

"Her nose really stands out."

"She seems so composed, but her eyes are so sad."

My brother, who has experienced life, described her as if he were reading an Ernest Hemingway novel. I twisted my mouth a bit before raising my eyebrows at his next comment.

"I heard that her mother just died; maybe that's why."

"Oh."

That's right. I can sense that she doesn't smile fully. Initially, I attributed it to her being a very polite person or a cool, collected individual. But maybe it's because there's sadness in her, like my brother said.

"I heard she only had her mother left. Poor her. She should have someone by her side to take care of her."

"Doesn't she have a lover?"

"I heard that she used to have one."

So, she doesn't have one now... Great.

**Why is that great?**

"That's strange. Is she not nice or something? Normally, someone this beautiful must have someone who flirts with her or is talking to her."

"I heard that they just broke up around the same time her mother passed away."

"She broke up with her lover during a sensitive time, too. The guy couldn't handle it or something?"

What I meant is that maybe he couldn't handle the pressure during that sensitive time. I really empathize with Aontakarn being dumped when she was all alone and grieving.

Puth glanced at me and furrowed his eyebrows.

"Do you hate her or something?"

"Why would I hate her?"

If I don't like her, what am I feeling? I know more about her than she knows about herself. I'm her biggest fan. I would undoubtedly win an honorable award if I appeared on the Panya-hosted "biggest fan" show.

"You always say negative things. You don't even know her yet, but you are already judging her."

"Ah... I'm just saying. Normally, someone this beautiful has to have people approaching her. If there aren't any, then something is off."

"Maybe she's unapproachable. She seems to have a high wall. She didn't say much in the meeting. She was very reserved. Do you think... I should try to hit on her?"

**"You have a zero chance of success."**

"Hey... you."

"And you shouldn't hit on a business partner. It's a basic rule that you should know. Big companies don't allow employees to be in relationships because it may affect their work. Maybe you'll be successful and madly in love. But if you break up, your business will go down the toilet."

"Why do you have to be so serious? We haven't even started our website."

"If you hit on her, I will not be your business partner."

My voice became stern, and that stunned Puth. He then waved his hands.

"Okay. I was just kidding. I wouldn't be successful even if I tried."

"Don't even think about it. I forbid you!" I repeated myself, making my brother look discouraged.

"Fine."

Puth changed the topic and tried to sound upbeat when he saw that I was becoming frustrated. He probably thinks I take our business seriously, though that's not the case at all. "Let's talk about something else. Our first clip will be about reviewing what we already have, which is cranes."

"Cranes to lift stuff?"

"Are you crazy? I mean cranes to use with cameras. You should know more about it than anyone else. It's good that you're just the camerawoman and editor, not the content creator."

"I was just joking."

"I think Tho already briefed Karn about it. We will shoot in a park. Get ready... Karn is free tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" I sat up straight, excited. My heart was racing. "At what hour will we shoot?"

"In the evening. So we can shoot when the light is beautiful. Think about the ideal camera angle and iconic editing style. You can put in animations and stuff..."

Puth continued to brief me a bit more. Honestly, I didn't listen much because I was excited that I would get to meet Aontakarn again tomorrow. I must have been the bravest soldier who fought side by side with King Narai<sup>[1]</sup>, or Okya<sup>[2]</sup>, who saved our country in my past life. I'm so blessed.

"Your heart is full of lust, Otchaou<sup>[3]</sup>!"

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*Translator:*

*King Narai is one of the most famous kings during the Ayudhaya period.*

*Okya is the highest ranking given to someone during the Ayudhaya period.*

*Otchaou is word used to refer to a younger female in the Ayudhaya period. The word became popular due to a famous series.*

This is my first day on the job with *AppTalk*. We don't really have anything solid except for our determination and the announcer, who has experience as a news announcer. But reviewing something is another matter altogether, so we are all 'newbies' who are quite nervous.

The reviewers in this clip are Puth, who has good knowledge of technology, and Aontakarn, who is a good communicator. They read the script and the brief before we started.

As for me, I'm the camerawoman who also has to do the editing. Normally, this kind of work is easy for me. What makes it hard is that I have to look straight at the sweet-faced woman who's smiling as she speaks with her nasal tone of voice, looking straight into the camera.

As I look at the screen of my iPad, it's as if she's fixing her gaze directly on me. I'm twisting left and right so much that Tho, who's standing next to me, has to laugh out loud.

"What's the matter with you? Do you need to go to the restroom? You're acting weird."

I looked at the person who said that to me with annoyance. How can he interpret my being shy as me needing to pee? I'm so confused.

"I feel like I'm coming down with a fever."

"Is this your first job since you can see again?"

"Yes. If I make any mistakes, I apologize in advance."

"It's okay. We are all newbies, except for Karn. Let's get to know each other more because we will be working together for a long time."

Why does everyone say that to me? I want to be closer to Karn than anyone else in this world. Tell the petite woman that, not me.

"Hey, aren't you going to say CUT? We're done."

Puth yelled at me, signaling the end of the scene.

There are many more scenes to shoot today. Though the clips aren't very formal, I want them to look very professional. So my job is to brief Aontakarn on the angle for each scene. This is the first time we really get to talk.

**My heart is full of lust...**

"The weather is so hot today."

Karn's nasal tone of voice can be heard. It makes everything go quiet. I don't know who the petite woman is talking to, so I don't respond. Also, I'm very excited.

"Chris."

"Huh?" I looked up when I heard my name.

Karn looked at me and smiled slightly. "Can I call you Chris?"

"Ah-huh."

The person in front of me just called my name. Argh... What should I do? Can I faint? Will my head hit the ground too hard? Am I overly excited? I have to keep my cool, so she's not pressured.

**She's soooooo soooooo cute, my Aontakarn. Awww.**

"How old are you?"

"Same as you."

I unconsciously bit my lips in frustration. Damn. I shouldn't act like I know too much. She might think I'm a psychopath for looking her up. Sob!

"We don't get to talk much."

"Yeah."



My brief responses ended the conversation. Aontakarn pressed her lips together for a bit and pretended to admire the birds and the trees. I didn't know what to say because I didn't want to get too personal, so I initiated a conversation about work.

"For the next scene, I will sweep the camera from the bottom up. You can slowly walk in. I will shoot from the front."

"Okay."

I set up the camera and got ready to shoot the next scene. However, the announcer blurts something out first.

**"Do you dislike me, Chris?"**

What?

I looked up and into the sweet-faced woman's eyes when I heard that. The light brown eyes were staring back at me. What kind of question was that? So the answer is only one of two possible answers?

**Like or dislike?**

We both went quiet for a long time. I have to thank Puth for breaking the silence.

"Girls, how are we doing?"

"We haven't gotten anywhere," I quickly responded, not looking at Karn.  
"Let's hurry up before we run out of light."

Things went on as they should. Aontakarn continued to do her job well. Yet, we hadn't finished our conversation because I didn't know how to respond to her question.

**She wants me to confess my love to her or something... We're both women!**

Her asking that means she wanted me to reply, "*Yes... I like you,*" right? Isn't it weird for me to say that? We're both women and all.

Having a crush on someone is so hard...

Ah... Good. It's good that I didn't respond. That is the best way to get out of this situation.

However, it seems like... what I thought was a good way out was only good for me. That night, as I was dazed looking at Aontakarn on my Adobe Premiere Pro program (I kept replaying it to admire the announcer's smile), Puth crashed into my bedroom in a panic.

**"Chris! You!"**

"What? Why are you crashing into my room and yelling at me like this?"

I bared my teeth at my brother for crashing in while I was adding the song *Otchaou Ael* to a clip so I could watch it in private. My brother, who has a goatee, smacked me on the head.

"Ouch. That hurts. What is this... I'm delicate. What if I become dumb?"

"You're already dumb. What happened today?"

"What happened?"

"What did you do to hurt Karn's feelings? She just called to tell me that she no longer wants to be our partner."

"What? Why?" This time, I panicked to the point of standing up straight.  
"Nothing happened."

"She said that she can't work with someone who dislikes her. And that person is you."

"Me?"

**"Yes. Because you hate her guts, she wants out. Idiot!"**

The perfect sitcom timing again... oh my.



## Chapter 3 : My lover-Your lover

### Aontakarn Rakthai

Aontakarn graduated with a communication arts degree from a top-tier university. She entered the entertainment industry after being scouted by a leading agency.

However, she didn't achieve her goals with that agency, so she's now fighting to realize her dreams through auditions and casting calls. She worked as a VJ and announcer before landing a solid job as a sports news announcer.

Aontakarn has appeared in a few commercials, but since she is not a well-known leading actress, the fees she earns are just pocket change. She lived with her mother, who passed away three months ago due to a heart condition.

[Toh: Karn doesn't have the heart to do anything right now, so she doesn't want to be in the entertainment business anymore. She wants to start her own business. She just made one last effort after receiving a letter from her fan club right before she agreed to be our partner.]

[Jeth: Karn no longer wants to be our partner. She said she can't work with someone who dislikes her.]

Everyone continues to send me 'angry' stickers without thinking about how much that would hurt my feelings. But that's that. My pain is much less than Aontakarn's, who misunderstands me as hating her right now. Argh. What should I do?

I can't sleep...

When I think of that, I sit up in the middle of the night. It's past 3 a.m. I open my drawer, pull out my letter paper with an apple scent, and stare at it.

I should apologize to her... though I don't know if she will forgive me. Let's say I need to rejuvenate my dying heart before I call to apologize to her.

Ah... what should I write?

*Dear you, who is loved,*

*Please don't be surprised to receive a letter from me again. I want you to know that I am always following your work and hoping to encourage you through whatever challenges you may face.*

*If you feel too small for this world or too useless to everyone, please know that, at least, you're valuable to a fan like me.*

*Idolizing someone makes me that happy.*

*You're my happiness... Imagine how sad your fans would feel if you were sad.*

*Se... You're valuable, and you're an encouragement to so many people. You're my inspiration.*

*Love you,*

*From... Apple*

*P.S. I'm looking forward to your future work.*

In the end, I couldn't sleep all night...

As usual, I secretly drop the letter off at the reception, wearing a cap and mask so people don't recognize me. To the receptionist, I emphasize,

"Please give this to the news announcer, Aontakarn."

I get a slight smile from the receptionist, which makes me so embarrassed that my face turns red. I quickly run away, as if I'm running from a ticking bomb.

Could she remember my face?

Aside from my mission to encourage Aontakarn, I also need to think of what I should say to apologize to her today. I am under so much pressure from my teammates that I feel compelled to crawl on my knees to Otchao, lick her toes, and beg for forgiveness.

Come to think of it... licking her toes is kind of sexy. It's not that bad. Ho ho ho...

What... crazy!

Eventually, Aontakarn, or 'Karn,' shows up according to the appointment I asked Tho to set up for me. I waited for her near her office. There's a cute, small, vintage-style café nearby. The café is playing a Japanese song that I can't understand softly.

**Ding!**

Every time the bell on the door rings to announce the arrival of a customer, I get excited, thinking it's Aontakarn. My heart races over twenty times, until the twenty-first time, when my heart no longer races, the petite, sweet-faced person finally shows up. She's wearing a mustard-colored jacket. She walks over to sit opposite me.

"Sorry for the inconvenience." She sounds a bit standoffish.

The sweet-faced woman shows up with beautiful, wavy hair tucked behind her ears. It makes her look both sassy and sweet at the same time.



**What good deeds did she do... Why does she have this godly beauty? So cute.**

**Awww.**

"Ah-huh." I press my lips together a bit before I try to start a conversation. "I'm sorry for arranging this meeting, so you can't head straight home after work."

"Ah-huh." Her short response makes my face tighten up. I'm starting to understand why she's moody and thinks that I dislike her so much. I'm so annoying.

**Whip me. I was wrong... master.**

Crazy... Why am I babbling? I should get to the point.

"Ah... I heard from my brother and his friends that you no longer want to work with us because you think that I dislike your... face."

Did I say that right?

"I want to clear up this misunderstanding..."

"There's no need for that."

"....."

"I apologize for not being professional. I used my emotions and sensitivities to make work-related decisions, which inconvenienced others. Actually, even if you don't like my face, it's nothing I need to care about."

Ah...

Why is she so cold? The tension is growing all around us. I can't breathe. But I understand why the sweet-faced woman feels the way she does.

**Though she's cold... she's still so cute.**

"Let's say that I will still be your business partner. I just told the rest of the team that... I'll inform you of that too. From now on, we can just talk about work. There's no need to chit-chat. Let's talk only on a per-need basis."

"Ah..." I try to get a word in because I don't want the mood between us to be this cold. I intend to make friends with her today. But it's hard for me to say something.

"You don't have to feel uneasy, Chris. I won't do anything to make you moody. You do your job, and I'll do mine."

"Actually..." I'm trying to find an opening to get a word in that we can talk outside of work, but Karn is talking nonstop.

"But if I go this far and you're still unhappy, then it's your business."

From all that Aontakarn has said, it is clear that she's been feeling very uncomfortable. She lashes out like a broken dam. That makes me speechless. I can only say...

"Okay."

As soon as I say that, the person in front of me sighs, as if she's had it. She continues to speak with a flat voice to end the conversation.

"Then, let's split up." Aontakarn gets up to leave, but I call out to her.

"Can I ask why you changed your mind? Amm, we thought it would take a lot to persuade you to stay." I roll my eyes, not knowing why I do that. "My brother and his friends said that I have to do whatever it takes for you to come back, even if I have to lick your toes. That sounds... extreme. Yet, you return easily even before I start to beg you."

"I only care about those who care about me."

"Ah... my brother and his friends?"

A slight smile spreads across Aontakarn's face. Yet it fades quickly. "None of your business."

And our conversation ends there. I don't have the will to say anything else because my heart is broken...

"You are wild as soon as you can see. What's with inviting your friends out for some drinks but placing your head on the table the entire time?"

I'm out of strength. It's as if all my life's energy has been sucked out of me when the person I have a crush on says to my face... **'none of your business.'**

Getting shot would hurt less. Sob...

"I'm heartbroken."

I lift my head and sweep my eyes at my friends before I drink some beer. Our meeting place is Meen's room. Because it is in the heart of town, it's convenient for the rest of us, who live in all directions, to gather here. It's not far away for everyone.

Normally, I don't drink because I know that I turn into a different person when I do. I turn into a very scary person. It's as if I have a dark side hidden within me, waiting to be revealed. I once said,

*"My name is Rung... I'm Masutha's split personality."*

"Yeah, you're really acting like someone who's heartbroken." Meen reaches her hand out to wrap around my neck and pat my shoulder. "You're heartbroken as soon as you can see? Which guy did you have a crush on?"

"There's no guy."

I say this frustratedly, pour the beer into my mug, and bottom up in agony. My friends look at each other and urge each other on. I know what they are thinking.

"Don't try to trick me into saying anything because I won't."

"Your split personality will spill the beans."

"I didn't bring her with me today. I just want to drink and black out. Argh!"

And everything goes by in a flash.

I wake up to find myself in Meen's room with all my friends. They are looking at something on my friend's desk.

But... wasn't I drinking with my friends just a moment ago? Did I black out?

"What are you guys looking at?"

When I make a noise, my friends turn to look at me and smile from the corners of their mouths. They point to the laptop monitor for me to see.

"We're looking at this woman, Aontakarn."

"What?!" My heart drops to my feet. Yes, my friends all nod and smile teasingly. "Did my split personality tell you everything?"

"Ah-huh."

My throbbing headache does not put me to shame as much as getting caught red-handed.

"Everything... Your split personality told us that you were an idiot. You admire and adore her, but you don't dare to express what's in your heart.

The latest event is that she said to your face, '*None of your business.*' And that's why you invited us here to drink some beer."

Okay. My split personality does her job to perfection. I don't have to say anything to the audience.

**Damn....**

"By the way, you dreamed about her as well? It's really amazing." Ern puts her hand on her chest. "So fascinating."

"I told you all the details?"

"You've got it bad. No wonder you suddenly asked us about fandom, an idol's schedule, supporting someone, etc... You're acting like the owner of the purple roses, who attempted to do good without being noticed." Nat talks about someone I have no knowledge of.

"Who's the owner of the purple roses?"

"You haven't heard of it? The *Glass Mask*! In it, the lead wants to be an actress and auditions for the Red Witch role. Where have you been?"

"What? Glass Mask? I only watch Sailor Moon," Ern says as she scratches her head. Yes, we are all scratching our heads, aside from Nat.

"The owner of the purple roses is the male lead. He acts indifferently in front of the female lead. He acts as if he hates her face. But behind her back, he always sends her purple roses as an avid fan to support her. It's exactly the same as Chris, who writes Aontakarn encouraging letters with an apple scent."

"Ah... true." Meen nods in agreement.

I shrink my neck embarrassingly and start to think about taking care of my split personality seriously. I really have to stop drinking. My split personality is very scary.

"But the owner of purple roses likes the female lead. What about you? You're acting like a secret admirer and are in distress when she says harsh words to you. Do you like her?"

**"Crazy! I'm a woman... Why don't you imagine Jongin calling you stupid?"**

"I would cry so hard because I didn't think he could speak Thai." Ern appears surprised, but in a dreamy state rather than hurt, as I intended for her to be.

"I think you should tell her frankly that you're not good at expressing your feelings. You don't hate her. That is the simplest solution to this problem."

"I want to, but when I'm with her, I'm not at all myself. I wish I could express my admiration for her, but all I could muster was an 'ah-huh.' I don't dare smile too much because I'm afraid that she will think I'm crazy. What's wrong with me?"

I ask for my friends' opinions, and everyone gives me the same answer.

**"You're crazy."**

Ah... that's what I thought.

"But that's okay. Let her hate me," I say timidly. "At least she didn't pull out of our project."

"At this moment, I have an impression that you're acting like someone who has a secret crush on someone without wanting anything in return. Chris, do you like her romantically? Chris! You like a woman?" Ern grabs my shoulders and looks into my eyes, with Meen and Nat as her backup.

All are very invested in my matter.

"Yeah, your condition is too grave to be anything else. Since when did you realize that you like women? Speak now!"

**"Idiot. I like men. I just admire her... It's admiration."**

"Hey. We're all forward-thinkers. You can like women," Meen pressures me.

"I'm not talking to you guys anymore!" I lie back down and turn my back to my friends. Though I pretend to be sleeping, I can hear my friends continue to talk about Aontakarn.

"I think Chris likes her for sure."

"But she probably doesn't like Chris back. She's too beautiful. She must have a lot of choices."

"Geez. Are you forgetting something? Do you remember how popular Chris was during high school? She just wasn't interested in anyone. And when she picked one, Toy cheated on her."

They are gossiping right behind my back. Yet, I tolerate it. Until it gets to the key phrase.

"Do you think Chris will know how to do it if she likes a woman?"

**"You idiots!!"**

---

Aontakarn and I work together as usual. We don't talk to each other much. Aside from work, we also don't mingle much. I think Karn doesn't want to talk to me anymore.

Sad...

People start to recognize our website because Puth promotes it on Facebook and Pantip via placement ads regularly.

Additionally, our content includes a well-known announcer. Therefore, we're growing rapidly. Small shops start to send in products for us to help promote and review. Some give us the product for free, while others give us

some money. Though it's not much, it gives us encouragement that what we're doing will not go to waste.

And eventually... we get our first big sponsor, who wants to buy a banner on our website for seven months at the price of...

**"600,000 Baht. OMG!"** Puth, who successfully closed the deal, shouts and screams as if he's been burned by hot water. We all clap happily. We are finally making a substantial income.

"We have to give credit to our announcer and editor. The clips are interesting, so the sponsor came in. Congratulations to you both."

Jeth claps to compliment Aontakarn and me, yet the sweet-faced woman shows no sign of joy like the others. She just interrupts out of nowhere.

"Why did they contact us? Well... the marketing for this project is my ex. So I'm afraid that there's a hidden agenda."

"Huh?/Huh?/Huh?" Everyone seems surprised.

Everyone looks at each other and starts to worry. It's 600,000 Baht, and it's our first big sponsor.

There's only me, who listens quietly without showing any emotion. My feet are digging into the ground as I listen on in frustration.

Her ex?

"So they didn't contact us because our website is really good?" I say this because I can sense the petite one's uneasiness. I have to help her. "Buying an ad to reconcile with a woman. Wow... what a great use of the company's money."

This time, everyone's eyes are on me, while Aontakarn just glances at me a bit and walks out of the room in frustration. That makes everyone bare their teeth at me.



"Cool it, Chris. You're looking down on us. And how do you think Karn would feel hearing that?"

Oh Jesus. I wanted to help her, but it turns out that what I did was wrong? I'm starting to worry about the petite one that walked out, so I cut the conversation short and went after her. Yet before I can say anything to her, I hear Aontakarn talking on the phone with someone.

"What are you doing? You buying an ad is not coincidental, is it?" The petite one walks around uneasily as she speaks sternly. "Don't help. I don't want your help. Do you realize that there's a team member who doesn't like me? You doing this makes me look worse in her eyes."

**That's me... No, I don't dislike you. Sob.**

"Please... don't do anything to put me in a tight spot. Let's end everything once and for all."

I quickly hide myself and wait for the petite woman to walk away before I realize that I need to do something.

That is, stealing the phone number of the sponsor Puth dealt with from his phone when he goes to the restroom, dashing back to my own room, and calling that number. To be honest, I don't know what to say. I just know that I have to do something.

Yet... what's more surprising is that,

When I call that sponsor, the name that shows...

"Toy?"

I look like I just saw a ghost when the phone shows my ex-lover's name. And because I can't hang up in time, the person at the other end of the line picks up my call.

"Chris? Hey... what a surprise!"

**Wow... What a surprise.**

**Her ex-lover is also my ex-lover...**



## Chapter 4 : Superhero

When you think about it, this world is strange. Out of the millions of men on this planet, why did it have to be Toy, my ex-lover, who broke up with me during college for a simple reason?

"Toy broke up with you Chris because you didn't want to, *'toot'* ..." Nat said during our video conference. "That's why he cheated on you. End of story."

I didn't know who to talk to, so my friends were my best outlet.

"Does this mean that Aontakarn allowed her to do it? Is that why they were lovers?" I looked at Meen, frustrated.

I'm the imaginative type. I could picture it clearly. Yeah... right now, I had an image in my head of Toy and Aontakarn doing it in a condo somewhere.

"Idiot!"

"Ow. Damn it. Why are you cursing me?"

"How can you say such things? They haven't... probably." I bit my lip in uncertainty as I said that.

I didn't know why my heart hurt when I said that. It hurt so much that I had to put my hand on my left breast. My action was under the watchful eyes of everyone on the screen, which made Ern smile.

"Who are you possessive of? Toy or Aontakarn?" Ern asked.

"Who's possessive?" I bared my teeth at the screen. "I'm just frustrated."

"Who frustrates you? Toy or Aontakarn?"

Of course, I was frustrated that Aontakarn was with Toy. But it wasn't possessiveness because I didn't have good impressions of Toy. We were together for a short period of time. I didn't even cry. I just kind of lost trust that he was with a girl from another faculty without even breaking up with me properly.

Bastard...

But aside from that, I was also surprised that my new phone had his number on it.

"I'm worried about Karn," I said honestly . "Even though they broke up... Buying toys in an advertisement must be partly because of Karn. I don't want Awww Awww to go soft on him."

"Ah... you're worried about Aontakarn," Meen said, crossing her arms over her chest and winking at me through the screen. "You're openly worried about her these days. And what was that... Awww Awww?"

"Hey... Toy is a womanizer. I don't agree with that."

"But it's none of your business, is it?"

"Why do you think Batman, Superman, and Marvel heroes have to save the world, even though it's none of their business? It's because people expect them to..."

"Those heroes like to butt into other people's business," Nat said, chewing on mangoes without any regard for the good of the world. "If you butt into their business, you'll be one of those who like to butt into other people's business."

"I only care..."

"Who?" Nat.

"Who?" Earn.

"Who?" Meen.

Everyone seemed to have eaten poisoned seafood. I was frustrated that no one followed my line of thought, so in the end, I hung up and walked to lie in my bed and think about the old days... When I was with Toy.

I was in the College of Communication Arts, while Toy was in Business Administration, majoring in marketing. We met during the hazing activity and talked for a while. Toy was a handsome guy. He was soft-spoken, while I was very naive. When he praised me left and right, I easily agreed to be his girlfriend.

Ah... I was young then.

For me, being a lover meant that he was a friend who was a little more special than just a friend. He could hold my hand, and we could do things that I couldn't do with my other male friends, like laying on his lap, going to the movies, going out to eat, and confessing our love. My naivety probably frustrated my ex-lover a lot. So, by week two, let me emphasize that... week two.

Toy told me frankly on the phone, as if he couldn't wait:

"Let's go to the beach."

"Good idea. I like the beach. Let's take a day trip. My parents won't let me spend the night anywhere else," I told him that directly, too. But Toy was more direct. He immediately objected.

"No. We'll spend the night, and... you'll have to sleep with me."

"Hey?"

"I won't beat around the bush. We're adults now. Going to the beach and doing it is normal."

"Normal?" I strongly objected because I wasn't raised to be so free-spirited. "So you're inviting me to the beach so we can do it?"

"Yes. Everyone does it. Even if we don't do it now, we will do it anyway in the future. What's the difference?"

"Of course, there is a difference. I'm not ready, and we just met. Are you crazy?"

"Okay... you can use your mouth."

**"Son of a—!!!"** I lost my voice at the end of that curse. Then I said: **"No."**

"So that's it."

I wasn't sure what 'that's it' meant. Was it the end of the argument or the end of our relationship? Until a few days later, I saw him with his arms around the waist of a girl from another college, acting like we didn't know each other. That's why I was worried that Aontakarn would get back with that guy.

I had to get in the way. I had to do it!

After thinking about it a lot throughout the night, I decided that I had to talk to Aontakarn about Toy. We were filming another review clip at Tho's house. And yes... Aontakarn, the key person, was there.

I was waiting for her and didn't know what to do. However, I had already prepared my initial greeting, which would allow me to get straight to the point. So, when she appeared, I immediately walked over to her to start a conversation, which was a rare occasion unless it was something very important.

Yes... This was important.

"Karn... Can I have a moment of your time?"

"Hey?"

I waved my hand in the direction of the outside area of the house. The sweet-faced woman looked surprised but walked behind me willingly. Our confrontation would be a little awkward.

"What's wrong? Why does you seem so quiet?"

"It's about our sponsor." When I said that, Aontakarn seemed to feel uncomfortable.

"What's up with that?"

"I don't agree with your ex-lover being our sponsor just to try and make up with you. Honestly, it's disappointing..." I tried not to make it personal. I couldn't just turn down the deal by claiming he was a womanizer who likes to have sex with women. That was too silly.

"We all work hard. So, it's not ideal if our first major sponsor is someone who wants to make up with a woman... Do you understand how I feel?"

"Yes, I understand."

"Then, I think it's best if we decline the offer."

"I'm trying to talk to Tho, Jeth, and Puth, but they don't want to let go of the huge amount of money."

"Okay. I'll talk to them. It's better if we don't mix personal issues with professional ones."

"Yeah."

Aontakarn agreed me and was about to enter the house. I couldn't help but ask her about something I had been thinking about since I talked to my friends. Then I blurted out a stupid question.

"Do you love him?"

The sweet-faced woman's feet stopped. She turned to look into my eyes...

"Is that important?"

"Of course, it is. If you do, it won't go away easily. You should put out the fire before it spreads... Don't contact him and stop paying attention to him." I said it with determination. That made Aontakarn make a noise in her throat.

"Aren't you meddling too much in my personal affairs?"

"What?"

"Even if I still have feelings for him and want to get back together with him, it has nothing to do with my job here. And maybe getting a sponsor means that our content is really good, not because he has any intention of wanting to reconcile with me."

"So you're going back to Toy?"

I started to get frustrated because the conversation didn't go as expected. When Aontakarn heard the name 'Toy,' she turned around to glare at me.

"How did you know his name was Toy?"

"What?"

"How did you know my ex's name is Toy?"

"Ah... Puth told me." I scratched my head and tried to change the subject. "You already broke up with him. Why are you getting back together? Aren't you sorry for breaking your word?"

"You..."

"Why are women like this? He just made a modest effort to try to reconcile with you, and you become soft. You are very easy—"

"Chris!!!"



Aontakarn's scream stunned me as I was attacking. But I didn't want to lose, and I really wanted her to be smarter and not get involved with that bastard anymore.

However, Aontakarn's neutral stance, as if she was hesitating, stressed me out. Surely it meant that she would reconcile with him. Did she know he was a womanizer? His goal was to destroy all the women on this planet, except for his mother.

No! I couldn't allow this cute woman, Awww Awww, who is an obedient little girl, to be harmed.

**"You have to break up with him."**

"Stop butting into my business. It's none of your business..."

"Why can't you do this simple thing? Or is it because you..." I said this in agony as an image appeared in my head. **"You already slept with him!"**

My face turned due to the force of Aontakarn's slap. I was shocked. I began to realize that I had crossed the line. The girl who slapped me looked just as shocked as I was.

**"This is my personal business. Stay out of it!"**

Aontakarn quickly lowered her hand and walked into the house after saying that. She left me standing there with tears in my eyes because I was in pain.

*Why was a superhero who only had good intentions always hated?*

## Chapter 5: Health... From the bottom up!

"Why are you misbehaving again? Everything was going so well; why do you want to leave?"

I was in a major depression. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I looked like a dead person. Not even the mirror wanted to show my pathetic reflection. My breathing was labored. How could I be in this world without her?

Well, she's in this world... She just hated me.

"The website is making money now. You can find me a replacement."

"You're good at what you do. You're experienced, too. And you're my sister. Why should I look for a replacement?" Puth licked his lips in frustration before looking at me. "Did you fight with Karn again? I'm right. Damn it! What's up with you and Karn? Be honest with me, did she steal your boyfriend?"

I turned to look at my brother when he said that. I wasn't mad that she stole my boyfriend from me. I was furious that my piece-of-shit ex-boyfriend was trying to rekindle his relationship with the cute woman.

"Why are you acting this way? There must be something behind this."

"Nothing." I stood up and walked weakly up the stairs to my room. "There is nothing, not even a soul, in this body of mine."

My depression was referred to my parents. Then Puth, the brother who really loves his sister but can't get anything out of me, had to call my best

friend, the only person he could contact. As soon as Meen saw my condition, she put her hand on her chest.

"If I pray, will you burn?"

"I'm not dead yet."

"You look dead."

"It's true."

I looked out the window at the sky, as if it was the only thing that illuminated my gray heart. Damn... How could I be in such a mood at a time like this?

But I was very depressed.

"What happened?"

"Nothing."

"I'm leaving then."

"Is that all?" I looked at my friend, who didn't even try to comfort me. "At a time like this, you should try harder and ask why I'm not eating or sleeping out of worry. I'm worrying my parents. And eventually, you'll have to take me to the hospital."

"Do I have to go through so much trouble for you? Do I have so much free time to be able to meddle in my friend's affairs as in *Chaoplanoy's novel*?"

I pretended to curse her without making a sound, while Meen, who was pretending to leave, turned to wink at me and sigh.

"Okay. I'll try harder. Tell me, what happened?"

"They slapped me."

"Who?!" My friend, who was always ready to run through the minefield for me, rolled up her sleeve in frustration. "Who dares to slap my friend?"

"Aontakarn."

"Oh? She's a bitch. Why did she slap you? If her reason isn't good enough, I'll throw shit at her." My friend's bold courage made me, who was initially going to play it big, pull her down to sit next to me.

"Hey."

"What?"

"Well, it's like this..."

I gave her a short version to save time. And when I finished telling her, Meen immediately pretended to spit at me.

"God! If it were me, I wouldn't just slap you. I'd throw a rabid dog at your face. Bitch! Was that a warning? Every way you look at it, it seems like you're jealous of your ex and you're telling his new wife... 'Don't you dare touch my man.'"

"You're crazy! What... wife? That was rude. You know I don't mean that. Toy likes to hit and run. It breaks my heart to see my Aontakarn get hit and run like a flower on the street that she just picks up and throws away."

"My Aontakarn... you say that with such confidence." Meen mocked me sarcastically before getting to the point. "He's probably done that to your precious woman many times already."

"Slap your mouth—counting up to the sum of your parents' ages."

"My mouth can't handle that... Geez, you're an idiot. Warning someone like that will surely make them angry. You're not close to her. You meddled in her personal affairs. And she already thinks you don't like her. That made it even worse."

"That's why I'm depressed now. I had good intentions. I wanted her to be safe and sound. Why does she have to hate me for that?" My voice trembled, and my tears were about to fall. My sadness made my friend cup my face in her palms and look into my eyes.

"What's wrong with you? Does this make you cry? She's just a stranger to you."

"She is not a stranger! She is Aontakarn... MY Aontakarn. I said it with MY capital letter to emphasize my ownership."

"Do you still like her after what she did to you?"

"Are you crazy? I don't like her... I just admire her." I put my hand on the left side of my chest, which was really hurting right now. "It's a strange feeling. Even though she wasn't nice to me, I don't dislike her or hate her. I can't stand it. It's like you love sushi..."

"Do you love her like I love my dog?"

"I was just making a comparison!" I bared my teeth at my friend because she kept interrupting me. "It's like... worship. Are you mad at your dog when he pees on your leg?"

"Don't tell me she peed on you."

"Bitch!"

"Ah, I was joking... Of course, I would be angry."

"And you hate your dog?"

"No."

"That's all. That's worship."

"You're very depressed. When did you meet her? It's like you two have been together since your previous life."

"Probably in my dream... I don't remember exactly, just those eyes I told you about. And when I saw that Aontakarn had exactly those same eyes. It's like I've known her forever."

Everything fell silent. Meen didn't interrupt me as she had done before. She just looked at me silently and nodded.

"You can't explain it, can you?"

"Yeah."

"Let's start with what happened. You're really upset because Aontakarn slapped you. And you got slapped because of your foul mouth. She was a little quick with her hand; she didn't need to use force..."

"Maybe I got too excited."

"Apologize to her."

"I don't even dare to look at her. Besides, Karn probably doesn't want to see my face again. I just quit the team. Puth is very angry with me."

"You're running away from the problem. You've gotten yourself into this, and you have to learn to fix it. You hurt her, so you have to apologize to her. That's very simple."

"It's difficult."

"I'll make it simple for you."

"How?"

"Friends were created to solve the problems of the two protagonists... Is Aontakarn still the sports news announcer?"

"Yeah."

Meen winked at me. "That's all I need to know."

I didn't know what Meen meant. She refused to say anything, no matter how many times I asked her. But about three days later, Puth called a team meeting to announce my departure —because I hadn't changed my mind.

"As I mentioned earlier, Chris, our partner who is in charge of video editing, wants to resign due to a personal issue. So I called everyone here today to make a formal announcement."

Everyone fell silent. Aontakarn glanced at me briefly but turned away when our eyes met.

My God...

"Shall we have a farewell party?" Aontakarn said that, which surprised Puth. And yes... Me too.

"Do you agree with that, Karn? What about the others?"

"It's okay. We've worked together for so many months; it's a little sad just to see her go. Let's have a farewell party today... What are we having, barbecue pork or shabu?"

"It's a farewell party. There should be alcohol."

"Okay." Tho liked to drink, so he immediately agreed. "Let's do it. There should be alcohol, so shall we go to karaoke?"

"No. I don't like a crowded place. Let's go somewhere where we can relax," Jetha suggested, and everyone agreed. Only I was a little nervous about this.

Alcohol: would she get out alive?

"Health!"

Everyone put their beer mugs in the middle of the table. We were at a place with live country music. I was the only one drinking plain water. It wasn't that I was well-behaved or anything. I just didn't want anyone to see my split personality.

Argh... it was so scary.

"It's a little sad that you're not on our team anymore. But it doesn't matter. If you prefer that, that's fine. I love you, sister." Puth ruffled my hair and drank his beer. I was still drinking plain water. I looked in the direction of Aontakarn, who was slowly drinking her beer.

She could handle alcohol well.

"Why are you drinking plain water? Everyone is here to fire you. You're being rude."

"I'm having fun as it is," I said as I waved my hand and shook my head to go along with it. I wanted to avoid drinking, so I excused myself and went to the bathroom. "I need to go pee. I'll be back."

I glanced at Aontakarn for a bit and then walked out. The longer I was around her, the sadder I became. It felt like we were an arm's length apart, but she was just out of my reach.



Why was it so hard to be me?

In the end, instead of going to the bathroom, I went outside and sat alone in the parking lot. As I let my eyes wander, I could smell a refreshing perfume that made my heart race.

Of course... I remembered this scent. It was Aontakarn's perfume.

"What are you doing here alone in the dark? It's dangerous." She sat down beside me. I didn't know how to react, so I stayed silent. The small woman handed me a cup of beer. "Take it."

"Huh?"

"We're sorting things out. Take it."

Aontakarn stared at me intensely. The sweet woman was now acting like a gangster inviting a friend to drink beer. When I received her invitation, I had no choice but to take the mug and look at her with teary eyes.

I'll lick the jar... Because it was a chore for this beauty.

"I'll drink it all."

"Huh?"

"Beer... cheers." The small woman grabbed her mug and forced herself to cheer before looking at my face. "You have to drink it out of politeness."

"Ah... but... I can't handle alcohol well."

"Liar."

"What?!" My eyes widened in shock when I heard that. However, Aontakarn simply shrugged.

"That's true. Who can't drink beer these days? You don't look so well-educated. You can drink it just fine, but you say you can't... You don't want to make things right with me, or what?"

"It's not like that. I really can't drink it."

"Then we don't have to fix things. I'm done with this."

The small woman, who was trying to sort things out, stood up and prepared to go back inside. In shock, I grabbed her white shirt. She turned to look me in the eyes.

"Fine, I'll drink it. You didn't have to do that." I drank the beer as soon as I finished speaking. At first, I was just going to take a sip, but the person standing above me pushed the mug up.

Making me drink it...

I finished it. Damn it!

"You can drink it just fine. Why do you say you can't?"

"That doesn't mean I should hit rock bottom like that." I turned my face away and started to get nervous. "Damn it. Damn it."

"What's happening?"

"Nothing," I waved my hand, not knowing how to explain. "Let's just say we settled things with that beer, right?"

"Probably. I'm not mad at you anymore. It's just you now."

"Huh?"

Aontakarn reached out her hand as if she was about to touch my face. I leaned back in panic. I was so close to crying because I missed the chance for her small hand to touch my face.

Silly... Why am I so stupid?

"I'm sorry... I'm talking about that day when I accidentally hit you in the face."

How cute? She used the word "hit" and not "slap." She made it sound so awww. How do I explain it? Awww to me means the cuteness of all the seals in this world being bundled up.

*My Aontakarn is so awww...*

"Ah..." I rubbed my face a little. "It's okay. Anyone would be angry at what I said."

"So, you're not mad at me?"

"Why would I be? I like you a lot."

"Huh?"

Then...

Everything went blank.



The morning light coming through the window made me squint. I looked around. Everything seemed strangely familiar.

It was my bedroom...

I was talking to Aontakarn just now.

I slapped myself and turned to look at the clock above the headboard to be sure. My rising panic made me jump out of bed and run downstairs. I saw Puth grabbing his car key as he was about to leave for work at his office.

"Puth!"

"How are you doing, you rascal?" My brother's greeting made my parents look at him sternly. He didn't seem to care, though. "You're awake. Have you seen a ghost?"

"What ghost? How did I get home?"

"Don't you remember anything?"

"Remember what?" I ran to my brother and shook him with all my might. "What happened? Tell me now."

"You were so drunk last night. You turned into someone I don't know."

**Argh... my split personality.**

No wonder I didn't remember anything. I only remembered talking to Aontakarn in the dark parking lot. We were drinking beer and chatting. Then I don't remember anything after that. My head goes blank.

I slowly took a step back, my strength gone. But I tried to keep my composure as I asked out of curiosity.

"Did I do... something strange?"

"Everything you did last night was strange."

"Okay. I understand... Let's say, can you give me some highlights? No... Did I do anything strange to Karn?"

Normally, when I was drunk with my friends, I would do things I'd never done before. But those were my friends. Last night I was with my biological brother and Aontakarn—who I was openly in love with.

**Whatever I had done, I didn't know about it.**

"You must remember something to ask this. Don't pretend. How can someone remember anything just because they're drunk? You'd have to eat shit for me to believe that."

I'm one of those people who doesn't remember anything when she's drunk. But eating shit is going too far.

"So I did something..." I pressed my lips together. "What did I do? Just tell me. This is annoying."

"You kissed Aontakarn on the forehead. And you said... **'How cute, awww. Sweet dreams, My Aontakarn.'**"

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*My Aontakarn...*

*What did I do?!*

## Chapter 6 : Our Secret

I was standing at the household shrine in my house, holding incense sticks. I raised my hand to pay homage to the spirits. As I was about to say my prayers—not exactly prayers, but a promise to never touch alcohol again—Puth interrupted me.

"Are you asking about the winning lottery number?"

I looked at my brother in frustration. I was blaming everyone in this world. No one tried to stop me when I acted like a crazy person in front of Aontakarn. He was my real brother—he could have punched me unconscious or carried me home on his shoulder. He should have done whatever it took to not kiss the sweet-faced woman's forehead.

**God... I called her "awww" I'd shoot myself right now if I had a gun.**

"Mind your own business."

"Why are you mad at me? You got drunk and became clingy. Was it my fault?"

"Why didn't you stop me? Why did you let me do all those crazy things?"

"I thought you were pretending to be drunk."

"What?! Why would I do that?"

"Maybe you wanted to apologize to her, but you couldn't do that under normal circumstances. So, you pretended to be clingy to make yourself feel less awkward."

I pressed my lips together tightly. I wanted to curse him, but I didn't know what to say. Wait... if he thought that, what about Aontakarn?

"Geez. Why did things turn out like this? Go away. I want to make a promise."

"What promise?"

"I want to promise that I will never drink alcohol again. If I do, let me die and be reborn as a dog."

"Oh... if you don't drink again, you can't be clingy. I like you better when you're drunk." I didn't care to hear what Puth said. I was about to make my promise when my brother continued, **"Even Karn said you're cute when you're drunk."**

"I swear... oh, really?"

"Ah-huh. I think you're funny when you're drunk. Everyone agreed. It was like you were reserved and tried to keep calm when you're sober. You don't speak your mind or express your feelings. Alcohol unlocks your inner self."

I clenched the incense sticks in my hand and decided against making the promise. "But... I wouldn't drink with you guys again, so what's the point?"

"Why not?"

"I'm no longer a member."

"What nonsense are you talking about? Do you really not remember anything? You said, 'I won't quit no matter what. What would I eat if I quit?' You were acting like Kong in Ladda Land."

"Did I say that?"

"Yeah. And you also said that working with Aontakarn makes your heart race and fills you with inspiration. You won't give up. Blah blah." My jaw dropped. Puth had to reach out to hit me on the head so I could react.

"Then, get back to work and finish your editing so we can shoot a new clip, okay?"

"..."


"Why are you silent?"

"I'm in shock."

It seems like my life has been like a roller coaster lately. I didn't eat, I didn't sleep. I kept thinking about the sweet-faced woman who had a huge influence on me. It was like a boy who is hopelessly in love with a girl.

Hey?

**Now that I think about it... this was really strange.**



I was in a café near Aontakarn's office, at the same table as before, but this time, I was feeling grumpy, anxious, and nervous. I didn't know what the announcer would think of me at that moment.

**Since when did I care what other people thought of me? Argh.**

The front doorbell rang as the door opened, and a small woman in a brown suit walked in. Aontakarn stopped and looked at me for a moment before



putting on her serious face and walking over to sit in front of me.

"We meet again. Are you drunk today?"

I wasn't sure if that question was meant to be sarcastic or mocking. I squirmed uncomfortably. I wanted to smile, but I couldn't bring myself to do so, so I blinked blankly.

"Am I bothering you?"

"So you're not drunk..." Aontakarn said that flatly and got to the point.

"No, you're not bothering me. You can get to the point."

"I want..."

"I prefer you call me in my phone, Chris."

"Wh... what?" I cleared my throat a little and nodded. "I'm not used to it. Can I just say what I want to talk about that day?"

Aontakarn looked disappointed but nodded.

"Ah-huh. What's up with that?"

"Puth said I was clingy, so I want to talk to you about it and apologize."

"It's okay. You were drunk."

Aontakarn waved her hand to call the waiter and asked for hot coffee. She then turned around to talk to me. Why did she look so normal? She should be at least a little angry with me. This wasn't normal.

"Aren't you mad at me?"

"For what?"

"For... Ah... well..." I pointed at her forehead. Aontakarn's eyes widened. She seemed to finally remember.

"Ah..."

"You can be angry..." I raised my hand to apologize to her, as if I was about to cry. "I was out of control. I didn't know what I was doing. I'm not usually like this."

"I'm thinking about what you're like normally." Aontakarn stretched her arms out across the table as if stretching. If my eyes weren't playing tricks on me, I thought I saw her smile. "Is that your true self when you're drunk or when you're sober?"

Sweat was forming on my temples. I felt hot and cold at the same time. Who was I in Aontakarn's eyes? And what was that smile on her face?

A mocking laugh?

Did she think I was pathetic?

"Well..."

"I'm not mad."

"Hey?"

"You're very frank when you're drunk. It would be nice if you were like that when you're sober." Aontakarn cut to the chase. It made me feel relieved that she wasn't angry with me.

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah."

"It's good that you don't hold a grudge."

"We are close now in a certain way."

"Can we be close...?"

Everything fell silent. Aontakarn stared at me with her brown eyes. She tilted her head to the side and smiled slightly at me.

"Of course. I want us to be close, but it will be difficult if you don't comply. We will have to work together for a long time because you haven't given up..."

The sweet-faced woman paused for a moment. She suddenly didn't dare look me in the eye. I stared at her for a bit before what Puth said popped into my head.

*"You said she makes your heart race and fills you with inspiration."*

Oh my god... I was so embarrassed.

"A... ah. We should be close."

"If you don't know where to start... let's start with something simple."

"Like what?"

"Like calling yourself 'Chris.' And calling me 'Karn.' I'll try that too. Do you want to do that?"

I looked at the person in front of me. My face felt like it was burning. I wanted to put my hand on my cheeks to test the temperature, but I was afraid that Aontakarn would know that I was embarrassed, so I just cleared my throat.

"I'll try."

"Try it now... Call me Karn."

"Well..."

"..."

"Karn."

"We're close now, see?" The slight smile on the lips of the person in front of me put me in a dreamlike state. "But now that I think about it, when Chris was drunk, we were closer than this—not counting that kiss on my forehead."

"Was there more?" I leaned in surprise. "What did I do?"

"Don't you remember?"

"I don't remember."

"So it's a secret."

"What?!"

"A secret between Chris and Karn."

A secret. I was shocked as soon as she spoke of a secret. To be honest, I didn't remember anything except what Puth told me—that I kissed her on the forehead and called her 'awww.' Are there any more secrets?

"Ah... what secret?"

"I won't tell you." Aontakarn took a sip of the hot coffee the waiter served her and left the money on the table before standing up. "Think about it."

"Wait." I grabbed the announcer's wrist in a panic. But when I saw Aontakarn staring at the wrist, I hastily let go, as if I was holding a hot iron. "Can't you tell me... I really doesn't remember?"

"What if..."

"Hmn?"

"Let's have a drink together, and I'll tell you."

"How can I know if I don't remember anything?"

"There must be some lingering memories. You're still you when you're drunk."

"I don't really remember anything. It's like everything has been erased from my memory."

"Try to think about it."

"It's all blank."

"So it will remain a secret."

It was obvious from the expression on her face that the sweet-faced woman was having fun. Since I've known her, she'd never looked at me like that. We were like friends who weren't that close but weren't strangers either.

**What was it... What was the secret? And where could I find the answer?**

“She invited you, so go. Why are you overthinking it?” Meen said nonchalantly when I told her what happened. I was at my friend's house even though the others couldn't come.

“Can’t I think too much? Hey... Aontakarn changed overnight. Her eyes are no longer cold. They’re friendly.”

“Isn’t that good?”

“Okay, but it’s strange. If it were you, wouldn’t you want to know what happened?” I bit my nails. “There must be something... my split personality must have done something strange.”

“Your disadvantage is that you’re too shy and nervous. You know what. Stop biting your nails right now. You’re not a child anymore.” Meen slapped my hand and sighed. “She invited you to drink. Just go.”

“What if I get too attached to her again?”

“Did she seem unhappy about it? No. She seems to enjoy it and seems closer to you.”

“But...”

“Just go... Even if Rung comes out—or if it’s a whore, a ghost, or your fourth, fifth, or sixth personality, just leave it like that. Because all of those are you.”

“What is that? Why do I have SO MANY personalities?” I put my hand on my chest, all stressed out.

“Or do you not want to go?”

“I want to... but I’m afraid of doing something wrong or inappropriate. What if I blurt out that I’ve been in love with her for a while? She’ll despise me.”

“You’re thinking too much about it.”

“Jeez! You’re not me.” I stood up and walked around my friend’s room. “What if I blurt out that I’m the one sending her those letters and that my heart races every time I look into her eyes? I’ll look like a psychopath.”

“You are.”

“Am I?”

“So what do you want to do?”

“If I’m going to drink with my Aontakarn, I want to know what Rung is like.” I looked at my friend and shared what I had in mind before going there. “So I’ll drink with you first.”

“And then?”

“And I want you to record a video of me... That’s what I want to do.”



## Chapter 7 : Me Inside Me

This is the synopsis of a horror movie...

I looked at the video on my phone screen. It was the video I asked my friend to record after drinking with her the night before. Everything went blank after a while, as usual, because I couldn't handle alcohol well. So I finally got to see 'Rung' my split personality.

A woman who looks exactly like me, sounds exactly like me, but in terms of personality...

*“Do you want to know me so much? Here... this is another you. You can call me Karakate.”*

I craned my neck into the phone and looked at Meen, who was staring at me wearily.

“Don't be afraid. It's you. Whatever series is trending, you'll be called by the name of a character from that series. When we were seniors in high school, you called yourself 'Ungsumalin' when you were drunk on the beach during our school trip because Dan D2B was dating Patty.”

“I'm very imaginative at heart,” I sighed and focused back on my phone as the clip continued to play. I was talking to the other me inside of me.

Ah... it was a clip. To be exact, the other me—in the clip wanted to talk to me. Or something like that.

But Karakate didn't pay much attention to the phone. She kept laughing with Meen and talking about how the male lead's chest in the series was bigger than mine. She also laughed about the possibility of directly



messaging the male lead to schedule a sexual encounter at his condo. In my normal state, I was also very naughty, but not as direct.

**Wow... Imagine what I did when I was with Aontakarn.**

“Honestly, I didn’t know what was so slutty. I can’t imagine wanting to go to a male lead’s condo to have sex.”

“Maybe you thought about it, you just never said it out loud. You might think that if you don’t say it out loud, it means you’ve never thought about it.”

“Can I even fool myself? I should at least know that I’m a whore.”

“You are, but you keep it inside.”

“So why haven’t I found a husband yet?”

“Your conscience probably stops you. Or maybe you’re just a slut if it’s someone you like.”

I frowned and slumped my shoulders, losing confidence in myself. I felt like I wasn’t the only me in this world. There was a succubus who looked like me and would come out when I was drunk.

“What about what I asked you to do? Did you do it?”

“Fast forward the video.” Meen took the phone from my hand and fast-forwarded to the moment when we started talking about Aontakarn. “It probably somewhere around here.”

In the clip, Meen is talking to me about Aontakarn. She was trying to get me to tell her what I talked to Aontakarn about that day. Meen, who was drunk, seemed happy. Although she seemed a little embarrassed in the clip, she was much bolder than usual.

*"I told Aontakarn frankly that I wanted to be her friend but I was too shy. It's so annoying. I can't even breathe when she's herself. I want to talk to Aontakarn, but I'm afraid that my voice will annoy her. I don't dare even*

*look at Aontakarn because I'm afraid that she'll think I'm a psychopath. How can someone think so much? Who can know you better than yourself? Karakate is the perfect reflection of myself."*

*"And what did Aontakarn say?"*

*"She seemed embarrassed and a little bit shocked at first. She was like, oh... who is this? Is this really Chris? I almost told her that... I'm Karakate, but that would be too shocking. So I just told her I am Chris and then I just dove right in."*

### **Dove straight into what?!**

I jumped out of bed and paced nervously around the room. I didn't dare continue watching the clip. Meen looked at me wearily.

"You can't even finish watching the clip?"

"You, what did she do?"

"Watch the video."

"I'm scared! Give me some spoilers."

"You're looking at yourself, not The Walking Dead. Idiot. Just look at it. It's nothing."

When my friend gave me that confirmation, I decided to continue watching the clip. Karakate talked non-stop about that day.

*"What did you do?"*

*"Well... I pretended to be drunk and got clingy. I skinshipped her. We're both women—what's the problem?"*

*"You're a whore."*

*"Aontakarn was stiff at first. She was like a rubber doll. But after a while, She seemed to be having fun. She was probably a little drunk too. So after*

*that, we just chatted. Then, I told her... that I knew her better than she did."*

My heart was beating so hard it almost jumped out of my chest. Did Karakate also tell her that I was the one who sent her those letters?

**No... If she did, the novel would end now. There'd be nothing else to write. Damn it.**

*"And?"*

*"Aontakarn didn't believe me. She said I was babbling. So we played a game of trivia. I was able to answer all the questions because the original me did all the research on who Aontakarn is, where she's from, and when she was born, but... there's something that doesn't even exist on the internet, like Aontakarn's mother was a teacher."*

*"Then?"*

*"And we have the same blood type."*

*"Oh!"*

*"Oh!" I exclaimed too.*

Meen nodded and smiled at me. "See? I told you there's nothing to fear."

"Wait. Same blood type? But... My blood type is very rare."

"That's the climax. Continue watching the clip."

*"When we found out we both had AB RH negative blood type, it was like the puzzle pieces fit together perfectly. I felt like there was a connection between us. Well... it's not a blood type that can be easily found."*

*"And you just got close?"*

*"Yeah... I took that opportunity to get close to her. I said, 'Awww, we need to exchange contacts in case something happens to one of us and we need*

*blood. We can be each other's blood bank.' Then, we made a pinky promise and exchanged contacts and yeah, we're close now."*

*"Did you call her Awww?"*

*"I wanted to call her baby, but I was afraid my original self would get angry."*

*"You're a whore... You two got close because you have the same blood type... Is it a deal with the blood bank?"*

*"Isn't it great? Strangers who have the same rare blood type. If we're not friends now, what are we? So now we're close... End of story."*

*"So, that's the secret Aontakarn was talking about? I thought you told her you're her fan, Apple."*

Karakate fell silent before waving her hand and laughing.

*"You're crazy... If I said that, the novel would end too quickly. This is my story... Karakate. A good story has to have good suspense in the plot."*

*"Idiot. I was eager for the secret."*

*"It's not really a secret. She probably just wanted to joke. Just saying that made the original me's tail and ears droop... But it's a good start to a good relationship. We have the same blood type and everything."*

Me, who was talking to Meen, focused my attention on the phone.

*"Hey you, Chris! I paved the way for you. Make the rest simple. Awww wants to be your friend, so please be her friend. Don't screw it up, you idiot!"*

I looked at my phone and frowned. What Karakate said was exactly what I would say, just without the "Idiot" at the end. So the secret was that Aontakarn and I had the same blood type?

Ah... now I knew. And that was enough to make me smile. At least I didn't blurt out anything about 'Apple' when I was drunk.

But knowing so much about her is very strange.

"I think you can relax. Aontakarn doesn't seem angry with you anymore, does she? She's just acting like you're friends. Isn't that good? You really want to be her friend, don't you?"

"What does one do when one is close to someone?"

"Why are you making it difficult for yourself again? What do you do when you're with us?"

"Nothing."

"Then don't do anything."

"Can't I talk or look her in the eyes like I used to?"

"I'm really starting to get mad at you. Just act normal. If she says hi, say hi back. If she smiles at you or..."

There was a message notification on LINE while Meen was talking. The screen showed the name 'Aontakarn' and that made my whole body tremble. I nervously pointed at the phone and handed it to my friend.

"She sent me a message. What should I do?"

"I was just about to tell you that if she texts you, reply to her."

"What should I answer her? I don't know what message she sent me."

"Read it, idiot."

"Ah... you're right."

When I realized that, I opened the message and read it. Aontakarn sent me a delicate smiley sticker with a short message.

[Aontakarn: Are you ready to go have some drinks with me?]

Wow, I just saw what the other me did in the clip. If she said she was ready, she must want to go to hell. But it would be the same if she didn't go. She couldn't ruin a friendship that was just beginning.

Calm down... She's a friend, like Meen.

[Think, Chris Kitkat: Can we not drink?]

The other side went silent for a long moment before I saw a "read" notification. I wasn't sure if Aontakarn was losing trust because she asked me out and I pushed her away.

Then, I quickly sent her more messages.

[Think, Chris Kitkat: Let's hang out, grab something to eat, and have a cup of coffee.]

[Think, Chris Kitkat: Or I can come to your house.]

Argh! What had I just sent? I threw my phone on the bed and hugged my knees like a pitiful drug addict about to sober up. Meen leaned over to look at my phone when she saw my strange reaction. She then looked at me and smiled out of the corner of her mouth.

"There you go, bitch."

"What! I don't want to drink, but I don't know what to do. What did I just write? I want to cry."

The sound of a notification told me I had received a reply from Aontakarn. It made me even more scared. Meen wanted to know what Aontakarn replied more than I did, so she took the phone and read it. Then she smiled again at the corner of her mouth.

"Read it."

"Give me a spoiler. I'm afraid..."

“Read it!”

My friend, who was really annoyed with me, shoved the phone into my hand. The screen showed Aontakarn’s message. It wasn’t a message, but a cute sticker that said...

[Aontakarn: Sticker (let’s go for it).]

I blinked blankly, trying to control myself. Meen chuckled softly, giving me some encouragement.

“Go ahead, bitch, whose heart is full of lust.”

Although I was still very shy, I eventually showed up at the location Aontakarn shared with me. I loved the new innovations. With just one click, I could easily go to her house.

Ah... her house was probably around there if the marked location was correct. But what house...?

I thought it would be best to call her.

I was so embarrassed, but I had to call her to ask where exactly her house was.

As I was about to dial her number, I saw someone out of the corner of my eye. I didn’t pay attention at first, but something made me look again.

He was a tall, thin man with fair skin and a handsome face. He had looked good from his college days until now. He was standing in front of a house

with a bouquet.

I didn't need to call Aontakarn anymore. I knew where her house was now because Toy—my ex-boyfriend, was pointing out the location in front of a blue door. He was talking to someone.

"We haven't seen each other in almost a month. Are you still angry? Let it go."

Toy's voice, pleading for tenderness, made my mouth twist. I could tell he was trying to make peace with her, but he was also trying to push the blame away from himself.

"Toy... we ended things. Don't be like that."

"Are we done? We just decided to part ways for a while. We did, and I feel like it's time for us to get back together. Don't make things difficult, Karn. Our lives are short. Let's make things easy."

"Make things easy? Like when you asked me to sleep with you after we were only together for a week. You haven't changed at all, have you?" The need to intervene made it impossible for me to simply watch.

So I interrupted. Toy was stunned because he remembered my voice. He looked at me in surprise.

"Chris?"

"Yeah."

"Why are you here?"

"I came to see Karn." I nodded toward the lady of the house. "And yes... I am Karn's best friend. Hello."

Toy's jaw dropped. He wasn't sure how to handle the situation. Me, who knew what it was like from the start, winked at him and smiled.



"You won't reconcile with Aontakarn so easily because I'm here. I'll stand in your way in every way possible. I won't let you get close to her. I won't let you deceive her. I won't let you hurt her. Remember that, motherfucker!"

I stopped as I said the rude word at the end. I shut my mouth out of respect for the sweet-faced woman, who was staring at me in astonishment. However, Toy, who was right in front of me, didn't back down and answered me.

"Wait. How did you get involved in this? It's a matter between lovers."

"That's in the past. I don't know why you two broke up, but I won't let you back into her life."

I said it with confidence. I was ready to spread my wings to protect this woman. Toy, holding a bouquet in his arms, didn't want to lose to a woman. So he stood his ground.

"Who are you to butt in like this? You're a stranger in this situation."

**"I don't know how I'm involved in this. But MY Aontakarn won't suffer any pain. I'll protect her from you. Just wait and see!"**



## Chapter 8 : My Aontakarn

The confident tone of my voice made Toy look at me and Aontakarn repeatedly in confusion. In the end, the handsome man left the large bouquet with the sweet-faced woman and walked away.

"I'm not going to give up. I'm just going to understand what's going on here. I'll be back."

"And you will see me here, next to Aontakarn!"

Toy got into his car and drove off. Then, it was just the announcer and me left. We watched the taillights until they were out of sight.

"Toy is gone. You can rest assured that as long as I'm here, he won't be able to do anything to you, Karn."

"Ah... huh." The sweet-faced woman nodded and tried not to smile at me. "You're great."

"Hm?"

"Nothing. Let's go inside and drink some water. The fight was probably exhausting for you."

Aontakarn opened the door and invited me into her house. I had been all-powerful while fighting Toy, but now that I was myself again, I felt like I was shrinking to the size of a black ant on the ground.

What had I just done? I acted like I was a fighter. The sweet-faced woman was probably scared and wouldn't dare to approach me now. What should I do?

"There's not much here."

"Huh?" I looked around, taking in the area.

Karn's house was a compact two-story wooden house. There was movable furniture that didn't quite fit with the layout of the house. It was as if they were there for function, not decoration.

"There doesn't need to be much, as long as it can provide you with shelter and comfort when you're tired."

"That's great. I was afraid you'd be disappointed because my house isn't beautiful."

"The owner is beautiful. That's enough," I blurted out before realizing what I had just said. "Ah..."

"What a sweet-talker-conversationalist."

"I... I'm sorry. Does that sound weird?"

"Why do you look so surprised? You complimented me. It made me feel good. Why would that be weird?"

"Isn't it strange for a woman to flatter another woman?"

"It's better if the compliment comes from another woman. Sit here first. I'll go get you something to drink."

While the hostess went to get me some water, I looked around, paying full attention to the house. I wasn't going to say much, but if I didn't say anything, it would be too quiet.

"You live here alone? Oh..." I covered my mouth with my hand, as if I had just realized something. Her mother had just passed away. Aontakarn, who was about to pour me some water, saw that I was panicking and smiled at me.

"I live alone. You don't have to be nervous every time we get closer. Relax."

"That sounds weird. Why do we try so hard to be close?"

"Don't you want to be my friend? You don't want to?"

"Yes, I want!" I shouted that instantly when I saw the sweet-faced woman looking sad. That made Aontakarn laugh.

"You're so funny. I just acted like I was sad and you panicked."

"W...what?"

"Chris, you have to learn to relax around me. I just want to have a good conversation, but if you stay silent every time I talk to you, we won't be able to communicate. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

I nodded and tucked my hair behind my ear shyly. That made Aontakarn unable to resist reaching out her hand to lift my chin so she could look into my eyes.

"You also have to stop being..."

The beautiful brown eyes staring straight into mine stunned me. The first time I saw Aontakarn on TV, I remembered that I couldn't look away from those eyes. And now I had to look into her eyes in person? I was so excited that I almost forgot how to breathe.

"Ah... it's a little strange." Aontakarn removed her hand from my chin and looked away. She was smiling shyly. It was such an awkward atmosphere that I had to laugh to clear the air of shyness.

"Right. I'm sorry I tend to create dead air. I'll try not to be too shy with you."

"We need to break the ice."

"How?"

"Let's drink some beer."

"Oh, no." I quickly waved my hand in denial. It would be Karakate or Rung. "I really can't handle alcohol well. I don't even remember what I did last time. If I do something strange again..."

"What do you find strange? Are you going to rape me?"

"Are you crazy? Can a woman rape another woman? I can't imagine that."

"Right. So what are you afraid of? No matter who you turn to when you're drunk, you're still you."

"But..."

"Then I'll drink alone. I feel like drinking alcohol makes it easier for us to talk. If I get drunk, can you take care of me?"

Even though I tried to refuse, it seemed like I really couldn't help but drink with her. Aontakarn had beers in her house. That surprised me. Why would someone who seems so sweet have so much alcohol in her fridge?

"When I want to sleep well, I drink beer." My question was answered when I looked at all the beers in the fridge. "It's like my sleeping pill."

"For me, it's poison."

I let myself go with my heart full of lust. Even though I was still me...

"Don't you see it as a dessert? It would be nice if I had someone to drink with me."

"Don't you have any friends to drink with?"

"All my friends have families of their own now. Some moved abroad. And I don't have many coworkers... But I have you now. We're getting closer." The sweet-faced woman moved her beer can closer to mine, even though I hadn't opened mine yet. "Cheers."

"Are you a lonely person?"

That silence made me sit up straight and wave my hands.

"I'm sorry. I'm blabbering."

"I am, sometimes. I had my mother. But not anymore." The small woman had a heart-to-heart with me as she drank her beer. "When I was stressed, my mom drank with me. My mother was the one who stocked up on these beers. She bought them to drink with her daughter."

So that's it... I looked at the can in my hand, feeling guilty for not drinking it when it could be a bridge between us.

"Why isn't there a photo of your mother in the house?"

"I removed them all."

"Why?"

"They make me cry." Aontakarn's voice became shaky as she spoke of her mother. I panicked. I had to do something. So, I unconsciously opened my beer can and clinked it against hers.

"No, don't cry. Hey... Karn, you have me as a friend now. I'll be drinking with you from now on."

"This is great. You're so cute."

**My heart... please slow down.**

The owner of the heart was about to explode like Koko Krunch. Because I was afraid of losing my composure, I drank some more beer. I only took a sip because I didn't want to turn into someone else.

"Let's talk about you, Chris. Do you have a lover?"

"Straight to the point... no. I haven't had one in a long time."

"How did you meet Toy?"

"So that's what you really want to know. You can ask me honestly." I laughed a little. "I dated him. And I can confirm that he's an idiot."

"No wonder you said what you did. You wanted to warn me but you didn't know what to say, huh?"

"I'm sorry. What I said was rude. It's not something I should have asked you about." I was referring to when I asked her about her relationship with Toy and got slapped. Aontakarn pursed her lips slightly and nodded.

"You were right, but I was so upset that day. If I had known what you really meant, I wouldn't have done that. I'm sorry. It must have hurt a lot."

I could feel that the sweet-faced woman was scanning me to see if there was any trace left of what she did. She seemed to be getting a little drunk, so she was more relaxed. I had only taken a sip, so I was still fully conscious. I smiled at her.

"No. You didn't hit me that hard."

"I don't mean physically," Aontakarn said. She smiled at the corner of her mouth and gently poked her finger just above my left breast. "I meant here, you got hurt. How could it not hurt here?"

"I'm not mad."

"Why not?"

"I'm just not."

"There must be a reason why you're not angry."

"There isn't any."

"I thought it was because you really like me." I was surprised to hear that. Aontakarn also seemed surprised by what she had said. She quickly waved her hand and made an excuse. "I... I want to get closer to you. You said that you didn't hate me and that you actually really liked me when you were drunk."

“A... Ah. So... that’s what you meant.”

Why am I so shy? But Karakate told Aontakarn that I really like her? Bitch!

“It’s a little awkward, isn’t it?” Aontakarn said.

“Ah, yeah.” I unconsciously took a big sip of beer to try and dispel the awkward atmosphere before startling as I looked down at my can.

Shit... How much did I drink?

“Chris, will you protect me from Toy?”

“Definitely,” I replied without having to think about it. “I won’t let Toy bother you. But you mustn’t give him the chance to make up with you or go easy on him either. Otherwise, it won’t matter what he does.”

“I won’t relent. What he did was unforgivable. If my mother were still alive, she would have done the same thing you did...” Aontakarn looked stunned as she said that. She stared at me before continuing, “My Aontakarn.”

“H... huh?”

My jaw dropped as the woman with the most beautiful eyes repeated what I had said earlier in front of the house.

“Right, I remember now.”

There were tears in Aontakarn’s eyes. She wiped them away with her thumb before revealing to me why she was crying. I didn’t know what to do after hearing what she said. “Chris, you make me think of my mother.”

“Hey?”

“When my mother was still alive, she always called me... my Aontakarn.” The sweet-looking woman seemed to realize something as she stared at me. “Now I know why I want to be your friend so much.”



“Why?”

**“When I’m with you, Chris, I feel like I’m with my mother.”**

*Translator:*

*Okay that made me laugh a bit HAHAAHAHA the one you like resembles you as her mom.*

*that's quite brutal HAHAAHAHAHA*

## Chapter 9 : Apple

I felt like there was something heavy on top of me. I slowly opened my eyes to see a ceiling I wasn't familiar with.

When I realized this, I was startled and sat up. I looked at my clothes and sighed in relief when I saw that everything was where it should be.

Wait... my last memory was of me drinking beer and chatting with Aontakarn. And whose bed was I in now?

“Zzz...”

A soft, cute snore, rather than a scary one, reached my ears. I looked at the person beside me. Aontakarn was wearing the same clothes she had worn the day before. She was lying on her side, facing me. She was snoring softly, indicating that she was relaxed. It made me cover my mouth in panic.

"My chest is about to explode like Koko Krunch."

You're okay... I think I can understand why she was lying there now.

I got drunk and blanked out again!

Let's just say I know where I am, and I've almost fully regained consciousness. I needed to get out of here as soon as possible. Before Aontakarn woke up and was shocked, thinking we had a one-night stand.

What I mean by that is that neither of us would remember anything if we had gotten drunk. We really couldn't have had a one-night stand.


As I cautiously got up from the queen-sized bed, trying not to disturb the woman with the most beautiful eyes, who was having a sweet dream, she grabbed my shirt. A soft murmur escaped from Aontakarn's throat. She seemed to be talking in her sleep.

“Mother.”

Me, who was ready to get up, immediately stopped and turned to look at her. Although she looked strong on the outside, as if nothing could harm her, she probably felt very lonely.

After thinking about leaving, I slowly lay back as I was and slid my arm under the small woman's neck. She was still mumbling in her sleep. After a while, Aontakarn probably felt comfortable enough to slowly approach me. She snuggled up against my chest and hugged me tightly.

This was actually quite... nice.



The vibration of my phone startled me awake. I was startled again when I woke up and found myself in a familiar bedroom. Then I realized that... I had fallen asleep again in Aontakarn's bedroom when I had only intended to accompany her a little longer.

What was more awkward was that the sweet-faced woman simply walked out of the bathroom, as if she had just finished showering and getting dressed.

“Are you awake?” Aontakarn asked with a smile on her face. The cream-colored suit told me she was heading to work. So I immediately stood up, not wanting to disturb her.

"I'm sorry. I slept like a log. I acted like this was my home."

“You’re acting formal again. We’re close already, remember?” The sweet-faced woman winked at me tenderly. I could only close my eyes to happily accept my defeat.

**Wait. This is not the time to be happy. I had to be active and alert!**

"I remember we drank beer, and... what happened next?"

"We talked and fell asleep. Don’t you remember?"

I shook my head.

"Then there is no need to."

"Did I do or say something strange?"

Aontakarn smiled slightly when I asked her that. Of course... I did something, that’s for sure. If not, she would have said so already.

“Whatever you've done, you're still Chris, right? So, there was nothing strange... It was just cute.”

Cute? Karakate came out, sure. But if Karakate did something strange, the sweet-faced woman should be angry or frustrated, right?

After some dead air while I was lost in my own thoughts, I glanced at the clock from the corner of my eye. I then looked at the owner of this room, who was dressed and ready to go out to work. I panicked because I didn't want to keep her waiting, so I jumped out of bed and spoke quickly.

"Let me freshen up a bit, and I can go."

"No need to rush... I'll drop you off at home first."

"Okay."

"So we're not close anymore..." the sweet-faced woman murmured. However, her words, which she was saying to herself, hit me right in the face, as if she wanted that to happen. "However, we're back to square one, last night..."

"Last night..." I dragged out my voice, wanting to see what Aontakarn would say next. She sounded depressed, like a seal that could no longer swim in Antarctica.

Oh my God! I can't stand it. Please don't be so sad in front of me!

"We're still close!"

"If that's the case, why are you so afraid of bothering me? Last night wasn't like that."

"How was last night?"

"We exchanged our life experiences. And you weren't that polite."

"Ho... how was it?"

"It probably wasn't that important. That's why you forgot it so easily."

When she complained like that, I waved my hand in the air. I didn't want the situation to get worse, so I stupidly pretended to remember everything.

"I remember, of course. When I think about it, we're very close... Hi, friend. You're so cute when you wake up, honey."

"...."

Wasn't that close enough? Okay, let's try again.

"Hey. I was just kidding, bitch. I wanted to act like a guy. You're dressed so well today. It's like you're going to walk the Miu Miu runway. The theme

must be dogs in December. Every man will have to turn their head to look at you. All the dogs will howl, for sure."

"Ah..."

There was a horrible silence. Both Aontakarn and I stared at each other. No one said a word.

Was that too much? Damn... Now what? How close were we last night? I was trying to get as close as possible.

"I was just kidding. LOL"

"You're not quite right in the head, are you?" Aontakarn covered her mouth and laughed loudly. "Am I dressed like the dogs of December?"

"N... no, I was joking. That was a joke."

"It was very funny, I was joking too." Aontakarn laughed, as if someone was tickling her waist. She was frozen.

"Last night we drank beer and talked nonsense. When I said we were close, it was because we hugged each other all night. Don't you remember that?"

"If I were a man, you'd be running away right now."

"Well, I never had a sleepover with friends at my house. You are the first." The sweet-faced woman said that with a smile. She took her bag and pointed to the bathroom. "Freshen up. I will take you home."

"Uh-huh."

Aontakarn was about to go wait for me downstairs. She paused for a moment and turned to say something to me.

"Chris."

"Hmm?"


"Chris, you're is special to me."

"..."

"That's all I want to say."

And the lady of the house came down the stairs. She left me frozen in place, as if my soul had abandoned me. I dropped onto the bed and lay still because I couldn't move.

**Oh... my heart.**



It took me a while to be able to act normal and get into Aontakarn's car. The sweet-faced woman drove a compact car that wasn't too expensive but suited her perfectly. Everything was well-organized inside the car.

It was obvious that the owner was very organized. She really looked good with every move.

"Actually, you can go straight to work and park there. I can ride a motorcycle home."

"There's plenty of time until it's time to get to work. Don't you want me to take you?"

"I just don't want to bother you..."

"..."

"Okay, I won't be so polite."

We were already close... But I still felt a little embarrassed.

Now that I think about it, my relationship with Aontakarn was very strange. She was someone I was in love with, who I only saw on TV. However, now she was right in front of me. I could reach out my hand to touch her. And we want to get close so much that we try hard to do so. How could I not feel that it was a little strange?

"Are you only working on AppTalk now?"

"Yes. I don't have a full-time job yet. I was going to look for one, but if I get one, I'm afraid I won't have time to work on AppTalk."

"Then there is no need to get one. Keep going like this. We are starting to get income. Everything will get better."

"But a source of income is not stable. I don't know what the future holds. You are also still working as a broadcaster. I heard that you were going to quit at the beginning?"

"Yes. I was going to resign, but when I think about it... if I did resign, Apple would feel very alone."

I jumped a little when she mentioned "Apple." But I had to quickly act as if everything was normal.

"Who is Apple?"

"The person I talked about yesterday... don't you remember them again?"

"Every time I'm drunk, I go blank," I admitted honestly. It was a good thing Aontakarn didn't make a big deal out of it. She told me the story of what we talked about last night about Apple.



"Apple is my fan who sends me letters of encouragement."

"Ah..." I pretended not to know anything, although my heart was skipping a beat. "Karn, you have fans."

"Yes," Aontakarn drawled happily as the car came to a red light. She rested her chin on the steering wheel and continued telling her story. "Apple was the only encouragement I had at my worst moment."

"Uh-huh."

"I was going to quit being a broadcaster at that time and look for another job, something outside of entertainment or media. I was at my lowest point. My mother had just passed away, and my relationship ended because I caught Toy taking a woman to a hotel."

"That bastard. You know that had something to do with it," I muttered.

Aontakarn simply laughed tenderly. "Chris, I said that last night too. You get mad every time Toy's name comes up."

"Seriously... It's a deep hatred. Let's talk about Apple. Let's not involve that bastard in our beautiful conversation."

"Jeth invited me to join AppTalk around that time. I wasn't going to do it because I was so discouraged. Nothing was going right for me. Then one morning, I received a mysterious letter from Apple. The letter started with a sentence that made my heart race... ***'Dear You, Who Is Loved.'***"

"Wow... how romantic," I pretended to make fun of her, though I was actually very proud of my creativity.

"Yes... the person who wrote the letter is very romantic. I never thought I had a fan. I'm just a news anchor. Most of the viewers are men who are only interested in sports news. They don't pay attention to the anchor. But Apple wrote to describe how awesome my work is. It was a good motivation. My burdens slowly dissipated, and it made me want to create more creative work because I looked forward to the next letter."

“So, was there a next letter?”

“Yes, but not often. Apple was the reason I decided to accept Jeth’s offer. So Apple was the key person who brought us together.”

“Wow...” I said, feigning surprise, as if Apple wasn’t me. “That’s really impressive.”

“Chris.”

“Hm?”

“I’m asking you as a friend... We are friends, right?”

“Ah-huh. Question. What is it?”

Aontakarn looked embarrassed by what she was about to say, as if she was hesitating. But in the end, when she saw that I was really listening, she decided to ask.

“Can you fall in love through letters?”

“Oh? Why suddenly...” My eyes widened as I asked in a panic. “Don’t tell me that, Karn... ah... Apple?”

“I’m just asking.” The sweet-faced woman looked down the road as the light turned from yellow to green. She continued driving. “I don’t even know if Apple is a man or a woman.”

“Ah... ah.”

“And Apple disappeared. There haven’t been any letters or anything lately. I put my Twitter account and email in public, in case Apple wants to contact me.”

I listened silently without saying anything else, trying to understand what Aontakarn really wanted to tell me.

What did she mean by that? She asked but didn't want to hear my answer.  
“*Can you fall in love through letters?*” She said it as if she had fallen in love with the person who wrote those letters to her.

**And Apple was me!!**

## Chapter 10 : The Lonely One

"Puth, how does Twitter work?" I asked after spending all day trying to figure it out in front of my computer. I finally gave up and asked my brother when he got home from work.

"It's the same as Facebook. Facebook is for bragging to your friends. Twitter is for complaining."

"What are the differences?"

"On Facebook, you have to add friends so they can see how great your life is. If you post sad things, they'll step on you and gossip about you in the LINE group chat. But on Twitter, you can be whoever you want. Just pick a name. Then you can bash anyone, from the prime minister of Thailand to the president of North Korea."

"I still don't see the difference."

"Let's just say... it's for complaining. End of story."

Was I really bad with technology, or was my brother just not good at giving information? It didn't matter. I would learn how to use it in a practical way. Since Aontakarn was on Twitter, I had to learn how to use it.

In order to give her support...

Ah... I was creating an account and got stuck at the point where I had to pick a name.

Yeah... because I was doing this to support Aontakarn, I chose the username "APPLE\_Honey." It went well with the letters I was sending. What next?

How could I send a message to Aontakarn?

"Puth, how do we talk to other people?"

"Find a friend. If you want to know what I complain about every day, follow me."

"What if I don't know the account I want to talk to?"

"Then you're stupid."

Thank you...

After not getting any useful response from my brother, I looked at my phone and thought hard. Would it be weird if I contacted Aontakarn first? But we were close now.

It wouldn't be strange, right?

So I went to the sweet-faced woman's chat room. I looked at the last message where she invited me to her house. I still felt embarrassed, but since we talked more, I had the courage to contact her first.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Hi Karn (Sticker)

The other person in the chat room read my message within two seconds. She also replied with a sticker. The only difference was that hers had words on it.

**Aontakarn:** Hello, friend.

Sooooo beautiful.

I laughed into the phone, as if I was talking to Hyun Bin. However, upon realizing that my parents were staring at me, I immediately sat up straight and pretended that nothing was wrong.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'm learning how to use Twitter.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Can you show me how to use it? What's your name there?

**Aontakarn:** @Aontakarn\_RAKS

**Aontakarn:** Are you learning how to use Twitter?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Yeah. You said you use it, so I want to learn how to use it too.

**Aontakarn:** What's your account?

I was about to type "Apple" but paused. I almost gave myself away! If I typed that, she would know that the person behind those encouraging letters was me.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'm about to apply. I'll add you soon.

In the end, I had to create two accounts. It made me understand what Puth meant when he said that we can be whoever we want on Twitter because nobody knows who we are. We can attack the prime minister and delete our accounts, then create new ones. It wasn't like Facebook, where you had to make IDs. You could follow anyone, and if you weren't happy, you could unfollow them. The end.

Once I created an account, I looked up Aontakarn. There were two identical ones, so I had to ask her again.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** There are two accounts with the same name.

**Aontakarn:** Someone copied me. The one with the "S" is the real one. I'm also worried that Apple will send a message to the wrong account.

Well! Apple will never send a message to the fake account because, well, I already knew. I felt enlightened and happy.

**Aontakarn:** What are you doing?

I was about to enter the world of Twitter, but I had to put it aside to chat with Aontakarn after she asked me that.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Nothing. I'm concentrating on talking to you.

**Aontakarn:** Are you concentrating on speaking?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Yes. I'm afraid that someone might feel alone.

**Aontakarn:** Having you as a friend makes me feel a lot less alone.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** And from now on, I'm going to make you feel even less alone.

**Aontakarn:** How can you do that?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'll learn to drink beer, so you won't feel alone when you think about your mother.]

After I wrote that, Aontakarn fell silent, though it said "Read." I got nervous. It was a sensitive topic. Did I make her sad?

Just as I was getting more anxious and about to do something, my phone rang. The screen showed the number of the person I was thinking of. I answered the call nervously.

"Karn, are you okay?"

[I don't know. I suddenly felt like calling you. Can I talk to you on the phone?]

"Of course you can."

I stood up and looked at my family members who were chatting. I headed to my room to find a quiet place to talk without worrying about someone listening to my conversation.

"You can talk to me whenever you want."

[Whenever?]

"Yes, at all hours."

[Even at 9 p.m.?]

"Yeah."

[How about 11 p.m.?]

"I can."

[And 2 a.m.?]

"Of course."

[5 in the morning?]

"Yesss."

[You're too kind. What if I get too carried away?]

Her whiny voice made me smile slightly. When we were drinking beer, I remembered that she could complain, but I didn't think it would be like that when she wasn't drinking.

"Let's say you can call when you feel lonely because we are close."

[What if you have a lover?]

"I won't have a lover."

[Does this mean that if you do, we won't be able to talk like this?]

"Let's just say that even if I have a lover, I'll still talk to you like this and always have time for you. Is that okay?"

There was a chuckle on the other end of the line.



Aontakarn seemed to be having fun. The mood changed. Normally, if you looked at her, the one with the sweet face, you would feel at peace. It was like a straight line without any ripples, or if you compared it to water, a calm pond, not the sea with constant waves. But now it wasn't like that.

She was laughing... There were waves of happiness.

[I feel like I'm talking to my mother. I feel protected.]

"You're not saying I'm old, are you?"

[Not at all... It would be nice if I could see you more often. When we work on the website, we only talk when we're creating new content or scheduling a meeting.]

"There's no need to wait until there's work. We can meet whenever we want. How about this? I'll come to see you every day after work. Sound good?"

[It would be nice...]

I rolled my eyes in panic because it seemed like I was pushing her too hard. It might make Aontakarn feel uncomfortable.

"A... ah, maybe not so often..."

[No, no, Chris. I just don't want to bother you so much...]

"Oh? I thought we were close."

[It would be nice if we could meet every day. Actually, that would be great.]

What the sweet-faced woman said made me smile adoringly.

"If you want to see me every day, I'll come to see you every day. My house is close to where you work. It's not a problem. If you don't feel lonely anymore or you get bored of being with me, you can just tell me. That's all there is to it."

[Who will be the first to get bored?]

"Then I'll come see you tomorrow. Do you broadcast every day?"

[Not every day. Three days a week... Ah, then we can't meet every day.]

"Then I'll come to your house. I'll hang out and learn how to drink beer. Sound good?"

**[Don't be so nice. What if I fall in love with you?]**

My heart was pounding so hard that I had to put my hand on my chest. It took me two seconds to refocus on our conversation on the phone. I teased her too, so it wouldn't be too awkward.

"I'm that cute. How can you not love me?"

[What a joker... Then let's start meeting tomorrow and every day after that.]

"Ah-huh... the next day, and the next."

We continued talking for a while before hanging up. Embarrassment made me bury my head under my pillow and scream. I didn't realize someone had entered my room.

"Do you have a lover?"

Puth's voice startled me. I sat up straight. My handsome brother looked at me and smiled out of the corner of his mouth.

"What lover? Are you crazy?"

"I see it with my own eyes. You sneaked up to talk on the phone. This is a clear sign that you're talking to a boy. I didn't want to believe it until Mom asked me to spy on you. You laugh like a... like a..."

Evil brother...

"Did you eavesdrop on me? How rude! Didn't your parents teach you any manners?"

“They’re your parents too. Don’t get pregnant without a husband. That would be embarrassing.”

“Idiot! I was just talking to Aontakarn! How could I get pregnant? Because of her finger?”

“Huh?” Puth’s eyes widened. “You talk and laugh with Karn? When did you two become close? Ah... I know, it must’ve been when you got drunk that time.”

“Isn’t that good?”

“It’s good that it wasn’t a man you were talking to. I was just worried about you. Women these days are so easy. I don’t want my sister to be easy like those women I’m talking about.”

“Idiot.”

I looked at my brother and twisted my mouth. What was this possessive brother act? It had been like this since we were kids. Puth simply shrugged and walked out of the room. But before he did, he turned around to ask something.

“Or maybe you like women.”

“Get out of here!”

“Okay, okay. I’m leaving.” Puth stepped back, but paused when I changed my mind and called out to him.

“Puth.”

“Huh?”

“Can you drink beer with me?”

“Huh?”

“I’m learning to drink. Can you drink with me? And can I ask you for help with this every day?”

“Every day? Are you a drunker now?”

I showed him a bored expression. However, he was the only one I could trust to let Karakate go out and see. He could handle her.

“Yes, every day.”



## Chapter 11 : Aontakarn's Happiness

“You're a totally different person when you're drunk.”

Puth told me this after a night of beer-drinking training. I swallowed hard several times.

“Yes. My other self is... Karakate.”

“You told me you were Mew Nittha Jirayungyurn.”

Great... idiot.

This time, I used someone's real first and last name on the ID card. I figured it could be anyone but myself when I was drunk. My subconscious was really scary. Maybe it's like what Meen told me. My subconscious has a heart full of lust. All whores must cry.

“Was it bad?”

“No. You're just braver. You dare to say rude words, you dare to laugh, and you dare to do things you wouldn't normally do. But you don't remember anything when you're drunk?”

“It's all very vague. But you could say that I don't remember anything. And I don't like being like that... I want to be able to get drunk and have control over myself. That's why I asked you to help me.”

“Ah... then we should go slowly. But why do you want to be able to drink?”

“Aren’t you afraid that one day I’ll be a victim of a boy? Like waking up and saying, ‘Fuck! I’m naked and the sheet is covered in blood.’”

“You mean you had an abortion?”

“I mean, I lost my virginity.”

“Blood-stained sheets only happen in TV shows. But what you’re saying makes sense. Passing out when you’re drunk is scary, especially for someone like you... I don’t even know if you’re really unconscious. Maybe you’re faking it to lure a guy into taking advantage of you.”

I cursed my brother silently without him seeing. Then he continued speaking with determination.

“Okay! I’ll train you. Why have a brother if he doesn’t help his sister?”

“Fine. From now on, you’ll have to control the amount of beer I drink.”

“Well.”

Let’s just say I was preparing myself. If I could keep control over myself when I was drinking beer, I could keep control over myself with Aontakarn and always know what I was saying and what I was doing.

I was so afraid that my bravery, which was buried deep inside, would let slip that I was—Apple—her secret admirer.

If Aontakarn knew it was me, she would probably be disappointed that her only fan was her coworker.

It would probably be better if the person who admires us was a stranger. It’s mysterious. We’d want to know how they’ll support us next. So it’s better to keep it a stranger if that can encourage the sweet-faced person to continue her work. Anyway, it didn’t affect me in any way.

I was still her secret admirer and would continue to be so...

And yes... That was another day when I wrote her a letter. I wrote it in the morning after getting over my hangover. Because I was meeting the announcer, it would be nice if I could cheer her up a bit. It seemed like she was waiting for something from Apple. I wanted to bring a smile to her face all day long.

“Miss.”

I called a staff member who entered the building.

“Yeah?”

“Can you give this letter to the receptionist? Please tell her it’s for Miss Aontakarn.”

“Well.”

That woman took the letter easily and did as I asked. I left the letter with the receptionist. When I was sure that my mission was successful, I went to wait for Aontakarn at the same cafe, not forgetting to send her a text message telling her that I had already arrived.

“Awww, it’s here!”

Aontakarn opened the door and greeted me cheerfully. She even called herself 'Awww' cutely. I unconsciously looked at her dreamily. Her cheerful mood made me unable to help but ask.

“You seem very happy today. Did you win the lottery?”

“No, I didn't buy lottery tickets. But... look here.” Aontakarn pulled out an apple-scented letter she had just received at the front desk. “Apple sent me a letter.”

“Ah, no wonder you're so happy.”

“Ah-haaaaaa.”

“ .... ”

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“When you smile, the world becomes bright. It would be nice if you smiled like that every day.”

“Then let’s hope that Apple sends me constant encouragement!” The sweet-faced woman hurriedly opened the letter and showed me the beginning part.

“Read this part... Dear you, who is loved... So romantic, isn’t it? Who is the person who came up with those words?”

“A good, responsible, noble, sentimental, and religious person.”

“Maybe Apple is the prime minister and that’s its slogan, right?”

“If that’s the case, the beginning should be... I’ll do what I promised—just give me a little more time.”

“He’s here to give us or take away our happiness! No, let’s not talk politics,” Aontakarn cheerfully changed the subject. She moved from sitting in front of me to sitting next to me and snuggled in. “Do you think this handwriting is from... a man or a woman?”

“Apple... is that a boy’s name?”

I tried to distract her.

“Oh? Or... is it Steve Jobs’ letter?”

“He is dead.”

We hung out at the cafe for a while before taking a stroll through the night market behind the mall. It was full of food and not-too-expensive stuff. Aontakarn kept talking about Apple. It was like her whole world revolved around 'Apple Apple Apple'.

As someone who knows everything but must pretend to know nothing, I listened with pleasure as the little girl went on and on. Well, she was talking about me after all.



“Apple must be symbolically sensitive.” Aontakarn said this with a smile while looking at the hair clips in the market.

“How so?”

“Using Apple to represent yourself is very profound. Do you know why Steve Jobs chose that as his brand logo?”

“No.”

“It’s because apples are the fruit that Adam and Eve ate. Symbolically, it represents the birth of humanity.”

“Wooow.”

“I think Apple is very thoughtful. Look at the opening... Dear, who is loved. Who can write a letter to someone with that opening?”

I couldn’t believe I sounded so smart by deciding to use Apple just because the stationery smelled that way. Okay... I’m smart. I’ll gladly accept that compliment.

As for... dear you, who is beloved, I stole it from one of Chaoplanoy’s novels called 'Cindellera’s Frustrating Love'. I didn’t use any brain cells to come up with that. Hello!

“Oh... or maybe Apple is a woman.” Aontakarn made that observation. It made me raise my eyebrow.

“Why do you think that?”

“Apple is also sexy. It represents the figure of a woman... Oh, why is it so mysterious? But it’s so exciting.”

“You seem very happy with the letter. Ah... Now I’m useless.”

“You’re useful.” Aontakarn unconsciously wrapped her arm around mine. She wanted to insist that I was useful. “Having you here with me allows me to talk about Apple with someone. Are you upset? I’ll stop.”

“You can’t help it. You’ll be talking about Apple again. I’m looking forward to seeing what Apple is like.”

“Actually, there is no need for that. If Apple feels comfortable in this way, this is also good. I can imagine who Apple is and what the next letter will contain. It is a bit annoying not to be able to respond. I don’t want Apple to feel bad because it is a one-way communication.”

“I don’t think Apple feels that way.”

“How do you know?”

*Because I’m Apple...*

“The role of fans is to support their idol. What makes them happiest is seeing their idol smile. That’s why you have to smile often.”

The sweet-faced person looked at me with a smile on her face. She seemed a little embarrassed. That made me embarrassed too. “This is from someone who was a fan of Michael Jackson.”

“Oh? Are you a Michael Jackson fan? My mother was too.”

“I look a lot like your mother.”

“That makes me feel good. It’s like I’m with my mom. Now that I think about it... Can I call you Mom?”

“Huh?” I cringed my neck in shock. That made Aontakarn burst out laughing.

“I’m kidding!”

I laughed when I heard that. The sweet-faced girl must have been very happy today. To me, Apple’s heart filled me up a lot. I didn’t think that supporting someone could make that person so cheerful.

"Just when I thought I could never be happy again, suddenly, Apple and you came into my life at the same time. My mother must have been very

worried about me, that's why she sent you to me."

"So we met thanks to your mother... Okay, I'll give your mother the credit."

"That's nice. You agree with everything I say. It would be nice if I could talk to Apple too." Aontakarn pursed her lips. "Apple hasn't contacted me on Twitter yet."

She had been waiting...

"Apple probably doesn't know about my Twitter account yet. But that's okay, I can wait... Oh, mango with sweet fish sauce!" Aontakarn suddenly changed the subject and talked about food. I could only look at her with empathy.

She would be happier if she could talk to Apple... that was easy enough.

I'll get back to you tonight, princess!

---

*Dear you... who is loved*

*I just noticed you're on Twitter. I want you to know that... I'm rooting for you here. You can get all the encouragement you want from me here.*

*PS I'm learning how to use Twitter. I'll write you something every day.*

## Chapter 12 : It is Enough

*Dear You... Who Is Loved*

*During this time, smile often. Your smile makes everyone who sees it happy.  
That goes for me too.*

*—Apple*

“You seem very happy lately, Karn.”

We were at the AppTalk meeting, discussing the big picture and how we could properly register our company. Aontakarn’s liveliness made the atmosphere so vibrant that everyone forgot what we were supposed to talk about. We were all in a dreamy state, mesmerized by Aontakarn’s Duchenne smile. Her laughter accompanied every word.

“Isn't that good? Do you want me to be in a bad mood?”

“Seeing you laugh makes us happy. Wow... there are a lot of good things happening. Our website is growing. We're about to register our company. And our ever-serious Aontakarn laughs all day long. How great is this!”

All the boys happily teased Aontakarn, while she was like a beautiful flower among us.

Everyone overlooked me, who was also a woman on the team. But it didn’t matter because it made Aontakarn happy. Her smile made me happy too, so there was no point in being upset about it.

Lately, Aontakarn and I had been seeing each other every day. We talked about this and that until we became pretty close. We also talked on the phone three times a day. The little one was the loner type, and I was more than happy to be her friend when she felt lonely. We were a perfect fit.

In addition to talking to her as Chris, I was also playing the role of Apple, who sent her encouragement via Twitter every day. I was learning the ins and outs of Twitter. Let's just say that more than 80% of my time was spent with the female announcer. If I were a guy, we'd be getting to know each other or something.

**But since I am a woman... I am only her best friend.**

That was interesting. If Aontakarn and I were men, what would our relationship be like?

"But can you tell us why you are so happy? Do you have a lover?" Puth asked straight to the point. I was startled at that. Me, who had been thinking about that topic, looked at my brother in shock.

"No, I'm single."

"Oh. How can one be so happy without being related to love? Do you know why Karn is so happy, Chris?"

"Are Chris and Karn close now? What did we miss?"

All curious eyes were now on me. Since the team members didn't meet every day, they didn't know everything that was going on between us. Puth was the only one who knew that Aontakarn and I were closer than before.

The sweet-faced woman looked at me and smiled shyly before looking away. I couldn't help but smile when I saw her smile.

"We are coworkers. Why? Is it strange that we are close?"

However, when I said that, the smile on the small woman's face disappeared. Aontakarn was just as good at keeping her feelings to herself

as I was at observing how she felt. Therefore, I could immediately tell when something was wrong.

“True. Be good to each other because we will have to work together for a long time... Let’s talk about the company registration. What name should we use...”

And I didn’t see Aontakarn smile again during the whole meeting. So I couldn’t help but send her a LINE message. Her smile disappearing made me sad.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** What’s the problem? Why are you so quiet?

**Aontakarn:** Nothing.

I stared at the person who was staring at their phone blankly while licking my teeth, not knowing what to do.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Did I say something wrong?

**Aontakarn:** Nothing.

Okay... that meant something was wrong. A one-word answer like she didn’t care could only mean that. I panicked because I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t even know what I had done wrong. I had to do something to resolve the situation right now.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** You look so beautiful today.

**Aontakarn:** What?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** You look prettier than usual today.

**Aontakarn:** Rest easy.

I looked at the person I had just complimented to check the comments. Aontakarn, who was still good at hiding her feelings, glanced at me for a bit before typing her reply.

**Aontakarn:** You're better at using words. Are you a sweet talker now?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** What brings Aontakarn into this world?

**Aontakarn:** Are you changing the subject? Why do you ask that? Of course, she's my mother.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** What are you made of?

**Aontakarn:** Why?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Yeah, why?

**Aontakarn:** Why what?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** What are you made of? Why are you so pretty?

The sweet-faced woman bit her lip and glanced at me a little. I could tell she was trying to keep her composure and not smile. Her eyes showed it all, though.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** You're about to smile.

**Aontakarn:** What are you talking about?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'm trying to make up with you.

**Aontakarn:** I told you it's nothing.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Smile.

**Aontakarn:** I'm not a lunatic. Why would I suddenly smile for no reason?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Look at me, I'll be your reason to smile."

**Aontakarn:** What will you do?

Then Aontakarn looked up from her phone and looked at me, as per my request. I exhaled so hard that my nostrils flared and I rolled my eyes like I

had never done before.

I gave it my all to make her smile. The sweet-faced woman, who was trying to keep her composure, smiled when she saw me doing that. That made me smile with relief.

Ah... she's probably not mad at me anymore.

This woman had so much influence on me...

"Are you two dating?"

However, as we thought we were chatting privately without anyone noticing, we didn't realize that the entire team had been watching us for a while.

"Wait... what?" I squirmed and sat up straight while waving my hand in denial. "Dating? No!"

"You two are acting strange. You kept playing on your phone without paying attention to what we've been saying." Even Puth said that while examining me.

"We've been chatting like this for a while now. And we're both women—how can we go on a date?" Aontakarn shook her head vigorously.

This line of questioning frustrated me. I didn't mind the teasing, but putting the sweet-faced woman in an awkward position was too much.

"Don't joke like that, Puth. It makes us uncomfortable. Can't we be close? Do we have to make it sexual because we're close?"

"Why are you so serious? I was just joking." My handsome brother was stunned when he saw that I was really frustrated. To get everyone to stop this line of questioning, I had to play it big. So I slammed the table and stood up.

"I've had enough. I'm not in the mood to attend the meeting now. I'm leaving."



“Hey, are you leaving?”

“Yes. I’m the video editor. Why am I here talking about business plans and company registration? I don’t want to talk about it. I don’t understand anything. I’m leaving.”

I left the meeting and sent a message to tell Aontakarn to come with me. The sweet-faced woman didn’t want to stay either, so she left five minutes later. And now we’re strolling through a shopping mall.

This was using my anger so we could skip the meeting and hang out.

“Chris, you’re scary when you’re angry,” Aontakarn said, forgetting that she was angry with me before.

That was the result of playing big. It made those who didn’t play so big forget that they were in a bad mood.

“I’m not as scary as you.”

“Eh?”

“Weren’t you in a bad mood with me?”

“No.”

When I reminded her, she became grumpy again. But this time, she didn’t seem so serious.

“I thought we were close. You have to tell me. I can’t read people. I just know you’re in a bad mood, but I have no idea what I did to make you feel that way.”

“...”

“Hey...” I nudged her as I started to get grumpy myself. Even though I knew the sweet-faced person wasn’t in a bad mood anymore, I still wanted to know what I had done wrong. “What is it?”

“I was a little frustrated.”

“See? Why were you frustrated with me?”

“You said we’re coworkers.”

“And what are we?”

Aontakarn puffed out her cheeks and scrunched up her mouth. She moved forward quickly. My jaw dropped. I grabbed her arm as I sighed.

“Tell me what I said wrong so I can correct it... Please believe me, it took a lot of courage to tell you this. It also takes a lot of courage to try to make peace with you. So, can you please tell me?” I rubbed my hands together as I begged her. Aontakarn pressed her lips together and spoke in a clearly sullen tone of voice.

“You told the others that we are coworkers.”

“And what’s wrong with that?”

“There are a lot of words you can use. ‘Coworkers’ doesn’t sound close. I don’t like it.”

“I just...” I stammered, losing my voice. The little girl was getting frustrated again, so I cleared my throat. “I didn’t know what word to use.”

“You can use ‘close friends’ because we are close now.”

“I was afraid it would seem too fast. They might think I have the intention of getting close to you. You are famous. It would seem like I have hidden intentions...”

“Hey...” Aontakarn looked like she had just been hit in the head and exclaimed a very manly, shocked, ‘Hey.’ She pushed her hair back in annoyance. “Why are you thinking so much? It’s annoying.”

“You think too much too. I just said... We’re coworkers.”

“Fine. It doesn’t matter.”

“Uh...”

“Then we can be coworkers!”

So Aontakarn and I got into a bad mood... I figured it was the next step to being close friends. We talked about almost everything and fought. It was a perfect mix.

“Is that true?”

“I’ve known you for over ten years. I’ve never gotten upset over such small matters as this.”

I was brainstorming with my friends. I was on a video call on my laptop. After I told them everything, Ern and Nat seemed really upset with Aontakarn. There was only Meen, who didn’t seem to care much. She had just eaten her cup of noodles.

“You have no comment, Meen?” Ern nodded at Meen.

The person being asked simply shrugged. “I don’t know what to comment. But for me, really close friends don’t get stupidly angry like this.”

“Yes. Only lovers can be that stupid.” Nat said it nonchalantly. It made me sit up straight like a guilty person.

This is the second time someone has mentioned ‘lovers’ when it came to my relationship with Aontakarn today. What madness was this?

“It seems that the announcer and Cris are lovers, not close friends. Did they define their relationship wrong? Friends don’t try that hard for each other,” Ern commented frankly. I was feeling frustrated.

“Did you forget that I’m a woman? Why are you talking about lovers? Don’t tell this to others or people will get the wrong idea.”

“Who would? There are only friends here. We’re just telling it how it is... right, Meen?”

Meen shrugged again and replied briefly. But it was a thought-provoking answer because, deep down, I partially agreed with her.

“Friends... you don’t have to try. And the relationship isn’t that fragile, not like a delicate glass that you have to try not to break at all times.”

We talked for a while before parting ways to go to bed. It was already past midnight, and it was the first night I hadn’t called Aontakarn to say goodnight.

**I didn’t know what to do... I had never felt so vulnerable.**

Since I was bored and couldn’t sleep, I picked up my phone to see what Aontakarn was doing on Twitter. I was surprised that she had been tweeting a lot more than usual. She told me that she was just as anxious as I was.

Can’t you tell that ‘close friends’ and ‘coworkers’ are different?

I’m so bored.

It’s 10 o’clock at night.

It’s 11 o’clock at night.

It's midnight...

Although she had a tendency to overthink to the point where it seemed like she was perpetually anxious, Aontakarn's constant complaining made me endear her in an adorable way.

I may be a fool, but I'm not stupid. She was waiting for my message. I was chatting with my friends and didn't know that someone was waiting for me to try and make up with her.

Chris\_Carissa: It's already past midnight; why aren't you asleep?

If we followed each other, my mentioning her meant a notification would pop up on her phone. So I thought she had already read my mention.

How arrogant... Why did it take her so long to respond?

Aontakarn\_RAKS: You're still awake too, I guess.

Chris\_Carissa: I can't sleep.

Aontakarn\_RAKS: Why?

Chris\_Carissa: I haven't said goodnight to a certain person.

Aontakarn\_RAKS: Who is that person?

Chris\_Carissa: Whoever's phone is ringing.

And finally, I called Aontakarn. The phone rang for about 5 seconds before she picked it up. However, there was only silence from the grumpy girl.

**God... She's so grumpy it's adorable.**

"Do you already know who that someone is?"

[I thought you had forgotten.]

"Are you still mad at me?"

[I'm not.]

“Why is MY Aontakarn like this?” I dragged out my voice as I said that. And soon after, the small woman laughed and gave up.

[You're using the fact that I say you're like my mother to your advantage. Cheater.]

“Can't you be mad at me? I don't like it when we get in a bad mood.”

[Chris, you made me feel like...]

“Huh?”

[If I were completely alone.]

The sweet-faced man's answer left me stunned. And when I remained silent, she gave more details.

[You made me feel safe because it's like I'm with my mother. But you also keep the distance between us. That gap makes me not know how to behave. It seems like we're close, but not near. Something like that.]

“I'm sorry I made you feel that way.”

[Chris, you act like you're not worthy of me. Do you know what I'm saying?]

It wasn't bad that she felt that way. I started out being so impressed by her that I became a fan. Now that we were friends, I couldn't help but feel unworthy. I didn't dare tell anyone that we were friends.

I guess that made Aontakarn feel uncomfortable...

“I understand. From now on, if anyone asks, I'll say that... Karn is my best friend.”

[Okay.]

“Are you happy now?”

[Well, yes.]

“So, can you wish me sweet dreams?”

[Sweet dreams. Good night.]

“Sweet dreams, MY Aontakarn.”

We hung up. However, it was as if something had been left unsaid.

Why did I feel like Aontakarn was still unhappy when I said we were best friends?

Ah... maybe even I felt that wasn't enough. But what more could it be than best friends?

**I don't know, but I felt like... that wasn't enough.**



## Chapter 13 : More Than I Thought

*Dear ... who is loved.*

*It's already rainy season. The weather changes very often during this period. Please cover yourself with a blanket. And if you want to make this rainy season a bit more romantic, turn on the radio at 97.25 FM at 7 p.m.*

*People call in to talk about love stories. Listening to them might make this rainy season incredibly more meaningful.*

—Apple

Time flew by, and it had already been six months since I met Aontakarn and became Apple, who sent messages to the sweet-faced woman every day. It was strange that Aontakarn never responded by direct message.

But I knew she read my messages because I was also her best friend, who talked to her three times a day—after each meal and before we went to bed. As a result, I knew everything about Apple.

She was incredibly puzzling...

**Ern:** Tomorrow is my birthday. If someone doesn't show up, I'll curse their house.

**Ern:** All of you have to pay for me on my birthday. Hooray.

It had become our tradition that if it was someone's birthday, we would all gather, even if we knew we would die the next day. If someone didn't show up, we would drag them out of their house.



Natty was so attached to her boyfriend that she never came to my birthday, claiming she was sick. That made everyone in her house know she had gone to spend the night with a guy.

**Knowing your daughter is a slut is probably torture for parents...**

And to prevent such a terrible event from happening to anyone again, we, who witnessed the punishment Natty faced for not showing up, pooled 500 baht each and made sure to show up the next day.

What kind of tradition is this?

**Meen:** Is everyone listening to 97.25?

**Nat:** I did. It's so touching...

I was also listening to the radio, so I wasn't focusing on the conversation with my friends. Someone called in to talk about their love story.

Both were women, and the age difference was 16 years. The caller called herself A. She talked about how she met her lover and how they fell in love.

They were being separated by others because they were caught. So, the older woman confessed her love using her lover's real name.

***"Auntie loves you, Nueng."***

My heart pounded so hard when I heard that bold confession. It was so surprising that I had to put my hand over my heart. I didn't know what would happen next because the DJ cut the story there, leaving everyone who was listening wondering.

As I said... listening to these stories in the rainy season was very romantic. But if you look at it from another angle, it was also very sad. The rain... symbolized lushness. But it could also be used as a symbol of sadness, like tears.

**Ern:** Reminder. Everyone must come tomorrow. I'll make up a story that you ran away because you were pregnant and needed to travel to Korea for an abortion for anyone who doesn't show up. The person who got you pregnant is Kim Jong Un.

It was a very serious threat...

Everyone agreed to meet up and then went off to do their own things. However... my business wouldn't be over until I said goodnight to the sweet-faced woman.

[Oh, it's 10 p.m. already? I was just taking a nap. Didn't realize it was this late.]

Aontakarn used to have a nasal tone of voice, but not so much. Also, she usually didn't sound so exhausted. If I was right, it was because of the changing season. How could someone so delicate not get sick?

“Are you sick? Have you taken any medicine yet?”

[I was going to get a lot of rest, to let my body heal itself. But I guess that didn't work. I don't even have the strength to take a bath.]

She said that as if she was drained of energy. I wanted to go to her right then, but I didn't want to have to tell my family members where I was going, especially Puth, who tended to tease me about Aontakarn and me dating even though I knew he was just joking.

“You don't need to bathe. Just go to sleep.”

[No. The bed will get dirty. I'm covered in dirt and sweat.]

“You can't even get up, but you want to take a bath? You can't do everything you want.”

[I can if someone helps me.]

“Are you referring to me? What do you want me to do?”

[Help me bathe.]

“Crazy.”

I laughed embarrassingly. I didn't think about continuing this line of discussion while the person teasing me also laughed at my response. It made the atmosphere less lonely, even though it was raining outside.

[I've been talking to you like this every day for almost three months. I can still remember how much we hated each other at first.]

“I never hated you.”

[You misunderstood me. You made me feel that way.]

“I must have made you very uncomfortable at first.”

[A lot.]

“How about now?”

[Now I can't sleep if we don't talk... You've made me addicted to you.]

Those were words that made me not know what to do. But now that I thought about it... it wasn't just Aontakarn who felt this way. I am also addicted to the small woman on the other end of the line. We could hardly be separated.

“Although I can't talk much with you tomorrow. I have to go to a party.”

[Where?]

Aontakarn's stern voice made me sit up unconsciously and explain myself hastily.

“Tomorrow is Ern’s birthday. She’s one of my best friends. If I don’t go, she’ll lash out at me.”

[Where are you going? What will you be doing?]

“Probably drinking and chatting about when we were young, as always.”

[Drinking? You don’t handle alcohol well.]

“I’m much better at it since I met you. Don’t worry.”

[...]

“What’s wrong? Why are you so quiet?”

[Can’t you not go?]

“My friend will be grumpy until she has grandchildren.”

[Right... I’m too addicted to you.]

The little one sounded really lonely. Strangely, I also felt sad. Most people who saw Aontakarn would think the announcer was the quiet and arrogant type who didn’t care about others. But me, who had been close to her for a while, knew well that she was the lonely type.

She was probably also very attached to her mother.

[It’s okay. Just call me tomorrow. If I feel lonely, I’ll find something to do... Maybe I’ll listen to 97.25. Apple recommended it to me. It should help. I’m going to sleep now.]

“Sweet dreams.”

[Sweet dreams.]

Why was it so boring to celebrate with friends? Everyone talked about the past and laughed, but I kept looking at the time on my watch.

And Meen... who had been watching me the whole time, told me with a smile at the corner of her mouth.

“You’re so rude. Others are laughing and having fun, but you, Chris, keep looking at the time and getting ready to leave. Did your wife Aontakarn call to tell you to go home?”

When she called Aontakarn my wife, I bared my teeth at my friend in frustration.

“Stop using the word husband or wife with Aontakarn and me.”

“So your wife is Aontakarn?” Ern replaced Meen. She winked at me cheerfully. Then I started squirming uncomfortably.

“Can you all stop teasing us like this?”

“If there’s nothing between you two, just laugh with us. Or is there something?” Natty, who had been listening silently, interrupted. It made me look at all my friends who didn’t understand what it felt like to be teased this way.

“Happy birthday, Ern. I’m leaving.”

“What’s this? You just got here and now you’re leaving? It’s your friend’s birthday. You have to stay until tomorrow.” Ern immediately complained. I

put my money on the table to buy time.

“I’ll pitch in more money, but I’m leaving. I have something to do...” I admitted I didn’t sound very confident. And because of that, my friends could see through me.

“Money can’t buy us,” Ern shook her head and looked at everyone. “But our need to meddle in other people’s business can.”

Meen and Natty grabbed my arms and legs to prevent me from making any moves. Ern, the birthday girl who always insisted that she liked to meddle more than others, grabbed my phone and scanned my face with it.

“Scan, done... Alright. Where should we spy first... Facebook?”

“ ... ”

“Instagram?”

“ ... ”

“Line?”

“Bitch...”

“Alright, LINE it is.”

My chubby friend went into the green app and scrolled down to look for interesting messages before stopping at the name Aontakarn.

No... She didn’t even have to scroll because that sweet-faced woman was at the top of the list and was the last person I talked to.

**Aontakarn:** I can’t get up. I’m sick...

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I’ll be there now. Give me some time to apologize to my friends.

“Wow, how stupid. You’re a traitor.”

Ern made a noise in her throat. It made me not dare to look her in the eyes because they caught me red-handed and were about to turn their backs on me and apologize.

"It's my birthday. You prioritize someone who came later over me?"

"You skipped your friend's birthday party to go be with your husband at their condo, Natty."

"That was my husband."

"This is..."

And then everything went silent. All my friends looked at each other and smiled, as if they already knew what was coming next. It made me feel even more uncomfortable.

"Don't look at me with that face. Nothing's happening."

"You can be someone who doesn't accept the truth or lie to everyone, but not to us," Meen let go of me and sat down with her chin resting on her hand, looking me in the eyes.

"I said nothing's happening."

"Fine."

"Fine what?"

"We're also worried about Aontakarn... Natty, prepare the car." Meen gave a signal, and everyone started playing their roles. "Ern... tell Aontakarn to send us her location; we're going to visit her."

"Give me the phone. I'll type and send it to the beautiful woman."

All my friends burst out laughing enthusiastically, especially Meen. When she saw what Natty had written, she laughed out loud. It terrified me.

"What did you do?"

"We're going to visit Aontakarn... Oh, she replied!"

I watched everyone's rushed reaction in confusion. I didn't know how to handle the situation. I rushed to grab my phone to read the messages. And what I saw gave me goosebumps.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Do you know Chris's real name?

**Aontakarn:** Carissa?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Noooo

**Aontakarn:** Then, what is it? Are you drunk?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Chris's full name is Clit-oris.

"You bitches..." I cursed, my voice trailing off at the end. I was so frustrated, but all I could do was scratch my head while my friends continued to laugh joyfully.

"She's blushing so much... This is so cute, Clitoris." Natty pulled at my cheeks, but I swatted her hand away.

"You're so bad! What would Aontakarn think of me?"

"Whatever she thinks of you, she thinks you're cute." Meen didn't seem bothered by any of this at all. "Let's go. Let's visit the sick girl based on the shared location."

"N-no."

"Why not? Let's go because we're worried about her." Everyone gave me mocking looks. I knew they were pretending to be concerned.

"I'll go alone."

"Are you the only one allowed to worry about her?"

"I'm not convinced..."



"Let's go."

To prevent things from getting out of hand and not to bother Aontakarn, who was resting, I had to say what my friends wanted to hear.

"Fine. I'm worried about her!"

"Why do you have to be so worried?"

"We're friends."

"We're your friends too." Ern immediately objected. She also snapped her fingers. "Natty, action!"

"Oh... my stomach hurts." The friend who had been assigned the role of the sick person immediately leaned over, weakly. But I didn't even glance at her.

"Why is your reaction so different when it comes to Natty?"

Meen chuckled under her breath. The more my friends pushed me against the wall, the more frustrated I became.

"Aontakarn isn't as strong as all of you. She's completely alone. Her mother just died. And she's sick."

"If we're not satisfied with your answer, we won't let you go easily." Ern picked her nose indifferently with her pinky. I was furious.

"What do you all want? I already said I'm worried about her."

"Just worried?"

"Yes!"

"Do you love her?"

**"Yes!"**

"..."

"I mean..."

"You can go." Everyone tried not to smile. When I opened my mouth to say something, they all shook their heads. "Go before we change our minds and tie you to the chair, leaving Aontakarn sick and alone."

I pressed my lips together in frustration. But I believed that arguing was pointless at this point. So I chose to remain silent as I grabbed my bag and left.

"Hey."

Meen called out to me, so I turned to look at her.

"What?"

"We're right behind you. Take it all the way."

"Crazy."

I said this, but I couldn't help but smile when I turned my back on them. My friends are so fun. They liked to take things too far.

Did they forget that I'm a woman?

From Meen's room, which was our meeting point, it took 30 minutes to reach Aontakarn's house because it was on the outskirts of Bangkok. It was now past 9 p.m. Everything was quiet. On the TVs, you could only hear the sounds of crickets and the voices of her neighbors. But this was good... At least there were neighbors to keep the sweet-faced girl company.

Since I came and went so often that it became a very normal routine, I had a key to her house. I could use it in case of an emergency, like when I passed by very late at night.

I went there very often...

When I opened the door, I saw the small woman sleeping slumped on the sofa. She was in a T-shirt and shorts. She had a pink blanket covering her lower half. When I saw that she was sound asleep, I didn't want to wake her, so I simply crept closer and watched her with admiration.

She was sleeping so deeply that she didn't even hear me enter.

I wasn't prepared for the rain that was pouring down outside. I heard raindrops on the roof, and suddenly the rain poured down in torrents. I looked out the window and felt relieved that I had gotten there before the downpour, or I would have been soaked. While listening to the rain, Aontakarn murmured something in her sleep.

"I'm so cold."

Fearing that Aontakarn's fever might return, I quickly covered her with the blanket. However, the person who was murmuring slowly opened her eyes and looked directly at me.

"The blanket isn't enough."

"Huh?"

"Hug me, please."

I looked around, unsure of what to do. Aontakarn continued to look at me. Then she reached out her hand to pull me, although she didn't have much strength left.

"Come sleep with me on the sofa."

"Alright. Sorry... It might be a little uncomfortable because the space is tight."

"The tight space will make it warmer."

When Aontakarn gave me permission, I lay down on the sofa behind the small girl. I put my arm under her neck. Aontakarn sought more warmth by

snuggling closer to my body. I didn't know what to do with my other arm, so I wrapped it around the sick person.

"It's so warm."

The pleasant scent escaping from Aontakarn's hair put me in a dreamy state. You could say I was taking advantage of the situation because I gently buried my face in her nape.

"I thought you wouldn't come. I was waiting for you here... You don't smell like alcohol."

"I didn't drink."

"What about the LINE message?"

When I thought about it, I pressed my lips together, still angry with my friends for what they did. But I didn't want Aontakarn to find out that my friends spied on us because I felt that my friends reading her LINE message was invading her privacy, so I changed the subject.

"You could have gone to sleep. You didn't have to wait. What if I couldn't come?"

"I knew you would come. You had to come."

"Why are you so sure?"

The small woman took my arm and hugged it tightly. She was adjusting her position to sleep comfortably. She murmured to me while doing so.

**"Because you love me so much."**

Damn it... Everyone was saying that. Was I the only one who didn't know how I felt?

Maybe I loved Aontakarn more than I thought.

## Chapter 14 : The Intern

*Dear you... who is loved.*

*You looked so pretty and lively in the last clip. I want you to always look happy and flourish like that. Please post a lot of work. I'm always waiting to support you; you must know this.*

*—Apple*

That day, the AppTalk team had another meeting. The topic of the day was about renting office space because we needed a studio for product reviews. I had to admit that our website was growing rapidly. Even though people usually used other platforms like Facebook or Twitter more, the number of visitors to our website had increased from ten thousand to sixty thousand per day.

The five team members had comfortable incomes from sponsors who bought web banners. We also received free products sent to us for review. We were all happy with our jobs, especially me, who also worked as a camerawoman, video editor, and director for Aontakarn. Not to mention, I was also her friend.

So this was what it was like to be happy with your work.

While everyone was chatting cheerfully, the little one remained silent. She seemed to be thinking about something. I couldn't help but whisper to her, "What's wrong? Why are you so quiet?"

"I feel..."

"Huh?"

"I feel fat." Aontakarn looked at me with a sad expression. "Apple said I'm flourishing. That's an indirect way of saying I'm fat, right?"

Was that why she looked sad? I almost burst out laughing because I felt bad for making Aontakarn feel sad when others were happy about our flourishing business. I shook my head and reached out to grab her thigh to comfort her.

"Karn, you're not fat. This is an ideal weight."

"Really? You're not just saying that to comfort me, are you?"

"To be honest, I don't like someone too skinny. Bones poke me when I hug someone too thin. You make me want to hug you and snuggle with you."

I unconsciously squeezed my other hand, thinking of Aontakarn as a plush toy. The petite woman looked at me shyly.

"You're crazy. But if you think my weight is ideal, I won't worry about it anymore."

"You believe me so easily?"

"Isn't that a good thing?"

We looked at each other for so long that we could hear people coughing. Everyone in the meeting was looking at us again. We instantly separated, making us look in different directions.

"You two are always in your own world. Is it just the two of you in this world?" Jetha's joke made me wave my hand immediately and make an

excuse.

Aontakarn and I were teased like this very often, and I was afraid it would make the petite woman feel uncomfortable.

“It’s not like that...,” I said, looking at Aontakarn and reaching out to shake her arm gently. “Say something. They’re teasing us again.”

“It’s okay. They’re just joking.” Since the sweet-faced woman saw this as a joke, everyone on the team nodded and laughed because I took it too seriously.

“Are you sure you’re okay with that?”

“There’s nothing to worry about.”

“But it might not make you feel...”

Aontakarn rested her elbows on the table and looked at me. She smiled indifferently. Besides, she seemed to enjoy being teased.

“Isn’t it nice to be involved in a rumor with me? I’m famous to some extent, you know?”

“Ah...”

“If you weren’t a woman, we’d be dating like they say we are.”

It turned out that I was the one blushing and didn’t know what to do. Aontakarn changed the subject and got us back on track with the meeting agenda, leaving me embarrassed and alone.

**Damn it... Am I the only one who’s scared?**

“Chris. I have a nephew I want to ask you to train. He’s a senior student about to graduate,” Toh, one of the team members, said to me before the meeting ended, making me feel a little excited.

“Wow. Are we big enough to have an intern, even though there are only five of us in the company?”

“I was just being polite. I just want you to help train my nephew. He’ll graduate soon. You can think of him as your slave.”

“What can I make him do? Besides filming and editing videos, I don’t have any other work.”

“Teach him those things. He can also edit. Just tell him what to do. I want to hire him once he graduates because no one will hire him for sure.”

Did that mean Toh’s nephew was someone we wanted as a coworker? But since he asked me to train his nephew, and I didn’t know how to say no, I gave him my word before we separated after the meeting.

Aontakarn was waiting for me because we were going to see a movie together.

“Sorry the conversation with Toh took longer than expected. Did you wait long?”

“I can wait for you all my life.”

I shrank my neck a little and examined the petite woman closely. She had been saying strange things all day.

“What is this? Are you flirting with me?”



“If I am, will I succeed?”

“Crazy... What are you saying?” I murmured to myself. Aontakarn reached out her hand to push me to walk with her. Her hand stayed where it was as we walked.

“How long have we known each other?”

“Well... almost six months.”

“Time flies, huh? Ah... they say we forget the moment when we’re happy.”

“We’re so close that people keep teasing us, saying we’re dating.” I continued talking about this topic to observe Aontakarn’s reaction and see if she showed any sign of discomfort. However, there was none.

“I’m with you every day. I’m with you more than I was with Toy when I was dating him.”

“Oh. I completely forgot about that character until you reminded me.”

“Yeah. I completely forgot about him too. It’s like he was never in my life. When I was with him, I wasn’t even half as happy as I am now with you.”

### **Toy vs. Chris**

Was Aontakarn comparing our relationship to the one she had with Toy? When I thought about this part, I was so embarrassed that I had to look at the ground and try not to smile.

“Shall we find some time to go out of town together?”

“Huh?” I looked at the sweet-faced person who suddenly invited me to go out of town. “Where do you want to go?”

“I want to relax. Bangkok can get boring. You can think about where you want to go; I’ll let you choose the destination.”

The sweet-faced woman was becoming more and more assertive. She didn't even ask if I wanted to go. Did she think I was that easy? I had to play hard to get!

"I want to go to Japan."

Aha... I'm not easy at all!

"How is Japan out of town? But... that's interesting. Then... let's find some time to travel together so we can book the plane ticket and hotel. If we plan ahead, we can get good deals."

"Aha. Let's invite others. The more, the merrier," I said. When Aontakarn heard that, she immediately let go of my hand and frowned, looking frustrated. "What's wrong?"

"Why are you inviting others?"

"It's more fun to travel in a group."

"Is it that uncomfortable to go alone with me?"

"No..."

"It's okay. Let's go in a big group. Do what you think is best."

And then the sweet-faced woman walked ahead, sulking. I stood there, stunned, for a moment before running after her and wrapping my arm around her to try to reconcile.

"It's better if we go together, just the two of us."

"You don't want to go in a big group anymore?" Aontakarn tried to unwrap my arm, but I knew she would stop sulking soon if I kept trying to make up with her.

"It's better to go just with you, so we can be together, sleep together, do hanami together, and drink sake together. That would be much better."

“Stop...”

I couldn't resist pulling her nose when I heard her whiny voice. “You're so moody, my Aontakarn.”

That was my killer move. It made the sweet-faced woman smile in the end.

We ended up going to the movies alone, as we usually did.

Our company finally had an office. I'm just bragging. We just rented a small meeting room. It had a round table and an area for product review sessions. We organized the space efficiently. But we didn't forget to put up the company sign to make it look formal. We also had a desk with a computer for me to do my editing work.

“This is a new computer. It's for you.”

A sixty-thousand-baht computer that I dreamed of elegantly decorated our office. I rubbed the monitor and imagined I was rubbing the cheek of the actor who played Thor in The Avengers.

Argh... I was so excited.

“The cherry on top. It's like Steve Jobs is visiting our office.”

“Isn’t he dead, you idiot?” Puth hit me on the head and changed the subject. “Besides this computer, you’ll also have an intern to help you for three months. Toh’s nephew’s name is Tem.”

And “Tem,” the intern, 21 years old, appeared in his university uniform and jeans. He’s an attractive guy, fresh out of college. He raised his hands to show me respect while chewing gum.

So independent.

“Hi, Phi. You can call me Tem.”

“Who’s your Phi?” I responded sharply, making the confident person smile cheerfully.

"You... You're cute, Phi."

His direct compliment made Puth glance in that direction, a little annoyed.

Have I ever mentioned that Puth is very protective and 'possessive' of me? When someone seems to be flirting with me or when I appear to be smitten, he immediately 'interferes.' It's been that way since high school. And it's still the same...

Can he be less possessive of me?

"You're here to work, not to flirt," Puth said directly, causing Tem to laugh and scratch his head.

"I was just joking. But she is really cute and down-to-earth."

Was that a compliment?

"You say that because you haven't met Karn," Puth said hastily, as if it were okay to belittle me if it meant preventing Tem from flirting with me. But it didn't matter. Since it's Aontakarn, it was fine to be belittled.

"Starting tomorrow, you can do your editing work at the office. We'll review the speakers tomorrow."

I nodded to acknowledge him before continuing to admire my new computer. I tried this and that to familiarize myself with the new machine. As for Tem, who still had nothing to do, he sat next to me, watching as I admired the computer.

"Do you already have a lover?"

"What?" I looked at the man, who was being very straightforward, and frowned. "That's a personal matter of mine. You'd better back off."

"How aggressive. But women like you are cute."

"Saying that I'm cute all the time won't make your time here any easier. Don't even try."

"You're very straightforward. I like that."

"Hey!" I was starting to get annoyed by his flirting, so I turned around to glare at him. And the look in his eyes told me he was really interested in me. He was just being a little playful. "Stop looking at me like that."

"Do you like men?"

"Why can't you stop asking these kinds of questions?"

The intern laughed cheerfully and shrugged.

"Okay. I'll stop asking. Let's just say we've met today. I'm leaving. See you tomorrow on my first day of internship, Phi."

The handsome guy winked at me and ran out of the office. That was good. I wanted time to myself to do this and that. Being alone with someone you just met is uncomfortable.

That new computer was really fun. No matter what I clicked on, it processed the requests quickly. There was no lag that frustrated me at all. Before I knew it, it was already dark outside. It was time to call and inform Aontakarn.

However...

"I'm here."

The sweet-faced woman, who had just finished her job as a sports news presenter, appeared in the office with lots of food. I had sent her a message saying I was at the office, but I didn't think Aontakarn would come to see me like this.

"You're like a chicken."

"How so?"

"Think of chicken and the chicken will come."

"So you were thinking of me," the sweet-faced woman set the food down and stood behind me. She placed her hand on the table and leaned in to see what I was doing. "Let me see. What's so interesting about this computer? Why aren't you going home?"

I caught the faint scent of Aontakarn's perfume. I could hear her voice and feel her warm breath in my ear. I stiffened.

"Ah... it's nothing. It's a new computer I've always wanted but couldn't afford. I heard they bought it with company money for editing work. From now on, my work will be easier. It will run smoothly and quickly."

"Now that I think about it, it's like you're with me all the time. Even if you're not with me in person, you'll see me through the monitor." Aontakarn's voice in my ear put me in a dreamy state. And I was surprised when she smelled the area near my cheek.

"You smell really nice."

"Huh? How?"

"I've been meaning to ask you this for a while. What perfume do you use? It smells so good."

"It's not perfume... It's probably the lotion. It's mentholated and earthy. It's a relaxing scent."

"No wonder... You always put me in a good mood. I want to be with you all the time." The sweet-faced woman wrapped her arms around my neck. "If I could ride on your back all the time, like in the movie *Shutter*, I would."

"I can carry you. You're small, Awww."

"What?"

"Nothing." I immediately went silent because I let slip the nickname 'Awww.' I didn't want Aontakarn to think I was being childish. I had to be mature and someone she'd want to talk to.

"Who do you like more?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

The sweet-faced girl suddenly changed the subject.

"It has to be..." I didn't get the chance to answer when a message popped up on my phone. Aontakarn read the sender's name out loud.

"Tem... Who's that?"

"How did he get my LINE contact?" I looked at the message and opened the app to read it. It was a bold comment from a confident kid.

**Tem:** See you tomorrow, cute Phi.

And I wasn't the only one who read the message. Someone behind me read it too. Everything went silent. So quiet I could hear the other's breathing clearly.

"He's the intern, Tho's nephew," I explained quickly because I felt there was too much silence. Aontakarn just shrugged.

"Uh-huh..."

Is that it? Why was I felt so scared and quiet before?

"You'll meet him tomorrow when you do the speaker review."

"Uh-huh."

And we both fell silent again. So I changed the subject and asked about the food Aontakarn had bought.

"Wow. You brought a lot of food. What do we have?"

"What does it look like?"

"Huh? Oh... it looks good." I tried to give the vaguest answer possible because she would meet him the next day anyway, so there was no point in lying. "He's quite active, a little full of himself, and very straightforward."

"You know him so well."

"Not really. I only got to talk with him a bit today, so I know a little."

"You were very observant. He must be very interesting."

"Ah..."

"I'm leaving now." Suddenly, Aontakarn cut the conversation and grabbed her bag, even though at first it seemed like she was going to eat with me.

"I'm a bit tired today. See you tomorrow."

"Is everything okay?"

"Yes."

"Don't go yet."

"What?"

I pulled the small woman to sit next to me and wrapped my arm around her to hold her in place. Since I had known her, I had learned that Aontakarn



was very moody. And she pouted even more if I didn't try to reconcile with her. So I had to act quickly. As soon as she pouted, I had to act. No matter how silly it was, I had to resolve everything as soon as possible.

"Please eat with me."

"I'm not hungry. Hey..."

To prevent her from leaving, I placed one of my legs on her lap. "Karn, you're much cuter than that intern."

"That's crazy..."

"My God, I wanted to ask if you're free at the end of March next year. I found a good deal on plane tickets if we go during that period."

And the sweet-faced woman slowly let out a smile, even though she tried not to.

"I'm not sure if I can take time off then. But it's still a long way off."

"Argh... I've already booked the tickets. I'll have to cancel them."

"I can go."

I looked at the person who immediately retracted her words and nudged her shoulder.

"You reconcile with me too easily."

"I wasn't mad at you. Are you crazy?"

I was almost certain I knew Aontakarn to some extent, maybe more than anyone else in the world.

*I am Apple, her die-hard fan, after all.*

## Chapter 15 : Mindset

*Dear you... you are loved.*

*Even though it is currently the rainy season, our country is on the equator, so it is still hellishly hot. Don't let our country's weather frustrate you. Smile a lot, good girl.*

*—Apple*

That was Tem's first day of training. It was also the first day we used our newly opened office for a photo shoot. We even had matching t-shirts with our website name printed on them for all five employees.

I mean, six... if we also count Tem, the intern.

The product we received for review was a waterproof speaker from a famous brand. Aontakarn read the product details from the script. My job was to just watch the monitor because my real job was editing.

"Don't you think it's a little dark, Phi?"

Tem was also watching the monitor. He whispered his opinion to me. I nodded in agreement, but it wasn't a problem at all.

"We can fix that with Premiere Pro. No problem. Plus, our clips don't have to look too professional for viewers to feel like we're relatable. It's like

makeup tips from beauty bloggers."

"But we have a professional announcer."

"That's what makes it more interesting. The clip is simple. The script is easy to follow. But the announcer is someone who appears regularly on television. Have you seen that clip of Dome using wax to style her hair? She just set up a camera and filmed, but the image blew up. That's because it's relatable."

"Wow... you are so cool, Phi."

"It's basic knowledge." I straightened up a little and started bragging. I know I love compliments, but I couldn't help it. There weren't many things I was proud of in life.

"You're so great—how come you don't have a lover?"

"Maybe I already have one."

"If you already had a lover, you wouldn't use the word 'maybe'... Ouch!"

Puth hit Tem on the head while playfully flirting with me. We were immersed in our conversation, so we didn't notice that Puth—the brother who is very possessive of his sister, was standing behind us.

"Do you have to hit me on the head? What if I become stupid?"

"That's your problem. You're here to work, not to chat. If you don't intend to work, leave now."

"You're so strict," Tem laughed a little, knowingly. "You're very possessive of your sister. Chris isn't that beautiful, you know that?"

**Hey, idiot...**

I bared my teeth at him in frustration. But Tem just laughed playfully.

"Ha. I was just kidding. God... you're so cute, Phi. This company is great. Both female companions are rare gems."

"Why don't you go flirt with the other jewel about that?" I nodded in Aontakarn's direction, but the handsome man shook his head.

"No. She seems too precious and out of my reach. If I approach someone, it means I think she's not too difficult to approach and not so beautiful that I'm afraid of others approaching her all the time. So... it's you. Ouch! You hit my head again."

Puth heard everything. He couldn't help but hit Tem on the head again. It made me laugh out loud before I turned to look at the monitor. I saw Aontakarn staring at me with flames in her eyes.

"Oh... are we not filming anymore?"

"We finished the review a while ago," Jeth, the announcer who focused on the technical aspect, said this and laughed. "Tem is creating chaos since day one, huh? Behave yourself. This is a workplace, not a university."

Even Jeth was joking around with Tem as if they had known each other forever. This told us that the intern was very friendly. However, the lively atmosphere was short-lived when the most professional person in the room made a blunt announcement.

"How much longer will everyone keep joking around? Aren't we here to work?" Aontakarn's voice wasn't harsh at all. It was actually monotonous.

However, it made everyone shut up and act professional, as if they all respected her greatly.

"I'm sorry," Puth apologized hastily, but there was no response from Aontakarn, making the atmosphere ten times more gloomy.

"It's all my fault," Tem stood up and bowed his head 90 degrees down, like an obedient worker. "I was just joking with them. If anyone is to blame, it's me."

All eyes were now on Aontakarn. Everyone was anxiously waiting to see her reaction. The petite woman didn't say anything. She just nodded.

"I accept your apologies. We are all adults... We should be more professional when we work."

Aontakarn glanced at me before leaving the studio. It was as if she was saying that she would punish me for this later. And as soon as the sweet-faced woman walked out, everyone sighed in relief and shook their heads.

"You guys are too playful," Jeth said this to all of us and shook his head. "Even though Karn is very sweet, she is totally different when it comes to work. This is our first day of work in our office, and you guys ruined the mood. God."

After he finished speaking, the chubby boy crumpled the paper in his hand and threw it at Tem, the one who got us all into trouble. The new intern laughed dryly, as if he was admitting his guilt. He looked at the back of the one who was walking away. Now, it was only him and me left. We were reviewing the camera videos.

"I feel like Miss Aontakarn doesn't like me."

"Why do you think that?" I looked at him, surprised. Aontakarn might be grumpy, but she didn't act unkindly toward everyone.

"She never smiles at me. She never welcomed me to the team either. That's why... I don't get close to her. Her wall is too high."

"It's good that you know your worth."

"That's why I approach you. You're pretty and approachable. I like it."

"And you asked me if I like you?" I smiled out of the corner of my mouth and shook my head. "Stop fooling around. You're going to get scolded again."

"They are taking me to drink so we can bond together. Please come with us."

"Drinking to break the ice? It's more like an excuse to drink..." I glanced through the glass wall of the studio.

Aontakarn was still in the office. She seemed to be staring directly at us. Since I had just received a cold stare from her, I quickly looked away and continued my conversation with Tem. I couldn't fight her gaze. "If it's drinking so the team can bond, would Karn be there too?"

"Yes... I'll be very uncomfortable. Please join us."

"Can I say no if everyone is going?"

"I was just wasting my time."

"Hey?"

"I just want to talk to you a little more."

"How flirtatious."

I laughed as I shook my head before looking back at where Aontakarn was. However, I couldn't find the small woman.

Why was I so stressed? What did I do wrong?

"My Aontakarn."

I walked behind the small woman, who was about to go down the elevator, and whispered softly just for her to hear. However, Aontakarn only gave me a fleeting glance and continued to ignore me.

"What's happening?"

"Nothing/Nothing."

Since I knew what she was going to say, I said it almost at the same time. That made the petite woman stare at me.

"Hey!"

"I knew you'd say that. You'll never tell me directly what's wrong."

"Because it's nothing..."

"I think I know you on some level. In other words, we're close. I can tell just by looking at you that something's wrong. Why are you lying? Tell me what frustrates you, young lady."

The petite woman pouted. I would actually be more scared if Aontakarn had just kept quiet. But there was feedback. She was in a bad mood and clearly showing that she was not happy. She was sending me a clear signal to try and make up with her or something.

God... she was so adorable.

"I'm frustrated because it's hot."

"We're in an air-conditioned room. By the way, you scared the hell out of the intern."

"I'm not happy for him. He's not professional at all."

"He's still young. It's his first day of internship. He doesn't know anything yet."

"Don't make excuses for others." The frustrated tone of her voice made me laugh out loud. "Are you still laughing? Do I look like a clown to you?"

"Why are you so sweet?"

"I'm so frustrated; how can I be tender?"

"You're always sweet. So adorable..." I reached out and gently caressed the little girl's cheek with the back of my hand.

Suddenly, everything was quiet. So quiet that we could hear our breathing. I'm not sure how much time passed, but it seemed like an eternity.

I reached out to stroke her face and told her she was adorable. How crazy was that?

"Ah..."

"!!"

"Ow." I pulled my hand back and hugged it in shock. The petite woman leaned down and bit my hand with all her strength, like a playful dog, and then smiled happily. "It hurts."

"I'm not in a bad mood anymore."

"I can tell by the look on your face," I said, standing next to her with a laugh.

I looked at the elevator, wondering why it was taking so long to stop at our floor. "Don't you think the elevator is taking too long to get here?"

"Yeah."

"This elevator has been broken since 1:00 p.m.," Jeth, who had just arrived, overheard us and provided that information. "We have to use the stairs."

"Oh..."

The chubby boy stopped and turned to look at us for a moment before smiling slyly.

"You two are really dating, aren't you?"

"....."

"You don't have to answer. You two are so cute."

Jeth asked and answered his own questions. Aontakarn reached out and grabbed me just as I was about to respond. She shook her head at me.

"It doesn't matter. It wouldn't matter what you said."



"But to let everyone think that..."

"So what if we go out? It's good... Having a friend who's like your lover is great. If you look at it that way, it's not so bad."

"But..."

"Isn't it good to be my lover?"


"It's not that it's not good. It is," I answered honestly.

That made Aontakarn smile in embarrassment. She tried to hide it by linking her fingers with mine and dragging me down the stairs that Jeth had just gone down before us.

"So this is good. Let them think what they want."

I didn't know what to do, so I kept quiet, blushing furiously. I felt hot and cold at the same time. I wasn't sure if I had a fever.

Maybe it was because it was hot... but I wasn't at all frustrated by the heat like I should have been.



Aontakarn was happy now, so the party to welcome Tem was going well. At first, I could sense that the boy was very uncomfortable around Aontakarn,

but the petite woman was professional enough to let Tem know that what happened this afternoon was just at work.

"Oh... Thank you so much, Miss Karn. I felt really bad for bothering you this afternoon. I have to intern here for three months and all that," Tem said, putting his hands over his chest in relief as he smiled at the sweet-faced woman. "Please take me under your care."

"I overreacted a bit. The weather was too hot this morning," the sweet-faced woman replied. That made Puth blurt out something carelessly.

"I thought you were possessive of Chris. LOL."

Amidst the laughter, only the announcer and I remained silent as we looked at each other. Our earlier conversation about letting go was still fresh in our minds.

What about... the look Jeth gave us with a smile? It seemed like he wouldn't believe anything we said at that moment.

"Possessive? Who is possessive of whom?" Tem didn't quite understand what was going on. He turned around to ask curiously. Tho, his uncle, put his arm around his nephew's neck and gave him a brief explanation.

"They're coming out!"

I started to panic and was about to make an excuse, but Aontakarn put her hand on my thigh and squeezed it to stop me. She then looked at me and mouthed silently.

"It wouldn't matter what you say."

"But wouldn't it be better than letting ourselves be misunderstood in this way?"

"So, you like women, Chris?" Tem hunched his back like someone who has given up all hope. "What is this? Why do pretty women date each other? What is left for us men?"

"Your hands," Puth smiled happily as he managed to stop the new kid from attacking me with this false rumor. "Just use your hands, bro."

"Hey, there are women here. Be polite when your sister and Karn are around," Jeth warned everyone, so Puth realized what he let slip.

"Oops. I apologize. I forgot," Puth raised his hand in apology and turned his attention back to Tem. "Let it go. You're not worthy, Tem."

"If men use their hands, what do women use?" Tem looked at us after he was tricked. "How far have you two come?"

"What kind of question is that!" I screamed, feeling like crying. I couldn't let Aontakarn be tainted by this rumor. "What madness are you talking about?"

"We're talking about you and Aontakarn dating," Puth continued to joke as Jeth hummed the wedding song.

"Tadadadah... Tadahdada..."

And everyone hummed in unison because they were a little drunk. I looked at everyone and pressed my lips together, trying to remain calm. In the end, I couldn't stand it, so I slammed my beer mug on the table.

"Stop it. Stop making fun of us like this. Aontakarn and I are not dating!"

"Hey, calm down. Don't take it too seriously," Puth continued to have fun while Aontakarn looked at me with a dry smile. She was tugging at my shirt to signal me to sit down.

"Its okay, Chris..."

"It's not right. It's damaging to your image!"

I argued on behalf of Aontakarn. I looked at everyone with my gaze, but they were still having fun making fun of us.

"Geez. You're taking this so seriously. It's just that..."

"We're not dating. Stop making fun of us already!" I yelled as loud as I could, putting all my stress into it, so everyone went quiet. All the drunks blinked blankly and stopped to listen to me.

"Chris..." Puth was about to interrupt me, but I pointed at his face to stop him.

**"We can't be anything more than what we are now. I'll say it for the last time, and I won't repeat it again. Please respect us as a woman... I like men!"**

## Chapter 16 : Pretending to be Rung

*Dear you... Who is loved,*

*Are you not on Twitter much lately? I don't see any tweets from you. I can only see you in your news streams and review clips. It's a bit lonely.*

— Apple

Aontakarn was unusually quiet. I could sense that something was wrong. I, who used to talk to her on LINE every day, only received short replies. And when I asked what was wrong, I got the same answer: "Nothing." It was very frustrating.

It started that day... the day we went out drinking with everyone, and I lashed out at every member of the team until everyone fell silent. But what did I do wrong? I wanted to protect Aontakarn from those jokes. However, it turned out that the sweet-faced one became very quiet.

Everyone on the team also noticed that Aontakarn had been quieter than usual. Puth, who was the person closest to me, mentioned this when we got home one day.

"Are you and Karn fighting again?"

"No," I replied without confidence. I remembered that we hadn't fought, but I couldn't say that we weren't. "Why?"

"Tho and Jeth asked me to ask you. We're worried about you."

"Maybe something is wrong. I'm not sure. But if so... it's probably because you guys are making fun of me and Aontakarn dating."

"I already apologized." My handsome brother stamped his feet like a crying child. He was only like that when he was with me. "What's the problem? Why don't you stop talking about it?"

"I'm emphasizing that so you don't forget that your careless words cause others to fight. Aontakarn must be really uncomfortable because you misunderstood her and said she was dating me." I sighed tiredly. "I made the effort to get close to her, and it's all ruined because of you."

"Do you think she will leave the company?"

When he asked me that, I stared up at my brother. I had never thought about that before. My heart sank and I was getting anxious.

That was possible... The sweet-faced woman could feel so uncomfortable that she would leave the team. And she would be out of my life... Damn.

"Shit. If Karn leaves the team, we're doomed. What should we do?" Puth created a scenario and sat down next to me. He pinched his dry lips with his fingers from stress. "If Karn leaves, we won't have a website anymore. Most of the people who follow us do so because they want to support Karn. Should we send her flowers?"

"What if she says nothing is wrong? What will you do after that?"

"It means we're fine."

"If Karn says nothing is wrong, then something is wrong." I stood up and walked around the room. "I'll talk to Karn. I have to explain to her that everyone was joking and that she shouldn't feel uncomfortable."

"But everyone made it clear that we were joking. You also protected her with all your might. Why is she still like this?"

"I don't understand this either. It seems I have to talk to her about this, but what approach should I use?"

"Drink first. It's easier to talk when you're a little drunk," Ern recommended this, being the simple-minded person she was. I was consulting my friends about my problem, but no one seemed stressed about it. It was like it wasn't a big deal to them.

"If I'm drunk, I won't be able to deal with the problem. I wouldn't be able to remember anything. What if Rung comes out again?"

"Maybe Rung, your subconscious mind, will make things easier. You are very annoying when you are yourself," Nat added, making everyone nod.

"But I haven't been so annoying lately. I've also gotten closer to Karn. The problem just came up recently... I still don't know why she's mad at me when I was protecting her from all those guys."

"Maybe she's just mad because you keep saying that you don't consider her more than a friend," Meen said this with a smile on her face. It made me cringe.

"Are you going crazy like my team members?"

"What else could it be? Usually, friends just say sorry and that's it. And you were protecting her. I would have patted you on the shoulder and thanked you for protecting me, not sulked like that."

Everyone in the room nodded their heads. When I heard that, I fell silent and followed that line of thought. Yes... Aontakarn's reaction was out of place. There were many conflicting points.

"Have you been to see her since you fought?"

"No."

"How many days have passed?"

"Three."

"You're an idiot. It's only been three days, and you're so worried? I thought it had been three weeks. I think you're the one who's upset, not Aontakarn." Ern laughed happily as she ate more fries as if she was really hungry. I didn't argue. I simply sat with my back hunched.

"What should I do? I don't like this weird vibe between us."

"Drink, like Ern suggested. You've been drinking with Puth every day, so you can control yourself more now, right?"

"Yes, but..."

**"That's it. You've been practicing, so put it into practice. Pretend to be drunk and pretend to be Rung."**

"Huh?/Huh?/Huh?"

Everyone turned to look at Nat, who was babbling as she shrugged and continued talking nonchalantly.

"If it's hard to apologize in your normal state, pretend to be drunk... but make sure you're conscious and don't go blank this time. Pretend to be Rung, apologize and cry if you have to. Once you're sober, you can go back to being yourself and pretend... like nothing happened. Pretend you don't remember anything."

In the end, the hobby of reading novels and the tendency to imagine things made my friend shine. Everyone, including me, applauded for that brilliant idea. I think I will use that approach.

"Good idea. I won't be ashamed if I do it. I'll pretend to be drunk and in the morning I'll pretend I don't remember anything. By then, my Aontakarn will forget why she's angry with me." I said this with enthusiasm.

Meen laughed out loud and pretended to have goosebumps on her skin.

"When I hear you say MY Aontakarn, I feel like you are a husband talking about his beloved wife. Who is the husband in this relationship? You?"



"What husband? What are you talking about?"

"The one where you have to use your fingers."

"Idiot!"

I did as my friends suggested and worked up the courage to buy some beers at a convenience store and headed to Aontakarn's house around 8 p.m.

The lights were still on, so surely someone was there. Although I still had the spare key that the sweet-faced woman gave me, since we're not in a good place, it wasn't a good idea to enter the house. I should at least let her know that I was there to visit her.

At the sound of the doorbell, the small woman stuck her head out of the window. When she saw it was me, the door opened and the small woman appeared. She was still wearing her work clothes. We looked at each other for a moment. Aontakarn started the conversation.

"You suddenly appear? You didn't tell me you'd be here."

"I wanted to surprise you." I showed her a bag full of beer cans. "Let's have a drink."

"You didn't need to buy them. You know I keep them in my refrigerator."

"Coming empty-handed is inappropriate... It's just an excuse to be here. I don't know how to start a conversation, so I bought them. Is this a good

time for you?"

"You're here now. If I were to reject you, it would be rude. Come in."

Something was really wrong. I could feel the distance between us. She wasn't showing any emotion. She wasn't happy to see me like she used to be. I felt discouraged. But since I was already here, I had to see this through to the end. I was here to find out what was wrong with Aontakarn. If I got discouraged and went back, it would all be a waste.

I followed the sweet-faced person into the house and put the beer cans on the coffee table. Then I sat down on the couch. Aontakarn took her shirt out of her skirt, to make herself more comfortable. She sat down on the other side of the couch and talked to me.

"Are you stressed about something? Is that why you're inviting me out for beers?"

"No. We normally do this, don't we?"

"Normally, I'm the one who invites you. You've never invited me before. You said you were afraid you wouldn't be able to control yourself when you're drunk. So I'm a little surprised."

We both stayed silent. I picked up the can of beer and opened it. I took a sip so I would have the courage to say why I was there.

"To be honest with you, I'm worried. You've been very quiet lately."

Everything went silent after I said that. Did I get to the point too soon? I should have waited until she was more comfortable first. I should have let her drink some beer and waited until she was a little drunk before talking about this. Damn it...

The sweet-faced woman picked up a can of beer, opened it and took a big gulp. Then she shook her head.

"It's no big deal."

I mean, it was something...

"Karn, you can talk to me about anything."

"Really..." the sweet-faced woman said, taking another sip. Something must be bothering her. I wanted to know what it was. We were good friends; she should be able to talk to me about anything. "I don't think I can talk about this with anyone. Not even you."

"Everyone is worried about you."

"All?"

"Yes. Jeth, Tho, and everyone at AppTalk noticed that you've been quiet lately. You're not as lively. Puth is afraid that you're stressed out because they're making fun of us, saying that you don't want to work with us anymore. He sent me to—"

"So, you're not here because you wanted to come?"

The coldness in her voice made me sit up straight and wave my hands.

"That's not what I mean."

"It's okay. You can tell everyone that. I'm really tired today." Aontakarn stood up and put down her beer. "Can you go now?"

"Karn." I grabbed the little girl's doll, still sitting there. I didn't know what to do in this situation. The owner of the doll in my hand simply stood still without saying a word, as if she was waiting to see what I would say after calling her name.

Yeah... what should I say? What should I say?

***'If it's hard to apologize in your normal state, pretend to be drunk.'***

Drunk... Yes!

When I thought of that, I immediately grabbed my beer and took a few gulps. Aontakarn looked at me, stunned.

"Why do you drink so much?"

"I want to get drunk. If I'm drunk... it would be better."

But since I'd been practicing with Puth, I could handle alcohol much better. My consciousness used to disappear after a few sips, but now I was still myself. I didn't go blank. I had to pretend...

I had to pretend I wasn't myself.

Alright!

"Chris... why have you been silent?" Aontakarn, who had been standing, sat down next to me and shook my body. I had to be as gentle as I could, so I had to be the complete opposite of myself.

I rested my head on the shoulder of the person next to me. I pretended that I couldn't sit up straight. I also used words that I didn't normally use.

"Stop playing hard to get, Karn. Chris is here to talk to you. So please talk to me."

"Chris..." The petite woman tried to push me away, but I held on to her. I put all my weight on her and stayed in the same position. "Didn't you get drunk too quickly? Normally, you can stay conscious for longer than this."

"What's wrong with you? You see I care a lot about you, so you're just playing hard to get? You're not being cute at all."

"You're the one who's not cute, Chris. Let me go!"

Aontakarn seemed really angry that I couldn't get away from her this time. She pushed me away, but I stopped her. It was like we were hugging each other. Our faces were just a palm's length away. I had to see this through to the end.

I was very nervous about getting caught.

If Rung was part of me, I needed to use her traits to maximum benefit now.

"Why are you angry with me?"

"I'm not."

"This is annoying. Why are you avoiding me? If something is wrong, we need to clear things up now... I'm having a heart-to-heart talk with you."

"Geez. I said it's nothing... Ah... What's this?"

I grabbed a can of beer from the table and poured it down Aontakarn's throat. It spilled and made a mess. The sweet-faced woman looked at me, stunned. She was both angry and amused. I almost laughed out loud, but I managed to keep acting.

"If you're not drunk yet, you won't talk. Drink until you feel more relaxed."

"No."

"Yeah."

I looked at the sweet-faced woman. That made Aontakarn shrink her neck and look away.

"What's wrong with you today?" she asked, sounding shy. I looked at her adoringly. Aontakarn sighed and drank her beer. "I'll drink it. I told you it's nothing, so it's nothing."

"If it's nothing, keep drinking. Think that you're drinking with me."

The sweet-faced woman could handle alcohol well, so expecting her to get drunk was difficult enough. But getting her to not be her full potential self was possible.

What could be the benefit of alcohol, from its origin, if not to make people relax and enjoy themselves? I was using that benefit to my advantage.

After the three cans of beer were finished, the sweet-faced woman's skin began to turn red, like the healthy person she was. I could tell that the little

girl was more relaxed from her obvious sulking. She didn't deny it, like she did when she was fully conscious.

"We don't talk much, do we?" Aontakarn said that, making me smile...

"Yes. Two days, I think."

"Three days and four hours."

Wow... she was more detailed than me. I just intentionally gave her the wrong answer, and she corrected me perfectly.

"Are you angry with me?"

"What makes you think that? What did you do?" The sweet-faced woman looked at me and sipped her beer as if it were plain water. I frowned a little and shook my head because I really didn't know.

"I have no idea."

"If you didn't do anything, why are you so stressed about it?"

"Because you've changed. You're unusually quiet. That worries me."

"I thought you only paid attention to the intern."

"Are you in a bad mood because I'm training Tem?"

The sweet-faced one gave me a sly smile and shrugged.

"You mean a lot to me, Karn."

I sat up straight because I was getting angry. That made Aontakarn laugh because she was successful in frustrating me. I was very difficult to handle when I was drunk. I was good at making my emotions go haywire.

"Then I have no idea what's wrong with you. It all started at Tem's welcome party. I tried to protect you from everyone's misunderstandings. Honestly, I have no idea what I did to make you so angry at me."

"You didn't do anything wrong..."

"So, what's wrong with you?"

"I just think I was really bothering you. You went so far as to tell everyone that you like men... You were so afraid that people would misunderstand us."

"Everyone did. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable."

Aontakarn looked like she was about to cry, so I shut my mouth. I didn't understand. What was all this about? She wouldn't talk to me. She disappeared from my life. And she said it was all because she didn't want to bother me?

Why was it so complicated?

"What's wrong...?" I reached up to lift the sweet-faced woman's chin. Her eyes were watery.

The little girl turned her face away, as if she didn't want me to see her cry. I couldn't resist forcing her to look into my eyes, cradling her face. "Please tell me what's wrong."

"Do I make you feel bad when people think we're dating?"

"What... no. I don't feel bad at all. I'm just afraid it will reflect badly on you. What if all this joking around makes you feel uncomfortable?"

"But you told everyone that you like men..."

"Yes, I like men."

Aontakarn immediately backed away from me. She was about to get up and walk away. But I was faster than her, so I grabbed her by the neck and quickly added,

**"But I like you better."**

Oh... what did I just say!

Suddenly, everything went quiet. I could even hear the crickets outside. It was so loud that it frustrated me. It would be nice if they sang in chorus, like Ota cheering on the BNK members, because the silence made me feel lost and not knowing what to do.

"Ah.. umm..."

"Oh really?"

"W... what?"

"Were you serious?"

What should I say? I didn't like any man right now, so of course it was true.

"Yeah."

Aontakarn rushed to hug me tightly, like a little girl hugging her mother. I was a little stunned. I responded by hugging her back and rubbing her back to comfort her.

The alluring scent of her clothes mixed with the aroma of beer put me in a dreamlike state. It made me think of the time we cuddled to sleep, and I kept smelling her hair and the back of her neck. I didn't even know what made me do that.

"Chris..."

The sweet-faced woman called out to me softly and looked at me. Her beautiful brown eyes froze me. I just responded softly.

"Uh..." My hand moved from caressing her back to cupping her small face. I wiped her tears adoringly. "Tears don't suit you."

"Someone made me sulk."

"Who dares to do that?"



"The one who dries my tears."

"That person is bad..." I leaned over to blow on her eyelids to comfort her, as if I were a mother comforting a small child who had just fallen and hurt themselves by blowing on their wound. "Does this make you sulk less?"

"Well... it depends on how hard you try to comfort me."

"What would make you feel like I tried hard enough?"

"This..."

Aontakarn leaned down to kiss my cheek. Me, who was in a dreamy state, regained consciousness. I stared at the person in front of me, stunned.

Seeing that I was surprised, Aontakarn was also surprised. She then tried to move away. However, I didn't want the little girl to lose any more confidence, so I pulled her towards me and kissed her.

**But... the little girl didn't let me do that. She turned around.**

"No."

"I... I'm sorry"

**"Don't kiss me... on the mouth."**

Aontakarn said this with determination. However, she pushed me down onto the couch and gently kissed my jaw, as if she were a cat licking her fur. It tickled me and gave me a strange feeling in my tummy. I unconsciously let out a moan.

"Karn..."

"You can do whatever you want, but don't kiss."

When I heard that, I turned around and pushed the sweet-faced woman onto the sofa. I then took the initiative by sliding my hand inside her shirt.

Meanwhile, I used my nose to nestle into her neck, ear, collarbone, and more...

"Please give me a chance to comfort you for making you sulk for three days."

"Then you would have to comfort me a lot."



## Chapter 17 : It's morning, and I don't remember anything

I was lying on the couch, admiring the sunlight coming through the window. I hadn't been able to sleep all night. Aontakarn had gotten up to take a shower early in the morning while I pretended to be sleeping. I pretended I was drunk and didn't remember anything.

Last night, I did something I never imagined I would do. It might be because of the beer I drank.

**We touched... but we didn't cross the line.**

I tried to convince myself that it had all been a dream and that it happened because I was drunk. But damn it, I could still remember how I felt when the little girl leaned on my arm. I remembered the numbness running down my back, but I didn't dare move an inch because I didn't want to wake Aontakarn. Let's just say I couldn't sleep all night because I was too excited.

Argh... It was really excitement that I felt.

The old clock on the wall indicated that it was almost 8 a.m. I should pretend to wake up because if I continued sleeping, it would seem fake since I didn't usually get up this late. And as soon as I moved, Aontakarn, who happened to come down from the stairs, greeted me, sounding normal.

"You woke up exactly at 8 a.m. Does your head hurt? I'll warm up some milk for you."

"Yeah..."

Everything seemed normal. I was the only one who didn't feel normal, and I blushed as my heart pounded like a teenager coming of age. I had been a teenager before, and I had crushes on the male seniors at my school, so I was familiar with that feeling. The weird part was that I felt that way about a woman.

I felt that way with Aontakarn.

The warm milk Aontakarn prepared for me was served shortly after that. I cradled it in my hands as I took a sip and smiled at the sweet-faced woman.

"You got up very early."

"I'm an early riser."

"Yeah..."

"What do you remember about last night?"

When she asked me that, I tried not to look too nervous. I needed a few seconds to decide what I should say.

I remembered...

I didn't remember...

What was the best answer?

"I was left blank."

And me, without alcohol in my body, returned to being myself, the one who did not like to face uncomfortable situations head-on. Aontakarn nodded a little and laughed.

"Yes. You can't handle alcohol... How much do you remember?"

"I remember..." I tried to think of the perfect scenario, one that wasn't so obvious that I was lying. "I was trying to have a heart-to-heart with you. You stood up, and I grabbed your wrist... That's all."

"Ah... right. That's probably why you seemed like a totally different person."

"I want to see myself when I'm drunk."

"I prefer the drunk version of you."

Then Aontakarn remembered what happened. But why did she seem so normal? I didn't know how to act, but the sweet-faced woman was acting so normal, it was as if there was nothing to feel uncomfortable about.

*Or was it not something we should feel uncomfortable about?*

"I was also very drunk last night. I drank a lot."

"But you can handle alcohol very well."

"Yes, I'm a tough nut to crack when it comes to alcohol. But I'm just as soft when it comes to matters of the heart."

"So, we've made up?" I tried not to smile and pushed my shoulder against her. "We're not fighting anymore, right?"

"Yes."

"I love beers."

"Yeah... the beers are good."

So, Aontakarn and I had resolved our issues. We didn't talk about what happened. Last night was like a dream. But for me... it was so real. It was so real that I couldn't get it out of my head.

Our contact was new to me. Although I was in my twenties, I had never kissed anyone. Aontakarn was my first time.

It smelled like baby powder.

Her breath had a slight scent of alcohol emanating from her.

Those light brown eyes stared at me.

She moaned softly every time I moved.

It was so good... It was such a good feeling.

"Chris, the elevator is here."

Aontakarn nudged me as I let my mind wander. I jumped slightly and smiled at the petite woman.

"I'm sorry."

"What were you thinking?"

We got into the elevator, and as I was about to press the button to close the door, people rushed in as if they were afraid of missing it. In the end, we were packed in like sardines. And everyone's perfumes were all mixed together.

However, those perfumes could not compete with Aontakarn's sexy breath.

"There are so many people."

"It's the morning rush hour. Everyone wants to get on the elevator to go up," the little girl explained to me. At that moment, we were so close that our shoulders touched. I felt like I had been given an electric shock.

"Ops."

"What's wrong? Your mind seems to be all over the place this morning. I noticed it since you were at my house."

"Yeah?"

"Yes."

"I'm trying to remember what happened last night."

Even though the elevator was crowded, I continued to talk to Aontakarn in whispers.

"Why?"

"I feel like I did something... to you." I spoke vaguely to keep Aontakarn in suspense because I wanted to see the announcer's reaction. However, there was nothing. "But I can't remember anything."

"Why do you want to remember?"

"I don't know. You're right; why should I try to remember? I can just ask you. You do remember after all."

And the elevator arrived at the AppTalk floor. We pushed through the crowd to get out and walk together. I glanced at the person next to me, who had fallen silent, expectant.

Would she say something?...

If Aontakarn said she remembered what we did, what should I do?

"I won't tell you."

I stopped walking. The announcer, who was two steps ahead of me, turned to look at me. "I can't remember that well."

"No way..." I trailed off and shrugged my neck. "You don't get drunk easily. Besides, if you don't remember anything, why aren't you mad at me anymore?"

"I don't know. When I woke up, I just didn't feel angry at you anymore."

"Can it disappear so easily? Don't you remember anything?"

"Did you think something happened last night?"

Aontakarn answered me with that question and made me laugh to try and make light of it. Damn. What could I say when she asked me that? How

could Aontakarn, who could drink beer like it was plain water, get so drunk that she couldn't remember anything?

"I'm just curious and I want to know."

"Yes. I also want to know what happened. What can we do to recover those memories?"

Silence fell between us. We could hear the ticking of the watches on our wrists. Each second passed slowly. I couldn't believe it... I was the one who couldn't stand it and I desperately wanted to remember what happened.

"Shall we refresh our memories by drinking again tonight?"

A sweet smile slowly spread across Aontakarn's face. Then she nodded. "Come on. Let's drink more beer at my house tonight."

Time flew by. When the time came to meet up, Aontakarn and I drank beer as if it were plain water.

And the same thing happened the night before again. I won't go into details. I kept pretending to be drunk. And the little girl let me do whatever I wanted again. I pushed her down on the couch and climbed on top of her.

Why did I like this so much?

Aontakarn was more beautiful than I could imagine.

Aontakarn, who was below me, reached out to caress my cheek. She then wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me towards her. I didn't want to rush, so I started at her neck before moving to her ear.

I caught the soft scent of the little girl's body. It put me into a dreamlike state. I was dazed. My breathing was labored, as loud as my heartbeat.

"Chris..."

"Karn..."



We called each other by our names. There was an indescribable tension between us.

I grabbed the hair of the person below me with adorable aggression, but not so aggressive that I would hurt her. I had learned that the sweet-faced woman was sensitive in the neck and ear areas. I could tell by the high-pitched tone of her voice and the twisting of her body when I touched those areas.

I nibbled on her neck with my teeth and traced it until I could clearly feel her pulse. Aontakarn's heartbeat was so loud that I wondered if I could see it clearly if there were no clothes blocking my view. So I did as I wished and unbuttoned her white shirt, starting from the top button.

The second button...

The third button...

I could see Aontakarn's simply designed white bra right in front of me. I stared at it, stunned. When I reached out my hand to touch it, the sweet-faced woman grabbed my wrist, and she smiled lightly.

"Let's stop here." — — — — —

"Huh?"

"I'm sleepy."

"Eh!..."

"Please hug me. I'm cold."

The little girl turned me over to lay next to her. She hugged my arm and snuggled up to me to share the warmth of my body. I was still in a confused state of mind. I did as she asked easily because I still didn't know what was going on.

"Are you sleeping?"

“Yes.”

“Alright.”

I pushed the little girl away and snuggled my face into her neck. Although I was a little frustrated, I also didn't know what to do if we went any further than this anyway. I followed my instincts, despite the fact that I had no idea what this was all about.

“Chris, will you remember this tomorrow?”

“I don't know. What's wrong with you...?”

“I probably won't and you shouldn't remember anything either.”

“Why?”

“So we can try to refresh our memories again.”

I smiled slightly and hugged the little woman with understanding.

“Ah. Then I won't remember anything because I'm drunk.”

“I'm drunk too.”

And we ended up in the same loop. We got up in the morning and went to work...

And we don't remember anything that happened.

## Chapter 18 : Birthday

*Dear you... who is loved.*

*Aontakarn... do you know how you can find happiness? If you don't know, try looking in the mirror and smiling.*

***"Your smile is my happiness."***

—Apple

---

"Happy birthday, sister. EhEhEh."

Everyone at AppTalk had been wishing me a happy birthday since early that morning. I wasn't surprised that Puth, my brother, could remember it because he was part of my family.

But... PR representatives from a wide range of companies, including a major mobile network and numerous gadget brands, had also sent me birthday gifts, including huge cakes of various shapes. I had received more cakes than I had ever eaten in my entire life. It seemed I was very popular.

I later found out that... the PR of those companies gave it to everyone who makes websites similar to ours to link to. So, it wasn't really that special.

"How old are you this year?" Jeth asks before guessing. "18?"

"How rude."

"You mean, how sweet!"

"Ah... I mean, how sweet." I laughed happily, feeling happy that I could tease him.

The team members had become closer lately. So close that we could tease each other like this. Sometimes, they would call me cool girl! And other times, they would talk to me rudely, forgetting that I'm a lady.

Aontakarn was the only one they respected, although I was as beautiful as her...

"How old are you?"

"I'm 28 years old."

"You're quite old." This time, it was Aontakarn who said that in her nasal tone of voice. I looked at the person who was bothering me and winked.

"We're the same age, babe."

"I have to say, I can feel that you two seem very happy lately. You look lively." Tho rubbed his chin and seemed to be examining us. "What did you two do together?"

The phrase *'What did you two do together?'* startled me a little. I quickly waved my hand.

"Nothing. Our bodies can probably produce collagen just fine, so we look vitalized."

"Maybe it's because of the beers." The sweet-faced woman said this, trying not to smile. I looked at the person who said that, feeling so embarrassed that I wasn't sure if I was blushing. But I could feel that my face was hot.

"We drink together quite often. Maybe the yeast in the beer makes us look more alive."

"It was so soft..."

"I drink often too, but why do I look older the more I drink?"

"Depends on who you drink with, Jeth." The intern, who had been keeping silent, interrupted. I didn't know what he meant by that, but I wasn't feeling very sure, so I changed the subject.

"Argh! My back hurts." I reached back and touched my back. I rubbed the pimple that had appeared. It only hurt a little, but it was probably inflamed by now.

"Here?" Aontakarn, who was standing next to me, touched it. She knew where it was because I showed it to her. "Let's look in the bathroom. If there's a head, I'll take it out."

"Alright." I smiled dryly, forgetting to look at everyone around us who was staring at us.

They all fell silent, but they couldn't hide their smiles. They didn't make any jokes because they were afraid I would attack them again.

"Let me apologize." Aontakarn excused us and dragged me into the ladies' room. We squeezed into a stall, and she lifted up my shirt so she could see that pimple.

"There's a head. It's screaming for us to take it out." The sweet-faced woman said this with adorable aggression. She was a little nervous.

"It will hurt."

"Of course. But it will heal faster if we get that head out. I brought a needle, so we can do that."

"You were waiting for this, huh?"

"I used to do this for my mother, both on her back and her face. If I hadn't become a sports news anchor, I was planning to work in a skin clinic."

"You are so talented."

"Stay still. I'll get the head out of the pimple."

I leaned against the door, with Aontakarn standing behind me. Right now, I was not only hurt, but I was also scared. But it was probably better than letting it fester like that. That would probably hurt more.

And I felt a sharp pain in the middle of my back. It was an indication that a sharp object had penetrated my skin. It felt good and bad at the same time. I knew it was contradictory. I couldn't explain what it felt like.

I hated pimples, but I liked the way they felt when I popped them.

"Ahh..."

I unconsciously let out a cry of pain. Not only had it stuck a needle in me, but it were also draining pus. Sometimes, I cried really loudly. Other times, I held it in because I didn't want to disturb the others who were going to the bathroom. It didn't take long for the pain to subside. It told me that our mission was accomplished.

"Done."

"What would I do without you?"

Before I knew it, Aontakarn hugged me from behind and rested her head on my shoulder, as if she was asking for tenderness.

"I like it when you moaned."

"Huh?" I shrugged my neck a little and smiled dryly. I wasn't sure I'd heard right. "You like watching me suffer?"

"I like your voice. It makes me feel..."

"Feel..."

"I can't explain it." The sweet-faced woman smiled so widely that her face crinkled. She leaned away from my back. "Happy birthday. I pulled the head out of the pimple as your birthday present."

"You're so stingy." I pretended to scrunch up my face. "I thought I could have something special."

"What did you expect to receive?"

"Maybe... a smile."

Aontakarn looked at me and dropped her jaw slightly before looking down. When I saw that, I couldn't help but lift the shy girl's chin and laugh mockingly.

"What? Are you embarrassed?"

"I don't know how to react. Could my smile be a birthday present?"

"You have no idea how much happiness your smile can bring."

"...."

"Ah..." I scratched my head awkwardly. "Apart from your smile, which is very special, we can also do something else. Like drinking beer..."

"We do it almost every day. And when you're drunk, you never remember what happened."

"If you can remember, tell me."

I smiled slightly as I looked at the person speaking to me. I was hoping she would miss something, but...

"I'm drunk too."

"So... since today is my birthday, I'll try not to get drunk." I said that cheerfully, making Aontakarn raise an eyebrow.

"You're not going to get drunk?"

"Yes. So I'll be conscious all the time when I'm with you."

Aontakarn shrugged and opened the door. She pushed me aside.

"What fun will it be if you're not drunk? You're so boring when you're not drunk."

I was a little frustrated to be belittled like that. Aontakarn had no idea that the beer no longer had any impact on me.

"Who knows." I followed her and stood right behind the petite woman. Then I leaned in to whisper in her ear.

**"Maybe I'm more fun when I'm not drunk."**

"Wild!" The sweet-faced woman turned to me and tried not to smile. She tried to glare hard, but it was more tender than forceful. "Now I'm curious."

"So..."

"So..."

"I'll buy you beer."

"It's still too boring."

"What do I have to do to make it not boring? You are so hard to please, MY Aontakarn." I pressed the bridge of my nose against her ear, teasing her.

The reflection in the mirror allowed me to clearly see that the sweet-faced woman is looking at me as if she is truly enchanted by me. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"I have a better plan."

"Which?"




Aontakarn came out of the bathroom and turned to look at me sideways, trying to captivate me.

"Let's drink in the car."

"Wild."

That's how it was... I always had the last word.



After we made plans, we were ready to rush to the car after the meeting was over, our team members rushed to put their arms around our necks when they saw us waiting for the elevator. They also told us in a very authoritative manner.

"Today is Chris's birthday. Don't sneak out. You have to take us out to dinner."

Tho didn't force me to do it, but if I refused, it would be really uncool.

However, I really didn't want to party with them right now. I wanted to do something else. Damn it. Why didn't the elevator come sooner?

"She doesn't seem like she wants to go with us," Tem, who was standing next to me, said this with a smile. "How fun would it be to drink beer in the car, just the two of you?"

Tem's words made Aontakarn and I turn to look at him so fast that we almost broke our necks. The sweet-faced woman shook her head at me to indicate that she didn't tell anyone about our plan. I knew about it without her having to tell me. It was an agreement we made in secret.

Why would we tell others to ruin it?

Did this idiot eavesdrop on us? When? I didn't notice at all.

"What a cheap birthday! If you're going to drink, let's all drink at our house so we can have fun. Or, let's go to a restaurant around here... Come on, everyone. Chris is treating. Yay!" Puth sealed the deal.

I dropped my jaw and fell silent because I didn't know what to do. Tem, who was still watching me, interrupted.

"Or we can all drink in the car. We're fine with that too. Which car will we use? Miss Karn's car is a bit small."

"We can eat at a restaurant around here. We were joking when we said we would do it in the car," Aontakarn said flatly. But Tem continued to joke.

"What will you do?"

The double meaning of the intern's question made Aontakarn narrow her eyes and glare at him. Tem stared at her without backing down. I had to clear my throat.

"Where will we go?"

"She's going to treat us! Ah... what a nice day. My sister is a spender."

Everyone voted on where to go. Although I was asked for my opinion, in the end, the majority of votes won. Of course, Aontakarn and I were not

among the majority votes. We really didn't want to go celebrate with so many people.

### **What kind of birthday was this? It was all ruined!**

The chosen place was close to the highway. As we were a large group, we had to put two tables together. We asked for a private corner. We ordered communal menus and focused on drinks.

Only Aontakarn and I did not drink beer.

"AppTalk team members drink together quite often, don't we? This is good. It will make us closer. Come on, let's toast," Jeth started a cheer.

Everyone clinked their glasses together. Aontakarn and I did so willingly, even though our glasses were full of water.

"Why does the birthday girl look so grumpy? It's your birthday. You should be happy." Puth leaned over to me and laughed. I looked at my brother and bared my teeth.

"Of course I'm happy. I didn't want to invite anyone, but I was forced to. Look at us. We ordered a table full of food. I'm not that rich! My God!"

"Oh my God. You're so cheap. We know how much money our website makes. And you never spend money. You just hang out at Karn's house." Puth was just stammering, but I was surprised. Everyone on the team knew about this, so they asked curiously.

"Have you ever spent the night together?" Tho asked Aontakarn, but Puth stepped in and quickly answered.

"Of course. All the time. I don't often ask where Chris is anymore."

"It's not that often," I said as I kicked my brother's shin. But that didn't help at all.

"It's very common for our parents to tell her to move in with Karn. But, it doesn't matter... they have to work together. It's good that they're close."

"What if you have a lover one day? Will you still spend the night with Miss Karn?" Tem always got straight to the point. I looked at him and started to get frustrated.

"I don't have a lover—"

"What if Miss Karn has a lover?"

"She doesn't have a lover either."

"You seem so confident." Tem took a sip of beer. "What makes you so sure that Miss Karn won't have a lover one day? Unless you two..."

"What a coincidence... How's everything going, Chris and Karn? We haven't seen each other in a while." Someone's voice interrupted our conversation.

It was Toy, Aontakarn's and my ex-lover. He came up and greeted us as if we were close. He didn't ask my permission to do so. "Everyone is here. Happy birthday, Chris."

I narrowed my eyes at the uninvited guest. I was a little surprised that he could remember my birthday, even though it had been many years since we were together. And my curiosity was quickly answered.

"Did you get the cake? I personally picked it out for you."

Ah, it was one of the PR's who trusted our website. I shrugged a little, not knowing what to say.

"Thank you."

"Are you celebrating your birthday?"

"Sit with us," Tho invited him out of politeness. We all knew we didn't want him to join us. But Toy had no shame. He sat down on the chair next to Aontakarn and smiled brightly.

**Why was he sitting there? Idiot!**

"How old are you this year, Chris... Let me count. We broke up when you were a freshman, and it's been 9 years... So, you're 28. Time flies, huh?"

"You broke up?" Puth had just found out about this. He asked, his possessiveness clearly showing. "Did you and Chris date?"

"Yes. But it was a long time ago."

"How long? I meant, how long did you both leave for? How far did it go?"

I knew immediately what my brother meant, so I quickly changed the subject so we wouldn't pursue this line of questioning.

"It was very brief compared to when I dated Karn." Toy had been waiting to talk about this. I sat up straight, paying attention to what he had to say about it. "Between Chris and I, it was puppy love. But with Karn, it was the mature kind."

"..."

"Oh really."

"..."

"I was planning to marry her."

"But it's over now!" I interrupted him because I couldn't stand to hear any more. "So stop talking about the past and live in the present."

**"It's been a year since you could see again?"**

Tem suddenly asked. That made me look at him curiously.

"Do you know about that?"

"What do you mean?" Aontakarn didn't understand what we were talking about, so she looked at me curiously. I wasn't sure if I had told her about it.

Probably not... or she wouldn't look lost like that.

"My sister was only able to see again recently after receiving a cornea transplant from an eye donor. You're not up to date, Miss Karn."

"Chris, did you have a cornea transplant?" The little girl's voice turned stern. It was a clear sign that a storm was brewing inside her. "Why didn't I know about this?"

"Why do you have to know everything?" Toy asked, smiling.

That made the sweet-faced woman look at her ex-lover coldly. When the handsome boy saw that his ex didn't like his jokes, he quickly apologized. This wasn't something he normally saw because he was normally full of confidence. "I'm sorry, Karn."

"I probably haven't told you this. I couldn't see for over two years. Someone just donated their eyes to me..."

"It's very important. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Ah... it's not that important."

"True. It's not that important."

"Karn..."

**"I'm not important to you."**

The sweet-faced one stood up and walked away right after saying that. Toy followed her. I glared at the grumpy one as she walked away and turned around to show my teeth to Tem, furious. However, the handsome boy just shrugged.

"What did I do wrong? I was just asking."

That was true... but it was still frustrating. I felt like the intern had been trying to frustrate me all day.

I wanted to hit him in the head. Everyone looked at Aontakarn's reaction, confused. Puth leaned his shoulder against me.

"Is Karn in a bad mood?"

"I guess."

"Angry because of you?"

"Ah... probably."

"Can women get mad at each other? I thought women only got mad at men... I guess women can act stupid to everyone, huh?" Puth laughed mockingly, as if he's really tired. "So why are you sitting here like an idiot? Go after her and sort it out. If she gets mad at you, the office will be quiet again."

When I got that permission, I jumped up and immediately went after the sweet-faced woman. Aontakarn had started the engine of her car. But Toy was blocking her way, so she couldn't go anywhere.

"Karn, we just saw each other. Why are you leaving already... Karn?"

However, the announcer was too furious to care. I saw her glancing at me from the corner of her eye. But she decided to look away and drove away. So now it was just Toy and me left. This was not a pleasant situation at all.

"Why is she so angry just because you didn't tell her about your blindness?"

"Karn is the grumpy type."

"Grumpy? No. She never sulked when we were together."

"What was she like then?"

"Ah... there was nothing from her. She showed almost no emotion at all." Toy shrugged a little. "But I like Karn that way. She's not annoying like other women."

"Is that the same Aontakarn I know?"

"I'm in shock too... Maybe she's lost because we broke up. Ah, she probably still has feelings for me."

"Do you have any shame in you? How can anyone be so full of their self?"

"I should be, right? The two women at the party are my ex-lovers. Both you and Karn."

"Toy... Not only women, but many stray dogs are your exes because you flirt with every living being as long as they don't have a tail... No, even if they do have a tail."

"You still have a sharp tongue. That's why we broke up."

**"We didn't break up because I have a sharp tongue. We broke up because I didn't want to have sex with you. Idiot!"**

I cursed him in frustration. Toy laughed happily as if my curses were a breath of fresh air.

"It's like they say—we can't get along."

"But can you get along with Karn? You dated for two years."

Toy smiled as if he had the upper hand. His smile made me nervous.

"Yes... Why do you think it was like that?"



## Chapter 19 : Possessive

Aontakarn and I had argued and reconciled many times, but this was the first time I had been able to endure it for so long. Even Apple hadn't sent her any messages for over a week.

Here we go again with the dark vibes between us. When we were in a meeting or filming, we didn't look at each other. We acted as if the other person didn't exist. Although it was very uncomfortable, I chose to leave it that way...

**All of this was because of what Toy said.**

Since Toy said what he did that night at my birthday party, I had been reflecting on it and imagining what they might have been doing. My wild imagination led me to the point of searching silly questions on the internet, like

*"What do you do with your lovers?" "Guess how far people have gone these days?" "And what do people do when they are lovers?"*

I was so stressed that I called my friend Nat, who... I had to admit I called the wrong person because not only did she not console me, but she also stressed me out more...

*"If you don't do it with your lover, who will you do it with? We are adults. If you don't want to do it, at least use your mouth."*

The more I listened, the angrier I became. And when my friend asked me again...

“If you and Aontakarn were lovers, wouldn’t you hug her, kiss her, and caress her?”

It annoyed me because I knew I would do it too... If not, why would I pretend to be drunk when drinking beer with her?

My inner desire was that strong.

These past few days, I had been thinking and imagining how far Toy and Aontakarn had gone. And when I saw her in person, those images filled my head as I looked at her. That’s why I got angry and avoided looking at her. The tension was spreading throughout the office, and everyone noticed...

“Everyone has agreed that Karn and Chris will go to the ATX meeting.”

ATX was a Japanese company that developed game applications. They had plans to enter the Thai market, and of course, all technology-related websites were invited. We were one of them.

Aontakarn and I remained silent. We glanced at each other but said nothing. We let the team finish what they had to say.

“When you arrive, you can also shoot the JBL headphones clip. It’s a good change of scenery. Karn is the narrator, so you should go...”

I was about to interrupt, but Tho gestured with his hand to stop me.

“We want you to go because your English skills are good. All the content will be in English this time. You will be a great help to Karn.”

“Puth can also do that. I don’t know the technical terms. If I take bad notes, it could be a problem. An exciting mobile game could turn into Mario.”

“Hey. I’m a man. How can I go with Karn, just the two of us?”

“You two won’t be sleeping in the same bed.”

“Yes, but still. It’s better if you go.” I felt Puth was backed into a corner, but he kept fighting. “ATX gave us two plane tickets and two hotel rooms. Consider this a vacation combined with a business trip.”

The sweet-faced woman only listened silently. She didn’t ask questions. And, as I couldn’t think of a good reason not to go, the final decision of the team meeting was made. Actually, my reasons were good, but no one considered them.

**So, Aontakarn and I were going to Japan together...**

After the meeting, Puth ran up to me and dragged me to speak privately, as if he were afraid someone might overhear us.

“Ouch. What is this?”

“Let’s clear things up, idiot.” When my handsome brother was sure no one was around, he spoke to me openly, as brothers do. “What’s your problem with going to Japan?”

“What’s the problem? I’ve already agreed to go.”

“Why did you have to argue that I can speak English too?”

“You can.”

“If you say that, Aontakarn might feel bad. It’s like you don’t want to go with her.”

“I don’t... I don’t like Japanese food.” I was making pitiful excuses. My brother didn’t believe me at all. “What’s wrong? Why are you staring at me?”

“Aontakarn and you are fighting too often. A husband and wife who have been together until ninety don’t fight that much. When you two were fine,

even your poop smelled good.”

“How disgusting. What are you talking about?”

“Why are you fighting?”

“For nothing.”

“We’re not stupid. This has been happening since your birthday party, and Aontakarn’s ex appeared, that guy named Toad...”

*Toad? A frog? Really?*

“It’s Toy.”

“Whatever... When he showed up, you two fought. You were very affectionate before he appeared. What happened? Tell me.”

“Nothing.”

“If nothing happened, why did you fight?”

“Aontakarn is the one who is angry with me. I just forgot to tell her I had a cornea transplant. She sulked just because of that.”

“Why didn’t you try to reconcile with her?”

“Why do I always have to be the one who tries to reconcile with her?” I crossed my arms over my chest and wrinkled my face. “Besides, I don’t want to talk to her right now.”

“That idiot said something about Karn, didn’t he?”

“Um...”

“You can tell me anything.”

I hesitated. I wasn’t sure if it was something I should say. But as my brother urged me and probably wouldn’t let me leave easily, I ended up telling him.

“Toy said that Karn and him were intimate.”

“And?”

“And what?” I looked at my brother, surprised. “Why aren’t you shocked?”

“Why should I be? They were lovers. Of course, they were intimate. If you don’t do it with your lover, who will you do it with?”

“What’s up with people these days? How can you see this as normal and not be shocked? Women have to be reserved.”

“Don’t be so narrow-minded. Nowadays, women and men are equal. Also, that lovers have intimacy is very normal. It was most important in the past.”

“But...”

“And why are you so involved? It’s not something you can interfere with. Be a friend, not a mother.”

“...”

“Prepare to go to Japan. Clear things up with Karn. You’re an adult. Stop fighting like children.”

I could only sigh as I watched my brother’s back walk away. Maybe I was too narrow-minded. It was normal. Everyone did it.

I had to be... more open-minded.

“Good for you,” Natty said with a cute aggression. “On my birthday, everyone went to my house and announced to my family that I spent the night with my boyfriend. But on your birthday, you wanted to celebrate only with Aontakarn. This is karma. Backstabbing your friends is a great sin.”

As I mentioned before, on everyone’s birthday, we have to get together and celebrate until morning. But on my birthday this year, I said I was busy with work, which was true. I didn’t lie. My brother forced me to go celebrate with the AppTalk team.

Ah... but when I told my friends, I intended to celebrate only with Aontakarn. I admit it.

“Why are you bringing up the past?”

“To make you know the shame. If you had met with your friends, things wouldn’t have turned out like this. So, good for you.”

My friends kept pressing me. I could only sigh in exhaustion. I had been so tired these past few weeks. Maybe I was having bad luck this year. It was so depressing.

“Aontakarn is in a bad mood because you didn’t tell her about your blindness; I can understand that. But are you in a bad mood because she *‘might have’* had sex with Toy? This is so irrational, no matter how you look at it.”

Ern, who was still curious about my behavior, mentioned it. I put my head on the table because I didn’t want to answer any questions.

Yes... I didn’t understand why I was so frustrated either.

“Look. I have a lover. I have sex with him regularly. Why would you have a lover for two years without doing anything?” Natty added, and it made me sit up straight and look at her with frustration.

“That’s you. This is MY Aontakarn!”

“You’re wrong,” Meen shook her head and chewed on some peanuts. “If you like her so much, ask her to be your girlfriend.”

“I don’t like her—it’s just that...”

All eyes were on me, waiting for my response. I could only stutter because I didn’t know what word to fill in the blank.

“I’m just worried.”

“What are you worried about? You’ve already had sex.”

“I’m possessive!”

My answer made everyone smile happily. I rested my chin on my hand and didn’t dare to look anyone in the eye. Meen threw peanuts at me in adoration.

“You’re more straightforward, friend.”

---

So, this trip happened as a result of the AppTalk team members collaborating because they couldn't stand the tension that Aontakarn and I created in the office. We sulked about pointless things like me not telling her about my blindness and overthinking her past, even though it wasn't my business.

The day of the trip had arrived. Puth dropped me off at the airport. He insisted that I should reconcile with the sweet-faced woman, even if I had to crawl to her and do a traditional Thai dance. Is he crazy? Traditional Thai dance?

"Inform me of the situation," he insisted.

However, it wasn't easy to lighten the mood between us. Reconciling suddenly was too fictional. We hadn't spoken for a week. She would surely ask me why I was in a bad mood or angry with her. What was I supposed to tell her?

Because she had sex with Toy?

**Argh... that's horrendous.**

And it was really awkward between us. It started when we were at the gate waiting to board the plane. We sat next to each other on the plane but didn't say anything to each other.

Well... there was no need to talk.

As the plane took off, there was an announcement to ask for everyone's cooperation to turn off all communication devices. As I took my phone and was about to turn it off, I saw a direct message on my Twitter. My heart raced when I saw it was from Aontakarn.

*Dearest you... whom you love*

*You disappeared. What happened? You're my only breath, but suddenly you disappeared. I'm so lost.*

*—Aontakarn*

This was the first time the sweet-faced woman had reached out to Apple. For the past few months, I had been the only one who had tried to keep in touch. But I was fine without receiving any replies. I looked at Aontakarn, who was sitting next to me, and saw that she had already fallen asleep.

All my ego vanished. I pressed my lips tightly together, not knowing what to do. I looked out of the plane window.

Aontakarn's small head rests on my shoulder. It was as if she had no bones in her neck. I was startled a little and looked at her with pity. It probably wasn't a comfortable position to sleep in.



"Karn."

"..."

When I was sure that Aontakarn was fast asleep, I pulled her closer so that she was leaning completely on me so that she would be more comfortable. We hadn't touched each other for a while...

As a result, touching her like this makes me really miss her.

"I'm sorry."

"..."

"I acted like a fool."

I could hear sobs that told me that the petite woman wasn't really asleep. My heart raced. I felt guilty and pitied her. I didn't know what to do next.

"If you're not angry with me anymore, can you hold my hand?"

At first, everything was silent. But it wasn't long before the person next to me reached out her hand to take mine. She intertwined her fingers with mine. She squeezed my hand and held it tightly. I looked at her reaction, relieved. It was as if she had forgiven me.

"I thought you'd never talk to me again, Chris."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Normally, you would try to reconcile with me. But this time, you just disappeared. It was like when my mother got mad because I came home late without telling her anything. She ignored me for weeks... just like you."

"I'm acting like your mother again."

"Sob."

"Please don't cry, good girl."

I used my other hand to wipe the tears from the little one. Her head was still on my shoulder. She cried nonstop, like a little girl.

"I was wrong for never telling you about my transplant. Ah... I didn't know when to bring it up because when I'm with you, I forget all the drama in my life. I'll tell you everything. You can ask anything you want."

"Why did you disappear...?" Aontakarn opened her eyes. She tried to choose her words carefully as she asked, "Are you angry with me?"

"No."

"Then why did you disappear?"

"I was narrow-minded."

I pressed my lips together, feeling uncomfortable. I didn't know if the sweet-faced woman would get angry again if I told her. Maybe she would never forgive me again if she knew.

"Narrow-minded? About what?"

"Toy was saying weird things about you. And I didn't like it...." I looked at the sweet-faced woman and avoided eye contact. "Toy said that you two were intimate."

Everything goes silent. I could guess that Aontakarn was angry. It was very intimate and personal. So what if they were? It wasn't my business.

"You must be angry... I know."

"Is that why you didn't look at me or talk to me?"

"Yeah."

"You believed Toy without thinking to ask me first?"

Aontakarn was about to pull her hand away. Fearing that the situation between us would go downhill, I said what I thought with more sincerity

than ever. I almost slapped myself after doing so.

"It's not that I believed Toy, but I..."

The sweet-faced woman paused and looked at me silently. She was waiting to hear what I had to say. To be honest, it was something very difficult for me to say...

But if there was a subject, it had to be followed by a verb. And then I had to finish the sentence to make sense.

**"I feel possessive."**



## Chapter 20 : If you say it... you will get it.

We landed in Japan and stayed in a large, pleasant suite. A large room in Japan was like a normal-sized room in Thailand. But it was enough to give us space to walk around. It just wasn't spacious enough for us to roll around or play yoga and badminton in the room.

Who would do that in a hotel room?

But... Didn't Puth tell us that they had prepared two rooms for us? Why was it a nice suite with two single beds? And if it weren't me coming, but Tho, Jeth, or Puth? That would be awkward for Aontakarn.

It was good that it was me...

Since we got off the plane, Aontakarn hadn't talked about how far she and Toy had gone or if it was as far as Toy had claimed. I was frustrated about that, but I didn't dare to show it. My curiosity kept me silent.

Of course... I didn't dare to ask because the atmosphere between us was still gloomy. After we reconciled, we talked, but not like before, as I had hoped.

"It's cold here."

Aontakarn looked out the window as if she were in a music video. Me, sitting on my bed, watched the sweet-faced woman in a dreamy state.

We were staying in Akihabara because the meeting was going to be there. It was late October, entering November. It wasn't too cold for the locals, but

for us who lived in a tropical climate, it was cold enough to give goosebumps.

“Yes.”

That was all I said because I didn’t know what else to say. The little one put her hands in her jeans pockets, turned to look at me, and asked frankly.

“You’re so quiet. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“You say 'nothing' but you do the same.”

“Ah... really, it’s nothing.”

Aontakarn smiled at the corner of her mouth and let it go. She grabbed her wallet as if she was about to leave. I couldn’t help but ask when I saw her.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going for a walk and to find something to eat.”

“Aren’t you inviting me?” I murmured. The sweet-faced woman looked at me and reached out to pinch my nose. “Ouch... What’s this?”

“You’re more grumpy than I am. If you could be more direct, you’d be much cuter.”

“Am I indirect?”

“Wow... Don’t you realize that? So, are you joining me or not?”

“ ... ”

“If you say directly that you want to come with me, I’ll invite you.”

“ ... ”

“Then it’s up to you.”

“I’m going with you.” I pressed my lips together after saying that. The sweet-faced woman smiled and tugged on my arm.

“That’s it. Just say what you want. Don’t overthink it, especially when you’re with me. If you want something, just say it. Okay?”

“Are you serious?”

“Try to be sincere. We’re close, remember?”

And we smiled at each other before going out shopping. We completely forgot that we had been angrily upset with each other for a week.

It was 9 p.m. Puth made a video call to ask if our trip was going well. He also showed us a very spicy tom yam with shrimp, as if he wanted to tease me for not eating raw meat.

“Why are you making that face?” Aontakarn, who went to get some creams that were on her shopping list (on her phone), looked at me with affection. I pointed to the tom yam and got the response I expected.

“Puth is so mean. It’s your first day in Japan, and you already miss Thai food?”

“Yes... And you just arrived and your shopping basket is already full?”

“I’m enjoying it so much that I didn’t realize. Chris, have you bought anything yet?”

“I still don’t know what to buy. There are so many interesting things.”

Aontakarn and I walked around until we reached a certain section. We read the sign, “Adults Only,” and pretended not to see it.

“As I said, if you want something, just say it.”

“Do I want?”

The sweet-faced woman nodded toward the “Adults Only” section and looked at me.

“There.”

“No. I don’t want to look at dildos or things like that.”

“Don’t you want to see that at all?”

I laughed to ease the tension when I saw her teasing smile. Damn it. I was curious, but not THAT curious.

“You’re the one who seems to want to look at them.”

“Yes. I want to do that.”

“ ... ”

“I’m much more direct than you, Chris. You’re a loser,” Aontakarn belittled me. It frustrated me so much that I headed toward that section.

“Fine. Let’s take a look. How hard can it be?”

The sweet-faced woman’s nasal laughter made me walk toward the dildo shelf in frustration. There were smooth ones and others with spikes or bumps. They came in different lengths and colors. They looked so real. They were so real that it was disrespectful to those who were virgins browsing the shelf.

“Which one do you like, Chris?”

“What?”

“You’re looking at them with intention.”

“I don’t like them. I’m just looking at them for educational purposes... Are there people who dare to pick them up and walk to the register?”

“It’s normal here, like when you go to an onsen. Being shy when you enter naked is rude. So you have to look at these dildos as if they were furniture.”

“Where should I display these pieces of furniture?”

“If it were me, I’d put them in the bathroom or near my bed. It’s more convenient that way.”

I looked at the person who kept talking, feeling a bit embarrassed. Sometimes this woman was so direct it was frightening.

“Which one do you think looks most like Toy’s?”

That question made me straighten up. I swallowed and shook my head.

“How would I know? Toy and I never went that far.”

“Why did you break up?” Aontakarn looked at me with narrowed eyes and asked as if it were a general topic. “I heard you were together for a very short time.”

“I’m old-fashioned.”

“How so?”

“After just two weeks together, Toy wanted to have sex.” I put my hands in my pockets as I remembered that event. “When I refused, he said he’d let me use my mouth instead.”

“Wow. Did you do it?”

“Are you crazy! I’m not easy, you know? Even if we’d been together for more than two weeks, I wouldn’t do it. No way. I wouldn’t do anything with him or for him.”

“So that’s why you broke up with him... You’re very reserved.” Aontakarn nodded. “Let’s look at the other sections.”



The sweet-faced woman interrupted the conversation and left that section. I could only open my mouth because I was going to ask what I had been wondering while we were on that topic. I had to stop thinking about it because the sweet-faced woman didn't give me the chance to. It was as if she was avoiding it.

Damn... The quieter she was, the more it confirmed they did.

*God, I had to stop being so narrow-minded. It was her mouth. It was her body. Whether they did it or not, it was none of my business. We were all adults.*

Well... I'd have to put an end to this persistent doubt. Aontakarn made me want to know and changed the topic as if she wanted me to ask directly. If she said that whatever I wanted, I just needed to say it, I'd say it now.

So as soon as we left the store, me, who was walking behind the sweet-faced woman, quickened my pace to walk beside her and ask.

"Have you and Toy done it?"

"Eh?"

"You said that if I want something, I just need to say it. And right now, I want an answer to that question." I grabbed Aontakarn's arm to stop her and looked into her beautiful eyes. "I want to know. It's okay if you did. Just please, tell me."

"Is it so important to you?"

"No..."

"Then you don't need to know."

"But I need to know."

My serious and determined voice made the sweet-faced woman, who was about to keep walking, stop and look at me with a raised eyebrow.

“This is a very personal matter, Chris. I’ll only tell someone I consider very important.”

“Am I not important?”

I bit my lip hard, feeling disheartened and worthless. I had always thought of myself as important. Even Aontakarn herself had told me I was important.

“You are important, but not that important.”

“Ahh... it doesn’t matter.” I walked in front of Aontakarn with my hands in my jacket. However...

“Do you want to be more important?”

My feet stopped completely when I heard that. The person behind me spoke firmly while walking toward me.

“More important?”

“I want you to be with me.”

“To be with you?”

“Be my lover and I’ll tell you,” Aontakarn said as if it were a general topic. It was as if she was asking...

*“Have you had dinner?” or “What time are you going to bed?”*

But, oh, I forgot. I like men.

This time, the sweet-faced woman walked in front of me. I watched her small figure as I hesitated. My heart didn’t beat as fast as I thought it would. It was calm, like a still sea.

“If it’s you, I’m okay with that...”

When the little one heard that, she stopped and turned slowly to look at me.

"Chris?"

"Let's be lovers."

At first, I didn't think I was that excited. But once I said that, it was as if my conscience came back to me. When I made that direct request, the sweet-faced woman was stunned. She looked down at the ground and put her hands on her coat.

"Like I told you at the hotel... if you want something and you say it directly, you'll get it."

"..."

**"If you want to be my lover, you can be."**



## Chapter 21 : Sucking and licking

It was all very shocking.

Suddenly, I had a lover. I was still in a daze, and I was the one who asked her to be my girlfriend. Imagine how I would have looked if Aontakarn had said no. And we had just arrived in Japan. We would be there for another three days, sleeping in the same room. It would be very awkward.

On the other hand, Aontakarn was the one who initiated the relationship. If the bridge hadn't been there, who would dare to cross the line?

Well, I have a lover now.

So what was I supposed to do now that I had a girlfriend? I hadn't had a lover for so many years. Actually, Toy was my first and only boyfriend, and we were together very briefly.

My first impression of having a lover wasn't that great. So now that I had to start over, I was a little lost.

We were in the bedroom now, the lights off. We were sleeping in our beds, backs to each other. Aontakarn might have been asleep already, but I was still wide awake. It was as if I had downed a barrel of energy drinks.

"Are you asleep?"

I was often surprised by Aontakarn. She tended to make noise or ask something that was on her mind. Right then, I wondered if she was asleep, but she asked me first.

Well, if Aontakarn hadn't asked, I would have just stood there in silence.

“No,” I replied.

“What happened before...”

The sweet-faced one was talking about when we agreed to be lovers. I was suddenly afraid that our silence had made Aontakarn change her mind.

So I quickly turned to her and licked my mouth.

“Please don't say you were joking.”

“Were you?”

“I wasn't joking.”

“I was afraid you'd say you were joking, Chris. I was so nervous.”

“Well, me too.”

Okay, we were worried about the same thing. That made us laugh like teenagers who were secretly watching porn.

“What do we do now that we are lovers?”

“Well, you had a boyfriend, right? What did you do?”

“It was Toy. And I broke up with him right after he asked me to use my mouth.”

“Ah... old-fashioned. Then let's start having deep conversations. Does that sound good?” Aontakarn, who was lying on her back, turned around and asked me from her bed.

When I heard that, I turned around to lie on my stomach as well. I turned on the lamp so we could see each other more clearly.

Ah... it was good that I turned on the lamp. My Aontakarn looked so good.

“Good. Because you said that when we were lovers, you would tell me whatever I wanted.”

“You are very involved in the relationship between Toy and me. Did you ask me to be your lover just so you could find out about Toy? Will you break up with me after you find out?”

The sweet-faced woman raised an eyebrow and asked as if she was testing the waters. I shook my head vigorously. I was afraid she would misunderstand me.

“No. It's not like that. Well, it plays a role, but a very small one.”

“Why did you ask me to be your lover, then?”

I fell silent and paused to think. Aontakarn, who was waiting for my answer, was starting to sulk when she muttered:

“It doesn't matter. I'm too tired to sulk with you.”

**“It's because I like you very, very, very much.”**

The sweet-faced woman, who was about to turn her back to me, paused before slowly turning to me and pursing her lips. I wasn't sure if her face was red because she was blushing or if it was the effect of the warm light. But the fact that she was pursing her lips tightly was an indication that she wasn't in her normal state.

She was probably feeling very shy and nervous at the time.

“This is great. I thought I was the only one who really liked it.”

It was a little strange to confess our love after we had agreed to be lovers. I scratched my cheek with my finger, thinking I had to say something to make Aontakarn feel better.

“I really like you, Karn. That's why I want to know everything about you. When Toy, your ex, said what he said, it frustrated and stressed me out. That's why I acted so stupidly towards you, even though I had no right to.”

“ ... ”

“But now I have all the rights,” I said cheerfully, making Aontakarn laugh until her eyes seemed to close.

“Why do you have to be so cute, Chris?”

“You're cute too.”

As soon as I finished saying that, Aontakarn buried her head under her pillow while covering her face with her hands. Each second passed with immense awkwardness in the air. I had to change the mood.

I would change the subject. If the silence continued between us for so long, I wouldn't know what to do.

“So then? How far have you and Toy come?”

When I asked that, Aontakarn slowly stood up and smiled slightly at the corner of her mouth. I was frustrated to see that. “You said you would tell me.”

“I will... But you're so cute when you're frustrated.” The sweet-faced woman placed her face on her chin and tilted her head as she looked at me. “We're lovers now. Have we done something?”

*Not after we were lovers, but when we weren't, we did a lot...*

Of course, I didn't say that. If I did, she'd know I'd been pretending to be drunk the whole time.

“We just agreed to be lovers...”

“Right? So what do you think of me and Toy?”

“But you two dated for two years.”

“That's true. No wonder you can't let it go... I'll tell you.” Aontakarn shrugged indifferently. “My mother didn't like Toy.”

“Hmm?”

“My mother said Toy couldn’t be trusted. She told me to keep my distance from him. You and my mother are very similar in many ways. You both disliked Toy and are possessive of me.” Aontakarn laughed and continued, “I had to get home on time. I couldn’t sleep anywhere. I had to tell her where I always went. And yes... Toy and I have never had sex.”

“What about... using your mouth?”

“Without mouth.”

“Uh-huh...” I unconsciously smiled in relief. A small pillow was thrown directly at my face. “Oops.”

“Don't be so obvious about how you feel.”

“Well... I'm relieved. I don't want a good person like you to fall victim to that kind of man.”

“What if they took advantage of me? Would you despise me?”

“No. It’s just that... I'm possessive.” I changed my sleeping position from face down to sitting with my legs crossed over each other on the bed.

“Karn, you have no idea how far I imagined things between you and Toy.”

Aontakarn smiled a little and asked curiously, “What did you imagine?”

“Well...”

“Well, what? You can tell me. We’re close now. We were best friends, and now we’re girlfriends. The deeper our conversations, the better.” The sweet-faced woman winked at me cutely. I hesitated a bit but decided to tell her.

“Can I tell you?”

“Just say it. I want to know what I look like in your imagination.”

**“In my imagination, you’re always naked.”**



I squeezed my eyes shut as I rambled on embarrassedly. I didn't know if I let out a smile too.

“Naked? So you see every part of me in your imagination?”

“It's just my imagination.”

“What part of my body do you like the most?”

“What... madness. What are you asking?”

“Come on. I want to know.”

“Every part of you is beautiful. But I like your neck the most. Also, your breasts and your waist... That's all.”

“What? Just the top half?”

“How far do you want me to imagine?”

“I imagined your body, including internal organs like your kidneys, liver, and intestines. Every part!”

When I heard that, I instantly crossed my arms over my chest. “Did you do that?”

“How could I not? You have a great figure... Have I ever told you that what I like most are your abs?”

“Why?”

“You're strong. It has lines and bumps.” Aontakarn looked at my abs, even though my clothes covered them. “I imagined hearing your moans, even.”

“Moans?”

“Why am I the one under investigation? I was asking you what you imagined about me. Is that all? Geez! It's not funny.”

“What else do you want?”

“If I knew more, I'd know what you're thinking.”

I raised my eyebrows in curiosity because I didn't understand what Aontakarn meant. So I returned to the previous topic, which was Toy.

“That's all. When I imagined what you did with Toy, I got frustrated and upset. If you were with a decent man, having something with him would be...”

“So, if he's a decent person who had fought for our freedom and was honored for it, you wouldn't mind if I went far with him?”

No! I was talking nonsense. My Aontakarn shouldn't be anyone's because I was too delicate. But saying that would make me seem narrow-minded, so I had to pretend to be open-minded.

“Let's just say Toy is a womanizer and a jerk. He doesn't treat women with respect. You're too valuable to be with him. Honestly, you were with him for so long that I wonder how you managed without being taken advantage of.”

“Because I made him understand that he had to respect me.” Aontakarn sat down beside me. “I told him from the first day we dated that if he made me feel unsecured, I would break up with him immediately. He could accept it or not. He was very patient, now that I think about it.”

“He must have liked you a lot. Oh... so, when he was with me, he only wanted my body. God!”

“It's good that you weren't his victim.”

“I'm a tough nut to crack.” I winked at Aontakarn while bragging, making her give me a bored expression.

“Oh...”

“What?”

“I was going to ask you to lick something.”

“What...”

“But you’re a tough nut to crack... Besides, if I asked you, you could break up with me.” Aontakarn slid under the blanket and turned her back to me.

“We can be together like this. It’s nice in a way. Good night. Sweet dreams.”

I could only open and close my mouth without saying anything. I wanted to reach out and touch her, but I stopped myself. I suddenly felt like slapping myself across the mouth for bragging about how tough and reserved I was, like a woman from the last decade.

“Hahaha.”

Aontakarn's laughter could be heard. I could tell she was trying to hold back. I could only stare straight at her with cute aggression, slip under the blanket, and turn my back to her as well.

Wild... Does she think I want to do something like that with her? So full of confidence!

As I snuggled into the warmth of my blanket, I could feel something nuzzling my waist. I startled slightly and turned around to see that it was Aontakarn. She was nuzzling her nose into my neck and whispering to me, even though it was just the two of us here.

“Let me sleep with you. I’m cold.”

“Ah... Yeah.”

Even though she said she wanted to sleep, her hand kept moving downwards. She squeezed my legs together in panic.

“What are you doing, Karn? It’s...”

“Can’t I? We’re lovers.”

“We are, but isn’t it too fast?”

“We went further when we drank beer. We just never touched skin, and we never...” The petite woman shifted her position and was now on top of me.

She took off her shirt. She was now naked in the darkness, with only the lights from outside the window shining through. Even though it was just a shadow, I could see her figure clearly with both of my eyes.

“Do you want to touch them?”

“Karn...”

I reached my hand to grab her full breast, feeling dazed. I started caressing and massaging. I wanted to possess her body. The bounce made me hesitate at first, but I gathered my courage.

I sat up and brought my face into her breasts, smelling her alluring body scent. Aontakarn was better at this than me. She pushed me down on the bed and kept me in a lying position.

“Chris, you’re a tough nut to crack. You wouldn’t use your mouth even for me, would you?”

“N... No.”

“Okay... I’ll do it.”

And the sweet-faced woman pulled the blanket off me along with my pants. My pants were now at my ankles. She spread my legs apart. I panicked and tried to cover myself with my hands, but her hard look made me give up.

“Ah... I wasn’t prepared. It might not be clean.”

“I’m fine with that.”

Aontakarn then moved down and used her mouth.

“Ah...”

“Chris... Chris!”

She poked me until I woke up with a start. Aontakarn was in her bathrobe. She had just taken a shower and was about to dry her hair. She gave me a confused look.

“K... Karn. Oh... Is it morning?”

“What did you dream about? It seemed like torture,” the sweet-faced woman asked. My mouth dropped open. Damn. We agreed to be lovers last night, and my imagination had already run wild.

“I dreamed I was drowning.”

“That’s a very sexy way to choke. I like the way you moaned. If you moan in your sleep again, I’ll record it.” Aontakarn winked at me and walked over to the vanity. “Hurry up and take a shower. The meeting is in two hours.”

“Ah... Uh-huh.”

I got out of bed and walked timidly towards the bathroom. I turned around to look at the sweet-faced woman who was staring at me. The smile on the corner of Aontakarn’s mouth made me have to ask.

“Why are you smiling?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing means there is something.”

“Okay, there is.”

“What is it?”

“I’m not going to tell you.”

I pursed my mouth slightly to show Aontakarn that I was in a bad mood. I was about to go to the bathroom, but Aontakarn stopped me when she added, “Shall we go to Kawaguchiko after the meeting?”

“You mean Fuji? Sure... But we didn’t book a room. Would that be a problem?”

“No. Come on. We’ve been planning to do that for so long... When will you plan to book it?”

“In March of next year.”

“That’s too far away. Since we’re here, let’s have a date.”

“A date?”

“Yeah. A date.” Aontakarn turned to look at herself in the mirror and continued applying her makeup nonchalantly. “Let’s go to an onsen and admire Fuji while drinking beer and sake together... That would be great.”

Drinking beer and sake...

“Sure. I’ll book it. If we hurry, we can get a good room.”

“I already booked it.”

“So fast?”

“Well, it’s a good opportunity to celebrate.”

“Celebrate what?”

The sweet-faced woman smiled so widely that her face crinkled. I was surprised.

**“Celebrate the fact that we are lovers.”**

*Translator:*

*Hey I don't think that is a wet dream. Maybe Chris was blocked out after that HAHAAH*

## Chapter 22 : Let's do it

You could say that this trip was no different from our honeymoon. But could I use that word when we had just become lovers? It was a relationship that was moving very fast. We had just agreed to be lovers and were already planning to spend the night together out of town.

“What are you doing, Chris?”

I was texting Puth—looked up at the sweet-faced person and smiled at her. “I’m reporting to Puth on the progress. He’s asking how we’re doing... Puth is very worried about us.”

“Us?”

“Everyone on the team knew we were fighting, so they planned this trip to Japan for us. Puth keeps asking if I’ve made up with you yet. He’s afraid this trip will be in vain.”

“Then tell him that we didn’t just reconcile.”

“What should I tell him?”

“We can also intertwine.”

“Karn!”

“Ha ha ha.”

I could feel that Aontakarn was much more mischievous and said these things more openly after we became lovers. But, yes... We were much closer, which was good progress for our relationship.



**Think Chris Kitkat:** Don't worry. We've made up. Relax. I'll send you pictures of us.

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** Great. I was so worried. I didn't know if you two would make it through this trip.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** We might stay here for a few days after the meeting. We're going to Fuji.

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** Now that you have reconciled, you are very excited.

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** Be honest, why did you two fight?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** That ex... That idiot—Toy, who is our sponsor.

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** Ah. Give me more details. What did he do?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** He was also my ex.

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** You were together for too short a time to be considered lovers. Why did they break up after only two weeks?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** He's a jerk, that's why. It's very frustrating that he's also Karn's ex.

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** Are you jealous of Toy?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** No. I don't like him hanging around Karn. He's an idiot. Last time we met, he said... Him and Karn were intimate. Motherfucker.

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** Did you and Karn get angry about that? About Toy?

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** Not only does he sing so fast that people can't understand a word, but he also makes people fight.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** That's another Toy (a singer)!

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Yeah. I'm narrow-minded. You don't know what happened. When I was with him, he asked me to use my mouth on him.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** It's a good thing it wasn't easy. Otherwise, I would have been taken advantage of. Idiot!

**DJ Putho Thammo Sangkho:** With the ball?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Yeah. Sucking and licking. I don't know if he's been bragging about us being intimate.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** If he did that to me, he probably did it to Karn too. What an idiot.

Puth didn't say anything else. I being a bit dramatic, also turned off my phone before joining the classified launch of a new app so that I would have content to use on our website as assigned. The meeting, which started at noon, lasted more than three hours.

After participating, Aontakarn and I planned our trip to Kawaguchiko. We left our belongings in Tokyo and took only a few clothes and the necessities.

We bought bus tickets at the Shinjuku bus station. It was a little strange that we were traveling to a different country but taking a bus across the city, just like in our country. When I looked out the window, with my lover sitting next to me, I could see that everything was clean.

“Chris, you have a very good knowledge of English. Did you grow up abroad?”

The sweet-faced woman asked curiously. She couldn't help but rest her head on my shoulder because she was feeling dizzy.

“No. But my father has been talking to us in English since we're was young. Puth is as good as I am.”

“How wonderful.”

“Puth?”

“You, of course!” Aontakarn laughed and punched my thigh. “What are your other cool skills besides the English language?”

“Ah...” I rolled my eyes, trying to think, before remembering a great line from a movie. “I have more.”

“What?”

“Besides loving you, I’m not good at anything else.”

“Chessy”

“Yes. I’m embarrassed to say it.”

“But I like it.”

The pretty woman laughed in a nasal tone. This was such a pleasant trip. After we were angry for a week, we immediately became lovers. Yes!

“I can draw.”

“You are very talented. Can you edit videos and draw too? What do you usually draw?”

“Structures, portraits and stuff like that. I haven’t drawn for a while. I remember that since I could see again, I kept drawing a pair of eyes...”

“Eyes? Whose eyes are they?”

“It’s yo...” I cleared my throat a little. “A lot of people. I kept changing.”

“Have you ever drawn mine?”

*I used to draw yours more often, darling...*

“I’ll try.”

“Geez. You drew a lot of people, but never your lover. Bad girl.” Aontakarn puffed out her cheeks playfully. The word ‘lover’ from her mouth made me feel a little embarrassed.

“I’ll buy some pencils and papers if we stop by a stationery store, and I’ll draw for you as soon as possible.”

“No need.” the complainer changed the subject as soon as she got what she wanted. “What about your transplant? You said you’d tell me.”

Aontakarn asked me to keep my promise. She made me laugh and pinched her high nose with adorable aggression.

“You don’t forget anything, do you?”

“I want to know everything about you.”

“Well... I was a bystander at an accident when I was a trainee. I was working at a TV station, doing what I’m doing now. There was a bomb in the middle of the city, and I was in the area. And boom! A piece of rock hit my eyes. I was blind for many years while I waited for an eye donor.”

“So that’s what happened... How many years ago was that?”

“About two years ago, almost three. I was lucky to have a donor who was a good match for me, so I was able to see again. This made me realize... how beautiful this world is.” I looked out the window and gazed at the scenery of Japan, feeling grateful for the eyes donated to me.

“The person who donated these eyes was very kind. Even though they are no longer in this world, that person left something valuable for the person who is here. And most importantly... it made me meet you.”

“We met because we have to work together on the website.”

“No... I saw you on TV and I fell in love with you ever since.”

Ah... that’s the real story. After trying to fool myself for so long just because I didn’t believe that love between two women was possible, I had

to admit it.

“Tell me about yourself too.”

“What is there to tell? You already know everything.”

True... I nodded before pausing.

Did she know everything? Why did she say that? I never told her I had looked for her.

“What do I know, Karn?”

“You know I lived with my mother. My dream was to become an actress, but that didn’t work out, so I became a news anchor. My ex is Toy, the same ex as yours.”

“No. I mean something deeper than that. Is there something I don’t know?”

“Ah...” Now the sweet-faced woman was the one thinking hard. “My mother was a teacher.”

“Ahh.”

“My mother called me Aon.”

“Oh. That’s interesting.”

I was very excited to know these details. It was as if I had met Aontakarn through her mother.

“So, did your mother always call you ‘Aon’? And what was your name when you talked to your mother?”

“Nhu.”

“How cute.”

"I'm sorry." I scratched the back of my neck sheepishly. Aontakarn just laughed.

"You sounded like you wanted to roll me up and eat me."

My true self had been showing too much lately. My coolness was being challenged... I had to change the subject.

"I'll call you 'Aon' too."

"You can call me Awww like you used to."

I cringed my neck a little because I didn't remember calling her that, although I had been calling her 'little awww' in my mind forever.

"Did I call you that?"

"You did it when you were drunk the first few times we drank together. You kept calling me 'Awww!' And... you calling me 'Aon' would be weird. My mother tended to make fun of me."

"As?"

"You don't need to know."

"Please tell me. You already made me want to know," I scolded. Aontakarn hesitated before nodding.

"Fine. But you can't laugh."

"Why would I do that?"

"My mom raised me like we were friends. She wanted me to be able to talk to her about everything, so she tried to act like a cool teenager. But the truth is, she was the playful type... too playful."

"I still don't understand. What did your mother call you?"

"Aont."

"What's funny about it?"

"After a while, it changed to..."

"Into?"

"Aontha."

*Translator: Aontha is the Thai word for testicle.*

"Ha..." I immediately raised my hand to close my mouth after letting out a laugh. When Aontakarn saw that, she hit my arm.

"Chris isn't much better than my name. God... Clitoris."

When she teased me like that, I nudged her to try to get on her good side. The sweet-faced woman, who was just pretending to be in a bad mood, covered her face with her hands and laughed, "Why are we saying these words? I'm so embarrassed."

"Actually, we are a perfect match. Testicle and clitoris. What other deep secrets do you have?"

"There is one. This is the last one... Puth, your brother, had flirted with me."

When Aontakarn said that, I turned to look at her in shock.

"Puth?"

"Uh-huh. When we first started, Puth would call me every day. He would try to invite me over for lunch, a movie, and some music. But I didn't respond, so he stopped... Is that deep enough?"

"You are too attractive."

I twisted my mouth slightly as I felt some tender aggression towards her. As for my brother... he never said anything to me. I wasn't sure if it was because I threatened him that I would quit if he got close to Aontakarn. But, no matter. The result was good for me.

"Of course."

"Puth is quite handsome. He is also a very hard worker. Why didn't you like him?"

"It turns out I already liked her sister, so he didn't even stand a chance."

At first, I was feeling some cute aggression towards her, but now I was trying my hardest not to smile.

Aontakarn saw right through me. She poked a finger into my cheek and smiled brightly. "If you want to smile, just smile. There's no need to keep calm."

"You're babbling. You hated me at first."

"You always made me angry. The things you said weren't pleasant to the ears. And you wouldn't talk to me. I thought you hated me... I really wanted to be your friend."

"Are we friends again?"

"If we're friends, we can't kiss."

"I already have many friends. Let's not be friends. I want a kiss."

"Wild."

We fell silent when we talked about kisses. It seemed like there would be deep, intimate touches now that we were lovers...

My heart raced. I looked at the lips of the sweet little face and imagined what I now had the right to do. How should I begin? Should I make a request...

"Karn?"

That would be too direct and rude.



**"Chris... let's kiss."**

Oops... The person who was more direct than me was this woman.

"Karn..."

Aontakarn fell silent after that. The little girl's face was clearly flushed. How much courage did she have to muster to say that to me?

"Uh-huh... let's kiss. We're lovers. There should be some kissing."

"Who have you kissed before this?"

She was so direct. Wasn't this too much information? But, never mind. Here we were. I should answer that. But I would go off on a tangent first because I didn't know what answer she wanted.

If I wanted someone with experience... I should have kissed someone first.

If I wanted my first kiss... I should never kiss anyone before.

"What about you? Have you kissed anyone before? You must have. You were with Toy for a while."

This time, Aontakarn was silent, as if she was thinking about it. I didn't know why the petite woman was silent like that, so I was stressed. It was just a kiss. They were together for two years—how could they not kiss at all?

"We'll know when we get to it. Let's find out then."

Why didn't Aontakarn answer whether she was kissed or not? I was anxious again. Just thinking about Toy kissing the sweet-faced woman made my heart ache.

If I could go back in time, I would flirt with her from kindergarten. I would stand in the way of every boy and man who tried to flirt with her so she could be mine and mine alone.

**Yes... I am possessive, greedy, open-minded and cute.**

"Where exactly do we need to get to?"

"Somewhere private... Why do you have so many questions?"

This time, the little girl was the one who had to raise her hands to cover her face. As for me, who was just as embarrassed as she was, I looked at her with adoration when I saw her do that. I pulled her hands down and placed them on my cheeks.

"Karn, you're not the only one who's embarrassed. Feel how hot my face is."

Aontakarn must have sensed it because she's smiling.

"We are so cute."

"True."

We arrived at Kawaguchiko Station after about two hours. It was a bit chilly. It was like there was air conditioning everywhere, even though it wasn't winter yet. I noticed that it was like I was in an upgraded version of Hua Lampong because no matter where I turned, I heard Thai being spoken. The sweet-faced woman and I would look at each other every time we heard someone speaking Thai.

It didn't take long for a car from our hotel to pick us up. We arrived at the hotel we had booked by minibus. I was stunned by how beautiful the scenery is. The hotel is facing Mount Fuji. There were clouds hanging over it, so we couldn't see Mount Fuji clearly.

"Mount Fuji is very shy. We'll see it clearly later when it's in a good mood."

"Okay."

Aontakarn seemed to have done a lot of research on this, so she informed me of this when she saw me waiting for Fuji to appear, as she had seen in all the manga she had read. I was very excited to be there, so I didn't act as shy as Fuji.

"Our room faces Fuji. You can look at it all day and all night."

"Great atmosphere. You've chosen well."

"Obviously."

The sweet-faced woman shrugged as she boasted. The hotel staff escorted us to our room. It was a ryokan with a size of 20 square meters. You couldn't get this in Tokyo. I was a little impressed. I couldn't help but take photos of this and that to keep memories as I explored the place excitedly, as if the place was on fire.

"The room is very beautiful. Will we sleep on the floor, like Nobita? Or will we sleep in the closet like Doraemon?"

"Of course, we'll sleep on the floor. Why would we sleep in the closet? It's so small."

"Oh, really?" I was still too excited. Aontakarn had to grab my wrist to force me to pay attention to her. "Huh?"

"We'll be here all night. You can take your time exploring the place."

"Good." I smiled at her. "You chose very well. It's very beautiful. There are many good places to take pictures."

"So, what should we do next?"

"It's late. We probably wouldn't be able to do any sightseeing."

"I don't mean that."

Aontakarn was silent for a moment before staring at me in silence for a long time. It made me remember what we talked about on the bus. It wasn't fair to force her to mention it first since she already did it once.

So I did the unexpected and grabbed her by the neck to pull her towards me.

"We're in a private space..." I leaned down, almost lying on my back, forcing Aontakarn to lean over me. "We should kiss now."

"This is... getting to the point."



## Chapter 23 : Onsen

*Translator:*

*An **Onsen** is a Japanese hot spring or bathhouse that uses naturally heated geothermal water.*

*The experience of visiting an onsen is not just about bathing; it's also a cultural ritual. Visitors typically wash and rinse themselves thoroughly before entering the communal baths, and there are specific etiquettes to follow, such as bathing nude and ensuring no soap gets into the bathwater. Onsen towns, where several hot springs are located, are popular tourist destinations in Japan.*

As Aontakarn and I were about to lie down, someone knocked on the door, and then a soft voice said, "Sumimasen."

We jumped up and separated immediately. A hotel employee, wearing a pink yukata with a pretty floral design, entered and said something as if we could understand her local language. To avoid seeming too rude, we nodded as if we understood. Shortly after, dinner was served. It was so grand that I was very excited.

At first, we were frustrated. But that all faded when we saw how detailed and delicate each dish served was. The food was served slowly, plate by plate. Each dish was just bite-sized. But before we knew it, our stomachs felt like they were about to burst.

"If I stay here too long, I'll turn into a pig," I complained as I lay on my back on the tatami in our room. I was so full that I felt like I was going to explode. Every part of me felt swollen from the food we had eaten.

"You'll still be a cute pig."

I sat up when I heard that. I looked at the woman who had just flirted with me and smiled slightly.

"You've become so bold since we became lovers."

"Prove it. Try flirting with me."

"How... My little Awww, you're so cute."

"I've been meaning to ask you this for a while: why 'Awww'? When you're drunk, you always call me that."

Karakate was wild...

"From now on, I'll call you Awww Awww or Little Awww."

"Where does the name come from?"

"From cute seals," I explained about the round mammals and how bright they were when the sunlight at the South Pole hit them. "I like seals, so when I adore something or think something is cute, I'll call it Little Awww."

"So, am I cute?"

"Karn, you are loved."

There was a silence between us. I froze when I realized those words had slipped out. Would she suspect anything? Would she suspect that I was Apple?

"Imitator."

"Huh?"

"Remember what I told you about Apple, so you're pretending to be it?" Aontakarn wrinkled her nose slightly. "Apple always starts its letters with... *'Dear you, who is loved.'*"

"Oh. No wonder it sounded familiar. I was wondering why that came to mind." I quickly deflected as soon as I saw an opportunity and changed the subject. "Ah... I'm so full. I'm going to the onsen next. Will you come with me?"

"..."

"What? Why are you so quiet?"

"Are you inviting me to get naked with you in the onsen?"

"Oh..." I hadn't thought about that. So when she asked me that, I quickly waved my hand to deny it. "No... I... I saw there was an onsen here, so I invited you. You... said if we acted shy, it would be impolite."

"Naughty."

"I'm not."

"Just admit it. You want to see me naked."

"No." I pulled up my collar and bit it, unsure of what to do. When Aontakarn saw how frantic I was, her expression changed from mock anger to laughter.

"Don't be so cute, Chris. You're so adorable."

"Oh... were you not really angry?"

"Why would I be angry? I just wanted to know if you had naughty thoughts. But it seems you didn't think about getting naked with me... you're such an old-fashioned woman."

I swallowed hard. I didn't respond because I was too embarrassed. If she knew that the other night I had a wet dream where she spread my legs and leaned down to lick me...

*Jesus. No... I won't think about that. Putho Thammo Sangkhol.*

"Oh, they have yukatas for us to change into... Let's try them on." The sweet-faced woman got up and grabbed the yukata.

She didn't mention being naked again. I also grabbed one and put it on quickly while the little one was still in the bathroom. We finished at the same time.

"Ta-da... How do I look in a yukata?"

Aontakarn in an oversized yukata was so cute that I looked at her in admiration. How could someone... be so cute no matter what they wore?

"Why aren't you saying anything? Am I not beautiful?"

"H... huh? No. You're cute."

She was so awww... I wanted to bite her with a cute aggression. Why was she so adorable? I wanted to cry...

"Being cute means I'm not gorgeous."

"It's so awww!" I immediately interrupted in a panic because I was afraid my silence would cause another misunderstanding. "You're so cute. I want to pinch you."

"Is that a compliment? Pinch me? Hey... you're crazy about me."

"I want to bite you."

"What?"

"Let's go to the onsen."

I ran out of the room out of shyness. I had let too much of what I was thinking slip out. I needed to slap my mouth for being so careless.



After taking the elevator down to the ground floor, where the onsen was, I had to ask for some towels at the reception. At first, I was a little worried because I had never been naked in front of other people before. But that was all... I was there; I had to try it.

**Being naked was normal here. I can do it. It's Japan...**

I slowly dipped my feet into the not-so-large onsen to adjust my body temperature before lowering my whole body. The muscles that were all tense from our long journey slowly relaxed. It was lucky that there were no strangers at that time, so I was more relaxed because I didn't have to be naked in front of anyone else. It was great... The whole onsen was mine.

"Are you in a music video?"

The whole onsen wasn't mine!

I was startled and sat up just as my head touched the edge of the onsen. Aontakarn was naked. She only had a small towel to cover herself from her chest to the middle of her body. Even though she was covering herself, I could still make out her body. I panicked and quickly turned around to look away, also closing my eyes.

"You scared me."

"Why are you scared?"

"I didn't think... you'd be here."

"Are you possessive of the onsen? May I join you?"

"....."

"It's okay. I'll go somewhere else."

"Please join me, princess." I extended my hand toward her, feeling defeated. Aontakarn laughed and dipped her leg into the onsen before slowly entering and sitting beside me.

"I'm sorry for interrupting your music video."

"I wasn't pretending to be in a music video. It's just... so relaxing." I couldn't help but glance at the naked body beside me as I spoke. And yes... I was also naked.

Damn it... I was in love with her, but I never thought it would go this far. I might faint watching her on TV, but this was 4K FullHD. I couldn't breathe.

"What are you looking at?"

"Breasts."

"Huh?"

"Oops..." I shook my head to clear my bad thoughts. "Ah..."

"It's okay to look at my breasts. I undressed so you could look."

"Karn!" I was completely shocked by what the petite woman had just said. "Did you undress so I could look?"

"Why are you so shy? Have you never undressed with your friends when you were in school?"

"No."

"You're really very reserved. Or am I too relaxed with you?"

"Ah... Ah... I grew up with a brother, so I have to be more aware of what I'm doing all the time."

"That's different from me. I only lived with my mother. I've bathed with my mother since I was a child, so being naked with a friend or with you is nothing unusual for me."

"Uh-huh."

"Please, act normal, Chris. We're in an onsen. Being naked is normal. Turn toward me!" Aontakarn grabbed my shoulder and turned me to look her in the eyes. When we were face to face, there was no avoiding looking at her.

"Chris, you have a great figure. Can you stand up so I can see more clearly?"

"No!"

If I stood up, she could see everything. I hadn't trimmed or polished everything. Why didn't I do that before coming here? Whyyyyyyyyyy?

"To make you feel more comfortable, I'll stand up first."

The petite woman actually stood up, just as she said she would. My jaw dropped. I still hid in the water because I didn't know what to do. Aontakarn's figure was very delicate. I am heating up. Was it because of the water temperature or my body's temperature? I wasn't sure.

**She's so beautiful... I wanted to touch her.**

"Your turn, Chris."

"No."

"Why do you always contradict me?"

"No. I'm not doing that."

The petite woman's fierce cry left me stunned. I immediately stood up, forgetting how embarrassed I was. So, finally, we were both naked in front of each other under the big round moon in the sky. It was just the two of us. That meant we were on equal footing.

"Wow..."

"Why do you have to say 'wow' when I'm standing?"

"It's as I imagined. You have great abs." Aontakarn reached out to touch my abs, as if she were crazy about my body. "You have a great figure."

"Touching my abs like that is..."

The petite woman suddenly dropped back into the onsen. She knelt down, her eyes still on my abs, as if admiring a painting. Her face was now level with the middle part of my body. I took a step back to move away from her, but she grabbed me by the waist.

"Please, let me try something..." Aontakarn leaned in and kissed my abs gently. It gave me a strange feeling in my stomach. I almost fell to the ground.

"Karn, what are you doing? It's..."

The sweet-faced woman still moved around my abs. At first, she just kissed them gently. But now, she was licking them as if she were a cat licking its fur. It was a wet, soft touch. I almost screamed, 'ahhh.' I dug my nails into Aontakarn's hair.

"I think this is..."

"Is?"

Aontakarn's face moved downward. I gasped heavily. I knew it could get more intense, like in my dream.

Lower...

A little lower...

"I'm so thirsty." The petite woman suddenly pulled away from my body and stood up. "Being in the hot water for so long makes me thirsty. Are you done?"

"I'm not done."

"..."

"I mean, I'm not done with the onsen."

I replied without any confidence. The petite woman just nodded and smiled at me.

"I'll go out first. Don't stay too long, or you might faint."

"Uh-huh."

"Come back to our room quickly. I'll drink beer while I wait for you."

Aontakarn said that without looking at me and walked out naked with the towel around her neck. When I was sure the petite woman was no longer there, I sat down and closed my eyes, trying to collect thoughts.

Could I collect thoughts? I didn't know where my mind had gone.

Oh. Did I hear that she would drink beer?

When I realized that, I immediately stood up and ran after Aontakarn. But the sweet-faced woman was no longer there. I quickly washed up and put on my yukata before heading to the elevator to my floor. I knocked on the door when I reached our room to let the person inside know I was back so they could open the door for me.

"I thought you'd stay longer in the onsen."

"I'm thirsty."

The petite woman's face was all red. It was probably because she had just been in the onsen. I wasn't sure if my face was also red. It seemed there was hotel staff in the room to prepare our bed. What they were doing looked more like art than just doing their job.

"Even the bed preparation looks grand. It makes me want to go to sleep."

"If we manage to sleep, that remains to be seen." I was just rambling. That made Aontakarn turn around to look at me, smiling.

"Why wouldn't we be able to sleep?"

"Well... we're going to drink beer."

"Okay."

After the bed preparation ceremony, Aontakarn and I sat on the mattress with a table full of beers. We bought many different types at the convenience store because we wanted to try them and see how they differed.

"This one is quite smooth... but it's good. Try it." Aontakarn handed me a can of beer she had been drinking. I looked at the can where the petite woman had just sipped timidly. If I drank from the same spot, we'd be kissing in a way.

I felt very shy.

"Why are you smiling? We're just drinking beer from the same can. It's not the same as really kissing."

"Huh?" I was startled when Aontakarn mentioned kissing as if she could read my mind. But then I let out a wide smile. "What... are you saying?"

"Aren't you thinking about kissing me?"

I remained silent for a moment before nodding to admit it.

"Yes."

I also had to be more direct. This time, it was the petite woman who was stunned before becoming shy. I could tell by her blood-red ears.

"You're so direct."

"You're always the one who takes the initiative. I can't be the only one who takes the heat."

"Are we talking about who will take the heat?"

See? She was twisting what I just said to make it something naughty.  
Should I dodge it or face it head-on?

"What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Who's the man in this relationship?"

"What?" Aontakarn laughed. She seemed uncomfortable. "Does there have to be a man and a woman?"

"Well... let's think about it."

"It depends on the situation."

"Do you like it?"

"I don't exactly know."

We both fell silent again.

This time, it was too long and too quiet. I believed I needed to do something about it. Waiting for Aontakarn to always take the initiative made me look weak. I think Aontakarn was waiting for me to take the initiative this time.

She was waiting to see how much courage I could muster.

"Let's go to sleep."

"Huh?"

The sweet-faced person slid under the blanket and turned her back to me. Me, who was still sitting, didn't know what to do. I just looked around the room.

"Should I turn off the lights, then?"

"Leave some on."

That's all Aontakarn said. So I looked for the warm light lamp by the door where we put on our shoes and left only that one on. I left all the beer cans on the table and slid under the blanket.

Why was the atmosphere so lonely and quiet? I must have done something wrong.

"Karn, are you asleep?"

"No."

"C... Can I hug you to sleep?"

"Do you want to?"

"It's a little cold, so..."

"Do you want to hug me?"

"If you say so, I will."

"..."

"I want to hug you."

"You can hug me."

The sweet-faced woman still had her back to me. After asking for permission, I turned to hug her and nestled my face in her nape as I used to. Aontakarn's body scent made me feel good. I couldn't help but smell her here and there.

"You just drank a little beer. Why are you falling asleep so soon... are you already drunk?"

"I've never been drunk."

"No way... You said you were drunk when we drank in Bangkok."



"I've never been drunk, not even once."

Aontakarn's revelation made me stop and think about everything we did. That meant, at that time, not only was I fully aware, but the person in front of me was too. We both pretended to be drunk.

We both lied...

"Can I kiss you?"

When Aontakarn heard that, she stiffened. I could feel it because I was holding her. I didn't know if it was because of the beer I drank or because her words encouraged me, but I went from smelling her nape to gently nibbling on her ear.

"Do you want to kiss me?" Her small voice trembled a little.

She was also breathing heavily. Aontakarn's legs rubbed against the sheet. I slid my hand under her shirt. She wasn't wearing anything underneath.

I was no longer pretending to be drunk like I used to. I am fully aware. Everything I did was intentional.

"Of course, I want to kiss you."

And when my hand touched her chest, Aontakarn immediately turned towards me. She stared at me while one of her arms wrapped around my neck to pull me towards her. Our bodies had kissed many times. But what we had never done was kiss in the lips. But now... I was allowed to because we were lovers.

"Then you can kiss me."

But we still looked at each other. Neither of us initiated the kiss. It was as if we were waiting to see what the other would do.

"Before we kiss... I need to confess something."

"What?"

"I..." I pressed my lips together. I didn't know if telling her the truth would ruin the moment. It could be that we wouldn't go through with it. But it didn't matter...

**"I've never been drunk either."**

Everything fell completely silent. Aontakarn continued to look at me before slowly letting out a smile.

"I know."

"You know?"

"Uh-huh. I already knew... that you weren't drunk."

"But you didn't say anything."

"You're too shy. If you didn't pretend to be drunk, you wouldn't dare to do those things... but now you're much braver." The small one slowly pulled me closer. The bridges of our noses touched. That meant we were just inches away from our lips touching.

"But it remains to be seen if you can be even braver."

"We've never kissed."

"Because I never let you."

"Why?"

"Because kissing... leads to everything that follows. It will take us far."

"Does that mean you never kissed Toy?"

"You're very detailed. Is this the time to talk about our ex?" Aontakarn laughed as she shook her head. "No, I never gave him the chance to get close. Ah... How do I put this? I didn't want to disappoint my mother if she found out later."

"But we've gone pretty far every time we've kissed."

"But we've never gone as far as you wanted, right?"

"And if I kiss you today? It will go far, for sure... So, can I do it?"

I nuzzled my nose against hers playfully. My hand was starting to be mischievous because I was sure I could do it. What I could feel in my hand was hardening. It was telling me that Aontakarn was ready to move forward with me.

"We are lovers... We can kiss."

"I think maybe I won't just be able to kiss. What should we do?" I felt intoxicated by the atmosphere surrounding us. I am willing to do everything, if only Aontakarn would allow me. "Will your mother be mad?"

"She won't be mad because she's not around anymore. And even if she were, I'd do it."

"You're so wild, MY Aontakarn."

"To get someone like you, I have to be wild..."

*And, for the first time... our lips touched.*

## Chapter 24 : The Opposite Party

Yes, kissing was the beginning of it all, yes—we did it with our will. There was no resistance. Aontakarn pressed her lips against mine and began moving them in an attempt to elicit a response. I had never kissed anyone before. I had only watched foreign movies and thought,

*“Why... do people use their tongues when they kiss?”*

But once I kissed her, I understood.

Touching through tongue was like communicating through our bodies. We were talking about how she had a right to my body. I was letting her understand that we would communicate deeply.

Normally, we don't like other people's saliva on us, but once we exchange it through kissing, it's like we're sending a part of ourselves to the other person. It wasn't disgusting at all.

*As what she just mentioned, kissing was the beginning of everything. Once you dare to kiss, you will dare to do more and more.*

"Chris... Ah..." Aontakarn keep calling my name and tried to catch her breath. I moved back and tried other parts of her body, from her chin to her neck, while my hands groped all over the sweet-faced girl's body. But, I am still greedy.

It wasn't enough...

I spread Aontakarn's legs and touched her sensitive spot. The wetness, which was not normally there, gave me too much confidence because the body of the person under me reacted very much to my caresses.

"Ah..."

Aontakarn showed no signs of retreating or refusing. I am curious about every part of the small woman's body. I used my middle finger to draw circles. The warm body beneath me twisted and turned. She wrapped her arms around my neck and pulled me down. She sounded like she was struggling, but she didn't tell me to stop. That made me want to do more.

"It's cute... do you like it?"

"Yeahh... I like it so much. Ah... But.. it hurts..."

In a normal situation, I would panic and back away. But this time I was being brave. Even though the person below me said it hurt, I continued to slide my finger.

The sweet-faced woman's face expressed her pain. But it seemed to get better a little later. Aontakarn's legs brushed against the bed sheet. It was as if she was in pain and feeling good at the same time.

"A little faster, Chris... Ah... Ah."

The more frequently the woman let out a moan, the faster I went. The more I rubbed my finger against the wet area until a sloshing sound was heard, the more my excitement rose and my heart raced.

There were many images in my head of what I wanted to do to the small woman. It made me look like a mental patient. But, in the end, I just raised my knees with my feet still on the bed. It was just to make things more comfortable for myself. Aontakarn's devious face made me feel victorious.

"You are so beautiful, Karn."

"No. Don't look." The sweet-faced woman brought her arm to her face.

She continued to moan non-stop. Eventually, her body reached the point where she was shaking repeatedly. I could feel her gripping my finger. Aontakarn's shaking body made me hurriedly hug and kiss her temple to comfort her.

"Chris... Chris."

"How did it go? Was it okay?"

Although Aontakarn's body was still trembling, she seemed to have regained her energy and suppressed her embarrassment. She looked at me with her light brown eyes.

"If you want to know, you have to try."

It was me who was pushed onto the mattress. Aontakarn was on top of me. She bit her lips a little, as if she felt some cute aggression towards me.

She loosened the knot of my yukata, revealing everything that was previously hidden underneath. Maybe it was because there was only a dim, warm light from the lamp that I didn't feel as embarrassed as I usually did.

Or maybe it was the beer.

The hair falling from the person on top of me was so irritating that I had to grab it. Aontakarn thought I had my arms around her neck, so she leaned down and touched my nipple with her lips. She knew she had every right to do so.

I felt a strange sensation in my belly and arched my back. I let out a moan uncontrollably. I gave Aontakarn more confidence.

She massaged, nibbled, and licked as if she yearned for me. Then she ran her tongue down my body until she reached my navel. This was probably the place she liked the most.

"You have such a great figure."

"Karn... don't make fun of me." I pushed Aontakarn's head to guide her down. "Please do it."

"I like it when you forget that you are a very shy person."

And the sweet-faced woman did as I asked with her mouth. I was startled, but arched my back in response to her lips. She was sucking instead of kissing it.

"Karn... Ahh.. Karn."

"Is it okay... Tell me it's okay?"

"Fine... Okay... No, Karn. Don't do it." I shook my head when Aontakarn tried to put her finger in too. "I prefer that... Sucking me is better."

"This doesn't hurt. Just a little..."

"Please... no..."

I begged her, and that made Aontakarn give in to my plea because it was too pitiful.

Then Aontakarn used her tongue on my sensitive area for a while, until I was the one who couldn't take it anymore.

"Karn... help me."

The sweet-faced woman stepped back a little in surprise. I felt like this was too slow. I wanted to reach the victory line already, so I knocked Aontakarn down. I positioned her so that she was sitting, and I sat on her thigh. I rubbed myself against her thigh and mounted her.

"Ah... Karn... Ahh..."

"Chris..." Aontakarn grabbed my waist and helped me up, encouraging me. "It's like you're riding me."

"Ah... Karn..."

"Good job, Chris. I love it when you ride me like that."

"Ah..."

Finally, I reached my victory line as my body shook and stiffened. All my muscles were tensing up. When the sweet-faced woman saw that, she pulled me in and gave me a hard bite on my shoulder. But I didn't feel any pain. It excite me somehow.

We looked at each other for a bit. My embarrassment slowly took over me after I dropped her somewhere on this trip. However, I was too tired to show it. I just rested my face on the little girl's shoulder.

"Give me a few moments to be shy." Aontakarn laughed and pulled me down with her. "Okay. I'll be shy with you."

"I thought I said you weren't easy."

Aontakarn said this after we had rested for more than ten minutes. She was lying on top of me and used her finger to adoringly play with my hair, which fell over my forehead.

"You also say that you're not so hard to get."

"So we were both virgins, not because we're not easy or hard to get or anything like that."

"Why then?"

"Probably because we've never met the right one."

I looked at Aontakarn and smiled a little. I nodded to agree with her. That was possible. Maybe it's because the person in front of me was the right one, and that's why I went from being difficult to get to being surprisingly easy.



If a woman was willing to wait for the person she loved, another woman, like us, was willing to give it to the person we thought was right. It was like we had both just let our walls down.

It wasn't easy because it was the first time for both of us.

"How was it?"

"What do you mean?" Aontakarn asked curiously when she heard my question. I scratched my cheek with my finger, feeling embarrassed.

"Amm... From what just happened? How was it?"

"It's... good. But it wasn't that simple."

"We're both new from this. If we do it more often, it will get better."

"Of course."

When we got to this, the sweet-faced one looked shy. Her voice turned soft. I reached up to play with her earlobe in adoration.

"My Aontakarn. Were you this pretty since you were born?"

"You're such a sweet conversationalist."

"It's probably the hormones. I love you more than I already do." I went from playing with her earlobe to gently massaging her head before lowering it so I could kiss her. "It feels so good to touch you like this."

"Same to me..." The sweet-faced woman caressed my cheek with her lips. It was as if she wanted to start another round. "I think... we should stay in our room."

"Don't you want to go sightseeing in Fuji?"

"What is there to see besides trees, grasses, and lots of Thai tourists? Plus, we can see Fuji from our window. Ah..." Aontakarn let out a soft moan as I

drew a circle on her abdomen with my finger. I knew she was ready, even before I got her heat up.

"Does it still hurt?"

"It's better, honey."

I changed my position from lying down to sitting, so it was more convenient for Aontakarn after inserting my finger... The petite woman began to move at her own pace, with me as an audience.

"You speak very politely." To arouse the person in front of me, I suck her nipple. "Ah, this is great... You are delicious all over, my Aontakarn."

"Ah..."

And so, our trip to Kawaguchiko went as expected; we just stayed in our room, drunk and in love. We rested when we were exhausted and continued when we regained energy.

As for Fuji, we looked at it from our window all the time.

There were times when we felt like we were too obsessed. We were determined to leave the room. We took a shower and intended to go out for a walk around the village. We intended to walk around the lake, paddle our feet in the boat, and ride the ropeway to admire the scenery.

We intended to do the things the Internet said we should do when we were in Kawaguchiko. However, as we were about to walk out the door...

"Karn," I called.

"Hey?"

"Are we really going to row the boat?"

"Yes. It seems like a huge waste of time."

"I think that..."

"What?"

"I agree."

We could read each other's minds through our eyes. We stripped. I don't want to give any more details about what we did—but believe me, it was much better than rowing a boat with our feet.

Don't ask what we got out of our trip to Japan...

Okay, we'll get to that. Other than that, we couldn't do anything but look at Fuji from our room window. When we had to go back, we did more than sleep to rest on the bus. And once we were in Tokyo, we kept burying ourselves in our room until we had to end our trip.

We were very drunk on each other.

A lot.

It was fortunate that we had already bought things for the people from Thailand on the first day we visited Don Quijote, so it wouldn't be too embarrassing when we returned. At least we had gifts to give to the people back home. Even though my parents said they didn't want me to spend money, my mother ran to get my luggage when I got home.

"What did you buy me?" she asked excitedly.

Yeah... that's how things were, people.

"Things there are expensive, Mom. Take the facial mask and the foot massage pad. By the way... why haven't I seen Puth since I got back?"

I looked around the house in surprise. Normally, my brother would be the first to run up to greet me, even if it was more of a joke. He was too quiet right now.

"Is my brother dead... dead from my heart wow wow wow?" I joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"Yes. Where is he? He should have picked you up at the airport. Bad brother," my father said, shaking his head as if he was very tired of his eldest son. Then he picked up the phone in the middle of our conversation.

"How was your trip?" My mother asked nonchalantly as she read the label on the face mask, even though it was all in Japanese. I smiled a little embarrassedly and nodded slightly.

"It was fun."

"What did you do?"

*"This feels so good, Chris. Don't stop...Ah!"*

When my mother asked that—images of what happened in Japan flashed through my head. I felt so uncomfortable that I turned away.

Ah... I missed my Aontakarn so much.

"A lot. I can't give all the details."

"Everyone, stop talking..." My father simply hung up the phone.

He walked over to us, looking very stressed. My mother, who was about to try on the face mask, had to stop and squint. All of our excitement disappeared as panic set in upon seeing the expression on my father's face.

"What is it?"

"Something happened to Puth."

"No..." I put my hand on my chest in shock. My heart fell to my feet. Tears welled up, and I believed they would be with me for the next few days. "So that's why he didn't pick me up at the airport... No, why is his life so short? Was it a car accident?"

"He's not dead," my father clarified.

"Oh. What are you playing at, Dad?" I turned my face away. It wasn't that I was disappointed. I had just played too much, and now I had to adjust my mood.

"He's at the police station."

"What happened?" My mother started to panic.

As for me, who a second ago thought my brother was dead, I felt very relieved knowing that he was at a police station. As I said, I imagined things ahead of time.

"He was charged with assault. He broke the other guy's jaw."

"Who is the other party? Puth is not an aggressive person... My son is a very nice guy. If you see him riding a motorcycle at night, he was just going to buy something for his mother. How can society and the police frame a future doctor like this?" my mother insisted.

"Do you have to check the news, Mom?" I looked at my mother and laughed. My father continued to tell us what happened.

"The other party is Toy. Let's talk in more detail at the police station." My father said exactly that and headed to the car.

When I heard whose jaw was broken, I was in shock. I could immediately guess why it happened...

It was probably my fault. I summoned the demon hidden inside my handsome brother.



## Chapter 25 : Feeling towards 'Fuji'

As I sat there in the police station watching my parents rescue my brother, I thought about how I should be asleep in bed because I was tired from my trip back from Japan. I hadn't seen Toy yet. I thought I heard the police officer say that he was being treated at the hospital. I crossed my arms over my chest and looked at my brother wearily. He was very good at doing stupid things.

"Don't look at me like that," he said.

"I didn't say anything... How did you fight with Toy?"

"That idiot."

"Will I be able to hear the full story today?"

"I'm sorry for cursing. I get angry just thinking about it."

While my parents were handling the bail papers, my brother and I talked about what happened. Puth found out where Toy worked and then looked for a chance to see him and say hello—accidentally. He tried to steer the conversation to be about me.

Puth said he was flirting with me...

Yeah, Toy, the idiot, didn't know Puth was my brother. How stupid could he be?

Once he found out Puth was making advances on me, he bragged about trying to get one over on Puth. He gossiped and told lies about me, like...

"He said you were easy and a slut. That you used your mouth on him the first day. You did it in a car. Lol! He couldn't even describe your body though. If he'd seen you naked, he would have known you had a birthmark under your breast."

I covered my chest with my hands and walked away from my brother.

"I'm five years older than you. When Mom didn't have time to clean up your piss and poop, your brother did, honey. Shit... He didn't even get your breast size right. He said you have big boobs when you don't have any."

I thought the next person who would ended having a broken jaw would be my brother.

"Were you protecting me? I'm crying," I said, half-joking.

"You're very moved, aren't you?"

"No. I'm sleepy. I just got back from Japan. I'm really tired. Why am I here at the police station because of you? I'm bored," I complained as I kicked my brother's shin. "But... thank you for protecting my dignity. Just thinking about using my mouth on him makes me want to vomit."

"But are you sure you've never done that?"

"Never!" I paused for a moment when I thought of someone else.

"...."

"Why did you take a break? Just because you've never done it with Toy doesn't mean you've never done it with anyone else."

"I've never used my mouth on any man."

"How about doing something else?"

I did almost everything!

Of course... I didn't let it go.



I quickly ran to my parents, who had just finished with the paperwork. After that, we went home. In the sky, among the bright stars, there were letters that said "*The End.*"

The end of business at the police station, of course.

As soon as I got home, I quickly informed Aontakarn about what happened. I thought she would be asleep from the exhaustion of our journey. However, the sweet-faced woman was waiting for me to call her to say goodnight, as I used to do and will continue to do forever.

[I'm very sleepy, but I have to wait for your call or I won't be able to sleep.]

"Why are you so cute? Were you waiting for me? I'm sorry I called you late today. Puth has been acting up ever since I came back."

[I already told you that I need to hear your voice every day. By the way, Toy always entertains the people around him, huh? Do you know which hospital he is in?]

"I heard it's xxx. Why do you ask? Are you going to visit him?"

[Yes. I want to spend some time.]

"Old love dies hard, huh?"

I twisted my mouth as I said that in frustration. It made the person on the other end of the line laugh happily.

[You are really too possessive. Did you forget that my former love is also the former body—the one you used your mouth on? HA HA.]

"Crazy. I would never use my mouth on a man, but if you're talking about a woman, maybe."

[Why are you talking like that? Come see me. I miss you. Argh.]


"I miss you too. Talking like this is softening me up. I'll come see you tomorrow."

[Will you spend the night?]

"Will you let me?"

[You can possess me like a spirit possessing my body.]

Why was she so cute? We talked a little more before hanging up. My exhaustion made me sleep soundly all night, like I was the grandma in the late-night sanitary pad commercial.



Our trip was over. It was time to get back to reality. The reality of a Monday... a workday.

The team revealed the truth of why he also went to the ATX meeting. As I said, I am good at English and video editing, but I couldn't really take good notes on technical terms and deep industry knowledge. I had no knowledge when it came to that. So, I was the one who was most appropriate to go to that meeting.

Everyone was very kind in deciding to let Aontakarn and I go to Japan together.

**God... they are great people.**

Even though we didn't have fixed working hours, when it came to "work," it was still boring. The only encouraging thing was that my Aontakarn arrived at the office very early, just like me. I think we were probably thinking the same thing.

We arrived early so we could see each other earlier.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I miss you.

**Aontakarn:** I miss you more.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I miss you so much more.

**Aontakarn:** I miss you so much more.

We chatted during a meeting. Everyone looked at Puth, who had just gotten out of jail, with pity because they had just found out what happened. No one blamed my brother for getting into a fight with the marketing people of one of our sponsors. They knew it was a personal matter.

"We think you had a reason for doing that, Puth. Whatever happens, we're all on your side."

Jeth said this to encourage Puth. Everyone nodded. My brother gave them a grateful look.

"Thanks everyone for understanding me. Fuck... I couldn't help myself. He was so rude and disrespectful. He said Chris has big boobs. That shitheadHe can't even find a bra in her size because it's the size of a pinhead."

Everyone looked at me and tried not to smile. I could only bare my teeth at the guy who was joking and wanting to kick his ass. Only Aontakarn shook her head.

**"No. Chris's breasts are big. I touched them."**

"What?"

Everyone in the meeting now turned to Aontakarn. This made the sweet-faced woman realize that she had said something wrong.

"We went to the onsen together, so I was able to see them. I just want to argue on her behalf. It's definitely not the size of a pinhead."

Even though Aontakarn made a good excuse, everyone was still quite embarrassed. It might be due to the fact that the sweet-faced woman rarely said such things, so it was somewhat embarrassing for everyone when she did. It was as if Aontakarn had said, *"Fuck!"*

"How was the trip to Japan?" Tho asked, wanting to divert the subject from that awkward topic. If only he knew I was even more embarrassed about it. "What did you girls do?"

"Ah... we went to Don Quijote to buy things."

"Did you go to Fuji too?" Puth mentioned this. "Chris told me that."

"How was Fuji?" Tem asked as she stared at us, wanting to join in on our conversation. I looked at the sweet-faced woman and cleared my throat.

"It's a snow-covered mountain. It doesn't look like it can emit lava."

"How do you feel?"

"It feels like a mountain."

"Wow. You took a trip to Japan. Tell us what it feels like to be there and look at the volcano. Explain it. Describe it in words so we can feel it and envy you."

Aontakarn looked at me for a bit and started to elaborate. She understood that I was at a loss for words. We didn't really spend much time admiring Fuji. We just went about our business and looked at it from the window.

"It feels... gentle and delicate, I guess."

*When our lips first touched, our tongues responded to each other and sought sweetness in our mouths. If speaking is communication, we greeted and negotiated with our tongues to see how far we could go.*

"It's like we're really high up..."

*When our hands were naughty, they would find their way to free each other's clothing from our bodies. Sometimes we hesitated between freeing everything or leaving some. We weren't sure which would make us feel better. I chose to release each piece, while the petite woman chose not to. She left me little pieces while praising how lovely it made me look all the time.*

"We were exhausted but elated. We couldn't breathe properly. It's like there wasn't enough oxygen... It's high, you know. It's a mountain."

*Aontakarn let me in, but I preferred to be touched from outside. We took turns shaking each other repeatedly. Although the paths were different, we both reached our destinations.*

"Mt. Fuji is so cool? Um—you're describing the mountain, right?" Jeth looked surprised when we got to this part.

Aontakarn and I were in our own worlds. We flinched and smiled to try and cover up what we had just said.

"That's how we felt when we visited Fuji," I summarized and changed the subject. "Let's talk about work. It's almost noon, I don't want to skip lunch. The ATX meeting..."

And we all went back to work.

After the meeting, it was time for everyone to part ways. As I said, we didn't have fixed work schedules. We arrived on time to meet and discuss whatever was needed. Aontakarn and I had been silent since the meeting. We walked to the parking lot, both of us thinking to ourselves.

“Where will we go?” Aontakarn asked this.

“We talked about visiting Toy. Would it take a long time?”

“I promise it won't be like that.”

“Good.”

Aontakarn takes us to the hospital where Toy was being treated. We didn't really have to go. But since we talked about it the night before, we did.

Toy was in a special room. He looked like he had been bitten by a pitbull. His cheeks were all bruised. I heard that his jaw was broken, so he probably wouldn't be able to talk much.

“Well... It's better if he don't talk.”

The sweet-faced woman walked over to our ex's bed. She looked into the eyes of the person lying on the bed, who was badly injured. She was cold and lifeless. Her eyes were hard.

“K...Karn.”

“Don’t talk.” Aontakarn waved her hand and shook her head to stop him from speaking. “Just listen.”

“ ... ”

“You deserve this.”

“ ... ”

“Stop telling lies about sleeping with everyone. We know it's not true, not between us or you and Chris, like you bragged to his brother.”

Toy shook his head, trying to make excuses. I walked to the other side of the bed and smiled at him out of the corner of my mouth.

“Good for you.” I said in the same tone of voice as Aontakarn. “You got beaten up for your big mouth. A person like me using my mouth on you? How dare you say that to my brother, especially since it’s a lie?”

The person lying there, badly injured, is still trying to make excuses. Aontakarn ends the conversation by saying what surprised him and made him fall silent.

“Listen. We would both never use our mouths on you. That would never happen because we—prefer to use our mouths on each other.”

“ ... ”

**“Chris and I, are lovers. Let's get things straight.”**

The sweet-faced woman ended there. She dragged me out of the room by the hand. I looked at Aontakarn, stunned. I was so stunned that I let out a smile. But Aontakarn didn’t smile. Surprisingly, there was nothing of it.

“Come on.”

“Are you okay, Karn?”

“No.”

“What's happening?”

“I'm very hot.”

With that short answer, I immediately understood what she meant. We strode toward the parking lot without saying anything else because we both knew what we wanted.

“It's barely late. The sun is still overhead,” Aontakarn said as she was about to start the car's engine. “We can't have any heat right now.”

“Thailand is a hot country. It is not surprising that we are hot.”

“Are we too obsessed, Chris?”

“Shall we play football to distract ourselves?”

I kicked my legs out as Aontakarn drummed her fingers on the steering wheel, trying to control her emotions.

“We're not teenagers. Isn't it too much?” Aontakarn tried her best to keep her emotions under control. She turned to look me in the eyes with her light brown eyes.

“It's probably the honeymoon period. We're very obsessed with each other.”

“What if it's like this forever?”

“Isn't that a good thing?”

“That's great.”

“Damn. We both thought the same thing.”



Aontakarn really started the engine and told me where we were going while she made her decision.

“So... let's go to my house as soon as possible.”

“How fast is that?”

“I'll probably use the engine to its maximum capacity.”

“Let's go slowly. That's too dangerous.”

“I'll try to.... ”

We focused on the street and the traffic in Bangkok, which frustrated us even more. It was hot and the traffic was congested. Our emotions were so high that our mood was already at the sweet-faced woman's house.

We were in the car for twenty minutes. As soon as we parked the car and closed the door, we ran into the house and leaped onto each other. The little woman clung to me like a baby monkey.

“Here. Let's not go any further.”

Aontakarn said this as if she was ordering me around. She pulled her shirt over her head as she swiftly carried me to the couch. The emotions we had been trying to hold back since the meeting room when we talked about Fuji were so strong that we could tear our clothes to pieces.

“Karn... My Aontakarn.”

“You can do whatever you want, ahh.”

I sacrificed myself to be the one to pleasure her first because it seemed like the little girl couldn't take it anymore. We both worked to get Aontakarn's jeans off. She didn't even hesitate when I reached down to please her as I slid my fingers in for her to moan in reward.

“Good... Very good... Chris. My emotions are rising very quickly.”

Since Aontakarn's body was well prepared, everything happened surprisingly fast. But once the little woman reached her goal, she didn't forget to give me pleasure as well. She lifted me up to sit on top of her and ordered me to take off my pants.

“Take them off now.”

Although she was normally very gentle, I had noticed many times since we were in Japan that she was very bossy, quick-tempered, and liked to give orders when it came to this.

“No... I had to show my leadership too.”

I took off my pants, but I didn't do exactly what Aontakarn asked. When the small woman tried to push me onto the couch, I resisted.

“No... I want to do it like this.”

“Do it?”

After saying that, I separated Aontakarn's legs and pressed my sensitive part against hers. The little woman looked at me in confusion.

“How does this help?”

“Let's try it first.”

I applied pressure. I ground. I rubbed my flower-like midsection against hers. Aontakarn's eyes widened. She looked surprised, like she didn't know we could do this. The look of surprise quickly changed to one of excitement. The small woman began to moan in her throat. She covered her face and eyes with her hands.

“Chris... this is so good. Ah...”

“Yes. It's very good... Very good... Ah...”

Our bodies rubbed against each other as our emotions slowly rose to climax the way I liked, which was to do it from the outside because I didn't want anything to get inside me. Aontakarn came right after me.

Our bodies stayed on top of each other. Our legs intertwined like scissors. The room was filled with a sensual aura from our sexual encounter. The sweet-faced woman wrapped her arms around my neck as if she was trying to comfort me. She kissed me on the temple.

“We were only apart for a day and you came up with new position to do it.”

“Is that good?”

“Well... It's like I can take this trip with you.”

“There are many more things we can learn. I watched some clips and saved a bunch for us to try out last night.”

“Wild, but I love it.”

Then we fell asleep and I was sure that when we woke up we could try new things, as we had just said...

## Chapter 26 : A

That was another night I spent at Aontakarn's house. Either because I was too lazy to get up or because I wanted to spend more time with her, I eventually called Puth to tell him I was going to spend the night with Meen. If I told him I was going to spend the night with the sweet-faced woman, he would ask me a lot of questions, so it was better to lie.

"You will go to hell because you lied," Aontakarn teased after I got off the phone with my brother.

She was lying down, resting her face on her hand. We were still half-naked, with only a small blanket to cover us as we lay on the couch. You could tell that the blanket didn't make much of a difference; it was just something to cover us up a bit.

"It would be strange if I said that I'm with you because we just got back from our trip to Japan," I replied.

"Don't you want to tell the others about us?" she asked directly.

The question made me wonder if she was in a bad mood, but I quickly dismissed that thought.

"No. It's just that..." I sighed a little. "I was very firm at first. It would be very embarrassing if others knew that we were together."

Aontakarn laughed understandingly when she heard that. "True. You boldly announced to everyone that you like men. I remember it well."

"Yeah. And when Puth told me he was going to flirt with you, I tried to get in the way. I told him it's not good to have a relationship with a business

partner. For me to suddenly be your lover... Ugh. I can hear Puth's laughter in my head right now."

"If you don't want to tell anyone, then don't. Let it be just between us... That's good. Personal matters should be personal. There's no need for others to know." Aontakarn snuggled into my shoulder to ask for tenderness after saying that. "A secret affair makes me feel sexy."

I laughed. "Little Awww."

"My God. You kill all the sensuality in me," she joked and bit my shoulder gently. "Am I like a seal?"

"I likes seals. They're cute. To me, you're like a seal. You call aggression cute. I want to fight and pounce on you."

"What are you waiting for?" she whispered in my ear. I understood immediately. I lay on my back and let Aontakarn climb on top of me.

"I'm not waiting. I just... want you to pounce on me instead."

"I was going to say, this time... let me go first." Aontakarn ran her lips from my chin to the spot I liked the most. I spread my legs to welcome her. "In case you don't know yet, you are very delicious."

"Ah..."

That was all...

So, our relationship remained a secret. I felt the same way Aontakarn did, which was exciting. Hiding and sneaking around, doing things behind others' backs, felt good in a way I couldn't describe. It was probably like a secret affair. Being in an honest and open relationship wasn't exciting enough.

You had to keep it a secret...

But we weren't kidding each other. There was no third, fourth, or fifth person.

Our relationship was going well. We were so happy that we were scared of how to handle it if we stumbled. And yes... I chose to overlook it because there was nothing to worry about yet.

Aside from our love life, our professional life was also shining. AppTalk was growing rapidly. Many sponsors were coming in, and that came with a lot of work and responsibilities.

We now had an accountant working for us.

“Everyone, please welcome our new employee, Earn,” Puth, who was in charge of hiring, introduced us to the new employee.

She was a recent graduate with tanned skin and very strong features. It was clear that her family was from the southern part of Thailand. She looked a bit like Jooy Warattaya, if I remember her name correctly.

*Did Puth hire her because she fit the job or because she looked like a model?*

"I'm glad to work with everyone,"

Earn said as she raised her hands to show respect to everyone politely. Her eyes flashed with fire. She was ready to start her new job. I understood her well. A fresh graduate who had just landed a job was full of energy like this.

The fire would slowly die down, and she would start looking to start her own business because being a wage earner was not enough to sustain her lifestyle. That's Generation Y.

"Beautiful," Aontakarn, who was sitting next to me, said softly, just for me to hear. I glanced at her briefly.

"Yeah," I responded.

"But Karn is more beautiful," I quickly added, knowing the sweet-faced woman was easily sulked. I immediately complimented her after teasing her a bit. That brought a smile to her face. After we all welcomed Earn, we split up to do our work.

It seemed like Tem was no longer holding on to me now that we had hired Earn.

"Is your ego hurt?" the sweet-faced woman, who was watching Tem, teased me. I shrugged, understanding human nature.

"I can understand that. It's like when there's a new batch of freshmen in high school. Even though they're not as good-looking, because they're newbies, everyone gets excited."

"Jealous," she said.

"Argh."

"But Chris is always beautiful to me."

"Sweet talker."

"The rookie made me feel better. At least Tem won't be clinging to you anymore."

"Jealous. I don't have feelings for him."

"I don't like it. It makes me feel uncomfortable."

"Why don't you feel that way about Earn?" I asked.

"Because I'm sure I'm more beautiful than her," she replied.

Sometimes she really did demand cute aggression. But the confidence she had just expressed was not far from the truth. Aontakarn really was prettier than the rookie.

"Are you still jealous of Tem?" I asked.

"He's a man."

I laughed. "You think I'd be with a man?"

But Aontakarn didn't smile or laugh back. I couldn't help but lean my shoulder against her. "That's crazy. Don't think too much."

"When you're with a man, you're jealous of other women. But when you're with a woman, you have to be jealous of both men and women, especially men... They're so full of themselves. They think they can change a woman who likes another woman into liking men. Or they just want to steal a woman from another woman. Besides, you said you like men."

"Chris loves Karn, only." I said softly.

"Huh?!"

"Yeah, Chris loves Karn. That's all."

I ended the conversation there. This made Aontakarn, who was trying not to smile, make an awkward expression. She couldn't smile, but she couldn't not smile either.

"Decide whether you will smile or not," I teased.



"I don't know!" she replied.

"That's very rude. If I say I love you, you have to say it back. That's the tradition... Now that I think about it, you've never told me you love me."

When I realized that, I turned around to look at the sweet-faced woman. She looked at me mischievously. She was trying not to smile, but now she had a smirk on the corner of her mouth.

"Do I have to say that?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"I thought actions were louder than words."

"That's not fair. I've already told you."

"I can't help it. Just because you say you love me doesn't mean I have to say it back," she said with a playful grin.

And the little girl just walked away, leaving me sitting in front of my computer sulking.

What was that? Why couldn't she just say that she loved me? Geez!

And as I said before, our company was doing well. We were growing. Aside from increased revenue, Aontakarn had gained popularity. Even though it was only online, she had fans who would support her.

In addition to Apple, there was a huge bouquet of white flowers with a fragrant card. The note on the card was very short, but it could make the recipient's heart very full.

*"I always support you. From your admirer... A."*

It could be said that the bouquet had touched everyone. All the business partners made fun of Aontakarn. They read the message on the card out loud, excited.

“Wow... how romantic. You’re getting popular, Karn. You have admirers.” Jeth said this as he placed his hand on his head and swung it to the side in adoration. “It’s a very large bouquet, too.”

"It's no big deal," Aontakarn said, trying to downplay it, but the smile on her face made my heart race. I was happy for my lover. I was happy that others admired her, other than Apple.

“After a while, you might appear on TV shows or get a role in a series,” Puth encouraged Aontakarn. Everyone nodded in agreement. It was a good sign. “Will you abandon us if you become popular?”

“Don't talk like that, Puth. I just received a bouquet of flowers and you're already drawing my future.”

“Do you think ‘A’ is a man or a woman?” Tem, who was standing between us, asked as if it were a mystery we must solve. Everyone was commenting, and all the comments were going in the same direction.

"A man, of course. Why would a woman send a bouquet of flowers to another woman?" Puth said.

"A woman can be a fan of someone," I said, disagreeing with everyone. Aontakarn looked at me briefly and added, "Maybe... A is short for Apple."

"Huh? Apple?" Puth looked surprised. "Why Apple?"

"Apple is my first fan. Apple sends me letters of encouragement frequently."

I shrugged my neck a little, looking uncomfortable. Now that I think about it, what a coincidence that the person who sent the bouquet used 'A.' You could assume it was short for Apple. But since I was a fan of hers, I never thought of sending her flowers.

Because it was a waste.

The flowers withered, no matter how many thousands of baht they cost. It might make you feel good, but you can't put it to any good use. Someone

like Apple wouldn't spend money on something like that.

**And yes, 'A' is not Apple. Aontakarn got it wrong.**

"What do you think, Chris? Chris!"

Aontakarn's voice startled me, pulling my mind back from wandering. When I looked into her light brown eyes, I had to ask her what she had just said.

"What?" I asked.

"What does Chris think? Do you think it's Apple's?"

"No..."

What could I say? If I said no... why did I think that? She might ask, *'How did you know it wasn't from Apple?'*

But if I said yes, I would be feeding her misunderstanding...

"I don't know. I don't want to jump to a conclusion."

This Aontakarn fan was frustrating me. There were so many initials to use; why did it have to be like this?

"You guys go first."

"Where are you going?" Puth yelled at me, asking me what he didn't need to know. Where else could I go in our office, if not to the bathroom?

"I'm going to pee!"

I walked away to sulk inside the bathroom. In the building, there were about three companies on each floor. The bathroom was shared between the companies on the same floor. There was no one there right now except me. I put my hand on the sink counter and looked at myself in the mirror, not happy.

Damn it! There's only one Apple. How dare that person take my place?

"Why are you frustrated, honey?"

Aontakarn's voice from the doorway made me frown.

"Are you finished admiring your bouquet?"

"I'm admiring you instead." A sweet-faced woman came over and stood beside me. "You don't like Apple?"

"No."

"What does no mean?"

"It means that nothing is wrong with me."

"Nothing means it's anything... And you're in a bad mood like I used to be. What is this? It's just a bouquet of flowers from a fan. Apple comes before you, you know?" Aontakarn reached out her hand to play with the top button of my shirt adoringly. "Apple is my fan. You already know that."

"So, the bouquet is from Apple?"

"I think so."

"It isn't."

"Why do you think that?"

"Apple never used an initial. Apple never thought of showing off. Suddenly sending you a bouquet like this... I don't think it fits."

"You seem to know Apple more than I do."

I stammered. I didn't know what to do, but I didn't want Aontakarn to misunderstand that A was Apple either. Damn it.

"Do you want A to be Apple?"

"Well... if she is, I would feel good. I would feel like Apple is a real person, not just someone I can only get to know through letters. Plus, I like flowers."

"Huh?"

"I just want you to know that I like flowers. If you say that 'A' is not Apple, then you are probably right. I was just making a hypothesis."

I felt better after hearing that, but I was still frustrated. I wanted to know who sent the flowers to Aontakarn. Was it a man or a woman? How dare that person make me anxious?

"You are very possessive."

"Huh?"

"I've been noticing that you're possessive, just like me."

The sweet-faced woman wrapped her arm around my neck, as if we were dancing. I looked around nervously, but I didn't want to take her arms off of me. I liked it when we touched.

"Well... I've never been as in love with someone as I am with you."

"Same here. And even if the flowers are from Apple, it doesn't affect our relationship." The woman with the striking eyes pulled me closer. Our faces almost touched. "Apple can only be my fan."

"And what am I?"

"My lover."

"Let's drink beer today."

"I was just about to say that."

It seemed like Aontakarn had managed to make up with me. As I was about to give her a quick kiss to let her know I was no longer in a bad mood, a

flushing sound could be heard from one of the stalls. A door opened immediately after. We couldn't part ways fast enough.

Earn, Puth's new employee, showed up. The striking face, with her headphones on, smiled a little at us. She walked over to wash her hands before exiting the bathroom, looking completely normal. However, her action caused Aontakarn and me to fall silent to assess the situation.

"Did she see us?" the sweet-faced woman asked. She made me swallow loudly and hard.

"I think she saw us hugging. But I'm not sure if she heard us... It seems she had her headphones on."

My heart was beating so loud I could hear it clearly in my ear.

"Chris, if she heard us, what should we do? Should we tell everyone that..."

"No."

"...."

"We won't tell anyone about our relationship." — — — — —

I didn't want anyone to know about us. Part of the reason was because I had announced to everyone that I liked men, so it would be embarrassing if they knew we were lovers.

But the most important thing was that I didn't want anyone to see Aontakarn in a bad light. She was a beautiful face for our company. She shouldn't be with me, a woman. Besides, she already had fans.

I had to do everything in my power not to tarnish her in any way. Aontakarn had to have the perfect image. I would clean everything up for her like a good fan.

Like Apple!

## Chapter 27 : The Friendly Earn

At first, I was worried about A. But now, I was more concerned about the new employee. Even though the strikingly-featured woman had headphones on when she left her post, it didn't mean she hadn't heard us. I had to find out to reassure myself after a sleepless night.

"Earn." I called out.

"Yeah?" she responded.

The striking-featured woman looked up from her computer and gave me a cheerful smile. She had a lovely smile, although it was a little less pretty than Aontakarn's. Of course, I couldn't be an impartial person.

"How is work going here? Any problems so far?" I asked.

"No. Everyone is nice and friendly. I have to thank everyone for giving someone with no work experience the opportunity to work here," she replied.

"Are you flirting with the new girl?" Tem interjected, asking in a teasing tone. I bared my teeth at him.

"Are you crazy? Am I flirting with everyone I talk to?" I snapped back.

"Your masculine aura shone too brightly. If you don't want that, you have to be my wife,"

I raised my leg, preparing to kick him, but Tem stuck his tongue out at me and ran to hide behind Earn's back as if they were close.

This guy is a fool. I thought.

He's taking advantage of the new girl without her knowing... But I knew because I was enlightened, awake, and delighted.

"Is Miss Karn not coming to the office today?" Earn asked suddenly, curiosity in her voice. I looked at her suspiciously.

"She doesn't come every day,"

"Oh. You don't feel lonely, then?"

"Why would I be?" I said, raising an eyebrow.

"Everyone says that you two are close... and that you are dating," Earn added, seemingly testing the waters.

I stayed quiet, not answering her. When Tem heard that, he remembered the incident at the party when I lashed out at everyone, so he quickly put a finger on his lips and pulled Earn away.

"Don't talk about this, Earn. She doesn't like it," he warned.

"Oops, sorry. I didn't know that... Are you mad at me?" Earn raised her hand to apologize. I wasn't sure how to respond, so I simply waved my hands to assure her that I wasn't mad.

"I don't get angry that easily," I said, "but I need to tell everyone not to go overboard. They tend to joke around until it's uncomfortable for everyone else. No one has joked around with us in a while, so I was surprised when you said that."

"Oh, I heard some gossip that you two like each other. But do you really like women?" she asked bluntly.

"Why do you ask that?" I replied cautiously.

"If you like women, you're the cream of society," Earn said with a wink, half playfully and half seriously.



"I had a lover when I was in school. She had short hair and was very pretty. If it's you, I'm fine with it."

"What madness," I muttered.

Earn laughed..

"Hey, don't flirt in front of me," Tem chimed in. "If women like each other, what are men for?"

"To insult us," I said, shrugging my shoulders. "I'm going to get to work."

As I was about to head to my editing room, Earn called me over.

"Let's go to lunch,"

"Huh?" I responded, caught off guard.

"There are only men here. I feel a little uncomfortable around them. Talking to a woman is better,"

Tem looked like a lost dog. Earn's glance behind him made me laugh. I nodded and accepted the invitation.

"Okay. Let's go have lunch,"

The new employee surprised me. She was very friendly and talked non-stop. She was catchy and good with words. I thought if she talked to a monkey, the monkey would fall asleep because she wouldn't stop.

"Eat something. I haven't seen you stop talking,"

"Oh, sorry. I talk too much," she apologized.

"You must have a lot of friends,"

"Yes, but I only have a few close friends... I want to be close to you too," Earn smiled at me. "It's like I'm talking to an older sister. I want to be your little sister."

"Are you trying to get me to like you? How can I turn you down when you ask me like that? Do you feel uncomfortable working in a company full of flirtatious men?" I nodded at Tem, who was watching us from a table further away.

"You have to do because we have very few women in the company. Tem clung to me for a while, but he'll leave you alone once he gets bored."

"I don't feel uncomfortable. It's fun. Being a flower among bees makes me feel special. Oh, I forgot... You're a flower too," she said, laughing.

"What flower should it be?"

"A golden flower," she replied.

Sure, Bitch...

"I'm kidding," she said with a laugh. And when she saw me showing her my teeth, she continued, "I feel like I've passed your test."

"Am I a test for you?"

"A little. Let's just say you're no longer one of my obstacles,"

It seemed strange what she had just said, but I'll ignore it due to the fact that she was babbling incessantly. As I ate and listened to Earn, I noticed someone standing further away in the corner of my eye.

I felt a chill run down my spine. I immediately knew it was a cold chill from the grumpiest woman in this world...

**And that woman is my Aontakarn!**

"You two seem to be having a lot of fun," Aontakarn said as she approached. Earn smiled broadly at her and invited her to sit with us.

"Please sit down. I thought you weren't coming to the office today,"

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Chris said you didn't come around much," Earn explained.

"Really?" Aontakarn asked, her tone sharp.

I felt unsecure, even though I was sure I hadn't done anything wrong.

"You two became close so quickly," Aontakarn said without expecting a response. However, Earn, not knowing what was going on, quickly replied.

"Yes, we are close. I'm sorry I thought you two were dating. It was a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding?" Aontakarn's question seemed to be directed at me, but Earn nodded vigorously.

"Yeah. The crew likes to say that you two are probably dating. But when I asked Chris, she said it's not true... God. Men like to chatter, huh? How can two women be dating, right?"

Earn was talking too much. There was no need to talk non-stop like that. Aontakarn was silent for a moment before standing up and apologizing.

"I'll go to the office first. It's hot here," she said.

"Aren't you going to eat with us?" Earn asked, but Aontakarn shook her head.

"It's okay. I lost my appetite,"

The sweet-faced woman walked away. And as soon as she did, the food on my more than half-full plate suddenly lost all its flavor.

"I'm full. Let me apologize," I said.

"You barely ate half of it... But, it's okay. Feel free to go,"

The striking-featured woman waved me off and continued eating her food. For a split second, I thought I saw her smile as she was about to put food in

her mouth, but I didn't have time to look at her any longer because I had to hastily explain things to Aontakarn.

"Karn... hey, what's wrong?" I asked, grabbing the arm of the sweet-faced woman standing in front of the elevator. Aontakarn pulled her arm out of my grasp and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Nothing," she said curtly.

"Nothing means it's something. Hey... Why are you mad? Is it because I went to lunch with Earn?"

"Yeah,"

Oops... She was so direct. She wasn't dodging the answers.

"I told you I would try to find out if she knew about us," I reminded her.

"I could see that she doesn't know because you told her that nothing is happening between us," Aontakarn replied in a frustrated voice, making me let out a big sigh. When she heard that, she looked at me and spoke in a very stern voice. "What is that sigh?"

"I don't know what to do," I admitted.

"You're pretty tired of me, aren't you?"

"Karn," I began, but the elevator arrived just then. Everyone who was getting off exited before we got in and the door closed. It was quieter when we were in a small space.

"Let's not fight. It was nothing," I tried to soothe her. "Karn," I started again, but she cut me off.

"Don't be loud. It's annoying,"

"What? Annoying? You're not being nice, Karn,"

"Of course, because there is someone prettier around here," she muttered.

"What's wrong, Karn?" I asked as we arrived at our floor.

Aontakarn walked quickly toward our office. When she was about to open the door, I grabbed her arm and pulled her to a quiet place, which was the fire escape.

As soon as the door closed, I dragged her up the stairs to the top floor of our office, afraid someone might hear us fighting and come looking for us. Aontakarn broke free from my grip and crossed her arms over her chest again.

"What's happening?"

"Karn... you know I talked to her to find out if she knows about us."

"Uh-huh."

"Uh-huh, what?"

"Yes, I know."

"So why are you still in such a bad mood?"

"...."

"Speak!"

I raised my voice, startling the sweet-faced woman. She glared at me, and I was just as shocked as she was. I almost raised my hand to apologize, but since I had already shown how serious I was, I had to continue.

"You're probably really scared of everyone finding out about us, huh?"

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No! For me, it doesn't matter whether everyone knows or not. I never thought of going so far as to try to hide it. Is it embarrassing to be with me?"

"No."

"No? Then why do you have to act like it's such a big deal? I... I..." The sweet-faced woman was breathing heavily, almost as if she were sobbing.

I walked over to her and wiped away the tears forming on her face because I couldn't bear to see her cry. But, she pushed me away. "Don't touch me."

She started crying...

"Did I make you feel bad?"

"I don't understand why it's so embarrassing to be with me. You're thinking about being with someone else, aren't you? Is that why you're so afraid of people knowing about us?"

"That's going too far. I don't want people to know because—"

The sound of the fire escape door opening made me put my hand over Aontakarn's mouth to silence her. I was surprised to hear people talking.

And that person was...

Puth.

"Chris and I get along just fine. You don't have to worry," Earn said in her high-pitched voice. Her back was pressed against the wall. "You're in such a hurry."

"I miss you."

"Ah... don't you want to talk first?"

"I wouldn't remember a single word."

They kissed passionately. Puth seemed to be in such a hurry that he didn't care about anything, not even what Earn wanted to tell him.

"We should tell people that we are together."

"Chris is very annoying. If I tell her I'm dating someone from the company, she'll quit."

Aontakarn and I heard everything. We slowly leaned in to look. I saw my brother and the new employee kissing. I heard them gasp. I saw their hands reaching in and grabbing things deep inside their clothes. I had to lean back because it was too embarrassing to watch. I turned around to look at Aontakarn, who was just as stunned as I was.

**Wow... the only person with a more perfect sense of sitcom timing than me was my brother!**



## Chapter 28 : The Dictionary

Everyone had left the company. Usually, partners would take everyone out of the office to save on electricity. There was no need for anyone to work overtime like in big companies.

Our main task was to create content, which could be done anywhere, even at home. It was like we rented the office to have a studio where we could record clips and meet with big clients. It made us look more professional.

I kept saying that I had some editing work to do and that my computer at home was too slow for it. No one questioned my excuse, and they left me alone. Aontakarn stayed with me because she was still shocked too.

It was shocking to see them kissing in every possible position. Puth's voice and posture were still stuck in my head.

"Karn."

"...."

We remained silent. I honestly didn't think Aontakarn was angry with me. She just didn't know how to suddenly change her position. She was in a bad mood and jealous before she found out that the new employee was actually Puth's mistress. Therefore, her reaction right now is what you would call *"falling flat on her face."*

She couldn't turn around and change position in time. She couldn't move forward either... That was so cute.

"What does Aontakarn mean?"



When I asked her that, Aontakarn turned to look at me and frowned in confusion.

“Why are you suddenly asking that? Darkness, you know... Argg.” The petite woman covered her mouth with her hand when she realized that she was still supposed to be in a bad mood. “Geez.”

I wanted to roll her over and eat her, my little Awww.

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah."

"I don't think it means that."

"It's my name; how can I not know what it means? Go open the dictionary."

"I used the dictionary."

"What does it mean in your dictionary if it's not darkness, then?"

"Aontakarn means beautiful."

The petite woman pressed her lips together and looked away. But I could tell from her voice that she was trying not to smile.

"That's an old phrase."

“Did I use that one already? I don’t remember.” I scratched my cheek in embarrassment. However, Aontakarn continued on, as if she knew what I would say next...

"What dictionary did you use?"

"Chris's dictionary."

"...."

"I'm trying to reconcile with you."

"..."

"My little awww."

"...."

"My Aontakarn."

"I'm not in a bad mood anymore!"

The sweet-faced woman finally admitted that she could no longer keep her composure. She turned her chair to face me and kicked me in the shin.

"You know I get soft when you do that, so you keep doing it."

"It hurts."

I lifted my leg and rubbed it pitifully, but laughed as I did so. I moved my chair closer to the sulking person and pulled her cheek. "Don't be so angry. You're so jealous; I feel like I'm as beautiful as Poo Praiya."

"I wasn't angry because you talked to Earn, but because you don't want others to know about us... I'm angry again, talking about this. It's just a little less than in the afternoon because you said I was cute."

Although she was no longer in a bad mood, she was still acting up. I smiled slightly and touched her arm to try and get on her good side.

"You heard what Puth said."

"Why did you say that? Why can't people who work here date? Why complicate things?"

"Puth said before that he will going to flirt with you!"

"..."

"I didn't like that. I've been possessive of you ever since." I sat hunched over, feeling desperate. "I didn't think everyone would take it so seriously. I

didn't think Puth would go as far as kissing on the fire escape..."

Everything went silent again as we thought about what happened on the fire escape. I covered my mouth and made a sobbing voice.

"I don't dare go home. How can I look at my brother again?"

His posture and moan made me realize that I had never known my brother to be strong enough to lift a woman and...

"Your face is so red, Chris."

"Images of Puth and Earn kissing flood my head."

"He thinks it's a porn movie."

"But my brother isn't in those movies." I grabbed my hair and sighed. "I can't look Puth in the face. Not in the near future, for sure."

"I have to admit that..." Aontakarn stops there, which caught my attention.

"What?"

"Puth is sexy."

"Karn!" I almost shouted, causing the sweet-faced girl to laugh out loud. She cradled my cheeks in her palms.

"Your face is very hot. You're going to have a heart attack."

"Why did you say something like that?"

"Trust me... he's not as good as you."

"Hey?"

"Especially his language."

“You’re so naughty, little one... Awww... Wait, what are you doing?”  
Suddenly, the petite woman knelt on the floor. I knew what she was about to do, but I wanted to be sure because it was so sudden. “This is our office.”

“You made me angry today.”

“If you're angry, why are you kneeling on the ground?”

“I want to be the one in control... Now that I think about it, doing it in the office is exciting. Puth can do it, so can we.”

"But..."

"Get up."

As I said before, Aontakarn tended to be very bossy when we were in bed or kissing. Sometimes, I let her be. Sometimes I rebelled. It depended on my mood and the situation. But this time I gave in easily because I thought it was also exciting.

**There was no one there... It's interesting to try.**

We didn't talk much. Aontakarn was in a hurry. She immediately tasted me. But no matter how much of a hurry she was in, she was still gentle and pleasuring me along the way until I was the one who couldn't wait.

I grabbed her hair to signal that I wanted her to stay in that spot for longer and not move anywhere else to break my mood.

Don't leave me hanging...

"Ahh!"

I spread my legs wider, even though they were already spread wide. The sweet-faced woman tasted, obliged, and teased slowly until my body told me to beg her to go faster.

"Faster... Karn... Karn... Good, it's so good..."

I couldn't breathe. Even though I was sitting, it was like I was running a marathon and was about to reach the finish line. When Aontakarn saw that I am about to cum, she became confident. She stopped focusing on where she should be and moved somewhere else. She left me in suspense...

"I don't want you to finish."

"We can do another round."

"Well..."

The sweet-faced woman smiled at me and lowered herself down to where she should be again. This time, the soft tongue was diligently doing its job. It sucked and nibbled.

When my body reached its peak, it released. And Aontakarn took it all in without hesitation.

I looked up. My head was blank. I slowly opened my eyes to look at the ceiling and see what I had never seen before.

"Karn? What was that?"

The sweet-faced woman, who was about to make another round, didn't respond. She made me, who was just beginning to realize what was on the ceiling, immediately lower my legs and grab Aontakarn's hair.

"Stop, Karn... We can't continue."

"What? Why do you sound so... surprised...?"

When the person below me looked over to where I was looking, she was just as shocked as I was. There was a new security camera that I never knew was there and it was pointed at my desk, the place where Aontakarn and I had just finished our activity.

"A security camera." The sweet-faced woman covered her mouth with her hand, stunned. All my surging emotions scattered. Nothing remained of it, except shock. "Since when?"

“I think it was recently.” I bit my lip hard and cried inside, where no one could hear my sobs except me.

**What the fuckk!!**

We parted ways after talking for a while. I intended to ask Puth when the security camera was installed and who had access to it. As soon as I got home, I saw my brother. He was wearing boxers with no shirt. He came downstairs because my mom wanted to watch Netflix but didn't know how to use it.

That problematic boxer made it impossible for me to take my eyes off my brother's private part.

“What are you looking at, sister?”

“A respectable citizen.”

"What?"

“Uh...” I dropped my jaw and quickly tried to regain my composure. I didn't have to touch my face to know that it must be very red because I felt hot from the tips of my hair to the hair on my feet.

*Did we have hair on our feet...?*

"I'm looking to see what's wrong with you walking around the house in just a pair of boxers."

"The weather in Thailand is too hot. Why are you at home? Don't tell me you were editing until now."

"U... Uh-huh."

"You're so diligent. You're very well suited to be a business owner."

Puth whistled and did something with the remote for our mother, like the very up-to-date person he was. I paused for a moment before mustering up the courage to ask him a question.

"Since when do we have security cameras in our office?"

"Just yesterday," Puth quickly turned around to boast proudly. "I bought it. I was in Klong Thom. The online price is 1,600 Baht, but I got it for only 999 Baht. Isn't that great?"

*Translator: Klong Thom is place where you can buy all kinds of gadgets at a good price.*

I bit my lip hard. I wanted to put my foot in his face as he winked at me proudly. He had no idea what kind of pressure I was under right now.

"What's there to steal in our office? Why do we need security cameras?" I asked.

"There's nothing to steal, but it looks cool and professional,"

"How many are there?"

"Just one."

"And it's in my head?" I shouted. Puth laughed at me.

“Yes. I put it there. From your corner, we can see the whole office. Besides, the only thing of any value in our office is your Mac. Obviously, I had to put the camera there.”

My brother was an idiot. Why did it have to be there where Aontakarn and I had just? My heart was pounding. I didn't know how to proceed, so I kept asking for more information.

“How does the camera work?”

“You are very curious.”

“Can't I ask?”

“Why do you want to know so much about it? It's just like all the other security cameras. It can record video with voice in Full HD to an SD card. You just need to plug it in to use it. You can also connect it to an app on your phone. I can watch it on my phone. Cool, huh? Why am I so capable? I can set up Netflix and buy a security camera at a good price.”

“Ah... it's really good.” I looked around for my brother's phone. But of course, he didn't have it with him, walking around wearing just boxer. “You can look at it from your phone? So only you can look? What about me?”

“I'll fix it for you. Did something happen? Why are you so curious about the camera?”

“I was just asking... I'm going to my room.”

I walked up the stairs but turned around to look at Puth again. I shook my head quickly to clear away the images I wished I didn't see, then headed upstairs to take a shower.

Should I take my eyeballs out...? No, the person who donated them to me would be sad. But I think that person would understand why I wanted to be blind again.

**The position of an upstanding citizen... Argh... Ew... Help!**



It seemed that the only person who had the security camera clip was Puth. As soon as I got to the office, I intended to go upstairs and take out the SD card. However, there was nothing there.

Aontakarn, who also arrived at the office early, was cheering me on. We sighed when we didn't see any SD card, which would be evidence of what we did the night before.

“Puth probably forgot to put it in. It's a new brand. How lucky we are,” she said. “My God... I wanted to take a look,”

Aontakarn pretended to be brave. I couldn't help but lean my body against hers.

“Don't act brave. You were pale when you thought you were the star of a porn movie, just like me. Ugh...”

“Now that I think about it, I want to try to set up a camera while we do it. It would be exciting.”

“How naughty.”

After a bit of joking around, Puth cheerfully entered the office and greeted everyone in a good mood, especially the new accountant. Aontakarn and I looked at each other, knowing what was going on, and acted like we didn't know anything.

"You're so early, Earn," he said.

"You too, Mr. Puth."

Her cute greeting made my mouth twist. Looking inside, it was as if a senior and a junior were greeting each other at work. But the moans from the day before told me that it was a joke between a husband and wife during their honeymoon period.

What newlyweds.

"Your real name is... Tasneme, Earn?"

"Yeah."

"What does it mean?"

"Water source."

Aontakarn and I turned to look at each other, stunned. The new employee's real name was very unique and meaningful.

"Really? I don't think Tasneme means water source," Puth said.

"What does it mean then?" she asked.

Puth looked at me a little and smiled at Earn as he said it loud and clear.

"In Chris's dictionary, Tasneme means... pretty."

**Shit....**



## Chapter 29 : My Aontakarn

I dragged Puth to the fire escape to have a private conversation. We looked at each other, and neither of us backed down. In the end, I thought of the scenes between Aontakarn and me and turned away. I argued with him without looking at him.

“Did you see the video?”

“What video are you referring to?”

My brother used an annoying and mocking tone. It made me feel even more embarrassed, but I was at the point of no return.

“Don’t act like you don’t know. You know. You’ve seen it. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have told Earn that.”

“Earn and I talked about a lot of things.”

“True... Very much so.”

I smiled at the corner of my mouth for a moment and looked him in the eyes, like someone who knew the other’s cards. Puth, who acted like he had the upper hand, frowned when he saw how I looked at him. He knew me well.

**If I didn't have winning cards in my hand, I wouldn't be arguing with him like this.**

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Do you really think you're the only one who saw Aontakarn and me during our activity?”

“Ah, you admit it... God, you rascal. You acted coldly when you said that people in the same company shouldn't date. Yet, you stripped and got it on in the office. Did I block all the men who came into your life too much? Are you with a woman to get back at me? Since when do you like women?”

“It's none of your business. Go away.”

“No wonder you tried so hard to get in the way when I said I was going to flirt with Aontakarn. You wanted her for yourself. Shameless sister.”

“You also got naked on the fire escape, bro.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

When I showed him my secret letter, the eyes of the muscular guy with a small mustache widened. But he continued to argue despite his fear.

“What did you and Earn do here yesterday?”

“You...” The shameless guy, whose face I thought was thicker than his sole, started blushing. “How long were you here?”

“From the beginning!”

“I don't believe you.”

“Do you want me to describe all the positions—you pushed her against the wall, lifted her up with your two strong arms, and pulled down your pants like the upstanding citizen you are...”

“Now. Stop!”

“Are you done screaming at me?!”

“If you were here, why didn't you show yourself?”

“I'm not as shameless as you. Who would dare to get in the way?”

“No... I don't think so.”

“You moan, mother..., at the end.”

“Heyyy, fuck—” Puth covered my mouth with his hand, like someone who couldn’t bear to face the truth. “I think you saw everything, sis. You’re sick. Ouch! Why did you bite me?”

“Your hand is so salty. What did you touch before this? Yuck.” I spat at him after my mouth was free. I straightened my clothes as I continued to speak. “You were the first pervert. Instead of talking to me, you teased me in front of Aontakarn. From now on, when you’re with Earn, I’ll call you mother, mother, mother.”

“I give up.” Puth raised his hand above his head and brushed his hair back. “I was pissed. God... you don’t date your coworker, but you spread your legs and let her eat you out.”

“Mother.”

“I’m sorry.”

We both stood there in silence and looked at each other. Damn. This was the most awkward moment I had ever felt in my life. Why did I have to talk about such intimate things with my brother?

“Let’s pretend we forgot everything.”

“It’s okay. Nothing happened,” Puth quickly agreed. “You... you don’t have any problems with Earn, do you?”

“If I do, will you break up with her?”

“I was just asking.”

“I have no problem with someone who can make my brother moan, mother.”

“Shit... You said nothing happened? Well, it’s so good...”

“Shit...” This time, I was the one who bared my teeth at my brother. I immediately understood what it felt like to be made fun of like that. “It's okay! We'll never talk about this again. Nothing happened. It'll be our secret.”

“Okay. It will be our secret.”

“Give me the video.”

“I deleted it.”

“Liar!”

“I'll kick your ass. I said I deleted it. I'm not a brother who keeps a video of his sister to blackmail her. Seeing my sister moan like that is not nice at all.”

“Mother.”

“I'm sorry.”

We parted ways after exiting the fire escape. As soon as I stepped outside, I had to pause because I saw Aontakarn and Earn talking happily. It was totally different from yesterday when they didn't seem to like each other. The four of us looked at each other knowingly.

“Let's reveal it to them.” I said as I put my hand on Aontakarn's back to nudge her to walk forward.

The sweet-faced woman glanced at me for a bit before smiling, pleased that I was leaving, and somehow announcing our relationship. When Puth saw what I did, he did as well by wrapping his arm around the new employee's waist and winking at me.

He wouldn't back down!

In the end, Aontakarn wins us all. She smiled at Puth and gave him a thumbs up while congratulating him loudly and clearly.

“You are so hot.”

Puth lowered his jaw and gave Aontakarn a thumbs up in return.

“I'm wondering the same.”

After that encounter, we avoided each other all day because we still couldn't handle the situation...

Again, we didn't have a fixed work schedule. I only went to the office when I needed to film a clip or do some editing work. So Aontakarn and I left the office and went to Aontakarn's house. Part of the reason was that we didn't want to face Puth yet because we were so embarrassed.

“Weren't you embarrassed to say that to Puth?” the sweet-faced woman looked at me after sitting on the sofa and smiled.

“I just wanted Puth to know that I saw what he did, too. He's not the only one who saw us...”

"You should stop feeling so embarrassed, too, Chris. Act normal.”

“How can I act normal? He’s my real brother. He saw me... Argh, I’m deeply hurt.” I looked like I was about to cry. I leaned my head on the little girl’s shoulder tightly. “I won’t do anything so adventurous again. Or I have to make sure there are no cameras around.”

“There are no cameras in my house.”



Aontakarn winked at me mischievously, which made me laugh. I rubbed my head on the beautiful woman's shoulder to ask for tenderness before standing up.

“We need to find some activity we can do together. If we do this every time we see each other, we'll get bored one day.”

“Will you get bored of me?”

“I liked you before you liked me, you know?”

“Really? But I was the one who always flirted with you. Also the one who took it a step further in Japan.”

I tried not to smile as I felt very embarrassed at this point. I didn't know what to say because if I told her I was Apple, I wasn't sure if Aontakarn would be disappointed.

“Let's say the result is the same, no matter who made the first move. And yet we still like each other a lot.”

“Equal?”

“Same. Because I never heard you confessed your love to me.”

The sweet-faced woman raised her chin and acted like she didn't hear me. No matter how many times she mentioned this, she wouldn't say she loved me. No matter... If she believed that actions spoke louder than words, she would have to leave it at that.

“Oh. I remember now. Besides kissing, there is another activity we can do today.” Aontakarn changed the subject. That made me smile slightly.

“What do you want to do?”

“I wanted to do a deep cleaning. Since you're here today, we can do it. I've been sneezing every day lately because I'm allergic to dust.” The sweet-faced girl twitched her nose. I agreed to help.

“Okay. I'll help you with that.”

“You are so beautiful. Love me for a long time, please.”

“Let's see who will love the other person more.”

We went from kissing to cleaning the house. The little one said her motivation was a book she had just read. It was about reorganizing the house with a 'throw everything away' policy. Aontakarn really had a lot of stuff. She said she would donate her old clothes and change her style to a minimalist style that could be worn on any occasion. It was also friendlier to her wallet.

“My mother used to scold me for buying so many clothes. I thought she was just babbling because I felt like I had nothing to wear until today...”

We both looked at the pile of clothes the little girl had sorted. I looked at her understandingly and nodded.

“We women are like that. Our closets are full, but we say we have nothing to wear.”

“The closet is much tidier now,” Aontakarn looked at her closet with pride.

“Which room is next?”

“The living room. There aren't many rooms in this house.”

The sweet-faced woman paused for a moment when she saw a door that had never been opened. I looked where she was looking and could sense that the room was very important and significant.

I didn't have to ask to know it was her mother's room.

"Have you ever cleaned that room?" I asked. The little girl shook her head. There were tears in her eyes, but she was trying to smile.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm a coward."

"Are you afraid of your mother?"

"I'm afraid I'll be sad like the first day she passed away." The little woman bit her nails. As I watched her adoringly, I felt compelled to take my hand away from her mouth.

"Don't bite your nails... Don't be afraid. We're going to make a new memory in that room together."

I took Aontakarn by the hand and led her to that door. For some reason, the room felt familiar. It was like I'd been there before.

"You have to tell yourself that the room doesn't make you sad. It's a good place. It's your mother's room."

"Chris..."

"Let's try it. You don't have to go in. You can just stand at the door."

I didn't wait for Aontakarn's permission. I pushed the door open wide. The room was dusty and had a musty smell, but it was very tidy. The bed was covered with a clean white sheet. There was very little furniture in the room.

"I think I know why you've been sneezing. It must be because of the dust in this room. We need to clean it."

"No... I don't dare go in."

"When was the last time you set foot in the room?"

"The day of the cremation... Since then, I never enter this room."

"Isn't there even a picture of your mother in this room?"

"I kept them all."

"I've never seen your mother's picture. When will I meet her?" I joked while laughing. "But I need to clean this room. I don't want you to get sick."

"But I don't want to go in."

"You don't have to. Go wait downstairs. I'll vacuum and mop the room. Don't worry, I won't steal anything or snoop around. I won't make a mess of the room, I promise."

"I'm not worried about that. I just feel bad for asking you to clean the room for me."

"It's okay, I won't feel bad."

When the petite woman saw me stay silent, she could sense that I didn't like hearing that she didn't want to bother me because it made me feel like we weren't close.

After the sweet-faced woman came downstairs, I dragged the vacuum cleaner into the bedroom and vacuumed every corner of the room. Aontakarn probably hadn't been in this room for years. The dust was as thick as the bathroom tiles.

I vacuumed the room for about thirty minutes. Then, I wiped the furniture with a wet towel. I couldn't keep my promise because I wanted to know what kind of person Aontakarn's mother was. There should be some traces of her or some photos in some drawers. The sweet-faced woman said that she kept all the photos because she didn't want to see them, so she probably didn't keep them with her.

She probably kept them in this room.

**And I was right... I found a photo of her mother.**

"With your permission, Mom. My name is Chris. I am very, very good friends with your Aontakarn..." I paused as I picked up the photo frame and

looked at it. "Career counselor?"

I said that to myself because I was shocked. The photo was of my guidance counselor at my high school. Although we didn't talk much, we crossed paths often. To be honest, I didn't even remember her name. But I could remember her face.

Suddenly, tears ran down my cheeks... Damn, what was going on?

I put the photo down and sat down next to the bed. I cried non-stop. I didn't know why I was crying. Aontakarn's mother was my guidance counselor. She was making me cry. Could anything be stranger than this?

While crying, I accidentally put my hand under the pillow. I touched something. When I took it out, I saw that it was a letter addressed to...

*My Aontakarn.*

"What is this? My Aontakarn?"

"Chris... what is it?"

I looked up. Aontakarn was standing at the door. I figured my crying was so loud that the little girl downstairs probably heard it and ran to see what had happened to me. There were tears streaming down my face as I lifted the letter from under the pillow to show it to her.

"A letter."

"W... what?"

"I found a letter... It is addressed to My Aontakarn."

"No... Give it back. I don't want to read it."

It seemed like Aontakarn already knew about the letter. The little girl still didn't want to enter the room. She avoided eye contact, as if she didn't want to acknowledge what I was holding in my hand.

I walked over to her and put the letter in her hand before pulling her close and hugging her. My voice was shaking, almost sobbing, as I pleaded with her.

"You have to read it... My Aontakarn."



## Chapter 30 : The Owner of the Branch

*Dear you... who is loved,*

*The weather changes very often during this period. Make sure you cover yourself with a blanket when you sleep. Health is very important. Because if you are healthy, you will be in a good mood and you will smile so widely that the world will light up. And if you are bright, I will be bright too.*

*-Apple*

---

I sent that message to Aontakarn. I was very confused at the time. I arranged a meeting with my friends and told them about the photo of Aontakarn's mother that I found while I was cleaning her room.

"I think the counselor's name was Pissamai," Nat tried to remember and shrugged. "Or is it Watchara? Argh... I don't remember either. We don't talk much with the counselors like we do with teachers who have a role in our day. Counselors just walk and go home."

"But in other countries, counselors play an important role."

"This is Thailand."

Nat and Ern argued until Meen had to wave her hand to stop them and get us back on topic.

"What a coincidence! It's like you two are connected in some way,"

"Connected?"

"Oh. I think I remember now..." Nat looked at me, stunned. "I remember why we remembered her, even though we didn't talk much with the guidance counselors. Remember when we were in third year? There was a rumor that her daughter needed blood, and she was a weird girl?"

When Nat said that, I sat up straight. All my memories came flooding back.

"My blood type..."

They all looked at me at the same time and snapped their fingers. Ern raised her arm to show us that she had goosebumps.

"Look... goosebumps. Holy crap! Is it too much of a coincidence? Chris was the one who donated blood to that academic advisor's daughter. And that daughter was Aontakarn."

No one spoke. Everyone had goosebumps, especially me.

"Why didn't I remember this before? We went to the hospital and gave the name of the person we wanted to donate blood to," I said.

"We don't remember because the hospital staff said we couldn't specify who we wanted to donate blood to. They gave us information about how they could exchange blood with the blood bank or something like that," Meen replied.

"I have no recollection of this."

"It's not strange. It was a long time ago. Besides, you donate blood regularly. Aontakarn wasn't the first person you donated your blood to."

"But this is a special case."

"Is it special because it's Aontakarn?" Ern twisted her mouth slightly. "Will you tell her about this coincidence?"



"To be honest, when I saw her mother's photo, I didn't dare say a word. I don't know why. I don't understand it myself."

It was like I was feeling all over again what I felt when I first met Aontakarn. I didn't have the confidence to tell her that I was a student at her mother's school or that I was the one who donated blood to help save her life in the past.

It wasn't anything bad, but I still didn't dare tell her.

Suddenly, coming up to her and telling her all this was strange. She might think I was telling her this to make her feel like she owed me something.

"It's a good thing. You should tell her." Meen could guess what I was thinking. She patted my shoulder to encourage me. "I think Aontakarn will feel good. Don't think for her. Aontakarn is your lover. What could be better than having saved your lover's life in the past? Damn... it's really quite romantic."

Meen didn't usually get excited. But, she seemed to be in a dreamy state right now. That made me smile.

"Really? It's not scary at all, is it?"

"You're thinking too much. Do you think too much when you do it with... Chris! Idiot! That's a knife. Don't you dare throw it at me!" Nat, the most daring of us, screamed and yelled when I accidentally threw a knife at her because it was the first thing I could grab.

"Alright. I'll find a chance to talk to Karn about this. It wouldn't be weird, right? I did a good thing. And Aontakarn's mother was my school counselor. This is fate."

Everyone nodded.

"Yesssssss."

Yes. It wasn't anything bad. Aontakarn would be happy to know that we

were connected in some way. Fate had brought us together. I was so excited to tell her this that I called her to tell her in advance that I had something to tell her.

"Karn. I have something important to tell you tomorrow."

[What is it? Why do you sound so serious?]

"Well... It's not that bad. I'll tell you when we meet tomorrow."

[I really want to know what this is about. Can't you tell me now?]

"I want to look at you while I tell you this."

[Do you have to look at me? When you say it like that, I don't dare to continue asking you to tell me. Fine. I have something to tell you too.]

"What is it?"

[I'll tell you when we meet. I want to look at you when I tell you too.]

I understood how she felt when she wanted to hear what I had to say. After we said goodnight, I got ready for bed so I could see Aontakarn again tomorrow morning.

I would tell her what happened in the past... It was something good. I shouldn't be ashamed to tell her.

See you... MY Aontakarn.

The knock on the door startled me. Puth was yelling my name as he opened the door and winked at me.

"What? Why are you winking at me? What are you doing in a pretty lady's bathroom at this time of night?"

"How disgusting. What kind of person can ask a question and compliment themselves in one sentence? I want to ask you if I can borrow your red bottle of shampoo. Mine is empty."

"No. It's expensive."

"Stingy. If I'd known you were going to grow up to be like this, when I cleaned up your baby pee and poop, I would have put them in your mouth."

"I was just kidding. Use it if you want." I laughed and punched Puth in the arm. "You're bigger than a buffalo. Do you have to walk to borrow my shampoo? Wouldn't you be embarrassed to marry Earn?"

"Oh. I've never thought about getting married. And you? When will you get married if you have a mistress?"

"Why do you have to say that?"

"Ah. Let me ask you something."

"What?" I asked.

"How do two women do it?"

"Oh my God, you idiot!" I reached out to hit him like a drummer beating my drum until Puth, who came up shirtless. I turned bright red.

"Wow, I was just kidding. Why are you so red in the face? Hey, I've seen your music video. This is nothing."

"Mother."

"I forgot about that. You always throw it in my face when I annoy you. God. I'm going to wash my hair now." Puth was ready to leave, but had to stop because I grabbed his hair. "Hey. This is your older brother's head. Have some respect."

"Puth... do you remember the guidance counselor from our high school?"

Puth frowned slightly before shaking his head.

"I wasn't close with the guidance counselor. You know those are just there to decorate the school. Students never ask for guidance... Although I don't

know what it's like these days." Puth shrugged a little and seemed to realize something. "Oh... I suddenly remember one. I saw her recently."

"Who?"

"Counselor... What's her name? I can't remember."

"Pissamai?"

"Yes. Oh, yeah? How did you know?"

"There weren't many at our school." I frowned a little and returned to the topic. "Did you see her recently? When?"

"About a year ago. I saw her by accident at a temple. I took our mother there to make merit. Your mother prayed fervently for an eye donor on your behalf. I saw her there. Why are you suddenly asking about this?"

"I'm thinking about this and that. It's strange that you saw her. Was she pretty?"

"Why are you asking me if an old counselor is pretty?" Puth scratched his head. I bared my teeth in frustration. How dare he say that about the mother of my love?

"Please give her some respect. She's dead."

"Oh, really?" Puth put his hands to his chest. "I just saw her. You're giving me goosebumps."

"Don't be such an idiot, then. She can appear in your dream."

"Idiot... But, come to think of it, we did talk about you when we met. She remembered you, Chris."

My heart pounded. I couldn't believe that Aontakarn's mother had told my brother about me.

"Really? What did she say to you?"

"She asked me how you were. If you were okay? I told her honestly that you were blind and were waiting for a donor. She seemed surprised. She asked me how she could help."

Aontakarn's mother was... such a nice person.

"What did you say?"

"I told her that we were waiting for a kind donor and that we had prayed at many temples. Oh, she asked if we could specify who we wanted to donate an eyes to you. She acted as if she was going to donate hers to you."

"And... can you do that?"

"Of course not. If that could be done, people would be selling their organs for money."

"True. We're not in a series, after all."

"And then what?"

"She seemed disappointed. She quickly apologized because she wanted to pray for you. The end."

"You didn't talk to her anymore?"

"Why would I do that? She was a 60-year-old counselor at our high school, not a beautiful woman I would chase around a temple. Just being in a temple with our mother made me feel like I was already on fire."

"You are a bad person."

"Talking to you makes me feel itchy, like I have a skin disease. I'm leaving."

Puth met Aontakarn's mother and talked about me. That was another coincidence. But, like I said, this wasn't a series. There was no way he got my eyes from Aontakarn's mother. I needed to get that out of my mind and think about what I wanted to say to Aontakarn.

I would tell Aontakarn that I once saved her life.

Was that so important? Why should I tell her...? But it wasn't a bad thing. Maybe she'd be more impressed and we'd be in love forever. No one could ever separate us.

Being together is our destiny.

Okay... First of all, I would sit her down and look into her eyes. I would talk about the past and tell her that her mother and I knew each other.

Ah... Would it be like she was saying she owed me if I told her that?



"Chris."

Aontakarn's voice came from the parking lot. I was startled because I thought I was hearing things. I listened to her voice as I thought of how to talk to her. The touch on my elbow made me sure I wasn't imagining things.

"Karn... it's really you."

"Of course it's me. Why do you look so surprised?" Aontakarn looked worried. "You seem nervous. Is that why you wanted to talk to me?"

"Well... yes."

"What is it? You're worrying me."

"Are you worried? Why?"

"I don't know. You're acting like..."

"Like what?"

"As if you wanted to break up with me."

"That's crazy." I laughed out loud and punched the sweet-faced woman. "That never crossed my mind. Let's go inside and find a good place to talk. Do you have something you want to talk to me about, too?"

"Yes."

Aontakarn and I walked together from the parking lot to the office. We were going to talk on the fire escape, but when we remembered what happened with Puth, I changed my mind and talked to her near the elevator.

It was probably better than talking in the office and risking being overheard. Our office was too small. There was no private space to talk.

"Okay. What do you want to talk about?"

"Well..." I stammered. Even though I had planned my speech, I drew a blank when it came time to talk to her. "How should I start?"

"Is it so hard to say?"

"Uh-huh."

"So, how about I go first?" Aontakarn knew I was shy and tended to overthink. To make me feel more comfortable, she offered to go first. "Let's

start with what I want to tell you."

"Okay," I clapped my hands and smiled at the sweet-faced woman. "Thank you. You can go first. Let me think about how to say what I have to say."

"Okay... I was contacted by an agency that produces series."

"Huh?" My eyes widened. I was really excited about this.

"They didn't offer me a role or anything. They just wanted me to join their agency."

"Wow. That's great."

"Yes. It's what I've always dreamed of."

"Did you say yes?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"I'm old, Chris. I'm 28. It's too late to be in the industry. What would young actresses think of me? And if I do get a role, it would probably be a mother role."

"Are you crazy? You're only 28, and they're going to make you play the role of a mother?"

"This is Thailand. It's not like other countries, where they notice your talent. Besides... I'm not that talented an actress."

"Someone is thinking too much, even more than me." I reached out and took her hand in encouragement. "No matter your age, the opportunity to pursue your dream is invaluable. You don't need to play the lead role. Doing what you love is enough. Your mother..."

I paused as I thought about that. Aontakarn's mother was the topic I wanted to talk about.



"Now it's my turn to talk about what's on my mind. Karn... the thing is..."

As I was about to say what I had planned to say, the elevator behind us opened. It revealed a huge bouquet that caught our full attention. I forgot what I was about to say.

"Wow. That bouquet is huge."

Shortly after, the delivery man came to our office. For reasons unknown, that bouquet bothered me. And it was as I expected; the bouquet was for Aontakarn.

"Is it for me?"

The sweet-faced woman pointed to herself. She took the bouquet of white tulips in her arms, still confused. And the card showed the same initials as before.

"A... again?"

I gritted my teeth until my jaw was clearly visible. I tried not to show any emotion, but that was all. Aontakarn, who had been watching me as diligently as I had been watching her, saw right through me. She smiled at me.

"So possessive."

"No."

"The flowers are so beautiful. Apple... probably wants to really show herself."

"It's not Apple."

"How do you know?"

I pursed my lips and shook my head.

"I just know."

As everything around us fell silent, the phone rang in Aontakarn's hand. The sweet-faced woman didn't answer it. She just stared at me.

"Answer it. It's annoying." I crossed my arms over my chest and looked away. Aontakarn was probably very irritated by this, so she put the bouquet on my arm to force me to hold it while she answered the phone.

"Aontakarn speaking... what? Who?" Aontakarn looked at the bouquet and then at me. "A?"

When I heard that name, I straightened up and walked over to her, hoping to hear the person on the other end of the line. Aontakarn saw it, so she turned her back to me, wanting to get back at me. I could only hear Aontakarn, not the other person on the line.

"I get it. Was the previous one yours too? Who are you?" Aontakarn touched her long hair and paced back and forth. "A fan?"

When she got to this part, the sweet-faced woman decided to put the call on speakerphone so I could hear the conversation. I heard a man's voice.

[I've been following you for the past few months, and I've decided I want to gather my courage and meet you.]

"What's your name? Is your name Apple?" Aontakarn asked excitedly. She glanced at me out of the corner of her eye and smiled as if she were mocking me. "Are you Apple?"

[I can be whatever you want me to be.]

"..."

**[If you want me to be Apple, I'll be Apple.]**

## Chapter 31 : The Identity of A

Everyone in the company, including me, which makes five or six of us, hid in the corners to see who the guy was who sent bouquets to the sweet-faced woman. As soon as we saw him, the consensus was:

“You can see it well.”

That coming out of my brother's mouth frustrated me even more. Puth never saw other men as more handsome than him. Or maybe he just said that to frustrate me?

“He's probably a spender, too,” Earn, Puth's accomplice, whispered. I looked at my sister-in-law to show her that I couldn't take it anymore.

“I'm leaving.”

When Puth saw that I was really leaving, he grabbed my hair and pulled me back.

“Idiot. That hurts. Why are you pulling my hair?”

“Where are you going? If you go, you're a loser.”

“Stop talking so much.”

“Aontakarn won't fall in love with someone just because they sent her flowers.”

“You mean you called her to invite her to dinner every day, but she doesn't want to... Ouch.”

Puth jumped at me and covered my mouth. He looked like he had just been poisoned. “O... O... O...”

“You have such a big mouth. I wish your wife would leave you. Ouch!”

I bit Puth's hand and stuck my tongue out at him before walking away without paying attention to anyone there.

And yes... I went home.

Why should I stay? I was useless to everyone!

After I got home, I took a bath to cool off and played on my computer in my room. I put on my headphones to block out the outside world. When I was bored or frustrated, I would listen to music. Now that I thought about it, I hadn't listened to music since I could see again because I was obsessed with Aontakarn.

When I was in the dark, the only thing that made me happy was music... My favorite song was the acoustic version of Sadubpin's *Your Song*.

The singer's romantic lyrics combined with the piano notes relaxed me. I couldn't believe that a stranger could make me feel more relaxed than my own brother, who only made fun of me, or Aontakarn.

She was my happiness, but she was so excited to meet a stranger. I admit the guy looks nice. So what? He's not even Apple.

**I am Apple. Oh my God!**

A soft, wet touch on my cheek brought me out of my dreamy state as I listened to the song. When I turned around to see who it was, I thought I was seeing things.

“Karn?”

“Yes, it's me.” The sweet-faced woman was sitting on my bed, which was right next to my computer desk. She rested her chin on her hand and looked

at me, smiling. “You’re so cute when you close your eyes. I couldn’t help but give you a kiss on the cheek.”

When she praised me like that, it made me rub my cheek with my hand awkwardly. Then I realized that I was still angry with her.

“Why are you here?” I asked coldly.

“Why are you acting so cold?”

“Shame yourself in the rice field, young lady...” I added according to the lyrics of the local folk song.

I couldn’t bear to be cold because I didn’t want Aontakarn to be sad. The sweet-faced woman let out a laugh when she heard that. She reached out her hand to hit me.

“Are you being nice, even though you're mad at me?”

“I'm not mad.”

I turned my chair to face the computer once more. Aontakarn hugged me from behind and placed her cheek against mine.

“This is you being angry.”

“How do you know that?”

“Because I do this when you're angry.”

The soft scent of Aontakarn put me into a dreamlike state once more. My anger slowly dispersed. Actually... it was almost gone when she was trying to reconcile with me like this. Just seeing her face made all my anger go away, but... I had to play hard to get.

“How was the conversation with your fan?”

“Do you want to know?”

“Well, I don't want to.”

“Okay. Then I won't tell you.”

“Okay, okay.”

I put my headphones back on and pretended to be listening to music. I was starting to sulk again. And once again, a tap startled me. I sat up straight and looked at the person who slid her hand under my shirt from behind. The hand was moving towards my breasts.

“What are you doing?” I took off my headphones and looked at my bedroom door. I was afraid that Puth or other family members would see us. But I could see that the door was closed.

“I just want to touch you a little. Seeing someone sulking turns me on...” Aontakarn circled her finger around my breasts. She nibbled my earlobe softly. “Don't you wear a bra when you're home? The scent of soap on you smells really good.”

“Umm...” I let out an uncontrollable moan before shaking my head to shake off the strange feeling I was feeling. “Don't talk to me sweetly. Ah...”

Aontakarn felt more confident. She immediately lowered her hand from my breasts to my pants. I could hear her panting as I tightened my grip on the chair.

“You're not wearing underwear either.”

“I am at home.”

“Do this when you sleep over at my house too. Sleep without a bra or underwear.”

“I rarely wear clothes when I'm with you... Ah...” The little girl knew all my sensitive spots well, so she focused there. I lifted my head and rested it against the headrest while Aontakarn worked with her fingers.

“You're already on fire.”

“Don't say that...” I spread my legs to make it easier for the little girl to do her thing. But, Aontakarn stopped and pulled her hand away.

“Wh... what?”

“Are you still mad at me?”

“Why are you doing this?” I bit my lip hard. I wanted her, but I was also furious. I didn't know how to respond, especially when I saw that the sweet-faced woman was tasting what was on her finger. “Karn...”

“Why are you shy? We've been eating each other's every part.”

“....”

“Chris.”

“....”

“What are you waiting for? Eat me already.”

Because I was angry and excited, I unleashed my fire on Aontakarn. I stripped off my clothes until I was naked and leaned on her. I tore off Aontakarn's clothes aggressively like a wild animal. It seemed that the sweet-faced woman liked it.

“Tell me what you want to do to me.”

“I... want to do something. But I'm not sure if you'll agree to it.”

“I'm trying to reconcile with you... You can do whatever you want.”

I bit my lip hard. I was embarrassed, but I had strong needs.

“Let me try.”

“But you have to stop being angry with me.”

“Okay. Please...”

Aontakarn smiled and stayed still. I got on top of her and positioned myself over her face.

It may be a little strange for me to say this while still positioned over her face, but I didn't dare move until I had her permission to do so. Aontakarn smiled and pushed my hips down knowingly.

“No more needs to be said.”

Aontakarn immediately used her mouth to do what I wanted willingly. When she touched me the way she wanted, I stiffened. Strong emotions ran from my toes to the tips of my hair. I almost screamed, but I covered my mouth with my hand to hold it back. In the end, I let out muffled moans.

That made Aontakarn pull away. "Why?"

“The wall is very thin. Puth's room is right next door.”

“Ah.”

When the sweet-faced woman got her answer, she continued to use her tongue on me. She seemed to be enjoying herself as she watched me tremble with desire. I felt powerful because I was on top of her. I moved and pressed myself against her, not knowing how she would react to my actions.

3...

2...

1...

My body shook. I quickly stood up because I didn't want to dirty her, but Aontakarn didn't let me free for long. She pushed me down onto the bed, locked me in position, and slid her fingers inside.



“Ahh!” I screamed without making a sound in panic. But the fingers entered smoothly and didn’t hurt like I thought they would. I covered my mouth with my hand as Aontakarn looked at me with determination.

“Try it.”

“It’s... it’s strange. It hurts,” I whispered. Aontakarn comforted me by kissing my temple. She used only one finger and moved it slowly to lessen the pain I felt.

“It will get better. I want you to experience it fully... like I do when you do this to me.”

When I saw the determination on that sweet face, I didn’t dare to reject her. I let my body experience the new sensation. After a while, it felt strangely good. I was getting into a rhythm. It turned out that I was the one who grabbed Aontakarn’s hair and pulled her down to kiss her and lower my tension.

“Are you better now?”

“Ah... yes. Im nearly cumming.”

“Good. I’m very proud of myself.”

We talked while kissing. Although I was experiencing some awkwardness, I found this quite delicate and sweet.

“Ah...”

I jolted as I reached my destination from inside for the first time. My body clenched so tightly that Aontakarn could feel it. It made the small woman smile in satisfaction.

“Was it okay?”

“Ah... Yes. But I’m still not used to it.”

“It will get better if we do it more often. Otherwise, I wouldn't like it as much... Are you still tired?” Aontakarn asked, making me smile.

“I can continue.”

“So you're still tired. But I can't wait.” Aontakarn copied me by placing herself on my face the same way I did with hers. “You started this. You have to finish it.”

“You'll know how good it is.”

I lowered her hips and got to it.

Now, Aontakarn will know what it was like to scream without making a sound...

We were both wearing just T-shirts and lying face down on the bed, looking at each other. We were too tired to put our pants on. It was a torturous way to express our love for each other. We couldn't make a sound. It was strangely good, though. It felt like we were hiding our affair. It was exciting.

“How did you get here?” I asked, putting a pillow over my face because I still didn't dare look at her.

It was always like this...

“How can we have a conversation if you're covering your face with a pillow?” Aontakarn laughed and took the pillow away from my face. In the end, we looked into each other's eyes. “I heard someone sulked and went home, so I asked him to bring Puth back to me... There's nothing to hide after he saw the video.”

“Wasn't it awkward sitting in the car with him?”

“A little, but we pretended to be listening to music and admiring the view.”

The sweet-faced woman reached out her hand to play with my nose. When she saw me twitching because it tickled, she continued to play with it

because she liked seeing me irritated. “You’re so cute. Why are you so cute no matter what you do?”

“I think I know now how you feel when I flirt with you.”

“I’m not flirting. I’m actually giving you a compliment. And I’m also trying to make up with you.”

“Why would you do that? I’m not mad at you.” I could feel my voice turning grumpy as I said that, while Aontakarn just laughed.

“You call this not being angry? You’re so cute when you’re jealous.” Aontakarn snuggled her face into my neck, asking for tenderness. “Why would you be jealous? He means nothing to me.”

“He made you smile.”

“Do you want me to be angry with him?”

“He gave you flowers.”

“I can’t stop him from doing it.”

“But you like flowers.”

“Why would I hate it? Flowers are beautiful.”

“You said he’s Apple.”

“He is?”

“No.”

“Hey?”

I realized I let it slip, so I tried to cover it up.

“I mean, I don’t think he’s Apple. Did he say he was?”

“He said he would be anything I wanted him to be.”

“That bastard!”

Aontakarn couldn't help but laugh out loud. “You're so rude. That's so cute.”

“I'm sorry. It's just that... I hate those who claim to be something they're not. Idiot.”

“Even if he's Apple, I wouldn't be interested. There's nothing that can compare to you.”

I smiled embarrassedly at that.

“What do I have that he can't compete with?”

“You make me happy. You smell good.” Aontakarn sniffed me all over. It tickled me. “No one can do this. I like the way you smell.”

I pulled Aontakarn in for a hug and kissed her head—she's lying in a lower position than me.

“Have I managed to reconcile with you?”

“I can never get mad at you. Never.”

“Because you love me too much, I know!” The sweet-faced girl looked at me and gently kissed my chin. “By the way, we couldn't finish talking this morning. You said you had something to tell me.”

Aontakarn reminded me of that. How could I let my frustration make me forget something so important?

“True.”

“What is it?”

To make sure I didn't get sidetracked, I took a deep breath to help me focus before I started talking about the topic.

"Why do you think we met?"

"Um... because we work on the website, so it's because of Puth?"

"Maybe it's fate."

"Wow. You're being so romantic today. I'm listening." Aontakarn leaned back and stared at me. "What's fate like?"

"We may have met before. It's fate."

"Really?" Aontakarn laughed happily. "Is it Karakate?"

"Hey."

"Am I talking to Karakate? But you're not drunk."

"Did I tell you it was Karakate?"

"Ah... you don't remember. Never mind. Let's not digress. Go on... What happened then? Please explain."

"Maybe we crossed paths..." I didn't dare tell her that I gave her blood because I was afraid she'd be surprised "Maybe we were born in the same hospital."

"Chris... that's a soap opera!"

"Well... maybe I saved your life."

"When?"

Just as I was about to reveal the truth to her, Aontakarn's phone rang from the computer desk. I looked at it, but Aontakarn was still focused on me. She turned my face to look at her.

“Leave it. Talk to me first. When?”

“When... Ah...” I started to panic. Aontakarn closed her eyes and sighed.

“I’ll pick up the phone first. You... you’re always nervous when we talk about important matters.” Aontakarn leaned over to pick up the phone. She glanced at the number calling before answering.

“What’s up, Gift? It must be something important for you to call me... Huh? Is that the name of the owner of the agency? Are you sure?”

Me, who was lying next to Aontakarn, sat up and propped myself up on my elbow as I watched her talk to her friend and hang up the phone. The sweet-faced woman seemed uneasy. But if she didn’t tell me, it would mean she was keeping a secret from me.

“My friend called me to tell me that she did some research and found out that the agency that contacted me really existed. And the name of the agency... don’t be mad.”

“I’m afraid what I’m thinking may be true.”

And what she told me left me stunned and frustrated at the same time.

**“The one who sent me flowers is the owner of the agency that wanted to hire me.”**

## Chapter 32 : Dinner

Dinner was so frustrating...

It was clear that the guy was making advances on Aontakarn. As Aontakarn apologized, I sat there silently during dinner. Puth kicked my shin when he saw me sitting there silently.

"What's wrong? Your wife came to see you, and you're still in a bad mood?"

I bared my teeth as I looked around. It was a good thing my father had already left the table to watch TV and my mother was busy washing the dishes. If they heard, I would have some explaining to do.

"Stop joking around like that, Puth. It's okay... Aontakarn and I are together. But we don't want to announce it to the world."

"Idiot. You are her lover, but you don't want the world to know? Then why do you want to be her lover? If you don't want her, then hand her over to me. I'm ready to take your position and announce that she is my wife to show her respect. HAHA—Ouch. Idiot. Why are you pouring water on me?"

"Stop talking so much. Did you forget that Earn is working with us? I haven't told you about you getting close to Aontakarn a while back," I reminded Puth of the first few days, and he made an awkward expression and shrugged.

"I would feel uncomfortable if you caught me earlier. But after seeing you moan in that clip, I don't feel anything. That was past tense. It doesn't mean anything."

"Did you forget that I heard you moan, mother?"

"We'll never speak of this again. That's all for today. Goodbye."

Puth raised his hands, imitating a news anchor as he said that. I laughed a little in my throat and crossed my arms over my chest as I continued to think about what was on my mind.

"She came here, and you're still fighting? You two were so quiet when you were in her room for several hours."

I blushed a little when I realized he was timing me. And he knew we were quiet... It was a good thing we didn't make any noise. I needed to do what Aontakarn said, which was that we would never do it there again. It was so awkward. We couldn't breathe or make any noise, even though we were so tensed.

"I have something on my mind."

"The guy who gave her flowers... If she came here to reconcile with you, it means that it's nothing."

"The guy is making advances towards Aontakarn with an offer she can't refuse," I pressed my lips tightly together and sighed.

"Aside from flirting with Karn, he owns an agency that produces dramas. He can fulfill Aontakarn's dream of becoming an actress. That weighs heavily on me, Puth."

"Guys are like that. They're willing to give everything to get what they want. But if he's not sincere, he'll leave after a while. You don't need to worry if your partner is firm. Or is Aontakarn the type who is easily influenced?"

"It's not like that."

"Then stop worrying already."

It was strange that I had felt uncomfortable for a long time, but after talking to my brother, who I thought was a silly person, he gave me some advice that made me feel better.



"Why aren't you possessive of me like when all the boys flirt with me?"

"It's not that I don't feel anything. But... you and her have been together for a while now. I've been suspecting it for a while, so I got used to the idea. So... I'm not as possessive as I used to be."

"Fine. If you don't like it, we'll have to fight."

"That doesn't mean she can hurt your feelings. If it hurts you, I won't allow it."

"You don't seem like a warm person at all."

"I'm not warm. I'm hot."

I tried to keep an open mind. What breaks couples was mistrust and lack of security in the partner. So I kept telling myself that my lover was as stable and firm as a mountain. Otherwise, I would have gone far with Toy. But all the external factors worried me.

"His family has been in the industry for a long time, including his parents, uncles, and aunts. So, of course, he has to work in the industry... His family is so wealthy."

Natty knew a lot about the entertainment industry—having done a lot of research on the internet about Pantip. She told me everything about A. I listened quietly while Ern, who also did some research, added something to Natty.

"In addition to owning the agency, he also has a modeling agency that focuses on recruiting people to promote to the other agencies in exchange for a fee. It's a very comprehensive service. He gives work to his own actress and receives a fee for it. Great."

"Don't make that face. Don't think too much. Nothing has happened yet." Meen, who had been listening, patted my shoulder to comfort me. She knew I was stressed. "If everyone is stressed like that, it will put pressure on Aontakarn. And it's very annoying."

"I know."

Since I knew that my fear and suspicion would make our relationship awkward, I decided to act like I didn't feel anything when I was with Aontakarn.

But behind her back, I was really stressed out.

How did people who weren't in the entertainment industry manage to have lovers who were in the industry? My lover hadn't even started her career yet, and I was already going crazy...

There was a message notification from my phone that interrupted us while we were talking about Aontakarn. I glanced at it and then put the phone face down because I wasn't in the mood to talk.

"You know you're acting like an idiot, right?" Meen sighed.

She probably saw that the message was from Aontakarn. "You usually get really excited when you get a message from her."

"I don't want to take my bad mood out on her. I don't want to fight. It's not her fault. But this is the best chance she has to follow her dream. If I stand

in her way because I'm too narrow-minded, what kind of lover would I be?"

"You can think for yourself," Ern said with a shrug.

"But her heart doesn't go with her head." Natty understood my sensitivity well. She made up an excuse for me, which made me look at her with gratitude.

"I will be a good lover so that Karn doesn't feel uncomfortable."

"Aontakarn actually needs to help you out a bit instead of letting you feel depressed just like this. If you don't want her to get too involved with that guy, she should stop." Natty was the only person who really understood me. Meen looked at her friend and gaped. The same goes for Ern.

"You are the queen today."

"Give me some respect." The friend with the best advice straightened up and tried to look calm as she waved her hand before continuing.

"I don't agree with being a good lover and feeling uncomfortable alone. You're lovers. You love each other. You should be able to talk about everything. Tell her you feel uncomfortable or just tell her you're Apple."

At this point, all my friends stared at me.

"I can't understand why you have to hide the fact that you're Apple from her? Are you afraid that the grand opening won't be grand?" Ern asked me that, which made me sigh as she explained it to me.

"Karn doesn't have many fans. Apple was her first... if she knows that Apple is me, Apple won't be special to her anymore."

"You only think about Aontakarn," Meen said as she laughed at me mockingly, as if she was upset with me. "You won't do this, you can't do that. If you continue down this path, you'll be the one who's sad and disappointed. You don't have to tell her about Apple, but what about her mother being your school counselor? Have you told her that?"

"No."

"You're so annoying. I can't take it anymore."

Ern shook her head and played with her phone instead of paying attention to me. Natty also looked away. Meen was my last hope.

"Don't look at me. You're really annoying. I'm surprised you've made it to this age instead of dying of insanity because you're so annoying."

**Now I am everyone's annoying friend...**

When I saw that no one was paying attention to me anymore, I turned my attention to my phone. I read the messages that the petite woman sent me about five minutes ago.

**Aontakarn:** What are you doing?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'm with my friends. Where are you?

**Aontakarn:** You forget about me when you're with your friends, huh?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Are you not reading the news?

**Aontakarn:** You know. Then why did you ask where I was?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Are you in a bad mood?

**Aontakarn:** No. I just wanted to talk to you.

**Aontakarn:** I feel like you've been too quiet lately. Is everything okay?

The little girl probably felt that I wasn't myself. I didn't want to make the sweet-faced woman feel uncomfortable, so I tried to reassure her. But I was also being a little honest.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'm actually thinking about you. I'm a little jealous.

**Aontakarn:** I knew it had to be because of this.

Aontakarn is silent for a moment before sending me another message.

**Aontakarn:** Let's go out to dinner and talk tomorrow.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Are we fighting? Why do we need to talk? I'm not that dumb.

**Aontakarn:** Okay. We don't need to talk. But let's have dinner.

**Aontakarn:** Then we can end the date in bed.

I tried not to smile as I immediately replied.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** That's crazy.

**Aontakarn:** You don't like that idea? God... Am I the only one who likes that? Just thinking about you spreading my legs and going down to try...

**Aontakarn:** I have goosebumps. I want to...

**Think Chris Kitkat:** How naughty!

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'm coming for your moans.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** And how great it tastes when your body really craves it.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Now that I think about it, I really want to try it.

**Aontakarn:** What madness!

Aontakarn was the one who retreated when I made aggressive advances. After finishing talking to the sweet-faced woman, I turned around to see my friends standing behind me, reading everything I had talked about with Aontakarn. All three of their faces were bright red.

"You... girls."

"You two are so hot." Meen put her hand on her chest. "Oh my god."

"Damn it. How long have you been reading?"

"When you finish the date in bed—oh... I can hear your moans." Natty covered her ears. "Please... get it out of my head."

"Damn!"

---

And the day of our appointment arrived...

I had intended to tell Aontakarn that I was a student at the high school where her mother taught counseling classes and that I had donated blood to her. We were going to meet at an Italian restaurant. It was quite fancy and a little dark, but very romantic.

"Why did you invite me to dinner? Wow, the place is very beautiful."

I looked around, impressed by the atmosphere of the place. The sweet-faced woman, who was sitting next to me instead of in front of me, smiled.

"In fact, tonight..."

"Hey?"

"It's not just the two of us."

"Oh? Who are we having dinner with?"

"A."

I straightened up when I heard that. Every muscle in my body tensed, as if I were a lion ready to pounce on my enemy, no matter who it was. I twisted my face slightly as I looked at Aontakarn, confused.

"Aren't we going to end our date in bed? Why did you invite someone else to have dinner with us?"

"I want to clear things up with you and make everything clear. A is not a bad person."

"So what? He shouldn't be here tonight!"

My voice was so loud that Aontakarn had to reach for my arm to calm me down. Her touch made me regain my composure and lower my voice.

"I'm sorry. I just don't understand what you're trying to do."

"If I have to work with him, I want you to know him and see how I act with him. If you don't trust him, at least trust me... Here he comes."

The guy who used the alias "A" walked into the restaurant with a large bouquet of flowers in his arm. He handed the bouquet to Aontakarn, who stood up to greet him, as if he were an ambassador visiting the Thailand Durian Fair.

"Flowers for Miss Karn. Nice to meet you, Miss Chris."

I raised an eyebrow slightly in surprise. I didn't think he knew my name.

"Nice to meet you."

Although I didn't want to say what I said—because I wasn't happy to meet him at all, what other choice do I have but to be polite?

"Miss Karn talks about you often."

"Often?"

I looked at Aontakarn for a moment to tell her that the word "often" means they didn't just talk once, but a lot. And she never informed me about that.

Damn... I was being an idiot again. I had to keep my composure.

"What did she say about me?"

"She said you may look arrogant, but you're actually very cute and shy. She wants to introduce you as her close friend."

The phrase "*close friend*" made me breathe heavily. Aontakarn could sense it, so she stood up and excused herself to go to the bathroom.

"Please, you two talk. I'll be back in a moment."

Everything went silent when I was alone with A. Not knowing what to do, I sent a message to the sweet-faced woman, who had just left the table.

**Think Chris Kitkat:** Why did you suddenly walk away? What do you want by leaving me here alone with him?

I didn't get any response. Aontakarn didn't even read my message. I looked at her bag on her chair. There were lights coming out of it, which meant she didn't take her phone with her.

Brilliant...

"Are you a fan of Aontakarn?" I started a conversation. A, who had been quiet for a while, smiled politely at me when I asked him that.

"You could say that."

"How long?"



"Ah... I've seen her as a news anchor on a digital channel for a while now. But I became interested in her and followed her more closely since she became the anchor of AppTalk. She has a very beautiful smile. Her eyes are beautiful. She can communicate well with the audience. She's very charming."

"Why did you decide to reveal yourself to her? Normally, fans tend to stay in a quiet corner."

That was the reason I never told him I was an Apple fan. This guy broke all the sacred rules of being a good fan.

"I guess I want to exist in her life. I want to communicate with her."

So he used her dream as bait... Men can do anything when they want something.

**And this man wanted Aontakarn.**

"And 'A' is your real name?"

"Yes, my name is A."

"Have you heard of the name Apple?"

The person in front of me, who was about to take a sip of water, paused for a moment as if thinking about something. Then he continued drinking his water and nodded.

"Yes, I have. Miss Karn told me about it."

I would know what kind of man he really was with my next question.

"Then I'll ask you frankly. Please tell me the truth, and it will be just between us, okay?"

"What is it?"

"Are you Apple?"

At that table, I was the only one who knew the truth. It was like flipping a coin. There could only be two answers—truth or deception.

As soon as he answered... I could judge him immediately.

**"Yes... I'm Apple."**



## Chapter 33 : Us

1

I stomped out of the restaurant to call a cab and go home, but my arm was grabbed from behind so hard that I staggered. Aontakarn ran after me, now holding my wrist tightly. She didn't look happy.

"Chris, why didn't you wait to tell me you were leaving before you left?"

"I don't want to get in the way of your happy dinner. Enjoy it."

It was probably the first time I had rebelled against her. I coldly twisted my wrist to free myself from the sweet-faced woman's grip. There was no taxi, so I had to stay with her a little longer.

"What's wrong? I just went to the bathroom for a while, and when I got back to the table, A said you left. We came here together. Why are you leaving me like that?"

"I can't stand to be with that man for another second. You should leave too. That man didn't come with good intentions."

"What did he say?"

"He said nonsense."

"What did you two talk about? How could he get you so frustrated so quickly?"

The sweet-faced one still didn't get it. She was too frustrated to give a long explanation. And she knew I was unstable, so she was being more emotional than she should have.

"We talked about who he is and where he comes from. And from what he told me, it's obvious that he talked nonsense. You too... why did you talk to him behind my back? And it wasn't just once, but often. Why did I have no idea that you did that?"

Aontakarn was stunned but tried to explain. "Because it's nothing."

"So why did you invite me here today?"

"I wanted you two to meet."

"Be honest, Karn. You invited me here to facilitate your future in the entertainment industry. If I, as your lover, get along with A, you won't have to talk to him behind my back anymore." I bit my lip, furious. "I thought we had a date today. But instead, my lover cheated on me and invited me to dinner with a man who is flirting with her. What madness is this?"

"Like I told you, just because he's flirting with me doesn't mean I have feelings for him."

"Not today, but who knows what will happen in the future?"

"Chris!"

"You lied to me about this dinner. What will happen next time? I know you're excited to have the chance to follow your dream. But you should use your talent instead of your charm to make things easier for yourself!"

We stared at each other. No one backed down. Even though I felt like I was a little too aggressive because I knew Aontakarn cared about me more than anything, I had to tell her that what she was doing wasn't right.

"Do what you want, Karn. But let me warn you... That man has no good intentions. He might leave you alone after he gets what he wants. A career in the entertainment industry? He might bury you instead."

"Don't be so quick to judge someone based on your own criteria."

Aontakarn was saying that she knew because that was how she knew. I gave her a slight frustrated smile. A taxi pulled up to pick me up at that moment.

"Then you can use your judgment. I'm just warning you out of love—that man is lying."

"What did he lie about?"

I opened the door and got into the taxi. I answered her before closing the door.

"He said he's Apple!"

"So what if it is? Why are you getting frustrated about it?"

"Because he isn't."

"How do you know that's not true?"

I pressed my lips together. I couldn't give an answer, so I decided to close the door, stop paying attention to Aontakarn, and tell the taxi driver to start driving.

In the end, we ended up fighting...

And I was lying in bed with an anxious heart. I was worried about what Aontakarn and A were doing at that moment. If I were there, I could get in the way or force the sweet-faced woman to go home. But I played it big. I got angry and took a taxi home.

**She didn't even send me a message to try to reconcile with me!**

In the end, I was up all night. I got out of bed at 5 a.m. to go jogging. My mother was shocked. She got up early to give alms, as usual. But she had never seen me awake when the sky was still dark like this since I was in high school. This was the first time in a long time.

Aontakarn didn't send me any messages. She didn't try to pick a fight. I didn't get any comments from her!

I walked into the office, looking very grumpy. No one dared to approach me. I usually seemed very arrogant, but that day it was even worse. Aontakarn was nowhere to be seen. That was not unusual because we do not encourage staff to go to the office to save on electricity costs.

What now? Should I contact her first?

As I sat in my chair, stressed and staring at the chat app, wondering if I should contact Aontakarn, someone tapped me on the back. I was a little startled. At first, I was happy because I thought it was Aontakarn. But when I saw it was Tem, I was grumpy again.

"A smile can disappear so quickly. It's like someone cast a spell on you. Who do you think tapped you? Miss Karn?"

I bared my teeth at the guy and crossed my arms over my chest in a bad mood. Not only was I stressed, but I was also very upset at that moment.

"Don't make fun of me. I'm not in a good mood."

"You'll be more stressed if you're alone. I'll help you relax."

"I said no... Hey!" He dragged me to the elevator.

Tem took me to a convenience store to buy something simple to eat for lunch, which was a cup of instant noodles. We opted for a change of scenery and sat on a bench outside our office building, watching the cars drive by as we ate.

"Why do you bring me here to breathe pollution?"

"It's a change of scenery. It's stressful doing the same old things."

"I'm going to be more stressed. Instead of eating good food, I'm eating a cup of sodium." I was eating the instant noodles while complaining.

"Even if you eat good food, you won't have an appetite looking so stressed. If I had to guess, did you fight with Miss Karn?"

"Stay out of it. I might be fighting with someone else in the office."

"Where there's a woman, there's a problem. You wouldn't fight a man. Everyone's been scared of you ever since you attacked us at that party about you and Miss Karn not dating."

When I heard that, I let out a mocking laugh. Even if it was just a mockery, it was a laugh.

"You're smiling."

"..."

"Oh. I shouldn't have said that—you're not smiling now... You're so cute when you smile. You look like a little girl."

"Don't talk sweet to me. Aren't you obsessed with the new employee now?" I pulled my elbow towards his arm. Tem laughed and sniffed his arm.

"Your elbow smells so good."

"You must be a womanizer. You're so flirtatious."

"But if I have a lover whom I love, I will stop being flirtatious like this."

I looked at him and forced a dry smile in disbelief. I then struck up a conversation about men, related to the fight I had with Aontakarn.

"Let me ask you something."

"Uh-huh."

"Do men do everything possible to get what they want?"

"Yes. If you ask me to lick the floor and lick your face, I will."

"Why would I ask you to do that?" I kicked him in the shin and continued my line of questioning.

"Be serious. Like... if you really love someone, you'll give them everything. And once you get what you want, you'll leave them?"

"That's too insensitive. If I really like someone, I'll give them everything I have. And if I have her too, I'll love her to death."

"So, not all men are bad."

"Are you worried about Miss Karn?"

"Why do you think it's Karn?"

"Because she's the only one in our office that's been approached by a man. He bought her a huge bouquet." Tem extended his arms to indicate how big the bouquet was. "But... she's beautiful, so it's probably normal for men to approach her. I heard from Jeth that an agency contacted her."

"Yes. Something like that."

"If she enters the entertainment industry, more men will approach her."

Why did I ask so I could feel worse? When Tem saw that I was silent, he leaned his shoulder against me.



"Don't worry too much about Miss Karn. I think she can think for herself. If she's with someone, it's her choice."

"True." I straightened up a little because I was the chosen one.

"And you?"

"What?"

"Have you chosen someone yet?"

I looked at the person who asked me that and smiled shyly.

"Why do you ask? Who would I choose? I'm not beautiful like Karn."

"I liked you from the start. So if you haven't chosen anyone, choose me."

"Stop messing around."

"I'm serious."

"Tem."

"But I'm not the type to buy expensive flowers for a girl. I don't see the point. It's just a waste of money."

I laughed and nodded in agreement.

"That's what I think too."

"I approach you with sincerity. I will dedicate my entire being to you. Please choose me."

I had always thought he was just joking, but when it came to this, I had to turn away, blushing. I had only had one boyfriend so far, and that was Toy. There was no *"please be my girlfriend."* Next thing I knew, he was asking me to use my mouth on him.

But this man was confessing his feelings to me and baring his heart. He was begging me to choose him.

"Chris."

I heard Aontakarn's voice from behind while I was still in shock from Tem's request. I turned around so fast that my neck almost broke. The furious look on her face told me that, adding this to what happened last night, things were going to get really bad.

"Karn."

I immediately stood up from the shock. My hands were sweating, as if I was guilty of something and was afraid of getting caught. The petite woman turned around and was about to walk away. Tem grabbed my arm before I could follow her.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

"Something big." I twisted my arm to free myself from his grip and ran after Aontakarn immediately. The petite woman had tears in her eyes. But she looked more angry than sad. This wasn't good.

"Wait, Karn. Let's talk about this."

As soon as I grabbed her arm, it was a déjà vu of what happened the night before. The sweet-faced girl immediately twisted her arm to free herself from my grip.

"Let me go."

"Are you angry because of Tem? We were just making fun of each other." I hurriedly explained, trying to make what happened something to laugh about. However, Aontakarn showed no signs of humoring me.

"Was that teasing each other? I heard everything from the beginning. You two were flirting. I saw it with my own eyes, and I heard it with my own ears."

"That's crazy! We weren't flirting..." I scratched my head. "Even if he was flirting with me, it was nothing because I don't like him."

"So why didn't you believe me when I said the same thing last night?"

"Oh, okay..."

"You said that I used my charm to pave the career path I've always dreamed of. How are you different from me now? You want to go back and be with a man because you don't like women from the start!"

I dropped my jaw and scratched my head. I didn't know how to approach this.

"Don't talk nonsense like that, Karn."

"You've changed. You didn't even try to make up with me last night. You didn't wait to go home with me. You just got in the taxi without turning around. You didn't call. You didn't text me. You didn't do anything." The little girl fell to the ground crying. When I saw Aontakarn like that, I went from being furious to being shocked. I quickly sat down beside her.

"Karn..."

I reached up to pat her back gently because I didn't know what else to do. Even though I was angry before, I am now slowly letting out a smile. I thought about how I behaved the same way last night.

"Were you waiting for me to contact you last night?"

"You were flirting with Tem because you're bored of me, right?"

"No."

"You're tired because I'm in a bad mood. I do things behind your back. You want to break up with me."

"I'm not going to break up with you."

Aontakarn slowly looked up at me with tears in her eyes. I looked at the small woman, who had tears streaming down her face, with adoration. I supposed that someone so beautiful could look ugly at times.

My little Awwww.

"Chris..."

"I won't break up with you unless you make that request of me." I pressed my lips together and sighed. "I was in a really bad mood last night. I went home but couldn't sleep all night. I was worried about you. I was afraid you were going somewhere with him. I wondered what you were doing and if you were home yet. We usually say goodbye every night. This morning was the first time I woke up in time to see my mother give alms in over ten years."

"I didn't sleep either."

"What time did you get home last night?"

"I left right after you did."

"What about that guy, A?"

"I apologized and told him I had something to do. I thought if I was home, you would call to try to make up with me. I thought you will come to my house. But..." Aontakarn cried again. "You didn't come. You probably wanted to break up with me."

I pulled the petite woman close to me for a hug and swung her back and forth. I didn't care how strong the sun was in Thailand or whether we would soon turn into grilled prawns.

"I'm not breaking up with you. No way. Come on, come on."

"Really?"

"I already told you that I would only break up with you if you wanted me to. I love you very much. You know that."

Aontakarn and I hugged each other tightly, forgetting about Tem, who was another character in this chapter. I didn't even look around to see if he followed us until I heard a cough.

"So, you two are really dating."

Tem asked this. It made Aontakarn and me look at him. The little girl looked at me as if apologetic. She knew I didn't want anyone to know about us.

However, this time, I wanted to make our relationship clear. I am honoring Aontakarn, who didn't care who knew about us. She probably wanted everyone to know, actually. So I admitted it loud and clear.

**"Yes, we are dating."**

When Aontakarn heard that, she was stunned. She then wiped her tears with the back of her hand and admitted it as well.

I wasn't sure if it was because she was too excited or she just wanted to prove that she owned the relationship with me because she didn't like Tem from the start.

**"We are in love."**

## Chapter 34 : Wrong Number

I sat up and pushed Aontakarn's head out from between my legs. She knew full well that I had reached my climax, but she didn't want to leave. It was as if she wanted to torture me to death by arousing me too much.

“No.”

Aontakarn was on her knees beside the bed, gripping my waist firmly. When she didn't move away, I had to pull her hair to force her.

“I can't take it anymore... I mean it.”

“Beg me.”

“Please... I said I couldn't take it anymore. Ah...”

I laid back on the bed, digging my feet into it when Aontakarn showed no signs of releasing me. She was acting aggressively, as if she wanted to unleash all her anger from the previous night on me. Wasn't I the one who should be angry?

“You sound so pitiful,” Aontakarn said, standing up and crawling over to me. She wore only a thin t-shirt and smirked. “Why is this pitiful woman so sexy?”

“Are you getting revenge on me? Wait until it's my turn.”

I pointed a playful finger at her, but Aontakarn simply nibbled on it and licked it like a kitten. That made me flip her over onto the bed and get on top of her with a playful aggression.

“Won't you stop trying to seduce me?”

“Not until one of us dies.”

“Why are you talking about death?” I leaned down and kissed her softly on the chin, nibbling on it to turn her on.

“Last night, I really thought you would... break up with me.”

I looked at her, bewildered. “Do I look like someone who would break up with you?”

“You seemed very angry with me. And I was wrong. I felt very bad.”

“It was a fight. Besides... I was too hot-tempered.” I sighed lightly and leaned tenderly against her. “When I see someone so perfect flirting with you, I get sensitive. I was too harsh... saying that you were using your charm to advance your career.”

“Yes. That was very harsh.”

“I'm sorry I was too possessive. I don't want to stand in your way of success in your dream job, so...”

“...”

“You can contact A. Don't worry about me. I know I can trust you.”

“Is that your hormone talking?”

“Huh?”

“After we do it, we feel euphoric. You're sensitive right now, so you let me do whatever I want.” Aontakarn laughed softly and touched my nose gently. “It felt good to know that you're possessive of me. But not like last night. I don't have any family anymore. You're the only one I have in this world.”

My heart raced when I heard that. I couldn't help but smile.

“I want you to feel calm. I will tell A about our relationship.”

“What will you tell him?” I asked confidently, remembering that afternoon when she had announced our love to Tem loudly and clearly.

*We are in love.*

“What do you want me to say? I'll do whatever you want,” Aontakarn replied indifferently, so I continued to tease her.

“This afternoon, someone announced that we are in love... Now that I think about it, was it a confession of love?”

“Why are you smiling?” Aontakarn pushed my face gently. “Is that love confession? No.”

“You like to ask for tenderness and seduce me. You are also very moody. You are all that... But why is it so difficult for you to say that you love me? Have you ever said that to anyone?”

“No... not even my mother.”

Aontakarn's voice trailed off. I panicked. I might have touched her weak spot.

“I was just messing with you.”

“I have never confessed my love to anyone, not even my mother. I prefer to speak with my actions... Yes, why? I couldn't say a word as simple as ‘love’ until my mother passed away.”

“Have you opened your mother's letter?”

“Not yet.”

“Why not?”

“I don't have the courage to do it.”

She was also a very cowardly person. Aontakarn was afraid of pain, so she wouldn't look at her mother's photo. She wouldn't set foot in her mother's



room. She wouldn't even think of opening her mother's farewell letter.

She had a lot of sensitive sides. My awww.

"Let's go to sleep." I changed the subject. Aontakarn seemed surprised that I would say that all of a sudden.

"Are you sleepy already?"

"We need to rest our bodies. I didn't sleep at all last night. Didn't you say you didn't sleep so well?"

"But, Chris..."

"Huh?"

"I..."

Aontakarn pushed my head down, gently guiding me. I laughed, knowing what I had to do, and lowered myself down to where she wanted me to go. She spread her legs.

"I'm not done yet."

"Good. I forgot I left anyone hanging." I opened my mouth and indulged her. I liked doing this, so I was totally okay with it. I also gave her something special by sliding my fingers into...

"Ah..."

"Let it all out. I'll take it all."

I wasn't sure if everyone in the company was aware of my relationship with Aontakarn, but everyone was acting normal. No one asked us or made fun of us. It was very surprising, especially when someone sent Aontakarn a huge bouquet, like always. I promised I wouldn't feel anything, so I just looked at her and smiled.

"It's lovely."

Aontakarn looked uncomfortable when I complimented the bouquet. She texted me to try to gauge my reaction.

**Aontakarn:** Were you being sarcastic?

**Chris Kitkat:** No. It's really beautiful. Don't you like that I complimented him?

**Aontakarn:** I don't know. I don't know how I feel. You might as well get frustrated.

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Since I was an adult, I knew it was better to keep my feelings hidden. I looked at her from across the room and smiled to let her know I was okay.

But... I wasn't.

I was very frustrated. I took out my tension on my friends, who knew everything from the beginning.

“Good for you, idiot,” Natty said, twisting her mouth. “The supporting actor is always nice like that. In the end, they never get the girl.”

“Don’t be rude.” Ern punched Natty on the shoulder and sighed. “Why are you so nice? You know he’s not Apple, but you keep quiet instead of telling Aontakarn the truth. If you tell her, she might be more cautious.”

“If I tell her and she asks me back, ‘How can you be sure?’ then what am I going to tell her?”

“Tell her you're Apple,” Meen answered and shook her head. “Will you die if you say something nice like that to her? I’m not even talking about the fact that you donated your blood to save her life or the fact that her mother was your school counselor. You two are together. Those are all good things.”

“You're so good at being an idiot,” Natty added.

“How can you grow to be this age?” Ern sighed and looked away from me.

“I've been trying to tell her the truth, but I can't get it out. And it wouldn't do any good to dredge up the past. There's no need to tell someone about all your good deeds.”

“You are good at overthinking and seeing things from a negative point of view.”

“I can’t take it anymore. Meen, do you have any beers in your fridge?” Natty asked. Meen nodded and pointed to the fridge.

“Take whatever you want. You're more stressed than the owner of the story.”

“I'm not going to drink it—it's for Chris.”

“Huh?” I shrugged my neck a little. “No. I've consumed so much beer that I'm chubby now. And I'm not in the mood to celebrate.”

“We're not celebrating. I want to talk to Karakate.”

I shook my head harder and laughed with all my might.

“She doesn't want to go out. I've become so good at drinking that Rung or Karakate can't go out anymore.”

“Then drink to gather your courage.”

“For what?”

“To tell Aontakarn the truth about who you really are. I'm sick of you!”

Everyone liked Natty's idea, so they took out all the beers of different kinds from the fridge and forced me to drink them. The only snack to accompany the beer was some disgusting peanuts. At first, I didn't want to drink, but I got excited. I became more relaxed and ready to let it all out.

“I didn't want to let her go...” I cried a little, but I was still completely conscious. I just needed to tell someone this. No... I was going to tell three people. “But I can't get in the way of her dream.”

“And your dream?”

“Aontakarn is my dream.”

When I said that, all my friends were shocked. It was like they were watching a romantic scene in a movie. They just shook their heads.

“Why am I listening to this? This is so pitiful,” Ern said, letting out a big sigh.

Natty couldn't stand it anymore, so she drank with me.

“Having a stupid friend is so poisonous.”

“How about this... You don’t need to get in the way of her dream. You don’t need to tell her that you feel uncomfortable because she’s still in contact with that person A. How about you just tell her this... Just tell her about your blood donation that save her life.” Meen said, looking uneasy.

"But..." I hesitated.

"It's not a bad thing. You can tell her that," my friends continued to encourage me.

Meen grabbed my shoulders and squeezed them tightly. "Tell her. We think it's a good thing. Aontakarn will be happy that you two had a bond from a young age."

"If you can tell her that, you can tell her that you are Apple."

Meen took her phone and made a call to Aontakarn. She handed me the phone so I could talk to her. I was curious and asked before Aontakarn answered the call.

"How did you get Aontakarn's number?"

[Hello.]

A man's voice on the other end of the line made me pull the phone away from my ear to look at it. I wasn't sure if my friend dialed the right number.

"Who did you call?" I looked at Meen and pointed at the phone.

My bossy friend looked surprised. "Why?"

"There's a man on the line," I said, then spoke to the person on the other end of the line. "Is this Aontakarn's number?"

[Yes. Miss Karn went to the bathroom. Who do you want me to tell her is calling?]

"What?"

After my question, all my friends looked at me. They had become very interested in what was going on. And when the person on the other end of the line heard that, he immediately asked.

[Are you Miss Chris? I should have guessed.]

"Please tell Karn that..." I pressed my lips together tightly. Maybe it was the beer that brought out my boldness. Normally, I wouldn't do something like this. This is something Rung would do.

"Her lover called,"

There was silence between me and the person on the other end of the line for about three seconds. Then he answered me flatly.

[Okay, I'll tell her.]

But... he didn't hang up. And I stayed on the line, as if I was waiting for something. The ambient noise on the line was full of chatter and soft music, indicating they were in a public place. I didn't have to wait long to hear Aontakarn's voice.

"I apologize. Where were we?" Aontakarn asked.

"We were just talking about your first role. I'll cast you as a supporting actress, but I can't promise you'll get the part."

I heard a cheerful laugh. Although I felt guilty for not hanging up, I was intrigued to know what they talked about when they were away from me.

It was probably this... it was all work. Aontakarn came back from the bathroom and talked about work. I felt a little relieved.

"Someone called you. I saw the phone ringing for a while, so I answered the call for you,"

"I thought I had forgotten something. I was looking for my phone."

"The caller asked you to call back."

"Thank you. Did the caller give a name?"

"No," he replied. "The caller just told me to... call your lover."

Everything went silent. I wasn't sure how much time passed, but it was like I was sitting there with them.

What would Aontakarn say...?

Would she admit it like she said she would?

"Do you have a lover?" the man continued to ask indifferently. Aontakarn remained silent, making my heart flutter in fear.

And finally... the sweet-faced woman said.

**"I think... maybe that person called the wrong number."**



## Chapter 35 : The promise that I could handle alcohol better today...

This meant that Rung or Karakate couldn't come out, and I remained completely conscious at all times. The only thing I couldn't control was my temper.

It was a side effect of alcohol—or so I thought. For example, that time I was waiting for Aontakarn in front of her house at midnight. I was a little drunk because I had been drinking a lot. I felt an overflow of all my pain. It was as if a small spark could trigger an explosion.

I waited for more than two hours before Aontakarn finally showed up in a beautiful European car. The two said goodbye, and A drove off. The taillights slowly disappeared into the darkness. I, who had been waiting in the dark, walked over to greet Aontakarn.

"Oww."

The younger woman immediately turned to look at me, appearing shocked and surprised. She raised an eyebrow, looking at me in confusion.

"Chris. How long have you been standing here?"

"About..." I twirled my finger in a circle like a clock hand. "Two hours, I guess. You were out pretty late. What were you doing?"

"Ah. You're jealous again. This is so cute." Aontakarn raised her arms and moved closer, as if she was about to hug me. But I backed away from her, something I had never done before.



This made her stop and lose confidence. "What's wrong? Did you drink? I can smell the alcohol on you."

"I told you I was meeting up with my friends. I'll tell you everything, including who I'm meeting and what I'm doing... What about you? You didn't tell me you were going out with A."

"He asked me to meet him out of the blue. We talked about work."

"What work?"

"I'm going to a casting. I don't know if I'll get the part. We'll have to wait and see."

"He's selling you dreams."

"Hey?"

"He said he'd give you a job a while ago, but I don't see you working on anything other than going out to dinner with him. You're being an obedient girl because you're afraid of losing this opportunity."

"Are you picking a fight with me? Let's not do this. It's nothing. Chris! Why are you walking away from me?" Aontakarn moved to hug me again. She seemed really angry that I walked away from her. "What's going on?"

"I called you, but you didn't answer."

"A answered the call, right? Why did you use a strange number to call me?"

"It was Meen's number."

"Oh... I was going to call you when I got home. It would be weird to chat with you in front of him. I feel uncomfortable doing that."

"Is that really the reason?"

"Of course. Why are you asking me like that?"

Aontakarn frowned and crossed her arms over her chest, like someone who always had to get her way. She knew I tended to let her get away with things when she acted like that. "Did you come here this late to try and catch me doing something wrong so we could fight?"

"Did you do something wrong?"

"No!"

*I think... maybe that person called the wrong number.*

"Okay."

I pressed my lips tightly together and turned around to call a taxi. Seeing that I didn't say anything, Aontakarn grabbed my arm and forced me to turn around to talk to her.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Are you here just for this? Are you here just to fight me?"

"I'm not fighting you. I just wanted to talk and ask you something, then leave... That's all."

I pushed her hand away from me. Aontakarn clenched her hand into a tight fist before crossing her arms over her chest, hiding her fist under her arm.

"Fine. Go if you want!"

Me, who was about to walk away, paused for a moment.

My disappointment made me feel small. It seemed like Aontakarn could sense that, so the one who had acted coldly toward me came over and stood in front of me. She reached out her hand to lift my chin and was surprised.

"Chris... why are you crying?"


"It's nothing." I wiped my tears with the back of my hand. "It's just dust."

I didn't want to fight, but I was bursting inside. I had to do something, and that led me here. It got me to the point where I was walking away from her without any explanation. I just felt despair. I didn't dare say anything to her.

"Sweet dreams." I just said that and decided to leave without worrying about Aontakarn's calls.

*I would keep all this pain to myself...*

***It's me... Chris.***



When I felt things like that, I kept it to myself. I tried to console myself, saying it was just a feeling. If I could just keep up with it and control it, it would pass soon. So, I locked myself in my house. I apologized for not going to our company meeting. My parents were starting to worry about me being left alone.

The people who raised me knew me better than anyone.

Aontakarn tried very hard to contact me after that night. I was panicking because I didn't know what had happened. I didn't want things to seem

abnormal, so I responded to her LINE messages from time to time, but I kept it short. I needed more time to myself to get my feelings under control.

After three days, I started to recover and went to work as usual, acting as if nothing had happened. It was the wrong number...

If Aontakarn said that, that was it.

"Chris, are you better now? I thought it was something serious. Puth was very worried about you." Jeth couldn't help but ruffle my hair in adoration when he saw me. Earn, who wanted to get on my good side, also asked as if we were close.

They were cute.

"Do you want to eat something? I'll buy it for you today. You can ask me to do anything for you today."

"You are very active. It also makes me feel energetic."

I chose to go to the office because I knew Aontakarn wouldn't be there since she had her news anchor job. It was a fixed schedule. Puth knew this too, so he couldn't help but drag his chair over to me and talk to me privately while I worked with my computer.

"Have you broken up with Karn?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Ah-huh... you're not denying it, but you asked me to come back. There must be a problem. What is it?"

I looked at my brother and shrugged.

"It's no big deal."

"You knew she wouldn't be here..."

"Don't act like you know so much."

"Chris."

Puth slowly slid her chair away from me, like a group disbanded, after hearing Aontakarn's voice. I was slightly startled because I didn't think she would come to the office, but I tried my best to act normal and smiled at the younger woman.

"Oh, don't you have to announce the news today?"

"I came to see if you would come today... and you did."

Everything went silent. Since our office wasn't that big, everyone could hear every word we said.

"I felt better today, so I came."

"You're here today because you thought I wouldn't be here."

"You're thinking too much. Why would I do that?"

"Okay. Why would you do that? Tell me."

I pretended to lift my watch to check the time and called Puth and Earn, looking over Aontakarn's head. I didn't want to talk to her now because I knew I could get out of control.

"Puth, Earn, we're going to have lunch."

My invitation made things worse. Those I invited looked uncomfortable. Puth didn't dare move because he wasn't sure what he should do. Earn was silently observing the situation and waiting to see what his lover would do.

"Aren't you going to eat? It's okay. I'll go first."

I walked past Aontakarn and touched her lightly. It was as if I had dropped a huge bomb because the sweet-faced woman could no longer contain her anger.

"Are you crazy?!" Aontakarn grabbed my arm tightly to turn me around.  
"Stop being silent. Say what you think. I hate when you are like this."

"It's no big deal."

"I can't take it anymore. Can't you be direct for once? We're together, in case you forget!"

I closed my eyes. I tried to act normal, but it wasn't helping me at all. Puth and Earn stood up and tried to slowly walk away from this situation so I could sort things out with my lover. But they weren't fast enough because I couldn't contain my anger anymore.

"Do you really want me to be direct? Are you sure that if I do, you'll be honest with me?"

"What is it?"

"What are we?"

"Lovers."

There was no reason to keep that a secret because it seemed like everyone already knew about our relationship. I nodded and pursed my lips before laughing mockingly.

"Why didn't you call me back that night when I called you?"

"I already told you that I didn't want to chat with my lover in front of other people."

"What I heard on the line was something very different."

"What?"

"I told him to tell you that... your lover called."

"And then?"

"I told you that. But you said that... *I probably had the wrong number.*"

My tears were streaming down my cheeks, and I laughed mockingly at myself.

"Damn! Wrong number? What does that mean? It means that you don't have a lover, so the person who called could never be your lover, Karn."

"How did you know that?"

"I didn't hang up because we had just finished our conversation," I said, my voice trembling. "It was good, so I know where I really am instead of daydreaming that I'm your lover one-sidedly. I'm an idiot!"

I stomped out of the office, thinking I couldn't resist and fight with Aontakarn for everyone to hear. However, the sweet-faced woman didn't give up. She walked past me to the elevator and pushed me in the chest to get my attention.

"If you heard that, why didn't you ask me directly?"

"Because if I did that, I was afraid you wouldn't have an answer ready."

I put my hand on my chest as if I was having a heart attack. My heart was clenched tightly. "If you can't answer me, I'd be disappointed because it means you lied to that man and told him you were single. And you told me that too when you said we were in love."

"I..." Aontakarn stuttered.

"People who love each other don't lie!" I started sobbing.

"I tried not to talk about this because I didn't want us to fight. I wanted it to go away, but you forced me out. This is what's happening to me. Can you explain to me why you said that you received a call from a wrong number?"

This time, Aontakarn was stunned. She raised her hand to sweep her hair back, as if she was trying to think of a good explanation.

**Seeing that hurt me because it seemed like the person in front of me was about to trick me.**

"It's because you're making your way in the entertainment industry using your charm."

I pushed Aontakarn out of the way and pressed the elevator button. But the time it took for the elevator to reach this floor made me feel uneasy, so I decided to head for the fire escape.

"Chris, I'm sorry."

She chased me and hugged me from behind. She cried as she apologized to me. I softened, but my anger didn't disappear instantly.

"I need some time alone,"

"Please don't do this. I can't stand it." The sweet-faced woman hugged me so tightly that I felt like my bones were breaking. I tried to break free from her embrace, but now I stayed still and let the small woman cry to ease her pain. "I was wrong."

"..."

"I thought I could tell you after everything was settled. That's all."

"But we said you would tell him frankly that we are lovers," I reminded her.

"Yes, but..."

"I know this is a very important step in your life. But what you did was wrong... If you button the first button wrong, it can never be right," I said firmly.

"..."

"But there is a way... to do it right. And I'm thinking about it."

"What?"



“The only way is for me to no longer be in your life.”

“ ... ”

“Your life will be easier if you’re single.”

I removed Aontakarn’s arm and walked down the stairs. Aontakarn was stunned, but then spoke softly, as if she had no strength left.

“You promised you would never break up with me,”

**“I will never break up with you, like I promised. But I will make you break up with me,”**

“ ... ”

**“Your dream is more important.”**

---

This version uses correct grammar and quotation marks, and ensures the dialogue flows naturally with the proper pronouns for both characters.

## Chapter 36 : Broken Promise

That was our first real fight, and it was probably the biggest since we met. I had never left Aontakarn's side before. Most of the time, I would go to her and try to make up because I didn't want the sweet-faced woman to lose her trust or suffer for too long.

It didn't matter if I was right or wrong-I was always the one trying to reconcile with her. It had always been that way.

But this time, it was different. It felt like what Aontakarn did was too much for me. It seemed as if our relationship wasn't as important as her dream, and she was ready to let me go to pave her way in the entertainment industry.

**Did I have too negative a view of the world?**

I could still remember the small woman's embrace from that afternoon. It was filled with agony. She begged me to empathize. Honestly, I was weak. But a part of me knew it was wrong. I wanted Aontakarn to do the right thing. I never wanted to get in the way of her dream. But like I said, having me in her life made things complicated for her.

So, it was better not to have me...

I was at home and locked myself in my room to cry like I never had before. Since I had my new eyes, I had taken very good care of them. I didn't want to waste time without seeing the world again. So this was "*the first time*" I hurt my new eyes by getting them wet for more than three hours.

I couldn't stop crying.

"Chris, open the door and let me in. Chris!"

Puth shouted outside my door. I wanted to scream and tell him to stop yelling. But my voice was too shaky at the moment. I wasn't ready to open my mouth and speak.

"Don't close the door and hide like that. Everyone is worried about you. Open the door."

"I want to be alone," I replied weakly.

"Let me in,"

"Geez!"

I yelled in frustration and opened the door to my brother in a bad mood, tears streaming down my face. My parents, who were standing behind Puth, sighed when they saw my condition. Puth took this opportunity to walk into my room and close the door, leaving my parents outside.

"Why are you in my room?"

"I'm afraid you'll close the door on me. Let's talk,"

"Puth, I'm not ready to talk."

"You've locked yourself in your room for three days. And after you finally go to the office today, you lock yourself in again. You're making everyone in this house anxious... What happened between you and Aontakarn?"

I looked at my brother. He must have already known something, but he was still pretending to ask me about it.

"It's just like you heard. Everyone in the office likes to butt in, so you should already know what happened."

"Is it because of that guy, A?"

"Yeah."

"I've been wanting to talk to you about this for a while,"

Puth walked over to my bed and sat down. He was silent, as if he was trying to find a way to say it in the least hurtful way possible.

"As is nature, women are meant to be with men, so that we can keep humanity alive..."

"Get to the point,"

"You should have prepared for this from the beginning. It couldn't last."

"What are you trying to say? You almost broke down my door to make me cry more!"

I started crying again, causing Puth to stand up and hug me to comfort me. But the more he comforted me, the more I wanted to be a self-centered little girl. I tried to walk away and hit him hard. "Are you here to trample me? You're an idiot."

"I just want to be honest with you so you can move on quickly. Men and women are meant to be together. Aontakarn is just starting to become known now. There will be more and more people approaching her. You're the one who's going to get hurt, Chris."

I hugged my brother and cried. I understood what he was trying to tell me. I had thought about this, but I stopped thinking about it because my lover told me that I could trust her. That was until I heard what she said on the phone that day and that day earlier.

"Puth... It hurts so much," I sobbed.

"I know... I know. If there's anything I can do to ease your pain, I will," he said softly.

And things remained the same. I was left alone to nurse my wound in silence. Believe me, every second was torture for someone who really misses someone. But I was lucky to have my family. I had my brother, who was my support when I was in pain.

As for Aontakarn...

Many times when I thought about this, I would pick up the phone with the intention of calling the little girl to ask her how she was, but another part of me told me that this was not the right time for that.

Maybe we both needed space to reconsider things before trying to fix this relationship. If I acted too hastily, our relationship, which was now like a delicate glass with cracks, could break and never be put back together again.

In the end, our longing reached the point where we could no longer bear it. Aontakarn sent me a brief message:

**Aontakarn:** Chris.

That was all it took for me to immediately pick up the phone and call the sweet-faced woman. My heart raced from the first ring until someone answered the line. It raced when I heard her breathing and a raspy voice saying,

[Hello!]

That alone was enough to bring tears to my eyes.

"How are you doing, Karn?" I asked gently.

[Not good at all.]

The sobbing voice on the line made me cover my mouth and sob too. We really missed each other a lot. I didn't know why we wasted so much time being angry.

"I'm not doing well either. I miss you so much," I said.

[Are you not mad at me anymore?]

"If being angry with you means I can't see you, I won't be angry with you."

[This is great. I can't stand missing you anymore. Should I come see you? I really want to see you.]

"No. I'll come to you. Give me twenty minutes,"

Since our argument, that was the first day I had felt joy in my heart. I washed my face and quickly got dressed. I left my house with a smile on my face. Even my mother, who was watching television in the living room, was surprised to see me leave the house. She sat up straight and looked at me curiously.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'll be back. No... don't wait for me. I'm going to spend the night with a friend!"

I said happily and ran out to call a taxi. I waited anxiously for one. I was very excited at that moment. I was like a young girl on her first date and I was afraid of being late.

Why was I so happy? I was like the living dead, lying in my bed less than an hour ago. Now that I think about it, should I buy a car?

All my friends my age already had one. I was the only one who traveled on a rented motorbike or used a taxi. Ah... I had to reconsider so I wouldn't have to wait too long when I wanted to go see Aontakarn.

I didn't have to wait too long for a taxi to pick me up and drop me off at Aontakarn's house, after two turned me away!

I looked out the window and admired the view happily. Locking myself in my room to reflect on my pain was awful. I wasn't angry with Aontakarn anymore. We would clear things up, hug each other, sleep together, and fall in love again.

Life should be that simple.

I estimated it would take twenty minutes to get there. After paying for the taxi, I got out and was about to ring the bell. But I laughed as I paused and frowned.

Since when did I have to ring the bell when I arrived at Aontakarn's house? I could get in because I had the keys.

When I realized that, I ran to the door. I was about to enter when a phone call stopped me.

"Meen?"

Normally, my friends would text instead of call. So for Meen to call me like that meant it was something important.

I hesitated a bit on whether I should take the call or not because I couldn't wait to see Aontakarn. But it was probably important, so I'd save my friend some time.

Because it was Meen.

"What's wrong? You're calling me at a bad time," I said.

[Have you seen the news?]

"What news? I haven't watched any TV these past few days."

[What about Facebook feeds? Have you opened them?]

"What's so important?"

[It's about you and Aontakarn. I captured it and sent it to you via LINE. Open it. Now!]

My friend's anxious voice made me pull the phone away from my ear with a grimace. I opened the clip at her request, as it probably wouldn't take up too much of my time. But as soon as I saw it, my heart sank because I remembered what this clip was about.

Why... how did Meen get this clip?

Puth said he deleted it.

I stood there, stunned and numb because I didn't know what to do. The person inside the house opened the door, as if she knew I had been there for a while. Aontakarn didn't look well. When I looked into her eyes, I could see the rage directed at me.

"Karn,"

"Are you happy now?"

"What do you mean?"

"You would go to such extremes to claim to own me? Is this what you want? You destroyed me," Aontakarn said, her voice trembling with anger.

Aontakarn threw her cell phone at my chest so hard that I heard a thud. I placed my hand on my chest where it hurt because the phone was quite heavy. I immediately understood what she meant.

"Calm down. I didn't do it,"



“You didn’t, but it must be someone close to you. Someone who wants revenge on me for hurting you!” Aontakarn pushed me in the chest angrily.

I staggered from the force of the push but continued to try to communicate with her. “Are you happy? You wanted everyone to know about us, so there you go! You did it.”

“Karn, I have nothing to do with this. I just found out at the same time as you. Why would I do this?”

“You did it so I would stop contacting A. Are you so jealous of him? Are you so afraid that he will steal me from you that you are willing to expose yourself and me to the whole world? How can I announce the news? How can I confront anyone?”

“It’s not that bad. In the clip... my face is lighter than yours,”

“But people know it's me in the clip. They’ll think I’m not normal because I like women. It’s okay for you because nobody knows you. But me! Everyone remembers me. It’s me in front of the camera. My opportunities were over before I even set foot in the industry!”

Aontakarn screamed like never before and covered her face with her hands. I was stunned and surprised by how things turned out.

“I... I’m sorry,” I said, even though I wasn’t sure why I was apologizing. I wanted to lessen her anger and comfort her, but my apology seemed worthless.

“What’s the point of apologizing? It’s already happened. My dream... it’s over. Everything’s gone!” she cried.

“Karn,”

“People who love each other should support each other. Why is it like this when I’m with you?”

I fell silent, unable to answer.

“I couldn’t follow my dream. My heart hurts because I have to worry about us fighting. Having you in my life doesn’t make me happy. If being together is so bad, why be in love?”

I was heartbroken. Even though I hadn’t done anything and didn’t know anything about it, I felt responsible. I was the reason it happened and the end of Aontakarn.

Having me in her life didn’t make things better.

Realizing this, I nodded in acceptance of my guilt and smiled at her through my tears.

“Do whatever your heart desires, Karn. I know what you want now.”

We fell silent. Aontakarn was surprised by my words. It felt harsh, but I had put her in this situation and was forcing her to do something very difficult.

Let me be the one to do the difficult thing.

I walked over to Aontakarn and cupped her face. She stood still, stunned, as if in shock. She probably felt guilty for lashing out at me, but once the glass breaks, you have to leave it be.

“I’m sorry I can’t keep my promise. I know this is too hard for you.” I kissed Aontakarn on the cheek and said softly so only the two of us could hear,

“Let’s end this.”

“Chris...”

“Our love has need to end.”

## Chapter 37 : Flirting is over.

The relationship between Aontakarn and me collapsed like a sandcastle washed away by the waves. All I was left with was my aching heart.

She didn't try to hold on to me, and I didn't look back. Ah... it really was over, and it would remain that way.

It was strange that I didn't cry like the previous times. I just stayed still and cried from time to time. I didn't starve. I went to work as usual, as if nothing had happened. Everyone in the team watched the news, but no one dared to ask questions, except one.

“Chris, how are you?”

One morning, as I was about to leave for work, Puth could no longer stand my casual attitude. He came over to my room to ask me this. It was a good thing I was dressed. But no matter; Puth had always been like that.

“What do you mean?”

“You and Aontakarn.”

“It's over.”

Puth looked guilty, so I laughed at him.

“Why are you making that face? You're acting like the world is about to fall apart.”

“I can explain to you about the video.” Puth came into my room and sat on my bed. “I know you must think I did it.”

“No. That thought never crossed my mind.”

“Why not? That’s the obvious conclusion. The only person who saw the video of you and Aontakarn was me. If I didn’t post it, who did?”

“Do you want to be found guilty? I don’t want to find out, but do you want to talk about it? Are you crazy?”

Even though I said that, Puth still looked like he was about to cry. I explained to my brother what I thought, and he understood what it was.

“I know you didn’t do it because you love me too much... If you did, you would have censored my face.” I shrugged indifferently. “I was angry with you at first. Really angry... Even though you told me you would delete it, it came out. Either you have it stored on your phone, or you saved it with the intention of using it to make fun of me in the future.”

“You know me too well.” Puth sat hunched over. I reached over to pat him on the back in comfort.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to feel guilty.”

“I really didn’t. And the person who did, I already broke up with.”

“So, it was Earn?”

I felt bad for her... She probably didn’t think it through.

She must have felt my pain when she saw Aontakarn prioritize A over me. She wanted to get revenge on Aontakarn, forgetting to think about all the consequences because she was immature.

“I admit I was very angry with Aontakarn, so I told her. Who would have thought that she would be so stupid as to steal the clip from my computer and post it on social media?”

“Like you said, a relationship between two women won’t last. Either Aontakarn or I will want men again someday anyway. It’s just that it’s faster than I expected. I feel bad for Earn... Don’t break up with her.”

Puth's eyes filled with tears. He wiped them away with the backs of his hands.

"Don't be such a nice person. You should yell at me. At least do something to make me feel less guilty."

"I know there's no point in doing that. I hope you really delete the clip if something like that happens again."

I made sure he knew I was serious about the last sentence. That made Puth nod enthusiastically.

"Yes, ma'am!"

Ah... I was calmer than I thought I would be. I was in front of Earn, the person who posted the clip of me having a nice time with Aontakarn, and I could still look at the strikingly-featured person adoringly.

She seemed to feel very bad about what she did and was ready to cry at any moment. I had to try not to laugh. But what was worse was the garland she prepared to formally apologize to me.

"Can I do the traditional Thai dance to express my apologies and show you how guilty I feel?"

Was she really here to apologize to me? I wanted to laugh out loud, dammit...

"You don't have to go that far. I already told Puth that I understand."

"No. Earn has to apologize to you for complicating your relationship and ruining it!" Puth gently pushed Earn's head down. I didn't know what to do, so I scratched my head.

"You're exaggerating. I already told you to forget it."

"Let Earn at least dance for you once."

I quickly raised my hand to stop them and earnestly begged them to stop. Damn it. Were they there to apologize to me or to make me laugh?

“If you dance, I will be very angry with you. Please look around. This is a restaurant, not a school theater.”

I told them this seriously and crossed my arms over my chest, so Earn and Puth dismissed the idea of dancing as an apology. They sat down sheepishly in front of me.

“Let me apologize to you for what I did. I didn’t think it through, and I couldn’t stand Miss Karn giving priority to someone who came later over you, so I did it.”

“If you really want to dance to express how sorry you are, you should dance with Aontakarn. I don’t care that much because I’m a nobody. She’s the one on TV. She has to announce the news and she’s the face of our clips.”

“Our clips? There won’t be any more.” Puth said that nonchalantly as we talked about Aontakarn because he was still angry at her for what she did to me.

“What do you mean?”

“That’s all. Other than announcing the news, she won’t be the face of anything else. She called Jeth yesterday to step down from AppTalk. She’s no longer part of our company. That’s good. So you won’t feel uncomfortable. If I have to choose between you and that woman, I’ll choose you.”

I was frustrated when I heard that. At first, I didn’t feel angry, but now I was breathless because I couldn’t stand the fact that Puth didn’t care about Aontakarn in the slightest.

“And you just let her go?”

“She wants to retire. What can we do?”

“What will you do if she retires?”

“Read the news. She’s going to be an actress too, isn’t she? She doesn’t need our website anymore.”

I slammed my hand on the table angrily. Puth and Earn jumped when they saw me do that all of a sudden. They blinked blankly, trying to figure out what was going on.

“Don’t talk like that. The person who is in the deepest shit is Aontakarn. She is the face in front of the camera. Everyone knows her. Even if she is not a famous actress like others, she is well-known. What about the people around her and the ones she has to work with? Isn’t all this bad enough for her? Why do you have to trample on her?”

“Hey. I’m on your side. Why are you mad at me? Did you forget that Aontakarn prioritized someone else over you? Did you forget how much she hurt you?”

“It’s not her fault. She has a dream. It was my fault for getting in her way!”

Everyone fell silent as the scream grew louder. The owner, the waiter, and all the customers fell silent.

“You love her too much.”

“And I will continue to love her like that!”

I tried not to feel anything, and I thought I did well. But in the end, when I knew that Aontakarn might be in a difficult situation, I worried about her. I worried about how she was living her life. She had no one. She only had her mother... who had already passed away.

Ah... I hadn't seriously asked Aontakarn where all her family members went.

And I was so anxious and lost that I was hiding in a corner in front of Aontakarn’s house. I looked at the lights after the sky went dark. I was so worried about her. She was a woman living alone in a house with no one to take care of her.

10 pm...

11 pm...

And the lights went out. I kept watching until I was sure the little woman was sleeping before I went home. If we were still together, I would spend the night with her. But now we had no status, so I could only watch her from the front of her house.

And I would continue to watch her like that.

Yes... I did what I said I would do.

These past few days, I hadn't headed straight home after work. I'd just kept an eye on Aontakarn from afar. I knew her schedule well. I knew what time the petite woman would get home.

From what I could see, there was no European car picking her up and dropping her off like before, which surprised me. But I had no right to ask her anything. I got home around midnight every night.

In the end, Puth couldn't stand it and had to ask me about it.

“Why do you come home so late every day? Did you get a second job at a nightclub... Oh, Mom. You hit me with a saldina!”



Even my mother, who was sitting at the table eating, couldn't bear what Puth just said.

"How can you ask your sister that kind of question? She's a lady."

"Puth wants to know what's going on!" Puth, who tended to use his name instead of "I" when he wanted to ask our parents for tenderness, made my mouth twist. Why was he so rude to his sister? He was ruder than the sandpaper used on cement.

"I'm an adult now. I can do whatever I want and go wherever I want. Even my parents don't ask me these questions."

"Actually, I was going to ask you too, but Puth beat me to it," my father interrupted. I had to stay quiet and hunch my back. I lied to end the conversation.

"I'm going to see Meen because I'm bored."

"Why are you bored?"

"I'm heartbroken."

"Did you have a lover?"

Since my parents were older and didn't use the internet much, they didn't see their daughter's video. It was a good thing that Aontakarn wasn't that famous, so it didn't make the TV news like that photo of a leading actress kneeling and sucking her shirtless co-workers while sitting.

But even though she wasn't famous, it certainly affected her work.

When Puth heard that, he threw his car key to me and went back to eating his food. I looked at my brother a little and asked with a deep voice full of distrust, "What is this?"

"A car key."

"What I meant was—Why did you throw it at me?"

“I lent it to you. You’re a woman. It’s not safe to be out of the house at night. At least drive your own car.”

“Okay. I’ll buy one.”

“Give it back to me when you’re done.”

“What will you use in the meantime?”

“There are many options. I’m a man. It’s much easier for me. Don’t ask too many questions. It’s an act of kindness. Would you rather—I kick you out of your chair?”

I looked at my brother with gratitude. Even though he had a big mouth, he never stopped loving and adoring me.

My brother was brother of the year.

“Ah... did you know that there will be a new employee to replace Aontakarn today?”

I could feel my face tighten when I heard that. I was so sad about this. Because that position was Aontakarn’s and Aontakarn’s alone. She built the website with us. Why was someone reaping the benefits of her hard work? Instead of being grateful, I was furious again.

“Uh-huh.”

“Be nice to her... She’s beautiful.”

“And?”

“In case you like her.”

I bit my lip in annoyance. Puth laughed happily when he saw that. He pulled me by the collar to get me up.

“Let’s go to work, sis. You can take a ride with me. No. Let me accompany you. You have the car key now.” Puth led the way and left the house

cheerfully.

“I’m so excited. There’s going to be a new girl today. In case my sister gets a new wife... ouch. Did you kick the person who just lent you their car? How ungrateful!”

“Wow!”

The new employee Puth talked about that morning arrived. Tho was the one who recruited her. He said she graduated from a famous university and was an internet idol.

She was a little taller than Aontakarn. She had a pretty face, very fair skin, good manners, and a beautiful voice that didn’t have any nasal tone.

How annoying...

“If you could, I would greatly appreciate some guidance. If I do something wrong, please let me know. Cate is here to learn and I will do my best.”

After the beauty pageant presentation—that’s how she introduced herself, she bowed politely. Everyone was very excited about the new employee and clapped to cheer her on. I wasn’t particularly excited because I wasn’t one to get excited about a new hire. So I just clapped a little out of politeness.

“Chris. Please be her mentor.” Tho told me this because he saw that I didn’t say much during the presentation. I just nodded without saying anything. I

just wanted the meeting to end.

I wanted to go home.

“Miss Chris.”

The new employee called out to me as I walked toward the elevator. I heard her but pretended I didn't. I crossed my arms over my chest and stood still instead of turning to face her. I was frustrated.

I was frustrated, even though Cate hadn't done anything wrong.

“Miss Chris, do you hate me?”

I was startled when I heard the question from the new employee blurted out. I turned around to look at her in panic.

It was the same question Aontakarn asked me the first time we worked together. When I heard that, I went from being frustrated to loving her and feeling sorry for her.

I no longer pretended not to hear.

“No, I'm sorry. I was thinking about something.”

“Ah... Good. I thought you were pretending not to hear me.”

“Why would I do that?”

“I heard you were very close to the previous announcer, so I was afraid you might dislike me for taking her place. You didn't say anything at the meeting either. You didn't give any hints about how you feel.”

“You are very observant.”

“I want to be your friend.”

I smiled slightly and nodded. It was okay. She was being friendly. There was no reason for me to reject her friendship. Having a friend was better

than having an enemy.

“Sure. We have to work together for a long time. How can we not be friends?”

“You’re smiling. You’re really cute when you smile.”

I scratched my cheek shyly when I heard that.

“Please smile a lot.”

“Hey?”

“Your smile makes me feel good.”

Finally, the elevator I had been waiting for arrived. I waved my hand for Cate to get in first, but she shook her head.

“I’m not taking the elevator. I just wanted to talk to you. See you later.”

“Okay.”

“Miss Chris?”

I pressed the elevator open button and looked curiously at the person who just called me.

“I meant it. Your smile makes me feel good.”

The new employee repeated this to me before turning around and walking back to the office. I had to reflect on what she had just said.

**Was she flirting with me?**

## Chapter 38 : For you... the woman who likes flowers

“Maybe you're just imagining it. Maybe she just wants to cheer you up. A woman as beautiful as that would never be interested in someone as ugly as you, Chris.”

When Natty heard my story on Skype, she quickly interrupted me to discourage me. I really wanted to stomp the computer monitor with my foot, but it turned out that my parents had raised me to be noble. So I could only bare my teeth.

“Is that voice coming out of your mouth or your buttocks?”

“Ha. I was just joking. What are you so afraid of? If she flirts with you, just flirt back. What's so complicated about that?”

Since my friend was calm, I didn't want to think too much about her advice. I turned to ask Meen. She was still listening and analyzing the situation.

“What do you think?”

“Same as Natty... I mean, maybe she just wanted to be friends with you. She's probably not interested in you that way. That's the reality. Not everyone likes women.”

“I still like men,” I insisted. “Aontakarn was just an exception. Apart from her, I don't like any other woman.”

“And you don't like any other man either, right? Maybe you're cursed.” Ern entered the scene at this point. She then let out a sigh. “You should find

someone to help you get back on your feet.”

“I don’t agree.” Meen shook her head. “We shouldn’t use someone who knows nothing as a spite or to replace someone. That’s a selfish act.”

“But...”

“Don’t fight. I just wanted to know if she was flirting with me. Maybe I was wrong. I just wanted to find something to talk about with you girls. I’m bored.”

My friends fell silent when they heard that, though their mouths were still open, they understood how I felt. We’ve all been in relationships, both good and bad, so they knew I needed encouragement, even though I was trying to be strong.

“Have you been crying?”

Meen asked me this. I nodded to admit it honestly.

“Yeah.”

“Alone?”

“Uh-huh.”

“You can cry, but not for too long. She may be very happy while you are crying.”

“Talking about this makes me so angry. How can you see your dream career in the entertainment industry as more important than my friend? God...”  
Natty snapped her fingers loudly.

I quickly argued on Aontakarn’s behalf. It was an automatic response.

“You have to take advantage of the opportunity when it presents itself.”

“After everything she’s done to you, you’re still arguing on her behalf? Is my friend a buffalo?” Natty scratched her head until the skin on her scalp

was almost coming off. She was very angry with me. Ern just shook her head as if she was tired.

“Love makes a person who is already stupid even more stupid. Although we don't blame her, others do. Do you know what people say about the video?”

“I don't want to know.”

I avoided looking at the monitor as if I was avoiding eye contact with my friends because I couldn't hear the negative comments about Aontakarn. However, Ern didn't stop.

“It's common for people hiding behind a keyboard to bully people. They have fun gossiping and harassing them. But the interesting thing is not those bullies, but someone who knows a lot about you.”

“Huh?” I looked at Ern. “What do you mean?”

“Someone revealed the relationship between you and Aontakarn in detail, describing who Aontakarn is and where she comes from. It also describes who you are. It's like it's from someone close to both of you... It also talks about how you do it, as if the person is under your bed. Who do you think can give such details? Who knows you and Aontakarn?”

“That damn Toy!”

“Yeah.”

I almost forgot about this character. Aontakarn must have been going through a hard time. I thought things had calmed down because Aontakarn wasn't a famous actress yet. But instead of calming down, Toy revived it so that more people would know the sweet-faced woman through fake news.

I had to do something...

I hadn't written a letter to Aontakarn under the alias 'Apple' in a long time. I thanked myself for overthinking and never revealing that I am Apple. At least I could still use that alias to encourage her now that we had broken up




without her knowing it was me. I could give her the will to move on without me.

She had no one in this world...

**Apple was the only person who could make her happy.**

After going through the comments my friends had told me to read, I decided to write Aontakarn a letter. This letter from Apple was probably the longest one I had ever written. I didn't want to write to her on Twitter because I wanted her to hold a nice-smelling letter while she read my encouraging words. It would make it feel more real and tangible. She would notice that the letter was written with intention.

I would give her the letter the next morning...



It was funny that I drove Puth's car to park in front of Aontakarn's house to see if the petite woman had already turned off the light and gone to sleep so late at night. Tonight was just like every night. A warm light shone through the window. Soon it would be time for her to go to sleep... The sweet-faced woman was safe and sound, with nothing to worry about.

“Sweet dreams, my beautiful lady.”

I told Aontakarn this softly as I sat alone in the car. I drove away slowly with soft music playing in the background. As I was leaving Aontakarn's

house, a call came in from Puth, so I had to take the call through the speakerphone.

“What's wrong, Puth?”

[What time is it? Why haven't you come home yet? Where are you?]

“How nosy.”

[I am your brother \*sbsbbska skdkdbsnsks\*]

Puth complained non-stop. It made me shake my head tiredly. Why did I think I heard someone calling my name just now?

No... I was in the car. Who could be calling me?

---

There was applause to cheer on the new female announcer, who did a good job in place of Aontakarn. We were filming outdoors. Tho, Jeth, and the entire crew tried to cheer on the new recruit. That included me, who accompanied her. Although she wasn't as good as the previous female announcer, it was better than not having one at all.

“How did it go, Chris? Is there anything I need to improve?”

I smiled at the eager new employee and shook my head.

“No. You did well, Cate.”

“Great. I thought I would get you into trouble.”

“You worry too much. If you do something wrong, I'll let you know. But you did very well today. You were very professional.”

I congratulated her a little and got ready to leave. But Cate didn't let me go easily. She walked beside me and started a conversation with me.

“I heard you're buying a new car?”

“Oh, yeah.” It must have been Puth who told her that. “Do you have a suggestion?”

“I don't know much about cars. But if it's an ex, I can give you some advice.”

“Hey?”

Cate looked sad as we moved on to this topic. Should I continue talking about this? Would it be rude if I didn't? After all, she was the one who started the topic.

“Are you okay?” I decided to keep it vague. “If there's anything I can do to help, you can let me know.”

“I heard you just broke up with your lover too.”

Puth had a very big mouth.

“Yes. I did.”

“How did you get over it?”

“I just had to... What else could I do?” I answered frankly because there wasn't a single day when I had gotten over it. I just pretended to be strong.

“I also had a girlfriend.”

“You've probably heard a lot about what happened to me... Since we're talking about it, you can ask me whatever you want.” I laughed and relaxed. When Cate saw that I understood her, she stuck her tongue out cutely.

“I feel good to have a friend with similar tastes. There may be a lot of people like us... I mean women who like women, but not so much that you'd run into one wherever you went. So when I heard you had a girlfriend, I wanted to befriend you.”

“I can understand that.”

Cate was a talkative girl. She was the one in control of our conversation most of the time, which was good because I didn't know what to ask or what to talk about. I preferred to be the listener. After a while, I offered to let her out because I saw she was about to call a cab. It allowed us to talk a little longer.

Cate was 23 years old. She was much younger than me. She graduated with a BA in Communication Arts. She was an internet idol on Instagram and a beauty blogger. Tho saw her and invited her to be the host instead of Aontakarn because she spoke very clearly, expressed herself well, and was calm. She had just broken up with her lover—a tomboy—because she caught her cheating. It wasn't the first time. So she decided to break up.

“And you, Chris? Why did you break up with Miss Aontakarn? Is it because of that clip?”

I was shocked when she mentioned the clip. I could assume she had seen it. Damn. They had all heard me moan.

“That's part of it. We broke up for a good reason.”

"They broke up, even though they're still in love?"

"Well... something like that." I smiled slightly and sadly. "Actually, I'm not sure if it was better for us to break up, even though we were still in love. It might be easier if we hated each other like you and your lover did. To me, it was like we didn't break up, but we had reasons to go our separate ways."

"Does that really exist? People who break up even though they are still in love? What could be the obstacle that separates lovers?"

"There are... many."

"No. I think it means they don't love each other enough, so they put some reasons above their love. One case I heard about is an older woman of my ex... I'll keep it anonymous. She's a car saleswoman. She sold European cars. She was in love with another woman, like us. Her lover was her brother's ex, and she was the reason her brother committed suicide. But she didn't give up. She saved up, and they ran away to create a life together in a remote province."

I listened to the story with interest. How come no one called to talk about this on the radio show I like to listen to?

"And how are they now?"

"I heard that they are happy. The mistress is a beautiful dentist. This world is full of beautiful flowers. Our country is very beautiful."

Cate stammered as she put her hand on her chest in a dreamy state of mind. As soon as I hit the brakes, her phone fell to the ground.

"I'm sorry I hit the brakes so suddenly. The traffic light turned red."

I bent down to take the phone because I felt guilty. My hand accidentally touched hers. It was as if time had stopped. No one moved. I didn't even dare to breathe because I didn't want to make any noise.

I was the one who took my hand away first.

"I'm sorry. Where do you want me to drop you off?"

I intended to drop her off at home, but I quickly asked her to drop her off on the way because I didn't want to start anything. Her eyes and body language were giving me clues that made me say to myself right away...

No.

She couldn't be anyone else for me.

"You can drop me off at the next subway station... Thanks for the ride, Chris."

"My pleasure."

I turned on the hazard light and dropped Cate off at the subway station. Then I drove on alone. This was the rudest I had ever been to another human being. And it was all because I was scared.

I was afraid of deceiving Aontakarn...

But how could that be wrong? We were already done. I was the one who broke up with her, but I couldn't move on to have someone new or even give someone a chance? Just thinking about giving someone a chance made me think of the warm light from the window of her house. The sweet-faced woman was alone, fighting with everyone around her who knew what she did in that clip.

Instead of paying attention to the new employee, I should concentrate on what I intended to do, which was the letter I was preparing that day.

Aontakarn's only incentive was Apple.

By the way, was that fake Apple still sending her flowers? If she suddenly received a letter without flowers, would it be weird?

Never mind. She could make the fake Apple look better. Aontakarn's feelings were more important at this point. I wanted the sweet-faced woman to be able to stand with her head held high as she got through this.

Flower shop...

I'm not myself. Someone like me was buying flowers... It was the stupidest thing I'd ever done in my life.

I looked wearily at the white lily with a long stem wrapped in expensive paper, which cost more than 300 baht. I reluctantly paid for it to make someone smile.

Aontakarn would probably announce the news today, as usual. It was almost time for me to leave work. I had to hurry and leave everything at the reception desk, as I usually did.

"Please give this to Miss Aontakarn. It's from her fan."

It all happened quickly. I dropped everything at the reception desk and ran out of there because I was afraid someone would recognize me. It wasn't like I was famous or anything. But I was always cautious when it came to Aontakarn. I was afraid people might link me to the clip, and that would create problems for the sweet-faced woman.

Aontakarn only had Apple at this time.

And I could only communicate with Aontakarn through Apple.

---

*Dear you... who is loved,*

*I apologize for not contacting you for so long. There were a lot of chaotic events in my life that took up most of my time. I think it was the same for you.*

*How are you doing well lately? Have you been eating enough and sleeping soundly, as you should?*

*Someone once told me that sadness and happiness are like the wind. It will pass—make us feel things, and then it will go away. You may not be happy now, but that doesn't mean you won't laugh tomorrow.*

*Dear Aontakarn, you—whoever is loved, always remember that you are not alone in this world. Even if you have no one left, you still have me...*

*I... will always be your Apple.*

*Always.*

*I don't know if my support can still make you happy. I want you to know that you are my support in everything I do.*

*These hands will embrace you and support you in every way possible.*

*These eyes will only look at you. Even if everyone looks at you, I will still be here to take care of you and not abandon you.*

*And as always, the only thing you have to do in return for my love for you is smile...*

*Your smile makes me happy.*

*I hope to see you happy again someday. Not only is my handwriting not messy today, but I also sent you a white lily that you like with this letter.*

*To you... who likes flowers*

*To you... who have a lively smile*

*To you... who are the apple of my eye*

*Dear you... who are loved*

*—Apple*

I wish that you... move forward with grace. I will look at you from afar like this, always.

**My Aontakarn...**



*Translator:*

*Dear you... my readers.*

*If you're all confused about the story that Cate had shared—that story was also a novel of Chao Planoy titled 'Us'.*

*The flow of the story and the lover-characters might a red flag their story is still worth reading.*

*All the novels of Chao Planoy wouldn't be completed without the Cafeteria owned by Dokrak.*

## Chapter 39 : A Chance

“Moron!”

Natty threw peanuts in my face when she discovered my whereabouts and recent actions. As you know, I rely on my friends when I'm sad. They are mirrors that provide me with reflections of myself.

“What do you mean?”

"You're stupid times three. After everything she did to you, you wrote her a letter to cheer her up. God... do you eat grass for food?"

“Do you have to be so emotional?”

I handed the peanuts back to my friend and drank my beer. As we all know, ever since I dated Aontakarn, I've been able to handle alcohol much better. Karakate wouldn't be showing up again today or in the following days.

“I'm frustrated. This is something only an idiot would do. Who in their right mind would do this? She disgraced you. She said you pushed her away and stood in the way of her success.”

“I really did that.”

“Who was the one who used her tongue in the clip? You just spread your legs... Oops, you idiot, that's a whole handful of peanuts!” Natty swept the peanuts off the floor and put them in her mouth. “It would be a waste to throw them away.”

“Do you have to mention that clip? You know how bad it makes me feel.”

“If the clip makes you feel bad, why don't you feel bad for Aontakarn? It would be a lot easier if you hated her.”

Although Natty's words were sarcastic, they were logical.

Yes, why wasn't I angry or did I hate her, no matter what? When I fought with her, it was more like sulking. I never thought of hurting her because I couldn't bear to see her hurt.

If Aontakarn felt pain... I would suffer more.

“How could someone as tolerant as you understand someone who found true love like Chris?” interrupted Meen, who had been listening all this time. “It's not easy to stop loving someone when you love them, especially when it's your first for the other.”

“It's not about that...” I tried to argue, but no one seemed to pay attention to me.

“But since you and Aontakarn have already ended things, you should give yourself a chance to start over. What about that new employee? What is her name?” Ern mentioned the new employee.

“Cate.”

“Yeah, Cate. She's obviously flirting with you, but you're kicking her out of your car to go buy flowers for Aontakarn. My friend is a real idiot!”

“It's not easy to start over. Besides, I didn't like women from the start. Breaking up with Aontakarn doesn't mean I'll just choose any woman... Maybe I'll choose a man.”

“Get yourself a husband. Try it.” Natty snapped her fingers. That made Meen smack her on the head.

“You always lead the topic in that direction. Don't suggest crazy ideas to her when she's so sensitive. Things can easily go wrong. If she doesn't like anyone yet, there's no need to push her.”

“Of all my friends, you’re the most logical, Meen.” I looked at my friend, grateful. Meen shrugged and placed her beer mug against mine.

“Let's toast to stupid love. You're not the only one who's sad on earth, my friend... Oh, there's a radio program on today that we like.”

Meen noticed this, so she quickly turned on the radio on the computer. The DJ's sweet voice could be heard. I shook my head.

“This isn’t good. Listening to the stories of those who are in worse situations than us is like stepping on other people to make yourself feel better,” I said what I felt.

This was like what adults told you to do, which was to look at those who are sadder when you are feeling sad. If you think your life sucks, think about those who are disabled or something.

I didn't like that kind of thinking.

“They call because they want to talk to someone. You don't have to be a nice person all the time. Step on other people's to calm yourself down a bit. It's not like we're stepping on them in the air. We're just listening to it to make ourselves feel better. So, let's listen.”

Ern nodded. I didn't know how to argue with that, so I let it go because I liked this show too.

*[My lover asked me... if he could have someone else. He wants to be with me and another woman. I don't know what to do. I can't stand him, but I can't break up with him either.]*

“I just found someone more stupid than you Chris.” Ern got emotional easily. She was all angry as she listened to the story.

The solution was clear, but the person with the problem was stupid.

“People think differently. Maybe you've been through a lot together. Not everyone is as strong as you.”

“Idiot. Because she's not strong, she'll let him do it with another woman and with herself? One day, he'll ask... Can we just do it together with the ballroom music on? Believe me, he will.”

“Congratulations, Chris. You're not the only idiot in this world. And Ern is more invested in someone else's story than yours.” Natty laughed happily when she saw Ern's reaction to the story. Ern was shaking her head.

“No... Chris is still an idiot. It's not like anyone is more stupid than her. Tell this woman to finish her story quickly. I'm so angry with her. She called for the DJ to support her and let the man have two lovers. I can tell. How can the DJ tolerate this and still talk to her?”

“It's the DJ's job to do it... It's over now. You need to be more patient, friend. Don't get so frustrated over other people's business, kid.” Natty patted her friend on the head. Maybe Ern was a little drunk, so she was exaggerating.

And then comes the second caller of the day... The call is from someone named...

*[It's Apple.]*

I sat up straight, and yes... my friends, who knew my story, did the same. However, before the caller told her story, Meen waved her hand to calm our mounting emotions.

“Stop, everyone. Just because her name is Apple doesn't mean this is about Chris. And Chris is Apple. Remember that.”

“It's closely related to us, so I got excited,” Natty answered for herself, as well as for Ern and me.

After that, we sat quietly to listen to the caller's story. Everyone stopped getting emotionally involved after what Meen said, but I was still...

I was very familiar with that voice. But I didn't want to believe in my favor that it was Aontakarn.

The sweet-faced woman probably wouldn't do something like that... But then, why was my heart beating so hard?

[So, Apple, what do you want to tell us today?]

*[My love... I ruined it.]*

[What did you do wrong? Can you give us more details? Let's see if we can help, Apple.]

*[The thing is... I don't have anyone else in my life. I broke the heart of the nicest person for a vague dream that will never come true. My ambition pushed that person away. But that doesn't hurt as much as...]*

*[That person still doesn't hate me at all.]*

I knew, without the person needing to reveal who she was, that the caller was Aontakarn. When I wrote to her as Apple, I recommended that she listen to this radio show, so it was no surprise that she called.

And the alias Apple... it was definitely her...

I grabbed my beer and drank it with excitement, surprise, and euphoria. I was happy to hear Aontakarn's voice on a show I never thought I would be on.

Was she also a fan of the show?

The person on the line told a short version of her story. She kept some information vague so people wouldn't suspect who she was. For example, she said she's an entertainment news anchor on a YouTube channel.

*[My mother passed away not too long ago... My mother was everything to me, so finding out she had a heart attack was like my world had come crashing down before my eyes.]*

*[She never told me she had a heart condition because she didn't want me to stress out or try to raise money to treat her condition. I can't blame her for*

*that... If I had had more courage and opened the letter she left me, I would have known sooner.]*

*[In the letter she left me, my mother gave me all the details about her illness and everything she left me. She also listed all of my remaining family and told me who I could turn to if I needed someone. But that's all... All of that isn't important because for as long as I can remember, I only had my mother. She raised me as a single mother. We're all we have. Just the two of us. My mother was a school counselor, but not at the school I went to. She didn't want me to have any privileges as her daughter. Because of that, I didn't know one thing... a very important one.]*

*[When I was young, I had a serious accident. It was a hit and run—that's not the key point because we caught the driver. The important point was that I was in a life and death situation because they didn't have my blood type... I have a very rare blood type. It seemed like my chances of survival were very slim. My mother told me that she was heartbroken. That she had very little hope left. She said that without me, there was no point in her living anymore. There was no light at the end of the tunnel, so it didn't matter if she lived or died. She was just waiting for me to go first.]*

*[However, suddenly, someone came up to her and said that she had the same blood type as me and that she would donate her blood to me with the brilliant reason—In case I ever get into trouble, your daughter will save me. Yes... I survived because of her. And I met her when we grew up. And we fell in love.]*

When it got to that point, all my friends looked at me, knowing who the caller was. I cried like a baby, but I didn't overreact. I just continued listening to the show.

*[Can you call it fate? The person who saved your life when you were young is your lover and we were madly in love? However, because of my ambition, I pushed her away. My mother always told me, **'What's the point of success if there's no one to celebrate it with?'** And I really understood what she meant when I lost her. But it wasn't as clear as... when I lost my lover. My dream was to be in the entertainment industry and to be an actress. I want to be in front of the camera for people to praise and acknowledge me. I*

*want people to admire me... but it doesn't mean anything when I realize they're strangers. It's not as satisfying as if the person who's happy for me and proud of me is someone who loves me, and I love that person.]*

*[Imagine kindergarten children dancing on stage. Everyone's clapping, but their parents aren't there... That's the feeling. And today, I no longer have my lover... I realize this as I go about my work and receive no response from my lover. There are no compliments or words of encouragement that I expected and used to receive. My mother is no longer here. And I don't have my lover either. Being all alone in this world is terrible.]*

[Does that person still love you, Apple?]

The DJ's question made me nod as if he were asking me. Aontakarn was silent for a moment before answering for me.

*[I think so because today... that person sent me a letter with a white lily. Yes... that person still loves me, and I still love her very much too.]*

[Is this your confession of love?]

*[It's my apology, my thanks, and... my confession of love. I never confessed my love to her when we were together because I always believed that actions were more important than words. But... my actions hurt her. I pushed her away from me. I'm a terrible person.]*

[If that person were listening right now, what would you say to her?]

*[If that person were here...]*

Aontakarn fell silent.

*[I don't know if I would dare ask what I want if that person were here. I've always been the recipient. She gave me encouragement. She gave me love. But if it's not too selfish... I want to ask for something.]*

[What is it?]

*[One chance... just one more chance for us to fall in love again.]*



I cried and wiped my tears with the back of my hand. It was as if I was in a crying battle with Aontakarn, who was crying her eyes out on the radio show.

*[Whether it's Chris or Apple, I love you. Please... come back.]*

Everyone was speechless after what they heard. Ern, who was the most emotionally involved, cried with me and hugged me while nodding.

"I forgive her." Ern said.

"Aontakarn isn't asking you for it," Meen interrupted and grabbed my shoulder. She shook me to regain my composure before demanding an answer. "What now, Chris? She asked you like this—Will you give it to her?"

"Give her what?"

"Give her a chance... Will you fall in love with her again?"

"How can I give her that chance?"

**"When I've never stopped loving her!"**

I looked at my beer can in confusion. I tried to stand up, but the world was spinning too fast. My friends saw my condition and quickly held me up while shaking their heads.

"I don't think you can do anything in this condition," Natty said.

"No. I have to go to her now. She's probably crying. I can't stand seeing her sad,"

"We're not telling you not to go." Meen picked up the car key on the coffee table and spun it in circles. "But your dear friends will take you to her!"

Everyone smiled. I almost cried because I was so overwhelmed.

"Thank you all. I... I..."

Whether it was because I was too euphoric or because I had consumed five cans of beer, everything went completely dark.

No... I hadn't been like this for a long time. Why did it have to happen now? I had to be fully conscious. I couldn't let my second or third personality out.

"Chris... Chris!"

My friends' voices echoed, but that's all I could remember before everything went dark, as if all the lights had gone out.



## Chapter 40 : Dear you... who are loved. [The Last Chapter]

"Chris..."

"Chris."

"Hey?"

"Is it Chris? Answer..."

I slowly opened my eyes as I heard a soft, familiar voice in my ear. Aontakarn was lying on top of me. She touched my nose, cheek, forehead, and all over my face as if she was teasing me. I was a little dazed.

Was I dreaming?... Wait.

My mind wandered, and I found myself closing and opening my eyes several times. I did this repeatedly until Aontakarn laughed loudly, gleefully.

"You're not dreaming. It's me."

"Where am I? Is this my room or your house?"

"My house, of course. Don't you remember this room?"

When she asked me that, I slowly looked around. I was now sure that this was Aontakarn's room and that I wasn't dreaming. The weight of her body on me and the soft, unique scent emanating from her confirmed it. The soft light coming through the window allowed me to see Aontakarn clearly.

It also allowed me to see myself, and we both are naked!

"It's really you, Karn." I started and tried to sit up, but since Aontakarn was on top of me, I couldn't move. "It's the real you without clothes."

The petite woman laughed and nodded to confirm what she was seeing.

"Yes. It's me with nothing on me... And you're you."

"If it's not me, who could it be? Wow..."

I wasn't prepared when Aontakarn snuggled her face into my neck and wrapped her arms around me tightly, as if she was trying to strangle me. No matter how uncomfortable I was, though, I liked her holding me tight like that.

The more uncomfortable I felt, the more I knew this was real.

My Aontakarn.

"Karn loves only you, Chris."

"I must be dreaming. Are you confessing your love to me?"

"This is real."

"I'm not even sure if I actually heard you on a radio show like Apple."

"That was real too."

"And I'm lying in your house, naked?"

"As real as it gets." Aontakarn lifted her head to look at my face. She nestled her face into my cheek and kissed me hard. "Do you think it's real now?"

"I'm starting to believe it."

The sweet-faced woman moved to my other cheek.

"How about now?"

"I'm 50% sure."

Aontakarn moved to kiss me hard on the lips.

"Is this real enough?"

"If it's a little more... Ah..."

The petite woman pressed her lips to mine and inserted her tongue, as if she wanted to prove her identity without using her ID. I let myself go and kissed her back. But Aontakarn, who had been in control of the situation from the start, pulled away and gasped.

"If you want more proof, I have to go down."

I squeezed her with my legs to stop her from doing so while shaking my head and laughing.

"Okay. I believe you."

"Can't you pretend you don't believe me?"

"Sleeper."

We laughed and continued to cuddle some more. We were like snakes spending time with their lovers. However, all we did was sniff a little and taste a little before parting ways. There were things we wanted to talk about that took priority.

I didn't remember anything. I woke up, and we had made up... It was a little jump in time.

Something must have happened.

"What happened? Tell me... The last thing I remember is that I was still in Meen's room. And now I'm with you; we've made up and we're cuddling like nothing happened between us."

"You came to see me last night with your friends."

"My friends? How did they get here?"

"You came as your second personality. No matter how drunk you were, you were still you." Aontakarn touched my chin lightly. "But you are you in a version that is..."

"What is it?"

"A little aggressive."

"What did I do?" I started and sat up straight. The small woman, who was lying on top of me, also had to sit up straight. "Did I hit you?"

"Aggression can be interpreted in other ways." Aontakarn stepped back from me and showed me marks on her body. There were marks from activities that didn't involve hitting each other, which made me blush. "That's the evidence."

"I'm not like that."

"From my experience, you are quite aggressive. You only like to keep your cool when you are yourself."

"Let's change the subject," I pushed my hair behind my ear and squirmed. "Before I get aggressive, how do we make up?"

When Aontakarn saw me acting shy, she moved to sit closer to me and looked at me with her light brown eyes. Every time I looked into her eyes, I loved it. And she liked to tease me. When she saw me getting shy, she would keep looking at me until I showed her my teeth.

"You showed me your teeth like that last night too."

I closed my mouth and pursed my lips.

"I was just exercising my muscles. Please stop staring at me and tell me what happened." I pushed Aontakarn in the face. She leaned back and

laughed.

"Okay. I'll stop making fun of you. Last night, you came and lectured me with harsh words."

"As?"

"We shouldn't have met."

"Ah..." I put my hand on my chest. Did I have those thoughts deep inside me? "I must have been really drunk to say those things. Please don't give it any importance. You don't have to try to make it up to me."

"What you did was appropriate." The sweet-faced woman hugged me tightly. "I've grown accustomed to receiving all your love. When things didn't go my way, I was sarcastic and used words to hurt you. Just thinking about how I said that if we hadn't met..."

The petite woman's voice trembled. It was as if those words were her deepest wound. To be honest, she was in agony when she said it. However, the person who spoke without thinking must have been more hurt than me.

"You're a crybaby."

"I can only imagine how painful it was for you to end our relationship. Do you hate me?"

And she cried...

I smiled slightly and patted the little girl gently on the back. I wanted to comfort her. I also rocked her as if I were rocking a cradle.

"I was never mad at you or hated you. Those thoughts never crossed my mind. Not even for a split second. Ever since we broke up, I just missed you and wondered what you were up to. I wanted to know if you were happy and okay." I leaned back and wiped Aontakarn's tears away with my hands.

"I wondered if you were eating enough. I got worried when you disappeared. You weren't on Twitter at all. It was lucky that you still

announced the sports news so I could see you from time to time. But that wasn't enough. In the end, I would go here— your house every day to see what time you came home. I would leave when you turned off the lights. Puth was so worried about me coming home late every night that he lent me his car."

"I saw that. I ran after your car, but you didn't stop it."

"When... Ah!"

Aontakarn cried louder and hit me on the back with her fists.

"Why do you have to be so nice to me? You should be angry and lash out at me. I feel worse when you're like this."

"Your guilt has already punished you. My job is to make you feel better. Think of your pain as a lesson, so that you don't hurt me again with your words."

"I wouldn't dare. I won't sulk. I'll be the one trying to reconcile with you from now on."

"By no means."

Aontakarn looked at me in shock.

"Won't you forgive me?"

I laughed and cradled her face in my palms. I massaged her face with adorable aggression.

"No. I mean, you saying that you won't be angry anymore... no way. And I'm not the angry type of person. You won't have the chance to try to make up with me... Your call to the radio show overwhelmed me so much that I didn't know what to do anymore. If you do any more, I'll drown in my own tears." And tears welled up in my eyes when I thought of her apology on the radio show.

"Since when do you know that I'm Apple?"



At that moment, Aontakarn was the one who was wiping my tears for me. Having a woman as a lover filled the air with sensitivity.

"From very early on. I always knew you were Apple."

"Details, please."

"I'll tell you little by little. There are many things I've just discovered that you should know too."

I nodded in understanding before complaining out of shyness that I seemed to be the last one to know everything.

"And you just saw me without knowing anything?"

"I wanted to know what your intention was. But you were so adorable that I pretended not to know if you didn't want to tell me. Whether it's you or Apple, I like both of you."

"Equal?"

"Okay. It's love."

"You confess your love so easily these days."

"How could I not? I only have you in this world. You are the person I love the most, who also loves me the most... All in one."

Aontakarn pulled me in for another hug. She was showing me a lot of tenderness, which I find cute.

"You even saved my life."

"Yes. That too. You said your mother wrote to you about this?"

"Yes. The letter is full of stories about you. Wait."

The sweet-faced woman turned to open a drawer next to the bed and pulled out a letter. The letter was open. Her mother had written it in rather sloppy

handwriting, but it was legible. It was mostly a farewell letter, and yes...

There were many stories about me in it.

I took my time reading the letter. I focused on each word so I could feel everything I was supposed to feel. The letter talked about how grateful her mother was for my help, and asked Aontakarn to arrange for me to donate her eyes if that was possible. She knew it couldn't be done, but she tried anyway.

*So that she has my eyes to look at you, Aon... like I always do.*

*That she may be your encouragement, Aon... as I always have been.*

*I will no longer be in this world, but you will still have her.*

*If possible... be her friend until old age. Aon needs to do everything she can to get closer to her. Carissa is a kind-hearted person. I want you to have good people in your life.*

There was more to the letter, but I couldn't help but sob when I got to this part. I cried like a broken dam. The guidance counselor never forgot me, and I didn't even remember what I did when I was young. Aontakarn, who was sitting next to me, also cried as she laughed and leaned her head on my shoulder.

"Actually, I was angry with myself for taking so long to open the letter. If I had opened it sooner, we would have been friends a long time ago."

"Then it's good that you didn't open it."

"Why?"

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

The sweet-faced woman looked surprised before she laughed. We leaned into each other and wiped away our tears. We kissed and made out like we

liked to do. At first, we were just joking, but it got more passionate as we wanted more and more.

"It's still early in the morning."

The sweet-faced woman leaned back and lay down on the bed. She stopped kissing me and made that comment.

"Can't we? I miss you. We haven't done this in a long time."

"What about last night?"

"I don't remember anything, but if you don't want..."

"Chris... Stop being so polite."

"Can I do that?"

"After what I just said... Oops! Ha ha... It tickles. Ah..."

Our love was rekindling.

This time, nothing could stand in our way because we had already been through difficult times together.

Someone once said that getting back with an ex was like reading the same old book, which will end the same as the first.

*But for me... Aontakarn is not an old book.*

*It was the sequels that would be released indefinitely.*

Who do I have to thank for this love? A love that crosses sexual identities and a love that I have chosen to be with this person and only this person.

Thanks, Toy, for letting me know what a bad, casual relationship looks like.

Thank you, Rung, Karakate, and all my identities, for making me dare to do many things, even though I don't know what they were. However, they were

the reason why Aontakarn and I became closer.

Thank you, Puth, for making me join AppTalk and meet a sad, sweet-faced woman who found her happiness again when we met.

And most of all... thank you, my donor, for giving me the chance to see again. I found my beauty. I looked into the eyes of the sweet-faced woman named Aontakarn and my heart raced.

Thank you for everything that made me look at the TV. I fell in love at first sight and gathered all my courage to send you a letter that day...

Thanks, Apple, for giving me good memories.

And thank you... Aontakarn, for being in my life and making it more meaningful.

If this is a letter, I will write it to Aontakarn. Of course, I will start it the same way I always had to encourage her, as I always have.

It's no mystery... because only Apple starts like this. And Apple will always be here to encourage you. Always.

*Dear you... Who is loved.*

***THE END***



# Aontakarn [POV] 1 : The Truth About Apple

We were together again... She was the best and only person in this world to me. I would never let her go again now that I had my second chance after my grave mistake.

I was staring at the oval face of the person who was sleeping soundly due to exhaustion. I had to admit that we made an extra effort in our reconciliation this time. It wasn't unusual for us because it wasn't the first time. It was just that we hadn't done it in a while, so it took a while and took a lot of our energy.

She is so beautiful...

It was great to be able to look at her so closely again. I remembered how lonely I felt and how I thought we could never be together again. I felt like I was broken. I didn't know what to do. Reading my mother's letter made me realize what a huge mistake I made by kicking Chris out of my life.

"Thanks for coming back," I whispered.

"Umm..."

I was slightly startled when the arrogant-looking woman answered me. But when I looked again, I am sure that she was fast asleep and was probably having a good dream. Seeing her sleeping happily like that made me not think about waking her up. I wanted to keep looking at her like this.

**I could look at her like this all my life.**

We had come this far even though we didn't seem to get along at first.

As I contemplated this, I couldn't help but smile and caress the cheek of the person who was fast asleep and lying on her side, not knowing anything.

Back to that moment...

I remember being so angry and slapping her cheek with my hand, out of control. I was anxious and couldn't sleep when I got home. No matter how much we didn't get along—I shouldn't have used force against her.

But I wasn't going to apologize...

What Chris did at that time was like she was constantly trying to pick a fight with me. She asked me about my personal matter until I felt uncomfortable. And she meddled in matters between Toy and me.

But, the next day, someone arranged a meeting with me.

"My name is Meen. I'm a friend of Chris."

Meen came dressed as if she was going to work-out. It was like she wasn't ready to meet me, but she was there.

"You said you have something important to talk to me about. What is it?"

“How dare you slap my friend?” the person in front of me asked frankly. She looked at me as if she was ready to slap me back. “You are not a child. Can’t you speak civilly? Why do you have to use force?”

“Did your friend tell you why I did that?”

“Yes... she got into your personal business.”

Straight to the point...

"Yeah."

"But you shouldn't have used force anyway. Besides, you don't know how heartbroken she is after you did that."

“Huh?” I shrugged my neck.

The person in front of me sighed, took a sip of coffee, then crossed her arms over her chest.

"Chris is in love with you. I know she has an arrogant face and never speaks her mind. That makes things awkward and uncomfortable. But how do you think the person who truly loves and cares for you would feel if they were slapped in the face like that?"

“Does she really love me?” I was very surprised to hear that. The Chris I knew didn’t seem to have those feelings for me at all. “You have a very wrong idea about what’s going on.”

"No, I don't. Chris really likes you. She'll watch the TV when you read the news. She'll look at you in admiration. Why would someone who hates you send you encouraging letters as if you were Apple?"

I was stunned for a while. The word "Apple" had a huge impact on me. And the person in front of me was telling me that Chris was the person who wrote me that letter.

"But you probably have a lot of fans, so you don't remember who Apple is. Let me explain..."



"I remember," I replied flatly before asking with interest, "Are you saying Chris is Apple?"

"Absolutely."

"Are you falsely claiming this?"

"False claims?" Meen seemed to see a ghost. "Is Apple someone famous? Is she one of the members of BNK 48? Why would I make such a false claim? She just wrote a letter to a sports news anchor."

When I followed her train of thought, I could understand what she was trying to communicate. Why would someone falsely claim to be Apple when Apple was just a fan who wrote me a letter? Plus, I had never told anyone about Apple because there was no one close to me in this world anymore.

The only people who could know about the letter were those who were somehow related to it.

"Is Chris really Apple?"

"As real as it gets. I was the one who took her to buy those letter papers. She was consulting us on how someone could send encouraging messages to idols..."

Meen continued to tell me everything, including how Chris consulted her friends about having a crush on idols, how she had a crush on me, and also her strange little habits. She told me that although Chris seemed arrogant, she was a pussycat when it came to it. Everything she told me matched Chris's appearance when she was in front of me. I then started to feel better.

**I actually liked Chris when I first met her...**

But her arrogant look made it hard for me to approach her. And she acted like she didn't like me. So that's what I was really thinking.

"If you don't believe me, try getting her drunk. You'll see the real Chris hiding inside her. She's very sexy. She's a slut. She's someone you'd never

see when she's being herself."

"We're not close enough to get her drunk," I replied with concern. I admit I felt guilty when I found out how much she really liked me.

"She's leaving the website, isn't she? Throw her a farewell party and get her drunk."

"Is she going to leave? Is Chris going to leave?"

"Would you stay if you were the one getting slapped by someone you liked? She's devastated. She's weak. She has allergies because she lives in Bangkok. She locks herself in her house, looking like a zombie."

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Oh...

And so it was, just as Meen told me. Chris announced that she wanted to leave AppTalk. Everyone on the team tried to stop her, but they were unsuccessful.

No one knew what had happened to make the arrogant girl decide to quit, except me, who knew everything and felt very guilty inside. So in the end, I made a suggestion.

"Shall we have a farewell party?"

"Yeah, that's good. We've worked together for so many months—it's a little sad to just leave. Let's have a farewell party today... What do we eat,

grilled pork or shabu?"

"It's a farewell party. There should be alcohol."

Everyone seemed surprised, but they agreed because I was the one who suggested it. They also agreed because they wanted to have fun and drink. The only person who seemed uncomfortable was the person who was the center of attention. She seemed to be afraid of something.

She was really afraid of getting drunk...

So there must have been something behind it. I wanted to know if she would turn into another version of herself when she was really drunk, like her friend told me.

A while after we arrived at the place, Chris excused herself to sit outside by herself. I took the opportunity to follow her with beers in hand. I handed them to her and forced her to drink them.

"Cheers."

"Huh?"

"Beer... cheers." I grabbed my mug and forced a clap before looking at her. "You have to drink it out of manners."

"Ah... but... I don't tolerate alcohol well."

"Liar."

I was a little surprised by what I had just said. But I did well because I was able to force the arrogant-looking woman to drink the beer. And since I wanted to see quick results, I pushed the cup to force her to drink it all the way down.

"You can drink it perfectly. Why do you say you can't?"

"It doesn't mean I have to drink to the bottom like this. Damn it. Damn it."

The worried look on her face almost made me laugh. Why was she so worried when she only drank one cup? She was completely exaggerating. If she knew that I drank beer like water every day, she would surely be shocked.

While I was getting a little drunk, I talked to her about this and that. I didn't forget to apologize for what I did the other day. And Chris impressed me even more. She didn't seem angry at all.

I didn't find any trace of it on her face or in her eyes. She seemed to understand everything, even though she acted like she hated me all the time.

"I'm sorry... I'm talking about that day when I accidentally hit you in the face."

"Ah... It's okay. Anyone would be angry at what I said."

"So, you're not mad at me?"

"Why would I be? I like you a lot."

I looked at the person who had just said something strange to me. What she said, which contained the word "like" when talking about me, did not fit her appearance at all.

"I like you a lot."

Was I hearing things?

"Huh?"

And the arrogant-looking woman fell on her back. I was in shock because I didn't expect that to happen. I quickly put down my cup and hold her. I poked my finger at the person lying unconscious on the ground.

"Chris... what happened? Chris!"

"...."

“Are you in shock because you drank too much beer? Chris!” I panicked. I was about to go get help, but my wrist was grabbed before I could leave.

"I'm fine. I'm very well," she mumbled.

"Huh?"

**"You're so cute when you panic, little Awww,"**



## Aontakarn [POV] 2 : Second Personality

Chris was like a totally different person. Honestly, I didn't want to believe my eyes at first. I even thought she was acting. But the person in front of me was nothing like the arrogant-looking woman I knew—her eyes, posture, and demeanor were like someone I had never met before.

Her second personality...

“Look at your surprised face...” The arrogant-looking woman reached out and caressed my cheek with the back of her hand as if she adored me.

“Don't worry. Chris loves Karn very much.”

The new Chris called herself "Chris" and called me "Karn" as if we were close. I almost let out a smile, but I kept it because I still didn't know what to do. But it was good... Calling each other that made us seem close.

Why did I feel good?

By the way... what did she just say?

“Love...???”

“Yeah. Don't think too much,” Chris said playfully. She looked cheerful and over the top. “And slapping me was a bit too aggressive too. But since you're Little Awww, I forgive you.”

“Little Awww?”

“Yes... you are my little Awww.” The arrogant-looking woman put both hands on her chest as if she was very proud of the nickname she had given me. “It’s so cute and adorable. But your slap was really hard. Did you use your hand or your foot?”

Oh... this was definitely not the Chris I knew. Her second personality really existed. I thought Meen was just babbling.

I sat there stiffly because I didn't know what to do. The person who wasn't herself at all—or actually, was probably the most herself she'd been since Chris didn't hold back—was coming toward me. She wrapped her arm around my neck.

“I want to clear things up with you. Why do we have to fight? It doesn't do anyone any good. You didn't want to hit me, did you?”

“No, I didn't...” I replied softly. “You made me lose control of myself.”

“I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. I forgive you for your sin. We're even. Let's be good friends again. Yay.”

“ .... ”

“Oh. You're so quiet. I think we need to bond over alcohol. Wait here. Don't go anywhere.”

The new Chris stood up and disappeared with the mugs of beer I brought. The arrogant-looking woman returned after less than two minutes with two bottles of beer. She poured the beer into the mug and handed it to me. The mug held almost a whole bottle of beer.

“Here. Cheers... You need to get a little drunk so we can make up and be friends.”

I took the cup and drank the beer as the person next to me asked. I could handle alcohol just fine because, as I said, I drank beer like it was water. Chris didn't know this and thought that the beer might make me feel more relaxed.

“So, do you feel better after more beer?”

"Uh... yeah."

I didn't feel different...

“Let's chat a little. Tell me something about yourself.”

“I don't know what to tell you. There's nothing interesting in my life.”

“It could be anything.”

“You first, then. If you want to know about me, we should exchange.”

“You're so demanding, Miss Announcer.” Chris shrugged a little. “Okay. I'll get started so we can talk a little more. And I want you, my little Awww, to know more about me too.”

“Ah.”

She is so pretty...

“My real name is Carissa. My father is a man and my mother is a woman. I graduated from a private university with very expensive tuition because I was too stupid to get into a public university. Our education system sucks, don't you think?”

“Yeah.”

“But I won't blame anyone. Not being able to get into a public university didn't diminish my quality of life. My hobby is looking for new video editing techniques on YouTube. I also like watching sports news because you're the announcer.”

I pressed my lips tightly together because I was excited to hear that. Normally, people don't care much about the sports news announcer. Even if they are interested, it's because of the news, not me.

“Hey... seriously.”



The arrogant-looking woman saw that I remained silent, so she called out to me. I jumped when she touched my cheek with her finger.

“Huh?”

“Have you been this pretty since you were born?”

Wow...

My jaw dropped at that compliment. Chris laughed happily when she saw that I was stunned.

“I memorized it from a Korean drama. It's a pretty interesting line, huh?”

“Wow. I thought you were actually complimenting me.”

“You are very pretty. Otherwise, I wouldn't love you so much.” And the arrogant-looking woman sipped her beer. “We were just talking about me. Ah... what else do I want to say to my little Awww? Ah! This...”

“What?”

“My blood type is AB-RH negative.”

“No way.” I put my hand on my chest. Chris looked at me, shocked by what I had just said.

“What do you mean by that, no way? Why would I lie to you?”

“No. No. I didn't say that because I didn't believe you. Well...” I hurried to tell my side of the story. “I have that blood type too.”

“It's crazy.”

“Isn't that true?”

“It's destiny.”

“Very shocking.”

“We should be lovers.”

“Huh?”

“HAHA! I was just kidding!”

And Chris did the unexpected. She pushed her head onto my shoulder, like a cat rubbing its body against me, asking for tenderness. My heart raced at the sight. I softened a little and let her continue doing it because it didn't feel bad at all.

Or was she really drunk? Either way, it was fun.

“Do you like asking for affection?” I asked the person next to me as she continued to rub her head against me. I couldn't help but reach out my hand to play with her short hair adoringly. “It would be great if you were like this when you're your normal self. We could be close friends.”

“I'm a little hard to understand when I'm in my normal state.”

“Yes. Very difficult to read... But since we are close, tell me something.”

“Sure. Since we're close.” The arrogant-looking one rested her chin on her hand and stared at me. “What is it? What do you want me to say? If you want me to confess my love to you, I'll do it now... I love you.”

“What a sweet conversationalist.” I laughed and shook my head. “It's something more important than that. But I'm not sure you'd tell me the truth.”

“What is it?”

“Are you Apple?”

I wasn't sure how effective asking her directly would be. Maybe it would sober her up. Or maybe she would try to change the subject.

However... Chris tended to do the unexpected. She had a second personality. She confessed her love for me. And also this...

“Yes. Chris is Apple.” .

The arrogant-looking woman reached out her hand to lift my chin and leaned in, as if she was about to kiss me. But before our lips touched, she said the words only Apple knew: “*Dear you...who is loved.*”

Was she really...

As my heart started to pound, aided by the fact that I was drunk and the setting was ideal, I tilted my head in preparation for the kiss. However, we heard Puth's voice as he came out to find us.

Chris and I opened our eyes. Our noses touched lightly. We froze for a moment, then hurriedly stood up as if we had been caught doing something wrong.

What were we about to do at that moment...?

“Ah. You're here. I was wondering where you'd gone. What are you doing here?”

“Oye, Zombie chino.” Chris interrupted Puth. He looked at her as if he had just seen a ghost.

“What did you call me?”

“Why did you have to appear at our climax...?” Chris's voice and posture showed that she was really frustrated. I don't know but I almost laughed out loud.

She said climax... That's funny.

“Are you drunk? Hurry up and go back inside. You're being rude. Everyone is here for your farewell party, but you come to sit here alone.”

Puth grabbed his sister by the neck from behind and dragged her inside. I walked behind them until we reached our table. Once we arrived, Jeth asked where we were out of politeness. He started another cheer.

“Last one. Cheers. We are going to say goodbye to our lovely sister, who will no longer be working with us.”

“Who said it?”

Chris interrupted. She was the only one who didn't raise her cup. Everyone turned to look at the strange behavior of Chris's second personality—confused.

“You said you were quitting. We’re here to say goodbye. Hurry up, cheers!” Puth reminded his sister why they were there. However, his sister shook her head.

“Why should I applaud? I'm not going to quit.”

“Oh! You said you wanted to quit.”

“I won't quit! What would I eat if I quit? Are you crazy?”

And the arrogant-looking woman stood up and shouted loudly. She almost stopped the party. Actually, the atmosphere was very gloomy, but I almost laughed. I looked at her cute reaction and found it adorable.

I intended to get her drunk more often if she behaved like this when she was drunk.

"You must be very drunk right now. Who are you?" Puth asked.

"You can call me Karakate," Chris responded.

"Okay. She’s really drunk... Let’s split up. I’ll take my sister home."

Puth couldn’t stand to see his sister’s second personality anymore, so he ended the party. He was about to drag Chris home, but the arrogant-looking woman waved her hand to stop him arrogantly.

"No need. I can get home by myself. But let me say goodbye to the beautiful lady first."

The beautiful lady must have been me, because there were only two women there. Chris walked over to me and leaned down. She cupped my face in her palms and stared into my eyes.

Her wet lips touched my forehead delicately. I dropped my jaw. And yes... everyone else at the table also dropped their jaw.

“What the hell did you just do?” Puth’s was so speechless.

Chris turned to answer him indifferently.

"I said goodbye to my little Awww."

"Little Awww?" Puth repeated what Chris had just called me, not believing what he had just heard. She stopped paying attention to her brother and turned to talk to me with a smile on her face.

“Sweet dreams, my Aontakarn.”

Then she whispered so only the two of us could hear, “Don’t tell anyone about today. Let’s keep it a secret between us. Pretend you don’t know anything.”

"Go home right now, crazy girl," Puth said, exasperated.

"Ouch! Why are you being so aggressive?" Chris complained.

Chris was dragged home to everyone's shock. I rubbed my forehead repeatedly. Jeth and Tho came over to sit beside me and stared at me with perplexed expressions.

"I'm so sorry, Karn. Ah... Chris must be really drunk to cross the line like that," Jeth apologized.

"It's okay. I'm not angry," I answered honestly and tried not to smile.

**I wasn't angry at all... I actually liked it.**

When I thought about those times, I almost laughed. I looked at the arrogant-looking woman who was still fast asleep.

She was breathing evenly. I felt a surge of playful aggression towards her and wanted to pounce on her, but not to wake her up. So I just leaned down to gently taste her lower lip without waking her.

However, before I could do that... the person I thought was sleeping, wrapped me in her arms, and I ended up lying on top of her, her legs pressed against mine.

"Are you awake?"

"I've been awake for a while. I was waiting for you to stop looking at me," Chris said as she slowly opened her eyes. We looked at each other for a while and smiled. "What were you thinking about?"

"I was thinking of stealing a kiss from you. But you woke up first," I admitted.

"Why would you do that if I wouldn't feel anything because I was asleep?"

"But... it seems that you are not asleep," I replied.

Chris flipped me over so I was underneath her and she was on top of me.

"This is what happens when you wake up the tiger," she teased.

"You really like sex, don't you?" I said with a smirk.

"You don't like it?" Chris looked a little stunned because we had never talked about this before. "If you're not okay..."

"I just want to tell you that we are the perfect couple... Come down, now." I pushed Chris down into the position I wanted. "Let's see who likes sex more."

**We are so perfect for each other that we can never separate.**



## Aontakarn [POV] 3 : The Joyful

"I have to apologize to everyone for coming and leaving like this."

I bowed to everyone in the office. All the AppTalk partners put their hands on their chests, happy to see me back. They shook their heads to indicate that it was okay and that they were happy to have me back. They all gave me a warm smile to welcome me.

"But from now on, please don't get angry when you two fight. We're nervous about that," Jeth said as he came over and patted me on the back, trying to comfort me and not make me feel guilty.

Despite this, I still felt bad because what I did was quite childish and unprofessional. I had quit when Chris and I fought, and now I was back after making up with her. I wasn't normally this unprofessional.

There was only one person who remained silent and wouldn't look me in the eyes... Puth.

But no one noticed that, so the atmosphere remained good. I was able to meet the new announcer who replaced me while I was away. At first, I was worried that my return might affect others or require changes, but everyone was okay with it because they were happy to work with me.

In other words, having me at AppTalk was better than not having me.

"My name is Cate."

"I'm Karn."



Even though we knew each other's names, we should introduce ourselves to be polite and ensure we could work together without problems.

"You can talk to me about anything. I'm not here to take your job, so don't worry about it."

"I'm not worried. I understand you had a personal reason for resigning earlier..." Cate said, looking at Chris, who was chatting with the team. Her gaze hinted at something that frustrated me, but I couldn't show it.

"Everyone is happy that you're back," she continued.

"Not all of them," I muttered, referring to Puth, who wasn't smiling or talking to anyone.

That worried me a little. Maybe he was still mad at me for hurting his sister because it looked like the clip that was posted involved him.

I knew he didn't post it—Chris had already told me everything. But he still played a role in it being published, and we hadn't talked about the breakup in our relationship.

After we discussed my return, everyone went back to their duties. I had no work and nothing to do, so I sat and waited to go home with Chris. As I let my mind wander, I saw Puth staring at me from outside the office through the glass door. But when I looked at him, he quickly turned away. I decided to get up because I wanted to talk to him.

"Where are you going?" Chris asked, taking my hand. She had been pretty clingy since we got back together. Now, everyone knew about us, so there was no need to hide our affection.

"I'm going to the bathroom."

"I thought you were about to sulk."

"Why would I sulk?"

"Because it's taking me so long to finish my editing work."

"Am I that grumpy?"

"I want to ask, just in case. If you're about to sulk, I'll try to make up with you quickly."

"So tender," I teased.

"Hm?"

"You heard right. You're so sweet."

"Wild."

The arrogant-looking woman continued with her work and let me go to the bathroom. I looked at her with adoration before leaving the office and looking for the person I needed to clear things up with.

I chose to walk behind Puth towards the fire escape. I was a little worried about seeing an unexpected love scene, but there was nothing of the sort. Puth was sitting on the stairs, sighing.

"Puth."

My call startled him. He jumped up and arranged his clothes.

"Ah... yeah?" he stammered.

"Can I talk to you for a moment?"

He crossed his arms over his chest and walked slowly down the stairs so we were on even ground. Puth was a bit taller than me, so I had to stand on a higher step so our eyes could meet without either of us having to look up or down.

"Yes? What do you want to talk about?"

"I think we have a misunderstanding that we need to clear up. I think you know what I'm talking about."

As soon as I finished saying that, Puth surprised me by raising his hand to apologize and bowing at a 90-degree angle. I waved one hand while trying to stop him with the other.

"Don't do this. Don't bow down to me."

"I have to. What I did was very unethical."

"But you didn't."

"Even if I wasn't the one who posted the clip, I was still wrong. If I hadn't saved it to make fun of my sister, it wouldn't have been posted like that. I caused you trouble. I made you fight and break up. You can put all the blame on me."

Puth spoke in a shaky, guilty tone. I found it both funny and pitiful. If this conversation had taken place immediately after the clip was released, I would have lashed out at him and buried him six feet under.

But now everything was different. I loved what he did. I admit that I wanted to talk to him because I wanted to apologize for making him worry about Chris. But things turned out the opposite of what I thought they would.

"I also want to apologize to you for hurting Chris. I know how much you love your sister."

"Yes. I really do love her," the tall man admitted easily. "To be honest, I'm pretty mad at you for prioritizing someone else over my sister. But I've prepared for that from the start. I know you two wouldn't make it."

"Why do you think that?"

"A woman should be with a man."

"But now we're together again."

"That's why I'm worried that it will happen again like it did. I'm afraid that my sister will feel devastated because you might break up with her in the future."

"Actually... Chris was the one who broke up with me."

"Oh..."

Puth covered his mouth with his hand because he didn't know this little detail. "Chris was wild. But I know she had a reason for doing it. The reason you broke up last time was because you wanted to pursue your dream, right? Being with Chris would prevent you from entering the entertainment industry."

"Yes... I was wrong." This time, I was the one who looked down to show how guilty I felt. I didn't know what I should do to make it up to Chris. "But that will never happen again. Although my dream is important, Chris is more important."

"Very moving."

I stayed silent.

"Very comforting," Puth said, putting his hand on his chest, looking very touched by what I had just said. "Don't you want to break up with Chris and be with her brother?"

"I heard it!"

A voice was heard from upstairs. Earn, who seemed to have heard the whole conversation, was furious with her boyfriend for making fun of me like that. Puth was shocked. He quickly waved his hands.

"I was just kidding. Are you crazy? Who would actually say that? This is Chris's lover."

"How can I know what you're thinking? Maybe you see that Cate likes Chris, so you're flirting with Miss Karn just in case you get lucky. Oh my God!"

"You're crazy!"

The two continued to casually bicker, forgetting that I was still there and had heard everything that came out of their mouths. I focused on what Earn said about Cate, the new announcer. No wonder I had a strange hunch when I talked to her earlier.

When I saw that the two continued to fight and mock each other, I slowly walked away to go back to Chris. But before I could open the door to our office, I saw something that frustrated me. I stood there and watched in silence.

Chris and the new female announcer I was worried about were sitting together, chatting and laughing about something. They were probably talking about the clip they recorded.

Damn it... I couldn't be stupid. This was work. And I'd already told myself I wasn't going to sulk at Chris again.

"What are you doing? It looks fun."

Cate, who was sitting next to Chris, moved a little further away from Chris as if she had been hit with a hot iron, while my lover seemed to be oblivious to what was going on.

"I'm editing Cate's clip, so I asked her to review it. I'm done. Are you hungry yet?"

"Yes, I'm hungry."

Chris looked at her watch and smiled at me. "It's 6 p.m., let's go home... I'll send you the video, Cate."

The arrogant-looking woman said that to Cate like the friendly person she was and walked towards me.

To show my ownership, I placed my hand on her back and pushed her so we could walk together. However, the person beside me stopped to say something cryptic to Cate.

"Don't forget what we talked about earlier, Cate."

"Okay."

It's okay. I'm the new Aontakarn who doesn't sulk, doesn't get suspicious, doesn't get jealous, and doesn't get possessive.

But this really bothered me. So, I stayed silent. I didn't know what to say. I was watching TV, but I wasn't taking anything in.

"They fall on top of each other so often. Do people actually fall in a position where their lips touch like that?"

I stayed silent.

"If I can fall and get a lover, I'll fall on you repeatedly. We wouldn't need to go all the way to Japan to get together, right?"

I still stayed silent.

"Hello. Is anyone homeeee?"

As Chris waved her hand in front of my face, I looked at the arrogant-looking woman, who seemed frustratingly cheerful. I heard everything she said. I just wasn't in the mood to talk to her.

**I couldn't sulk. I couldn't be jealous. And I couldn't be happy either. So all I could do was keep quiet!**

"I'm listening," I finally said.

"What's wrong? You must be sulking about something. Why are you so quiet?"

I forced a smile, trying so hard to make things seem normal. I already said I wouldn't sulk, and I had to stick to that.

"Who's sulking? No!"

"But you are so quiet."

"What? It's just people falling over each other. What about you? Why are you so happy today? Did something good happen?"

When I asked her that, the arrogant-looking woman looked nervous. She quickly acted as if nothing was wrong.

"Nothing. I'm happy because we reconciled."

"Ah... so that's why..." I didn't say more. When Chris saw that I wasn't going to chat with her, she stood up as if she was about to leave. "Are you leaving? I thought you were spending the night here."

"I was, but you seem grumpy. You didn't tell me why you're grumpy, so I don't know how to try to make up with you."

When I heard that, I tried to adjust my mood and look as normal as I could. When the arrogant-looking woman was about to leave, I grabbed her wrist. However, Chris did what I didn't expect. She turned around, pretended to fall on me, and kissed me on the lips.

"What is this?"

"I'm copying the scene from the series. I fell down and kissed you. So... does it work?"

"How does it work?"

"We lock eyes, our hearts racing." The person on top of me slipped her hand under my shirt and unclasped my bra with ease. "As our bodies heat up, we're both ready to pounce on each other at any moment."

The sly way Chris looked at me made me feel shy. Instead of sulking, I was now smiling. It gave Chris the confidence to continue, and she bit my neck.

"If this doesn't work, I wouldn't be in the series."

"Ah... I'll have to fall on you more often."

"I will fall on you and stay on top of you all night."

I forgot why I was stressed after the arrogant-looking one used her mouth...

She's getting better with each passing day.

Ah...





## Aontakarn [POV] 4 : The Surprise

Chris left for work early that morning. Normally, at AppTalk, we could go to work at any time, whatever suited us. Sometimes we would go at 11 a.m., sometimes in the afternoon. Not once had Chris gone to work before 8 a.m.

I wanted to know why, but I didn't dare ask...

Since when had I used the words "I didn't dare" when I was with the arrogant-looking woman? I thought about it and realized it was since we got back together.

Maybe it's because I still felt guilty about what I did. I hurt her so much, and I promised her I wouldn't be in a bad mood again. I wanted our relationship to move forward as it should.

---

**But it's me... Aontakarn. I'm a very jealous woman.**

Chris had been acting strange. She had been overly cheerful and left home early. If it were the old days, I would just think it was a good thing she was so cheerful. But now that I was back at AppTalk and had met the new employee, Cate, I was feeling shaky. Add to that what Earn said to Puth.

I had a lot of doubts at that time.

But I kept telling myself that Chris wasn't someone to be easily influenced. She had always shown me that she had no eyes for anyone else. She only loved me. Even though I hurt her a lot, she forgave me, and we got back together. So, for there to be a third person...

All logic told me to trust Chris, but my heart didn't go along with my head. I had to read the news, but I was in a very bad mood when I entered the

broadcast building. I didn't talk to anyone.

But I wasn't a talkative person in the first place. As I scanned the news I had to announce and listened to the crew's report, Kai, the other announcer I had asked for help, came over to greet me with a smile.

"Karn."

"Hello, Kai." I raised my hand to show my respect and tried to look as normal as possible. I greeted him with a smile. "You're so early."

"I came to meet with the team. It's good to see you. I want to tell you that I got the information you asked for. I'll call you tomorrow."

"Really?" I stopped paying attention to the news that I had to announce later on. My heart was beating fast.

"Don't forget to invite me to dinner. It wasn't easy to get the information."

The senior staff member winked at me playfully. When I saw him, I winked back, and Kai put his hand on his chest.

"You're killing me with your wink."

"I can also kill you by blowing you a kiss."

"My wife will surely kill me. Please don't enchant me."

Kai walked away, leaving me, who had been worried about something earlier, smiling. I grabbed my phone to update Chris on the information I was about to get, but when I saw our last conversation, I got frustrated again.

Why should I tell her? She was probably so happy that she didn't care anymore.

Argh. Damn. I promised myself I wouldn't get angry easily. Why was I being like this? Despite my best efforts, my doubts resurfaced every time I

thought about them. What was Chris doing? Why did she leave home so early this morning?

I decided to text her because I had a feeling something was up with her.

**Aontakarn:** Chris, what are you doing?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I'm driving to work.

I looked at the time in the top right corner of my phone and frowned. It was 1 p.m. She had left home early this morning, so how could she be driving to work right now? It didn't make any sense.

**Aontakarn:** Where did you go this morning?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** I had some errands to run.

**Aontakarn:** What errands?

**Think Chris Kitkat:** An important one.

Chris was usually very direct. If I asked her something, she would answer immediately if she could. She wouldn't leave me with doubts or uncertainties like she was doing now. I was trying to act normal, but I really wasn't feeling well right now.

However, I didn't want to get too tensed because I had to announce the news soon. In the end, I chose not to ask any more questions. I put the phone down and tried to digest the news so I could announce it properly within twenty minutes.

But I couldn't do it.

I picked up the phone again and called AppTalk. Earn was both the accountant and the receptionist. She picked up the phone and greeted me in her clear, pleasant voice.

"Hi, This is AppTalk."

"Earn, it's Karn."

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Has Chris been in the office today? I can't reach her."

"She hasn't come yet."

*Think Chris Kitkat: I'm driving to work.*

I bit my lip hard but tried to sound normal.

"What about Cate?"

"She hasn't been to... Oh, here they are."

"Don't tell Chris I called."

I quickly hung up and crumpled the paper in my hand before wincing as the paper had cut me. I lifted my finger and put it in my mouth to get rid of the blood before clenching my hand tightly. Why did all my suspicions have to be true?

She left home early in the morning.

She answered my question vaguely.

She went to the office with Cate.

After I tried to calm down, my phone rang. It showed that Chris was calling me. If I had to guess, Earn told her I called and told her not to tell Chris I did.

Correct. If I said, "don't tell her," it means "tell her right away" for some.

And yes... I didn't answer the phone, but instead put it on silent mode because I didn't want to get any more grumpy before announcing the news.

Within the span of two hours, I calmed down, composed myself, and finished my job of announcing the news professionally. However, everything I had done had gone down the drain when I saw the arrogant-looking woman waiting for me in the lobby with a wide smile on her face.

I hated her...

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"It's no big deal,"

"It mean, it's something. Are you in a bad mood?"

"No!"

I lost all my patience and screamed at her uncontrollably.

Everyone in the lobby turned to look at us. I was shocked and embarrassed, so I hurriedly left the building. Chris grabbed my wrist and dragged me with her.

"Let me go."

"No. Someone is angry, and I have to try to reconcile with her and explain myself."

"I said I wasn't in a bad mood."

"You know I don't like it when someone lies to me. Do you remember that we broke up the last time you lied to me?"

When I remembered that, I panicked and thought of when Chris called me when I was with A. As a result, I became shy.

"Okay. I'm in a bad mood."

"Why are you so cute?" Chris laughed until her whole body shook. She continued to drag me with her. "Why are you in a bad mood?"

"Where have you been today?"

"I told you I had some errands to run."

"With Cate?" I could tell my mouth was trembling as I said that, though I tried my best to compose myself. "I understand. She's beautiful."

"So what if she's beautiful?"

"You shouldn't have come back to me. You should have just slept with her. You're always together."

"Are you jealous?"

"Yeah."

"It's nothing."

"Everyone who cheats says that. It's okay. And if you ask them too many questions, they'll pretend to be angry." I bared my teeth at Chris, imagining the situation where Chris was about to cheat on me. "If it's true, you don't have to do that. Just break up with me. I'll leave."

"You're going to call a radio show to try to reconcile with me again."

"Where are you taking me?" I twisted my wrist in an attempt to escape her grip, as I grew increasingly furious.

Chris stopped walking and let go of me. Just like that.

**What is this? Are you not even going to try to stop me? I'm in a bad mood!**

We were in the parking lot. I don't know why she brought me here. I looked around, confused, but refused to ask anything. I stood there silently as I sulked.

"Aren't you going to ask why I brought you here?"

"Why?"

"I want to show you this!" Chris waved her hand toward a red car. It was the latest release. I looked at it in confusion. The arrogant-looking woman had to explain it to me. "This is our new car."

"Hey?"

"I went to look for it this morning. I wanted to surprise you."

My jaw dropped. I looked at Chris, then at the red car, repeatedly, so many times that I became dizzy. When my lover saw that I didn't know what to do, she laughed happily.

"It's a good thing I successfully surprised you. You're so adorable when you're as confused as you are now." Chris pinched my cheek with adorable aggression. "My little Awww."

"You bought a car? I had no idea."

"If you knew, it wouldn't be a surprise."

"Did you leave early this morning to pick up the car?"

"Yes. The best time is 9:09 a.m."

"Why did you go with Cate?"

"Cate's friend sells luxury cars, so I asked her to help me. I got a lot of freebies, including insurance, a bumper, a taillight, an alarm, a rubber mat, and ladders..."

Chris was showing this and that, like someone who was very proud of getting a good deal. I twisted my face even more. Seeing that, Chris gradually lowered her voice and twisted her face as well.

"Aren't you happy? I bought a car so I could come see you more often. I emptied my bank account to buy this. I intend to pick you up and drop you off every day."

"I feel stupid."

"Hey..."

"I feel stupid. I've been acting like an idiot. I was imagining things the whole way here because I was jealous."

My voice started to crack because I hated myself.

"I told myself it wouldn't be like this, but I still acted like an idiot because I had suspicions. And look at this... You're my lover, but I never suspected you would do this? This is a big deal. This car is expensive. But I had no idea."

I cried like a little girl. Chris, who had been very happy a moment before, quickly ran in to hug me and comfort me. She was like an older sister trying to comfort a friend's younger sister but didn't know how to do it.

"You couldn't have known. I meant to surprise you. And you weren't being stupid. I was being suspicious."

"But I promised I wouldn't. I'm a terrible lover."

"You should be yourself. I love you because you are you, Awww."

I hugged Chris tightly. I was overwhelmed. The arrogant-looking woman did her best to comfort me. The more I thought about it, the angrier I felt at myself. I had never been a tender lover. I always made her feel bad, including her surprise at this new car she bought so she could pick me up and drop me off.

"You'll probably leave me if I keep this up."

"Never."

"But you broke up with me last time."

"Oh... you're bringing that up."



The arrogant-looking woman stepped away from me and scratched her head. I punched her shoulder gently. I tried not to smile through my tears.

"I'm not mentioning this to make you feel guilty or anything. I'm just telling myself to stop behaving like this because I'm sure no one can stand it. If Karakate comes out again, she'll break up with me because I couldn't keep my promise."

"What did you promise me?"

"I promised I wouldn't be an idiot."

"I don't remember. And as long as I don't remember, it means we haven't made a deal. You can keep being silly. It's cute. And I enjoy trying to make up with you because we always end up kissing when I do."

"What madness."

"The most important thing is that we can't break up. I don't know how to flirt. And I really like sex. No one could handle me except you."

"Who told you I could handle you?"

"I did."

"Why should I do this?"

"Because you also like sex a lot."

The arrogant-looking woman gave me a sly smile and pointed at the car with her head as she said that. I, who was wiping my tears with the back of my hand, looked at her, confused. I didn't know what she was trying to imply.

"Hey?"

"I chose this car because the back seat is very spacious."

"Uh-huh."

“Don't you want to try it?”

After looking into her eyes for a while, I began to understand what she meant, so I smiled a little.

“Wild. Is this how you're going to try to reconcile with me?”

“I will try to make up with you all my life because I understand you every time I do.” The arrogant-looking woman approached me and ran her finger from my jawline to my collarbone. “And then?”

“What then?”

“Just because you bought a new car. But... not in the car. It's hot,” I said jokingly.

Chris hunched her back. She probably had some very strange ideas since she got the car, but I closed her window.

“God.”

“But if it's on the roof or the hood, it might be okay.”

“Wild. I should have bought a truck.”

“Let's leave this for one...”

“Too late. It's got to be the hood, then. It might be a little slippery, though.”

“It's fine as long as I'm lying down.”

We laughed and made up after I found out what was going on, and Chris tried to make up with me in a way only she could.

I also got to go back to being the Aontakarn who likes to sulk because Chris didn't want me to lie to her. Trying to be someone else is hard for me. I had to let it go.

I'll try to be better and sulk less. But becoming a totally different person was too difficult for me.

This is what it was... after all.



## Aontakarn [POV] 5 : The Same

"Stop teasing me, Karn. I can't take it anymore."

"I want you to want it more."

As soon as our desire was ignited, we engaged in intense fights in bed, unable to separate ourselves. We agreed to do it to celebrate the new car, but out of respect for the new car, we did it in bed after taking a shower.

Today I used baby powder-scented soap. I heard that this scent could kill anyone, and it seemed to have a great effect on Chris. As soon as I came out of the bathroom and Chris caught a whiff of the scent, she was on fire and had been until now.

"If you don't finish it, I'll do it myself," I said.

"Actually, that's a good idea."

Chris moved away from me and leaned back against the headboard. Her arms were crossed over her chest. She left me hanging. I was so frustrated that I didn't know what to say. I could only press my lips together tightly, lie down next to her, and sulk.

"You said you would do it yourself. Why are you lying down? You would feel uncomfortable."

"Why do you leave me hanging?" I asked.

The arrogant-looking woman grabbed my shoulder and turned me around to face her. She leaned down to snuggle into my neck and nibbled on my ear.

"I want to see you dance on me. It would be nice to see how you do it," she teased.

"That would be too awkward."

"No. Try it."

My lover pulled me towards her and showed me a lot of things. She turned me around so that I was facing away from her. She lifted my legs so that I was kneeling on top of her and rubbing my sensitive part against her as if I was dancing.

At first, I felt embarrassed because I had never done anything like this before. But once she encouraged me by whispering in my ear, I became more confident.

"You are so sexy. You're heating me up."

Everything happened naturally at its own pace. I was having fun learning new things. Chris reached out her hand to grab my breasts and turn me on. My emotions were rising with each passing second.

Every time I moved, my lover let out a moan, as if she wanted to turn me on even more. All her stimulation turned me on so much that my body shook. I lifted my face and stared at the ceiling.

"Ah..."

"Good job," I could hear a soft, husky voice in my ear as Chris wiped the sweat off my neck with her lips. "You dance so beautifully."

"Where did you learn to do this?" I asked.

"The body pillow."

Her answer was so shocking that I couldn't imagine someone as shy as Chris saying it when she was being herself. Because Chris would always go back to being the Chris who didn't even dare to look me in the eye after we were done with our activities.

"Are you still using the body pillow?" I inquired.

"Why would I do that when I have you?"

My eyes widened when I heard that. As I said before, Chris was a totally different person when she was in bed. She was very bossy and determined. Even though I tried to fight her, I always went easy on her.

But sometimes the leader can't say no to the follower, especially when the body craves too much. And Chris was currently at that point.

"Yeah," I turned around and faced the arrogant-looking woman. I nibbled on her ear playfully. "I'm way better than the body pillow."

"Show me," she challenged.

I pushed Chris down and moved down.

"I won't show it to you," I teased.

"..."

"I'll make you scream."

Chris's hips rose as if she was welcoming me with open arms. She let out a moan that made my heart tingle.

"Ah..."

*"Our love has need to end."*

I woke up with a start in the middle of the night, after falling asleep from exhaustion. I quickly grabbed the person next to me to make sure Chris hadn't gone anywhere.

"What... What's wrong, Karn?"

The arrogant-looking woman woke up. She was surprised at how I looked, even though I wasn't fully awake yet. I leaned over to hug her tightly, wanting to make sure she was real.

"I had a nightmare," I confessed.

"About what?"

"I don't remember."

I didn't want to talk about it. The feeling from when Chris broke up with me and walked away still haunted me. It was like my guilt was stuck to my forehead, and no amount of effort could remove it.

I had never spoken of this with anyone because of my deep shame at having inflicted so much pain on my lover on the spur of the moment.

Chris pulled me to lie down beside her and rolled over to hold me tightly. The soft scent of Chris's body relaxed me somehow. She felt warm and familiar, like I was with her.

Like my mother.

Yeah... Chris breaking up with me was similar to when my mom was mad at me and turned her back on me. It made me realize what was important in life.

*Why be successful if there's no one to celebrate it with?*

"Do you have trouble sleeping?" she asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Should we play another round, since you're not exhausted?"

"Don't be so sweet."

"So, let's go?"

"No. Let's just hug. I want to let my mind wander."

"About?"

"My mother."

When the arrogant-looking woman heard my answer, instead of going back to sleep, she turned on the light and started a conversation with me.

"What are you thinking about?"

"In relation to my mother... many things."

"Can you go into more detail?"

"What do you want to know?"

"From the beginning."

I smiled slightly and considered where to start when I told my lover about my mother. I had never really talked to Chris about my mother before because I was too embarrassed to talk about her.

It was strange that, at that moment, I wanted to tell her everything about my mother. Having someone who wanted to listen to me made me feel good.

"Okay. I'll start from... when I was born."



"Okay. I have all night."

Aontakarn means darkness...

I was born at night. My mother told me that it was very dark. There were no stars in the sky. So suddenly my mother came up with the name...  
Aontakarn.

To be honest, even if you hear the name casually, it gives off a dull and not-so-lively vibe. But my mother thought otherwise. She said that it was mysterious and captivating. She said that when someone heard my name, they would never forget it. She never believed in any myths about naming a child for good luck. She just picked a name that she liked, and it has been my name until now.

*Naughty girl.*

My mother used to tell me that because I was so naughty, although I pretended I didn't know I was being naughty. When I applied to a university, we agreed that I would get a degree in accounting. However, I applied for a degree in communication arts because that was what I liked the most.

I wanted to be an actress. That's always been my dream.

My mother was always against it. She said I should have a plan B. I could study anything and still become an actress. But I was the type to give it my all when I did something. I said I would apply to whatever college my mother chose, but I didn't. And I got into the college I wanted.

*"Do you want me to drop out of school?"*

*"I knew you weren't the obedient type. You already came in. What could I do now?"*

Even though I was very stubborn, my mother always let me do what I wanted. She was very strict when I was young. I had to follow her rules. Maybe it was because she was a counselor. She also believed that this world was a scary place. That made me feel very uncomfortable. I had always seen myself as a good girl. I had never strayed. But when I saw what my mother was like, I decided to rebel by doing the opposite of what she wanted. It all started that day... when I was hit by a car.

It was an accident that should not have happened.

I remember running away to my friend's house to get back at my mother. My mother had a very heavy-handed rule, which was that I couldn't come home after 6 p.m., not even a second later. I thought that was unreasonable. What if I had school work or if I had to go do some group work at my friend's house? Did I have to go home first just because my mother had that rule?

So I wanted to rebel and break that rule. I wanted her to know that it wasn't so bad if I came home a little late.

But my defiance made what my mother had always feared come true...

I was crossing the street at the crosswalk at night, and a car hit me hard because the driver didn't see me. When I regained consciousness, I was in the hospital. I remember my mother crying non-stop. She apologized to me repeatedly, even though she did nothing wrong.

*"Naughty girl... how can I continue living if you haven't woken up?"*

Since then... she had become a new person. She was no longer strict and became an incredibly calm person. She was so cute and kind. She slowly lifted her rules but gave me helpful advice. Every decision was mine. She started to realize that I was the stubborn type. The more she tried to forbid me from doing something, the more I rebelled and wanted to do it.

It was no wonder my mother was very worried and possessive of me. It was just the two of us. My father passed away from lung cancer when I was very young. My mother was a single mother. She raised me well.

I was a good person... just sometimes I'm disobedient.

When I realized that my mother was kind and calm, I became very self-centered because I knew that my mother would let me do things my way in the end. She always put me first. It made me forget that she wouldn't be with me forever.

I thought she would always be with me.

The love I received from my mother made me not look for love from anyone else. We were like friends. We could talk about everything. We were also beer buddies.

"Aon, you're older now... You know about contraceptives, right?"

"Yes... condoms, birth control pills, and the morning-after pill in case of emergency,"

Actually, I had only just found out about them from my friends. My mother looked very uncomfortable when I said that. It made me laugh.

"You know a lot."

My mother tried to act cool, but she was actually very old-fashioned. I knew that well... She was so cute.

"If I really got pregnant, what would you do?"

"And... what would you do?"

"I'd probably get rid of it."

"You're crazy!" my mother screamed at me like a very scared old lady. She sat up straight and spoke in a shaky voice, as if I were already pregnant.

"You have to tell me if you get pregnant. Don't make any decisions on your own."

"Will you hit me?"

"Hitting you wouldn't help at all if you're already pregnant... By the way..." she trailed off.

"Huh?" I raised an eyebrow, hiding a smile as I sipped my beer. "By the way, what? Finish your sentence."

"Have you had sex?"

"Of course," I replied with a grin.

"Aontha!"

"I tricked you!"

I laughed as my mother's face turned bright red. I wasn't sure if it was because she was angry or because she choked on her beer.

I threw my beer can on the table, crossed my arms over my chest, and whimpered, "I'm still a virgin. I've never done anything like this. I don't want to disappoint you."

"I won't be disappointed,"

"Stop trying to be cool. You couldn't tolerate me having an affair with a man, considering I'm the daughter of a guidance counselor. You take pride in your work."

I walked over to my mother and hugged her for some tenderness, like I always did. My mother seemed a little frustrated at first, but then she sighed and patted my hand.

"But if that happens, I'll have to tolerate it," she said softly.

"Why are you suddenly talking about this?"

"I saw a man leave you there."

"Toy?"

"Yes. I've seen his face. I've heard his voice. And I can say... he's not a good man."

"You are biased."

"Can't you choose better?" she asked gently.

"I want to give him a chance first. He hasn't done anything wrong yet."

"I'm serious. I don't like him."

"We can be friends."

"I can set you up with some friends. A friend doesn't have to be a man... I have someone I want you to be friends with."

"Are you setting me up with a man? How can I be sure that the guy you like doesn't just want my body?"

"A woman."

"Do you want to pair me with a woman? Using fingers... that could be good. I wouldn't get pregnant."

"Aontha!!!" she exclaimed, her face flushing with embarrassment. "You are very funny."

I didn't let Toy take advantage of me. Toy wanted me so badly. It was very obvious on many occasions that he could barely control himself, but he didn't dare touch me because I was clear from the beginning.

"We'll get to know each other little by little. There will be no shortcuts. It will be very slow. If you can't wait, you can break up with me whenever you want. And I'll also break up with you immediately if I feel insecure."

I had heard that Toy liked to hit and run. He would get over the relationship quickly when he was with someone. But with me, he didn't dare to do anything like that. I was impressed, thinking that he might have been serious with me. I thought I was not like his other women. I bragged about it to my mother. And the only response I got was...

"Boys only show us their good side when they haven't gotten what they want. How many months have you been with him to judge him already?" she asked.

"Three months."

"Can you measure anything in that period of time?"

"You are biased."

That was what I thought until Toy started using one of his techniques.

We were in our fifth month together. He took me out to a fancy dinner, and he ordered expensive wine. He didn't know that alcohol was my best friend. He showed his true colors when he pretended that the car had broken down and tried to turn the car into a cheap motel on the side of the road.

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"Are you really going to do this?"

"What did I do? I just want to sleep... Hey, what are you doing!"

Toy, who was about to drive into the motel, was shocked when he saw me open the car door and was ready to jump out while the car was still moving. I was brave enough to do anything except...

Hurting my mother's feelings.

No matter how naughty and stubborn I was, I would never cause my mother any pain. Especially not this!

"Okay. I'll drop you off at home!" Toy finally relented.

I got home after midnight that night. I was planning to break up with Toy. I was so stressed out because I almost fell victim to him. And things got worse when I had to face my mother, who was waiting for me because she was worried about why I came home later than usual.

"Where have you been?"

"We went to dinner. I already told you," I replied, avoiding looking my mother in the eyes, like someone who felt guilty.

I felt like I had lost to my mother because Toy was exactly the kind of man my mother told me he was. But my mother took it differently, which made me furious.

"Did you sleep with him?"

"Mom!" I raised my voice in frustration. "I didn't do anything like what you're suggesting..."

And I stayed quiet before I wanted to hit her again.

"Or even if I did, I'm old enough to do whatever I want. You said it was okay because I know how to protect myself." — — — —

"Aontakarn!"

My mother seemed angrier than ever. She had ways of calling me that told me how angry she was. If she was a little angry, she called me "Aon." If she was a little angrier, it was "Karn." And if it was my full name, it meant she was furious and deeply disappointed.

*Why would she feel disappointed if I didn't do anything?*

"It was okay that you wanted him as a boyfriend because I've always trusted you. But I never trust anyone else. You're a woman. You can fall victim anytime, anywhere."

"If you don't mind me falling victim, you don't need to ask so many questions. I'm grown up now. Why are you so worried about me?"

"At least you comes home on time."

"What are you so afraid of?"

"I'm afraid you're dead somewhere!" she cried.

As soon as my mother said that, she sobbed. It was the first time I was stunned and turned into a little girl, like I had been many years ago. I took her good intentions the wrong way. Although she was worried that I would fall victim to Toy, she was more worried that I would not come home.

I was thinking about that event when I didn't get home until late at night and showed up at the hospital.

"Mother..."

My mother turned her back on me and didn't speak to me for two weeks. It was just as torturous as when Chris walked away and didn't look back.

*Exactly the same...*





## Aontakarn [POV] 6 : The Right Time

The most painful times in my life were when my mother passed away and when Chris broke up with me.

I used to hurt the people closest to me. Sometimes I did it unconsciously. Sometimes, that wasn't the case...

When I fought with Chris, I would look for the most hurtful words to say to her because I was angry and wanted to lash out at everything in this world. And Chris... the arrogant-looking woman who never got angry with me, always showed up at the perfect moment for me to lash out at something or someone.

---

"Having you in my life doesn't make me happy."

"If being together is so bad, why be in love?"

"We shouldn't have met."

When I said those words, my brain was a mess. I wasn't conscious. I wasn't thinking. I just wanted to lash out at someone who was connected to the matter, and Chris was that someone. I was used to fighting and making up with her. I thought Chris would try to make up with me like she always had.

**However, this time was different... Chris cried.**

I regained consciousness when I saw her face, which was full of tears, but she was still smiling at me. I was stunned, but I couldn't say anything. Then, the person in front of me said it and turned around to walk away from me.

*"Let's break up... Our love has need to end."*

The moment Chris told me that was the moment I fully regained consciousness. All the guilt flooded through me. I called out to the person who had turned her back on me, but nothing came out of my mouth.

Don't go...

I didn't mean to say all that.

I reached out my hand to grab the air as Chris slowly walked away from my sight. To be honest, I was really scared... I didn't want to lose her, but I was afraid she would reject me.

*If I called her but she didn't turn around... what could I do?*

*If I ran after her but she insisted on leaving... what options did I have?*

*If I turned into air and no longer existed for her, how could I continue living?*

But I still had hope. I told myself, "No, Chris will come back to me. We'll miss each other too much, just like we did today." — — —

I told myself that even though, deep down, I knew that what had just happened, happened. I couldn't turn back time.

I had never told anyone about this. Chris didn't know that this event was my sin either. I got anxious and felt guilty every time I thought about it. And I had nightmares about it, like I did that night.

Yes... that night was not the first time I dreamed about that event. I didn't know what to do with this guilt of mine...

"Why did you stay silent? Is that the end of your mother's story?"

Chris, who was waiting for me to continue my mother's story, asked me as I let my mind wander and looked out the window. It brought me out of my

reverie. I buried my face in the nice-smelling woman's neck to relax and ask for her tenderness.

"You're so eager to hear my story. Aren't you sleepy?"


"I'm fully awake now."

"Where was I?"

"Your mother didn't speak to you for two weeks. So how did you two make up?"

"I cried in front of her."

"So adorable."



My mother was very good at being cold and acting like I was air and didn't exist. When I walked around the house, she would pretend not to see me.

After enduring that for two weeks, I reached a breaking point and walked over to her to sob uncontrollably in front of my mother, despite being twenty-three at the time. I cried like I was five years old.

"Don't do this to me. I was wrong."

Even though I was crying, my mother was very calm and didn't pay attention to me. I had to hug her and beg her to talk to me. Eventually, she

softened to me. She sighed, looked at me, and reached out to play with my hair.

"This time, you'll finally know who you have to worry about, Aon."

It was a lesson that made me realize that the people I needed to prioritize were those who were close to me. If my mother didn't care about me, I had no one else to complain and sulk to.

My mother was that person... the one who always cared about me and always let me do what I wanted.

My mother was trying to get me to stop being so stubborn and wanting to win over silly things. She was trying to get me to walk on a stable path.

Sometimes my mother was my friend, but at that moment my mother was my life coach. My mother's warnings were always well-intentioned, but I resisted them all. That event made me grow up and care more about my mother's feelings.

I thought I was already mature at 23, but honestly, I didn't know anything...

At that point, I tried to get away from Toy following my mother's advice, but he kept asking for a chance and promised that he would never try anything like that again until we got married. I almost laughed in his face.

"Getting married? I didn't have that image in my head at all."

"...."

"You don't have that much patience."

"I can wait. I will wait."

My attempt to break up with him had no effect on this overconfident man. However, I had no problem with him being my boyfriend because I considered him nothing more than a friend. I didn't have many friends, so it wasn't so bad that Toy accompanied me to the movies or to dinner.

Although I was 23 years old at the time, I still pursued my dream. I didn't give up and looked for opportunities to enter the entertainment industry, with my mother as my main support. While pursuing my dream, I worked at the same company as Toy. And finally, my chance came.

I applied for a sports news presenter position on a new digital channel and was selected.

Even though it wasn't a big channel, at least I was able to appear on TV. My mother was a loyal fan of mine.

She always looked forward to seeing me on TV, even though she knew nothing about sports, she watched sports news only because her daughter was a sports news anchor. I gave it my all.

I even quit my full-time job to announce the news only three times a week, and the work schedule was only three hours per visit. The pay was not good, but I could do what I wanted, although it was far from my dream job.

It was so far from my dream job that I knew maybe I was just trying to fool myself.

Not everyone who is handsome becomes an actor.

Not everyone on television is well-known.

It's all about luck, and I wasn't lucky when it came to my dream job.

I had high hopes, but the response was nowhere near what I expected. I was starting to feel discouraged. However, one person always encouraged me to keep going—my only fan... my mother.

"Why worry about others when you have me, who supports your work no matter what you do?"

"But you're the only one who expects to see me on TV. What's the point? I have no luck in the entertainment industry."

"Don't be discouraged like that. You've come this far... Today may not be your day, but you have to focus on the person who loves you. What's the point of being successful if you don't have anyone who loves you and admires your success? Between having millions of fans without me being around and having me around without millions of fans, what do you prefer?"

"You're just trying to comfort me."

"One day, you'll know what I mean."

And that day came... the day my mother leave and never came back.

I remember how my world fell apart. If I had to compare it to anything, it would be debris falling from a crumbling structure. My only breath in this world was gone. There was no one to turn on the television to watch the news I was announcing.

My only fan was no longer there to admire my work. Success and making my dreams come true were no longer important to me.

I remember I was about to quit being a sports anchor. I didn't want to do anything anymore. I didn't even think about what I would do after I quit. I just knew that... nothing meant anything to me.

That was until I received a letter.

I received a letter from a fan who suddenly appeared... with the alias Apple.

I remember feeling like maybe my mom was playing with me by pretending I was dead... Maybe she was going to surprise me by appearing and saying, "Boo! Do you know what it's like not to have me around right now, you naughty girl?"

But that was all... that was just my imagination. My mother really did pass away.

I took the letter as representing my mother, even though there was no connection between the two at all. The letter had a very romantic beginning.

Reading the entire letter made me smile for the first time since my mother passed away.

*"Dear you... Who is loved..."*

That was a fan who showed up at the right place at the right time. She rekindled my passion during my darkest days.

"Oh?" I looked at Chris after hearing a snore. I pursed my lips in a bad mood. She let me continue telling her a long story while she fell asleep. "Since when did you fall asleep?"

I was just playfully in a bad mood. I wasn't angry with her. Just thinking about the letter made me happy. Chris was the one who approached me shyly. She slowly entered my life so romantically, like no other man could.

I had never imagined having a relationship with a woman before.

But with Chris, it was different. We are both women and we love each other very much. There is no reason for it. Even Chris was surprised to have a girlfriend with long hair, breasts and everything that a woman has.

I hugged the person lying next to me tightly with adorable aggression. Chris, who was still fast asleep, shifted and put a leg over me so she could

sleep more comfortably. The warmth of the arrogant-looking woman made me smile slightly. I was starting to feel sleepy too.

*Thank you for coming into my life... and for making me love you so much.  
Thank you for making me aware of what I should prioritize in life.*

*It's you... that I love.*





## Aontakarn [POV] 7 : Carissa Yungyuen

I had a date with Kai today. Chris watched me as I got dressed. She tilted her head curiously.

"Do you have to announce the news today?"

"No. I have an appointment—"

"You seem very anxious. Is there any good news?"

"Not exactly..."

I wasn't sure what kind of news I would get from Kai. But whether it was good or bad, I was excited because I would know who had my mother's eyes.

But I was hoping it would be Chris.

"I hope this is a good day for you. I will send you words of encouragement."

Chris was still Chris. Whatever it was, the arrogant-looking woman was always there to cheer me up. I nodded a little and turned to the mirror to finish applying mascara on my eyes. However, my phone rang before I could finish.

"Oops." As soon as I saw who was calling, I answered with a cheerful voice. "Yes, Kai. I'll come see you."

"You don't need to come, Karn. I have an urgent appointment," Kai said over the phone. "I'll tell you over the phone because my friend who got the information couldn't get us any evidence anyway. He only got me a name."

"Okay. Whatever's convenient for you."

"Wait. Let me see what the name is... By the way, you're not thinking of asking that person for anything in return, are you?" Kai asked.

"Of course not." I laughed and waited anxiously for the name. Kai was silent for a while. It seemed like he was looking at a message on his phone. Then he told me who it was.

"The person who received the eyes your mother donated was..."

My heart was beating aggressively. My hand holding the mascara clenched very tightly as I anxiously awaited the information.

"Who is it... Is it Carissa?"

When I mentioned Chris's name, the arrogant-looking woman, who was tossing and turning in bed, looked at me and pointed at herself.

"Did you call me?"

I shook my head at Chris and turned my attention back to Kai on the phone.

"How did you know? It's Carissa... Carissa Yungyuen," Kai confirmed.

When I heard that, I turned to look at Chris and asked, "Chris... is your real name Carissa?"

"Yes. Don't tell me you forgot your lover's name. God."

"And your last name?"

"I'm in a bad mood now. We've been together for so long, but you don't know my last name? It's the same as Puth's."

"Can you tell me what your last name is?!" I shouted at Chris in my excitement. She shrank her neck slightly.

"Yungyuen. It's Carissa Yungyuen."

I dropped the phone, and tears fell down my cheeks. My mood changed faster than Thailand's leading actresses.

"What's wrong, Karn?" Chris asked.

I couldn't speak.

"Who did what?" Chris immediately jumped out of bed and ran to comfort me. She looked at my phone and grabbed it to see who I was talking to, but Kai had already hung up.

"Tell me, Karn, why are you crying?"

I hugged the arrogant-looking woman, who knelt down to comfort me, and cried uncontrollably. All my emotions crashed into me like a tropical storm. I was shocked, surprised, and delighted...

I was so delighted that I cried my eyes out.

"You are not beautiful when you cry."

I remained silent.

"You look like a little girl too. Will I know what's wrong with you today at some point? Or is it about your acting career? Did someone reject you? Okay, okay. It's okay. You can choose someone else. You're the leading lady in my heart, always."

Chris kept thinking the phone call was about my acting career because there weren't many things that could make me cry as much as I did now.

I stepped away from the arrogant-looking woman and cradled her face in my palms. I wanted to see those eyes clearly. My mother's eyes were

donated to the person I love. It was as if I was with the two most important people in my life right now.

Those eyes that only looked at me...

Those hands that held me and hugged me so I wouldn't have to walk alone in this world.

"This is great," I said.

"What? What's so great? I'm so confused. Is that a cry of joy or sadness?"

Chris received the eyes my mother donated to her... coincidentally.

What I had been wondering about ever since Chris came to my house to see me in her second personality had finally been resolved. Whether it was by coincidence or by supernatural nature, I didn't care. I just knew that I was very happy. This was something I wouldn't trade for anything.

I remember that day...when I called into the radio show and asked the fierce-looking person for a second chance, I called, not knowing if she would listen to me.

What was I thinking?

Actually, I had been a fan of that show since I was a college student. But I couldn't listen to all the shows because I couldn't spend so much time listening to someone else's story when I had to work. But whenever I remembered, I would listen to the show out of habit. It was a show that people called to tell their stories. Some seemed impossible. Some are so shocking that they should be made into a series.

For example, the story of the person who used an alias, A. She called to confess her love to another woman, even though she was also a woman. Also, the age difference between them was 16 years. It was a bit shocking to imagine what two women do to each other.

It seemed unnatural, but it was cute.

In addition to telling your story, the show also allowed people to talk about things and confess their love to someone.

Ah... that includes complaining.

I remember Chris and I got into a fight a few days after listening to A. The fight was so bad that I used force against her. I was so stressed and anxious. I felt bad for using force against another person. So I decided to listen to the show that day. And it was a coincidence that someone with the alias "B" called.

*[My name is B. My story is a bit strange... I dream about someone often. But when I wake up, I can't remember the person's face. All I remember are brown, crystal-clear eyes. I draw those eyes every day, until one day I realized that those eyes exist in real life.]*

[What do you mean by that?] the host asked.

*[On TV... I see them on TV. I became a silent fan of the person. I pretend I don't feel anything, but I scream at the top of my lungs every time I see the person. But that person thinks all I feel is hate.]*

*[I'm not good at expressing myself, you see. I'm afraid that if I'm too elated, the person will think I'm crazy. So in order not to seem like I'm flirting, I pretend to hate... One time, I was so harsh with my words that the person couldn't stand it. We got into a fight and I got slapped!]*

[What kind of man slaps a woman?]

*[He is not a man..]*

Why did it sound so familiar to me?

I finally realized, as Chris kept sending me letters using Apple as her alias and recommending I listen to this radio show on rainy days, that "B" was Chris calling to complain. Since I realized that, I took the time to listen to the show, even though I didn't have time to before, in case Chris called again.

Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would be calling into the show to talk about something that was weighing heavily on my mind. I didn't have many friends to consult with. I had nothing left during the worst time of my life.

The thought of breaking up with Chris never crossed my mind. If I could go back in time, I would try to make up with that arrogant-looking woman immediately. I would make her turn around to face me and apologize for what I let slip by.

Everything I did was because I was out of control, but the words spoken could not be reversed. If I had a second chance, just one chance...

I remember it took a lot of courage and shamelessness to call Meen, Chris's best friend, at that time. We agreed to meet. I didn't even dare look her in the eyes. It was like I had knocked down her best friend, but I dared to beg her to come see me.

Meen walked in and sat quietly. She didn't show any emotion, either anger or hatred, as I expected. Instead, she asked about me.

"How are you, Miss Karn?"

"Not good at all," I confessed frankly. Meen nodded slowly and took a sip of the tea she had ordered.

"Yes. Not good... You've lost a lot of weight—"

"How is Chris?"

"She's probably going crazy."

To be honest, I didn't know if she was joking or what. I wanted to laugh, but I didn't have the strength to do so.

"She's probably very hurt."

"Obviously. Even though she tries not to show her pain, everyone can tell that she is so much in pain. I thought you would be happy with all the new

opportunities and social circles you have become involved in..."

I shook my head slowly, feeling very guilty. "Not at all."

"What's up with that guy named A?"

"I already kicked him out of my life."

"Why do it now when you've already lost Chris?"

Meen's cruel yet sincere words made me visibly shy. When she saw that I had remained silent, she probably felt a little bad, so she changed the subject.

"Anyway, why did you arrange this meeting? Is there something you want to talk to me about?"

"Ah... yes, there is something." I lowered my voice, and my ex's best friend looked at me, trying to guess.

"Do you want to make up with Chris?"

"..."

"If you do that, you won't be able to be an actress. Will you be okay with that?"

My tears fell, showing how bad I was to be asked that. Meen dropped her jaw and quickly waved her hand in guilt for making one sarcastic comment after another.

"Don't cry. Please. I... I was just asking."

"I can't live without Chris," I said, wiping my tears with my sleeve. "Why be successful if there's no one to celebrate your success with? Without Chris, it's pointless."

"Miss Karn..."

The person in front of me let out a heavy sigh. "Don't act so pitiful. I wanted to be your enemy. I've been angry at you for what you did to my friend for weeks. I can't be softened just because of a beautiful woman's tears."

"..."

"Besides, if you really want to make up with Chris, just call her. She'll crawl back to you in an instant."

"What if Chris.. What if she doesn't answer my call?"

"There's no way that's going to happen."

"I'm afraid Chris has already let me go. I don't want to be like air or a nobody to her."

"You don't seem like someone who would overthink things. No wonder you're able to be with Chris. God... What do you want me to do?"

"I want to tell Chris how I feel."

"Call her."

"I don't dare to do that."

"And?"

"I listen to a radio program where people call in to tell their stories. The stories are very moving..."

"Is it the same program?" Meen put her hand on her chest, as if she had found a friend. "You mean A or B or something? Those who love a woman with a 16-year age difference?"

"Yeah."

"Wow! I hear that too. It was very touching." Meen seemed very excited to hear that I was also a fan of this radio show. "Don't tell me you're going to



do that."

"Would that be a good idea?"

"It's a great gesture. But calling her would be easier."

"..."

"Whatever you want. You can call that program if you want. What do you want me to do?"

"Can you help me open the program so Chris can hear my story? I want Chris to hear me without having to see her comments. At least I won't have to worry about whether Chris will hang up or not answer my call. At least I won't have to worry that I don't exist for her anymore."

"Okay. I'll help you with this."

Calling that radio show worked...

Chris was listening to it with Meen's help. About twenty minutes after I told my story, Chris arrived at my house with her friends.

But it wasn't the same old Chris because she walked up to me confidently and grabbed me by the neck in a way I never imagined she would dare to do.

"Don't use your tears. What you did doesn't deserve forgiveness!"

"Chris... Are you Chris?"

"I am Karakate."

It seemed like I had to adapt to deal with this version of Chris. She really wasn't her true self, as I suspected.

From the smell of alcohol coming off her breath, I could guess that she had had quite a bit to drink; otherwise, her second personality wouldn't be making an appearance like that.

"Okay... Karakate. Oops!"

Me, whose neck was grabbed, was pushed back as Karakate stared at my face.

"Did you think calling into a radio show and crying your eyes out would change everything? Even if Chris forgives you, I won't."

"..."

"Do you remember what you said? *'We shouldn't have met. So we broke up.'* How dare you brazenly ask for us to get back together? Your quota of hurting Chris is over."

As we all know, Chris's second personality was still Chris. It was just a very wild version of Chris. She doesn't care about anyone. She'll do whatever she wants.

The normal Chris was a rather shy version who tended to keep things to herself and not let anyone know what she's thinking. The normal Chris tended to act opposite to what she thought.

But this version of Chris was very direct. I was a little surprised, and I was starting to feel a little intimidated.

"I'm sorry," I stammered.

"What's the point of apologizing now? Everything was already ruined since you prioritized someone else over the people closest to you."

"..."

"People who are together and love each other should support each other. Why is it like this when I'm with you? Having you in my life doesn't make me happy. If being together is so bad, why be in love?"

"Chris."

"We shouldn't have met."

My tears flowed like a river. I couldn't stop. Every single word Chris said pierced me until I was full of holes. It was like I was building something out of Legos, and Chris was smashing it into pieces with a wave of her hand.

I was devastated...

When I told Chris that, she was probably feeling what I was feeling at that moment. That thought caused me even more agony.

"Chris! That was too harsh," Ern, who was watching from a distance and listening to everything, tried to stop Chris because she couldn't take it anymore.

"Stay out of this! This is a matter between wife and wife. All of you, go back in instant."

"Jeez. I hate Chris when she's drunk. I want to shoot her with a gun."

"Did it hurt?"

Chris turned her attention back to me. She looked at me with narrowed eyes and a mocking smile. "How does it feel to be talked to like that?"

"..."

"Stop crying. You have to be able to accept what you told me. We're on equal terms!"

"I give up. I give up on you in every way... I'm sorry."

I covered my face and cried like a little girl. Everyone around us had gone silent, so my sobbing was the loudest sound that could be heard.

"Do you think everything will be okay just by saying you're sorry? What about when I was crying alone in my square room with thin walls? Who will be responsible for that?"

I reached out my hand to Chris, but the arrogant-looking woman carelessly brushed it off. It was Chris, with so much individuality that it frightened me.

"I promise I'll never do that again. Not having you in my life makes me feel worthless. You have no idea how much courage it took me to call that show."

"Why did you have to make such a grand gesture? You just had to call me. Aren't you embarrassed at all?"

"The whole country has already seen our video; what should I be ashamed of?"

I replied, forgetting to think that Chris was watching me. The woman who was complaining about me opened her eyes wide and showed me her teeth. Then she let out a sigh so big that her bangs moved.

"That's true. But it's still embarrassing. If you wanted to make up with me, you just had to call me. Normal Chris is willing to walk through a minefield to make up with you. But it happens to be me, so I'm not going to forgive you."

Chris's scream made me feel as small as a pinky. I responded timidly.

"What if you didn't answer my call?"

"So you called that show and told the whole country the story? What if they weren't listening?"

"I don't know anymore."

I answered honestly, like someone who didn't know what to do. I couldn't think straight. The person in front of me sighed as if she was angry with me.

"I'm..."

"..."

"I'm sick of this. Why do I always get soft when I see you cry?"

And the arrogant-looking woman came in to hug me and kiss my head gently. Her action was the opposite of when she first came here. At first, she acted like she hated me. Once I was comforted, I cried twice as hard because I felt like I was being forgiven.

"If you break your promise again, I will come back to break up with you myself. And I guarantee that your tears will fall like a tsunami."

"This is great. You forgave me." I hugged the person in front of me tightly. But I had to stop because Chris broke the mood when she said...

"I'm still not forgiving you."

"W... what?"

"I'm just giving you a chance. A naughty girl deserves this. So you'll finally know who you should care about the most, Aon."

"What?"

"I meant exactly what I just said. What part didn't you understand?"

"No. What did you just call me?"

"Karn."

"No."

"What else would I call you, Karn?"

"You called me..."

"Aon."

I didn't mishear that. Besides, what Chris just said was almost a copy-paste of what my mother had told me before. That wasn't the first time I felt like Chris was so much like my mother.

She was almost my mother already, to be honest!

From that moment on, I started thinking that I had to find out who received my mother's eyes. Because my mother donated all of her organs, it would be difficult to get all the information, so... I would just find out who received her eyes.

And my number one suspect is, without a doubt, Chris.

"Karn... why have you remained silent? Oops..."

I, who had been looking at Chris, leaned down to kiss her with tears streaming down my face. It's full of sadness, but I'm not sad. I'm happy. And I felt warm and happy inside.

"I can't keep up with your mood... Hey... it's still early in the morning." Chris lost her balance and fell to the ground.

She had been kneeling down to comfort me, so she wasn't in a stable position when I leaned on her. When I had the chance, I immediately climbed on top of her and slowly, but determinedly, took off my clothes. I was very determined to make love to her.

"Can't we?" I asked.

"We can, but your mood changes so fast that I can't keep up with you... Wow," Chris sounded surprised when I placed her hand on my chest. "I have to admit, you look sexier than ever today."

The fierce-looking woman sat up and stared at my breasts as if it was the first time she had ever laid eyes on them. With my other hand, I caressed her cheek softly, obsessively, and possessively.

It really couldn't be anyone else...

"Chris,"

"Yes?"

"Karn loves Chris. Very much... From now on, I'll say it every day. If I don't, you have to remind me. Do you understand?"

"I want to know what's wrong with you... But you confessing your love to me naked like this leaves me blank."

"Make it happen," I said.

"Huh?"

“Make love to me,” I said seductively, pulling Chris toward me. “Be as greedy as you want. I am yours and yours alone.”

The arrogant-looking woman slowly showed her aggressive instinct. Since the position was ideal, she grasped my breast with one hand and used her mouth to nibble on it.

“I won't be patient now.”

I looked up and opened my mouth to take a deep breath. If my head wasn't blank, I would have said...

You can eat me all.





## Aontakarn [POV] 8 : She Went Crazy

I wasn't sure if I had ever talked about this... Chris's instinct.

Normally, Chris was very shy. Sometimes she seemed repressed and didn't dare to say or do what she wanted. But once she got drunk or tensed up, she showed strong leadership, which made me look like a little girl.

Sometimes, I tried to be in control, but in the end, I had to give in and let the arrogant-looking woman have her way. And when it was all over, Chris would turn back into a shy woman. She wouldn't even look me in the eye, even though two minutes earlier she had been dancing on top of me.

“Things didn’t go as planned today... I was planning to treat you to some boat noodles on the street in front of our neighborhood, and then go meet up with my friends.”

The fierce-eyed girl covered herself with the blanket as if it was the first time we did this kind of activity. I had always adored this side of her. “But it’s already afternoon. By the time we bathe and get dressed, I won’t have time to eat.”

“Are you saying you can't eat because of me?” I asked.

“I’m just saying.”

“Even though you're the one who took the time to finish?”

“What madness!” Chris grabbed a pillow and threw it at my face. She looked like she was about to cry. I looked at my lover adoringly and

changed the subject because if I continued to tease her, she might break up with me again.

Like I said, Chris would get really shy every time we did it.

“You never invite me to see your friends.”

“Do you want to go with me?”

I looked at her smiling because I didn't know if I should say yes. I had never asked her to go with me because maybe they wanted to talk freely without their friend's lover there. No matter how I looked at it, I was a stranger.

“It's up to you. I was just saying.”

“I want you to go with me, but I don't dare invite you.”

“Why not?”

“I'm afraid you'll feel uncomfortable... I really wanted to introduce you to my friends, but I didn't want to bother you...”

When I heard the word ‘bother,’ I immediately became frustrated. I thought I was close to the arrogant-looking woman in front of me to a certain extent, so this word should no longer exist in our relationship.

“What's the occasion? Or are you just going to meet them for no reason?”

“Today is Meen's birthday. Will you come with me?”

“Are you willing to bother me now?”

“It's okay, you don't have to go... Ouch! Why did you pinch me?”

I was so upset that I pinched the arrogant-looking woman's hand before getting up to go take a shower. Chris knew the situation had turned sour, so she quickly ran after me with a blanket still wrapped around her. I didn't know why she had to make things complicated. She was acting like she had never seen me naked.

“What did I do wrong? Why do I get the feeling that you're angry with me?” she asked.

“It's no big deal.”

“It's clear that you're angry with me. You have to tell me what's bothering you. I'm slow and I can't catch up with you.”

“I probably won't go.”

“Oh...”

“I don't want to bother you.”

“Why do you think that? We are close. We have done so many things together.”

“Yes. So why don't you want to bother me? Together, we've experienced a lot.”

When I asked her again in that way, she finally understood why I had pinched her. She smiled dryly at me and tapped me on the shoulder in an attempt to reconcile with me.

“Okay. I won't be afraid of bothering you anymore. So please dress up and let me show you off to my friends.”

“If you had said that from the beginning, it wouldn't have taken so long. Why can't you be like when we do our activities?”

“That's crazy!”

We brushed our teeth in front of the mirror together. The fierce-looking woman glanced at me for a bit. She seemed to have something to ask me. But when I looked at her, she looked away.

“Say what you want to say. If not, I'll be mad at you now.”

“I don’t know if I can ask you this. You didn’t tell me before... Why did you cry this morning?”

I smiled slightly and pretended not want to say it so she would want to know more. I just shrugged.

“What do you think it is?”

“It’s probably the entertainment business because you cried a lot... Can I ask you about that? Will it make you sad again?”

“Nothing can make me sad except you breaking up with me.”

“I haven’t asked you this since we got back together. When we broke up... why didn’t you participate in a series or have any work in the entertainment industry? Didn’t it help you?”

“Let’s not talk about it. It frustrates me.”

It was my greatest sin. When I thought about it, I was furious. But I wouldn’t blame anyone but myself. My ambition almost cost me Chris in exchange for empty words.

I didn’t want to think about it ever again, but when Chris reminded me of it, those memories came flooding back. I remembered being shocked when Chris broke up with me. I felt like I was sleeping and it was all just a dream. There was no way we could break up despite loving each other so much.

The idea of breaking up with Chris had never crossed my mind... That was the truth.

Everything I said was a spur of the moment thing. There was no thought process involved. When I saw our video on social media, my anger shot up uncontrollably. I was in no condition to use any logic. Even though I knew Chris didn’t do it, I only thought about myself. How could I go to work? How could I face people in society? What about my dream of becoming an actress?

I let my emotions get the better of me. I couldn't reach myself. I had to blame someone. I wanted to inflict as much pain on her as I was feeling. And Chris was standing in front of my house.

All the harsh words I said were just to lash out. I only thought about myself. No one could be hurt as badly as I was. My life was ruined. No one could help me. How could anyone know the deep pain I was feeling?

Chris! Did Chris know how much pain I was in?!

And once I lashed out to hurt the person in front of me at the time, it bounced back on me right away when I saw Chris's tears.

I understand.

*Let's break up.*

*Our love has need to end.*

From that moment on, the person who loved me and always encouraged me was gone. Chris never got angry with me, no matter what I did. Or even if she did get angry, it would be very little. But at that moment, she turned her back on me and walked away.

At that moment, I knew I had made a grave mistake.

I didn't know what to do next. To be honest, I wasn't worried about my job or the dream I had drawn for myself. I was just thinking about Chris.

How much pain was she in?

Was she crying at that moment?

I wanted to try to make up with her. I wanted to beg her to come back to me. But I was too ashamed to do all those things. I just locked myself in my house. I took a leave from work and... I left AppTalk because I didn't dare to face anyone.

If I was to work without shame, Chris would suffer greatly. So, it was me who resigned.

I was wrong about all of that. Since Chris was already the one who broke up with me, I couldn't be selfish and take her job as well. As for the clip, it wasn't a big deal because I wasn't someone famous. I wasn't the lead actress who had to worry about gossip. There may have been those who bullied me behind a keyboard with rude comments under AppTalk clips, but it didn't hurt that much because I knew it would all pass.

And it happened...

It passed without Chris being a part of my life anymore.

I cried a lot. I couldn't eat. I lacked the inspiration to do anything, just like when my mother passed away. As I was crying deeply in my bedroom, I saw my mother's letter out of the corner of my eye. It was the letter my mother wrote to me before she died, which I hadn't had the courage to read.

*'You have to read it, my Aontakarn.'*

Chris's voice as she handed me the letter made me cry once again. I had no one left. All I had left was my mother's letter, which I had been too afraid to read.

If I opened it, I would be admitting that... my mother passed away. I had put it off until then, even though I knew she was really gone.

And yes... I opened the letter. Maybe it was because I was deeply sad and felt like I had no one left. So reading the letter would be like being able to talk to my mother through those letters. Have you ever imagined a voice when you read a novel or a book? Is it the voice of a man or a woman?

Personally, I would imagine a woman's voice. And when I read the letter, I imagined my mother's voice.

*Dear Aontakarn, my beloved daughter,*

*I am writing this letter with full awareness. I know that you will not read it soon because you are a person who does not dare to face the truth. But that is good because this is a farewell letter. If you read it too soon, you will be very stressed because, knowing you, you will be afraid of losing the people you love.*

*I'm very worried right now because apart from me, you don't have any other close relatives to talk to. Actually, you do have relatives. But I know you won't want to see them because you don't really know them.*

*I want you to have someone.*

*I want you to have someone you can talk about everything with, someone you can share your happiness and sadness with. I admit that I made a mistake by raising you without allowing you to have more close people in your life. I should have pretended I didn't know what was going on or let you have a boyfriend you could trust with your life. I wouldn't care about you if that was the case—but I really don't like your current boyfriend. He can't be trusted.*

*Since I found out that I have a heart condition, I started thinking about what I needed to do so that you wouldn't feel alone. There is no certainty with this condition of mine. It tends to get worse without any sign. Therefore, I can't predict when I'll be gone. Right now, I'm trying to think of someone I can trust to take care of you.*

*I thought of someone. It may sound strange, but I want you to look for this person through my letters.*

*Her name is Carissa Yungyuen. I remember this name vividly because when I had lost all hope and thought I would lose you because of that accident, this student came to me and told me that she had just donated her blood to you because she had the rare blood type that you have. There was not*

*enough blood in the blood bank at that time and your condition was very serious. That student prolonged your life and mine.*

*Carissa was a very pretty girl. She may look arrogant from the outside, but she is actually very kind. I just met her family and found out that she is not doing well. She is blind. I am so angry with myself that I can't do anything to help her.*

*It's sad that we couldn't help the person who helped us, knowing that she is in trouble. If I could donate my eyes to her, I would. But that's it... the law doesn't allow it. So I can only pray that I can help her in some way.*

*If I am gone and you are reading this letter before it is too late, please try to do something. Please try to find a way for her to receive the eyes I donated. But if it is not possible, I want you to be by her side and encourage her because I am sure she will be a good friend who will encourage you too.*

*It would be nice if things turned out the way I hoped. I think you'll be happy and not feel lonely, even though I'm not with you anymore.*

*I wish she had eyes to look only at you... like I always do.*

*For her to be your encouragement... as I always have been.*

*In this world, without me, you will have her.*

*If possible... befriend her and be together until old age. Get close to her. Carissa has a kind heart. I want you to have someone good in your life.*

*Even if I'm not with you anymore, you should know that I'm always looking out for you. I haven't gone anywhere.*

*I love you,*

*My Aontakarn*



As soon as I finished reading my mother's letter, I cried like I was dying. I was so angry with myself for not reading the letter sooner. She made me realize what was important too late. And I couldn't turn back time.

I couldn't believe that Chris was the one who saved my life. And we met as adults; we had this strange bond and we fell in love.

What was I supposed to do? I couldn't lose Chris, but I didn't dare ask her to get back together because I felt I wasn't good enough for her.

So that was what it meant... to be too good for someone.

That was the perfect case of someone being too good for someone, so good that I didn't dare ask her back because I didn't want to hurt her again.

I locked myself in my house for five days. I turned into a zombie. And suddenly, A wanted to eat with me. I looked at our conversation on the chat app with resentment because I blamed him for ruining the most beautiful and important relationship I had ever had in my life.

A: Let's go eat, Miss Karn. I have the details of the role I want you to play.

I knew it was a lie, but I agreed to meet him. I went to see him with resentment and hatred. I wanted to clear things up with him. As soon as I arrived at the restaurant, A did what he always did, which was to give me a huge bouquet. The flowers had no meaning to me. I accepted the white lilies that I liked coldly and left them without emotion.

"We haven't seen each other for a long time, Karn."

"Yes. Something came up. I think you must have seen the video."

I got straight to the point because I didn't want to beat around the bush. They served red wine, which he had ordered. That put the conversation on hold, but we continued immediately afterward.

"Yes, I saw it."

"I'm surprised you organized this meeting."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because my name is already stained."

"It doesn't make me admire you any less."

A was a polite man. He was always well-dressed and well-behaved. He could handle every situation well. He acted as if there was nothing wrong with the video and that I shouldn't be embarrassed about it. He also encouraged me as a way of trying to impress me.

**But it didn't work for me. Because I knew it was all an act.**

"Even if I have a woman as a lover?" I raised my wine glass and took a sip out of politeness. "That night you said someone called me, saying she was my lover..."

"And you said she must have called the wrong number."

"Honestly," I said, setting down the wine glass and placing my elbows on the table before resting my chin on my hand. I made myself comfortable and seduced him at the same time. "I lied. I'll be honest with you today. And in return... I want you to be honest with me."

The stranger lifted his wine glass and sniffed the aroma before nodding.

"Alright."

"You like me?"

When I got straight to the point, the stranger smiled slightly and politely, as usual.

"Yes. I like you... in the romantic sense, like when a man likes a woman."

"And that's my ladder to becoming an actress?"

"Yes. I will do everything in my power to make your dream come true."

"Even if I had a female lover?"

"Yeah."

"Why don't you seem to care at all?"

"Why should I care?"

"I'm not heterosexual, I have a female lover. It's not what normal people do."

The polite man shook his head and smiled at me. His answer left me speechless.

"For me, women being together is just a way to kill time. It can't last. In the end, a woman must be with a man. And for me, a woman who has had a female lover has nothing to worry about."

"...."

"It's just a fake relationship for someone who's trying to fool themselves."

I squinted at the person staring back at me. He saw himself as the center of the universe. It was as if, to him, there was only black and white in this world. There was no gray. There was no middle ground.

"What if... I don't want to be with you? Will that affect my chances in the industry?"

"Your ladder would break."

As we were having a heart-to-heart conversation, he showed me his true colors as he wanted to go all out. He had been chasing me for a while already, but he didn't get anything in return, not even a touch. All we did was have dinner. But we understood each other.

That was the last time I was going to meet him.

"So, let me move on to my last question."

"You can ask all the questions you want. I have all night."

"Okay. This is my last question."

"Alright."

"Are you Apple?"

I knew the answer all along. I just let it go and pretended I didn't know because it was fun to watch Chris try to do something silly. One night, I tricked Chris into going out to see A, and she left suddenly because A claimed to be Apple.

That night, I wanted to hear it with my own ears.

And the person in front of me nodded and responded loudly and clearly.

"Yes, I'm Apple."

Everything was silent. We stared into each other's eyes in the dimly lit restaurant. After about fifteen seconds, I laughed softly. The laughter gradually grew louder and louder because I couldn't hold it back...

"Damn it." I looked at the person in front of me and twisted my mouth.

"Can anyone lie as well as you?"

"What?"

"You heard me. You're a piece of shit!"

"Miss Karn... do you realize what you just said to me?" The polite man looked like he had just seen a ghost when I said that to him without any manners.

"Of course I do. Let me tell you who I am, too. I am Aontakarn Rakthai. I am 27 years old, and I am sitting across from a man who is dying to sleep with me. He sold me false dreams so that I would allow him to take advantage of me. Nothing he has said has come true. If he can lie about Apple, I have no doubt he can lie about my opportunity in the industry, too."

"You'll regret saying that," he replied.

"I've already made the biggest mistake of my life!"

I stood up, grabbed my bag, and pointed my finger at his face.

"If I have to be with someone like you to be in the entertainment industry, I'd rather be in a porn movie. Bastard!"

I got up and left before I remembered I had forgotten something. So I walked back, grabbed my glass of red wine, and poured it over his head to show my sincerity.

**"I hope we never meet again... Shameless."**

I have to admit that I felt very happy after I said that. I was able to be myself. I lashed out at him after having kept it in for so long. And that same day, while I was laughing like a madwoman in my room when I returned home, I saw a car in front of my house.

It was not the first time that car was parked in that position.

Since it was a nice day, for a split second, I thought that this car must be something nice too. Deep down, I was hoping it was Chris's car. When I thought of that possibility, I ran outside to see if it was true. Although I didn't see who was inside the car, I remembered that it was Puth's car.


"Chris!"

When I called out Chris's name, the car drove away. I could only yell at her. I didn't run after her because I didn't want to disturb the neighbors at 11

p.m. However, I was sure that the person in the car that was parked in front of my house almost every day was Chris.

It was actually a good day. I was able to lash out at someone, and I found out that Chris came to see me almost every night. She just didn't show up.

I stood there and laughed like crazy. I was happy about a lot of things that day. It was a good day for someone who had been grieving, although I hadn't yet made up with Chris.



When I think about that day, I laugh silently to myself.

There was just a sound in my throat. Chris, who was taking me to see her friends, looked at me a little. She hesitated whether she should ask me why I put on that voice, so I took the initiative and told her myself.

"Ask if you want to ask. Don't hesitate. It makes me feel uncomfortable."

"Are you okay?"

"No."

"What's happening?"

I tried not to smile. I shrugged and looked out the window. I thanked myself for doing what I did. If I could go back in time, I would do it repeatedly until I got my revenge.

"I've gone crazy."



## Aontakarn [POV] 9 : We Shouldn't Have Met

This was the first time I was able to meet Chris's best friends after hearing so much about them. I had only spoken to one of them before, which was Meen, the owner of the club where we met. I had to admit that I didn't really know how to behave because I didn't know the lifestyle of Chris's friends. I was afraid of doing something that would make them dislike me and turn against me.

It was Meen's birthday. Everyone bought drinks and snacks to eat and drink together, including Chris and me. The plan was to watch *Notting Hill* together as if we were in a cinema. The lights were dimmed, so the room looked more like a movie theater.

I had seen this movie many times before. The scene I remembered well was when the lead actress, Anna Scott, had a press conference with the lead actor and said the unforgettable line: *"I'm also just a girl standing in front of a boy, asking him to love her."*

I smiled every time I heard that phrase, even though it was a rather sad scene.

"Ah... This is a movie that makes me happy and makes me smile every time I watch it," Ern, Chris's little friend, said, placing her hand on her chest. Meen stood up and turned on the lights, transforming the room back into a normal bedroom.

"The soundtracks are really good," Natty, the chubby friend, said with a dreamy look in her eyes. "This movie has the perfect elements. No wonder it has grossed billions of dollars."



"It's a movie with deep ups and downs... It gives hope to all the fans," Meen said, speaking of all the possibilities. "Being in a relationship with a superstar is almost impossible, especially for the male lead, who is in a bookstore all day. The movie gives us hope. Maybe I can be with Nadech one day, even if she is just a bank employee."

"You mean if Nadech comes to make a deposit and sees you?" Ern suggested. But, Natty laughed in a funny way and cruelly shattered Meen's hope.

"Nowadays, we can use mobile banking for almost everything. Why would Nadech go to the bank? And don't forget that your bank has thousands of branches all over the country. You have a better chance of winning the lottery than meeting Nadech in real life, Meen."

"I hate you. With that mouth, it's no wonder you have to find a new husband every three months."

"Hey, jerk!"

Chris' friends were having a lively discussion. Even though the words seemed harsh, everyone was laughing. I felt closer to Chris's world, and that made me happy.

"Which scene do you like the most, Karn?" Meen turned to me, who had remained silent, and asked to start a conversation and help me feel more relaxed. I answered honestly.

"The scene where the male lead goes to the press conference. I felt it took a lot of courage."

"Like when you called that radio show?"

Ern immediately interrupted, as she had witnessed that event. I covered my face with my hands.

"Aww..."

"You're so cute. I hated you more than anything when you broke my friend's heart. I didn't understand how anyone could be so cruel to someone as sweet as Chris, but now I realize that you're really cute."

"Oh?"

"Compared to Chris, you are. Chris doesn't deserve a lover as beautiful as you. She should help herself at home all her life. Argh, you idiot. That's a fork!"

Chris, who had been listening the whole time, couldn't stand it, so she grabbed the nearest thing, which happened to be a fork, and threw it at her friend. It was a good thing Ern ducked just in time. I was a little worried when I imagined the fork stuck in her face.

"That's not something to joke about."

"That's true... Okay, I'll stop bothering Miss Karn. I'll bother you instead."

"Me?"

"Which scene do you like the most?"

"Everyone has already taken the key scenes. My answer would be repetitive."

"So, which scene do you hate the most?" Meen took some peanuts and put them in her mouth, chewing loudly and winking at Chris. "Which one?"

"The scene..."

Chris looked up as she tried to think of an answer. Although she didn't want to answer at first, she couldn't help but do so when her friends insisted.

"The scene where the press was in front of her house. Anna got very angry that her photo had been taken and blamed the male lead for everything, even though she had nothing to do with it."

When I looked at the person who said that, I felt like I was being stabbed in the chest. The moment I lashed out at Chris after the clip came out replayed

over and over in my head. But no one noticed this, not even Chris.

Or maybe she meant to say that to make me think about what I did?

"Ah, yes. That scene was very painful to watch. Anna's words were so harsh that the male lead didn't know what to do." Meen nodded nonchalantly, agreeing with Chris. They continued with the topic as if to rub salt into my wound. "What breakup line do you think is the most painful?"

"Me, me." Natty raised her hand as if we were playing a game and there was a grand prize for the winner. "You're too good for me."

"No." Ern shook her head quickly at that. Then the person who just said that nodded, thinking that Ern agreed with her.

"Really? What's too good? If I'm good, why would you break up with me to go be with someone who's not good?"

"I meant, no, you're not that good."

"Oh, you jerk... Someone give an answer then. Who has a hurtful breakup line? Karn, what about you? Someone as beautiful as you must have broken up with a lot of people. What lines do you use?"

Me, who had been keeping silent, was the lucky winner of the prize.

"I haven't broken up with many people."

"What about Toy?" Meen, who knew about Toy and me, asked me. "You broke up with him, right?"

"I guess."

"What happened? Why did you break up with him... Even though everyone wanted to break up with him because he's a jerk, I want to hear your story from you. Why were you with him, and why did you break up with him?" Natty, who seemed more interested in this topic, asked excitedly. Even Chris looked at me, wanting to hear my answers.

I guess I couldn't help but answer this question.

"I'll answer one thing at a time... I was with Toy because he's handsome and I was stubborn. I wanted to prove to my mother that what she thought wasn't true."

"What did your mother think?"

"She said Toy just wanted to sleep with me."

"She's good at judging people," Ern turned away to murmur to her friends before turning back to give me a smile. "And why did you break up with him?"

"Because he really wanted to sleep with me. I know that's what every guy wants, but Toy and I had agreed that we would take things slowly. He couldn't wait, so we broke up."

"Was it slow with Chris?"

As soon as an opportunity arose, Natty immediately asked. Chris and I looked at each other in embarrassment. It was a very different story with Chris and me. We had slept together the day after we became lovers, which was quite different compared to when I was with Toy.

It was the same for Chris. When Toy asked her to, she broke up with him. But with me, it was just one day...

"Oh, why did you hit me on the head, Meen!"

"Don't change the subject." When Meen saw that I was silent, she quickly changed the subject so that I wouldn't feel too uncomfortable. "Let's get back to what we were talking about. What made you break up with that jerk, Toy?"

It seemed like everyone here hated Toy, so it was fun to talk about this. The dislike was also very obvious.

"At my mother's funeral... I was desperate. Toy was by my side. But because he pretended to have good intentions, his hands were very naughty."

"He's smart. He attacked her when she was weak," Natty criticized like someone who had seen the world.

"I guess so. Even though I was desperate, I wasn't okay with it. So we fought, and I broke up with him. The line was very basic: 'Let's break up. It's the end of the road for us.'"

"What did he do? Did he get off easy?"

"Not exactly. He was furious. Before he left, he tried to hurt me with his words. He said I was... sexually dysfunctional."

When I said that, everyone laughed as if it was something funny. Ah... now that I think about it, it was really funny, although it wasn't at the time. I was already sad, so when I broke up with him, I felt like I had nothing left.

Until I met Chris and received the letter from Apple.

"What about the other lovers? Were you the one who broke up with them?"

"After Toy, I was with Chris. I didn't have many lovers, if you don't count the time when I was in kindergarten. Ah! But I wasn't the one who broke up with Chris. She hurt me deeply with just one short but concise line." I pointed my head at Chris with cute aggression. *"Let's break up. Our love has need to end."*

Everyone turned to Chris and twisted their mouths in annoyance when I said that. As for Chris, when her past actions were mentioned, she wrinkled her nose.

"It's not as hurtful as what you said."

"What did she say?" Ern took a sip of her beer and asked casually.


**"We shouldn't have met."**

They all stood speechless and looked at me unconsciously. I felt tiny and didn't dare to face anyone. It was a line I wanted to forget. It was the worst thing I had ever said at one point. She had never forgotten it... I could understand it.

"Oh! The beer must be at the perfect drinking temperature now. Let's drink more beer," Meen said, clapping her hands when she saw the awkwardness in the air, trying to change the subject.

"Good!" everyone exclaimed.

Everyone dropped what we were talking about, but it stuck in my mind. It was like sticky glue—even if you wiped it off, there's still some residue left.



The party ended around 1 am. Ern and Natty would sleep over at Meen's house while Chris and I excused ourselves because we didn't want the room to be too crowded.

Actually, the reason I didn't want to sleep over at Meen's house was that I had things I wanted to clear up with the fierce-looking woman.

On our ride home, Chris talked about this and that. She was worried that I didn't like her friends.

“Did you feel uncomfortable today? Did my friends do something to make you feel bad?” She asked me worriedly when we got home, took a shower, and got ready for bed. I was sitting on the bed, applying face cream to my face.

“Not at all. They were all very nice,” I answered honestly. “I was afraid your friends wouldn’t like me at first.”

“Why would you think that?”

“I hurt you. They are your friends, so of course, they are angry for you.”

“On the other hand, they love whoever their friend loves. So don't worry. Everyone likes you... My lover is so cute. She's very pretty and has a great attitude. Everyone who meets her loves her.”

“I'm bad too.”

“Huh?”

“I... said we shouldn't have met.”

When I said that, the fierce-looking woman was stunned. Then she laughed and waved her hand as if it was okay.

“It was the past. Why did you mention it?”

“You did it earlier today.”

“Ah...” Chris blinked blankly. She was trying to come up with a good explanation for that, which made me feel worse somehow. “We were playing a trivia game, and it showed up. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“But you can't get it out of your head. I know that.”

“You're thinking too much.”

“It's stuck in my head too, and I've been wanting to talk to you about this for a while now.” I stood up and walked over to kneel in front of Chris,

letting me be in a higher position so I could look her directly in the eyes.  
“It's been tormenting me.”

“That's crazy. You're worried about that so much?”

“Do you know that when you turned your back on me, I tried to call you, but my voice just wouldn't come out?”

“ ... ”

“I didn't know what to do. I was afraid that if I called you and you didn't turn around, I would be like air and I wouldn't exist in your eyes anymore. It would hurt me so much if that happened... The moment you broke up with me, I knew that nothing was more important than you.”

“Do you love me that much?”

Chris asked, still with a dry smile on her face. She interrupted me to try and lighten the mood. I punctuated my words by grabbing her hand and kissing her palm.

“You have no idea how much I love you, Chris. But that's just how I am. I tend to hurt the people closest to me. I did that to my mother too, and that's why she acted like I was air...”

I thought back to the moment my mother did that and felt a hole in my heart. “What I said that day was all emotions. It was like when Anna said those mean things to the male lead out of anger, although she didn't believe what she said at all.”

“I understand. Sit properly.”

“Listen to me first.”

Chris tried to get me to sit comfortably on the bed, but I resisted. I continued to look her straight in the eyes. “I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I don't know how to make it up to you for all the pain I inflicted on you.”



“It's okay. You can think and say what you said because that's what really happened... I've been thinking about that too.”

“In what?”

“If it weren't for me, you'd be in the entertainment industry now.”

She's still blaming herself. Even though she said it was okay to reassure me, what happened still bothered her. It was like a scar that, even if it was already healed, reminded you of the pain every time someone asked about it. And I was the one who inflicted that scar on her.

“Why do you think that?”

“You loving me is getting in the way of your dream career...”

Chris looked at her hand in an attempt to avoid looking at me. She didn't want to show me her weakness. “You cried a lot earlier today because of the disappointment over your job in the entertainment industry, didn't you?”

“No.”

“You don't have to lie to me. I know you don't want me to feel bad. It's very sad to love someone so much and be an obstacle to their future. But I really can't live without you... It's very confusing and contradictory.”

Then, she looked depressed because she was thinking about why I was crying.

“Chris...”

“When I asked you about A, you didn't answer me. I'm sure you're extremely disappointed that you had to pass up that opportunity because you love a woman... because you love me.”

I didn't answer because I was angry with myself! Why was I thinking so much?

“We shouldn't have met.”

“Don’t use my own words against me like this!”

I ran to hug the person on the bed tightly out of shock and fear. I didn’t know what the fierce-looking woman was thinking, but I couldn’t bear it if we broke up again. “I won’t break up with you even if someone gives me a chance to be the lead actress on their channel. I won’t do it.”

“You have to take advantage of that opportunity because that is your dream.”

“You are more important.”

“I feel more guilty when you say that.”

“Don’t be. You don’t have to feel that way. I’m happy the way I am. I can be in AppTalk clips, and I also have you by my side. The most important thing...”

I smiled a little. At first, I hesitated if I should say this because I didn’t know how the person who used to overthink would feel about it. But I was really happy to know. And I really wanted Chris to be happy to know it too.

“What? Why are you so quiet?”

“The reason I cried today has nothing to do with my work in the entertainment industry, as you suspected.”

“So why did you cry?”

“I cried because I was happy.”

“Happy? Why?”

“I was happy...”

I reached out my hands to cup Chris’s face and looked into her eyes. My heart pounded vigorously as I looked into those eyes. My mother’s eyes were with the person I fell in love with.

**“I was happy because my mother's eyes allowed you to see again.”**



## Aontakarn [POV] 10 : The First Time Our Eyes Meet

Once she found out about her eyes, the fierce-looking woman found herself in the same condition I was in when I first found out. She cried deeply and felt grateful. I had to spend quite a while comforting her before she could pull herself together a bit.

We barely slept that night.

Don't take it the wrong way—we were too excited while exchanging information about Chris's new eyes. She told me that ever since she could see again, there were strange incidents.

"I continued drawing a pair of eyes every day." — — —

Chris showed me proof of that the next day.

The fierce-looking woman took me to her house and showed me all of her sketchbooks. The eyes Chris drew showed different emotions. Some were happy, some were curious, and some were sad.

I couldn't deny that they were all my eyes.

"It's so amazing, isn't it?" Chris said as she flipped through the pages for me to see her sketches. "They're what I remembered from my dream. I saw a woman and looked into her eyes, but I had no idea who she was."

"I've seen documentaries with similar stories," I said, smiling as I looked at the person who owned that room. "They were about someone who received an organ from a donor and their behavior changed. For example, they didn't

like durian, but then they craved it. I didn't think those stories were true and would happen to someone close to me. Besides, I'm her lover."

"Yes, it's so otherworldly. At first, I didn't know whose eyes those were until my mother turned on the TV and I heard a news broadcast. And you were there on TV. It was a magical moment for me..." The fierce-looking woman rolled her eyes as she thought about that. "My heart was beating so hard at that moment. I even walked up to the TV and cried, not knowing why I did it."

"Did you fall in love at first sight?"

"No."

I screwed up my face. She gave me the wrong answer. I provoked her. She should have played along.

The knock on the door ended our conversation. Chris's mother invited us to dinner. The chatter over dinner let me know that Chris's family knew about our relationship, although we hadn't said it openly. I had to admit that this family was very open-minded, if I exclude Puth, who seemed to be very possessive of his sister. He still wasn't very friendly with me.

"Aren't you afraid of ghosts, staying home alone?" Chris's mother asked as she adoringly placed some food on my plate. I shook my head slightly.

"No. I have lived in that house for as long as I can remember."

"Even if you're not afraid of ghosts, you should be afraid of bad people, especially since you're so pretty," Chris's father added. He refilled my glass with water when he saw that the glass wasn't full.

"Okay. Chris is with me four days a week."

"They're two women. How can they protect themselves from burglars?" Puth interrupted and got straight to the point. "You should get yourself a boyfriend. Break up with Chris and become my mistress."

“Are you crazy?” Chris bared her teeth at her brother, but Puth continued to have fun teasing her.

"I'm serious. You should be with me. I'm very sexy."

The word “sexy” was our work code. We both knew the meaning behind that word. Chris’s ears turned red as soon as she heard that word, like the very shy person she was.

As for me, I just smiled slightly and answered honestly.

“Not as sexy as Chris.”

“Karn!” The fierce-looking woman pinched my waist and looked at the ground. Chris’s parents looked at all of us with interest because they had no idea what we were actually talking about.

"What's going on?" Chris's father asked.

“It’s nothing. I don’t know what these two are talking about.”

Chris tried to change the subject. Not only were her ears all red, but she also had rashes all over her face. I couldn’t help but feel sorry for her, but I also adored her.

*Why did she act so differently when she was in bed compared to when she was herself?*

"Let's get back to the topic. I'm really worried about you living in that house alone. And Chris is a woman. It's not safe for both of you for Chris to come and go like this. I'd like to suggest that... Karn move in with us."

"No."

Chris immediately responded to her father in my place. She didn't even stop to think. That made everyone turn their attention to her with interest.

“Why not? There are many of us here. She won't feel alone.”

“But Karn’s mother would be lonely.”

The fierce-looking person knew what I was thinking and answered for me. Her reason made everyone stop trying to change our minds.

“Karn really loves that house and her mother. I want everything to stay the same. I don’t want to change anything between us. We should stay where we normally stay. More importantly...”

Everyone fell silent and listened attentively.

**“The walls of this place are too thin.”**

In conclusion, I was not going to move into Chris's house like her family wanted. No one dared to force us. It was just an invitation because they thought it would be a good idea.

Plus, once Chris said that the walls were too thin, everyone was shocked and continued eating, knowing what those words implied.

“Why are you so quiet, Karn?”

I hadn't said anything on our way back from Chris's house because I was still thinking about what happened. I glanced at the person driving and looked away, sulking. I wanted Chris to know that I wasn't happy about something.

"It's no big deal."

**Try to reconcile with me now!**

“Nothing means there is. Tell me. Are you sulking because I don’t want you to move into my house?”

The fierce-looking woman was trying to figure out what she did that could possibly make me sulk. “You can move out. I’m okay with that. It’s just that it was really awkward having Puth in the next room. We couldn’t make any sound when we were doing our activities...”

"It's not that."

"So what is it?"

"When did you fall in love with me?"

"Huh?" Chris shrugged her neck slightly as she looked at the street in front of her. "What is this? What kind of question is it? How does it relate to your anger? I can't understand."

"I asked you when you fell in love with me. I asked you if it was when you saw me on TV, and you said no."

"Can you get angry about something like that?"

"I thought you fell in love with me at first sight. You ruined my perfect fairy tale."

"Ah... you get angry so easily. But that's the truth."

"I liked you after that... Was that when you sent me the letter?"

"No."

"The first day of AppTalk?"

"No."

"When did I slap you?"

"How can someone fall in love with someone who slaps them?"

I twisted my face so much it hurt. I leaned my head out the window like a dog that had just been vaccinated and was timidly heading home. Now that I think about it, I used to be fussy about small things and sulk. But I was only like that with my mother and Chris.

I became naughty when I knew someone loved me.



“Okay, I'll tell you.”

I looked at the person who was ready to answer me. I sat back in the car seat and listened intently. I tried hard to suppress my smile and acted like I wasn't that interested in her answer.

“So when was it?”

“When our eyes met for the first time.”

“That's what happened when you saw me on TV. Geez!” I punched the person driving on the arm in an annoyed manner. “I had already guessed, but you said no.”

“It wasn't at that moment.”

"Huh?"

“Our eyes didn't meet for the first time when I saw you on television.”

“At the AppTalk meeting?”

“No.”

“When was it, then?”

“In my dream.”

“Huh?” I looked at the person who was covering her face with her hand out of embarrassment. “What do you mean?”

**“Our eyes met for the first time in my dream. I fell in love with you, without knowing who you were.”**

The arrogant-looking woman stammered as she said that. I was so stunned that I fell silent as well.

“It means...”

“Hmm?”

**“I think I start fell in love with you since I saw you in my dreams.”**



## **Aontakarn [POV-The Last SC] : My love, my dream, Dahwan**

"Having a dream isn't so important if you don't have someone who loves you and admires your achievements. And my lover is this woman."

"Awww! Stop playing with your phone. We came all the way here. I'm going to get grumpy any minute now."

"Wow, I rarely see you sulking."

"What are you playing with? Is your phone more interesting than shy Fujisan?"

"It's not that interesting," I replied, putting my phone away. I wrapped my arm around Chris's arm as she gazed at the scenery with adoration. "You've already taken so many photos. Do you want to take more?"

"The only thing that can stop time are photos." Chris mused. "They will be full of our memories. The last time we were here, we stayed in our room. We couldn't admire the view."

"If you could go back in time, would you go for a walk like this?"

Chris paused in thought and then turned to look at me, scratching her cheek sheepishly. "No. It was a good memory."

"What a pity all the leaves are gone," I said, changing the subject as I looked at the duck boat on the lake. "We were planning to row the duck boat together on that trip."

"Do you want to do it now?"

"It would be like going to Khao Din." I laughed, referencing a zoo in Bangkok.

"We would never go to Khao Din. Since we are here, let's go on the duck-shaped boat."

We were back in Japan. It was the trip Chris had organized since last year. We almost didn't get to be together. It turned out that '*Kawaguchiko*' was the place we visited on our first trip together after we agreed to be lovers.

I remembered how obsessed we were with each other back then. We didn't leave our room at all. So, on this trip, we needed to take in as much scenery as possible.

It seemed like this trip was to make up for not leaving the room on our last trip here. We went on the 1500 yen duck boat for 25 minutes. Being in the middle of the lake with a fake duck sound was a strange feeling. However, I looked serenely at the snowy peak of Fuji.

But it seemed like Chris was panicking.

"Karn... did you upload our photo to Twitter?" she asked, her expression a mix of surprise and concern.

"Can't I?"

"It's not that you can't, but aren't you afraid that it will affect your work? What about your future in the entertainment industry?"

"You are the only person who follows this account,"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"I created this account just to talk to you. I have two accounts. This one is my personal account. The other one is for my coworkers and other people."

"Ah..." Chris seemed relieved to hear that, so I decided to tease her a little further.

"But I also uploaded our photo to my other account. I made our relationship public. This is the most grandiose opening I've ever done."

"What..." Chris's jaw dropped, and I laughed, gently pushing her back.

"You seem surprised?"

"Of course I am. You want to get into the entertainment industry. Announcing that you have a female lover will make it harder for you to do so."

"Why would that be a problem? It's just my preference. It's not like I have any contagious diseases or anything."

"But..."

I knew what Chris was thinking. She was probably shocked, but she was probably happier that I was making it public this way. To be honest, I wasn't a famous person, so it wasn't that big of a deal to make public who I was dating. I didn't have to explain my relationship to anyone.

"Even though my dream is important, you are more important. I want to make it clear. We don't have to tell anyone about us, but I think it's better to make it public. One day, if I really get to be in the entertainment industry, I won't have to hide or lie about us. I don't want to make you feel bad again."

I once thought I could lie about us and then reveal the truth that I had a woman as a lover. But that wasn't how it worked. If you start lying, you'll have to keep hiding it. I didn't want to be in that position again.

If I didn't end up in the entertainment industry, that was fine. I was happy the way I am now. It wasn't like everyone could do whatever they dreamed of doing.

"Meeting you is the best gift I've ever received in my life. I know I can't erase the past, but it's better than doing nothing about it."

"Why do you have two accounts?" Chris asked suddenly.

"..."

"I want to know which account Apple will use, whether Aontakarn or Aontakarn\_s," she said, narrowing her eyes.

When I thought about that, I remembered when Chris learned how to use Twitter and asked for my account so she could follow me. For some reason, I wanted to catch her red-handed.

So, I created a new account and gave it to her. I lied and said that Aontakarn was an account someone created to impersonate me. I wanted to know which account Apple would use to contact me.

And since she got caught, Apple contacted me through Aontakarn\_s.

It seemed like Chris finally figured out how she was tricked, so she bared her teeth at me and spoke in a low voice.

"You tricked me."

"I caught you with your hand in yours... How cute," I reached out to squeeze her cheek and massage it playfully. Chris was about to sulk, but then she smiled at me and looked at me with a very warm gaze.

"If I were a man, I would have already asked you to marry me."

"Hey?" I replied, surprised by her statement.

"Or I would have gotten you pregnant."

When I heard that, I turned around to look at Chris and covered my face with my hand because I could feel how hot my cheeks were. Chris was just teasing me, but I felt so embarrassed.

"What are you saying? Why would you get me pregnant?"

"Why are you covering your face? Are you embarrassed?"

"That's crazy," I said, spreading my fingers so I could look into her eyes.  
"You can do that even if you're not a man."

"Hm?"

"I mean, get married," I clarified.

"Do you want to get married?"

How did I get to the point where I proposed to another woman? Chris looked stunned upon hearing that. Then she shook her head.

"No."

"Why not?" I asked, dropping my jaw because I wasn't expecting that answer. I thought we were very much in love and that Chris would want to marry me.

"You said you loved me very much. Why don't you want to marry me?"

I clearly sounded grumpy because Chris's answer wasn't what I wanted to hear. But I was giving her a chance to explain herself because, often, she had a good reason for her decisions.

"I want you to achieve your dream first. We are very much in love. We can get married and have babies abroad anytime if we want."

"What if I never achieve my dream in the entertainment industry?"

"You will. I believe that if someone is determined enough, their dreams will come true."

Our trip ended. I forgot what we talked about during that trip. But three months after that, Chris, who had come to wait for me to finish my news broadcast, ran up to me and jumped on me. She hugged me tightly, elated.

"Karn!"

"What's wrong, Chris? What happened?" I asked, feeling her shake as she hugged me. I think I heard her sob too when she called my name. I had to lean back and look at her. "What's wrong?"

"I'm happy."

"Why?"

"Do you still want to marry me?"

"Hey?" I replied, caught off guard.

As I said, I forgot what we talked about during the trip to Japan. Maybe I felt embarrassed for being rejected, so I didn't want to think about that event. However, Chris reminded me of our conversation with enthusiasm. I couldn't help but let out a smile.

"If you want to get married, take this opportunity."

"Are you inviting me to a singing contest? No. I can't sing."

"You're teasing with me again," she sighed, shaking her head.

I was making fun of her because she always encouraged me to go on a show to show my talent without considering whether I fit in or not. In the last case, she encouraged me to go on a singing contest to rap or sing Thai folk songs.



**Please know that I can't sing!**

"Okay, I won't bother you anymore. What is it?" I asked, turning serious.

"My friend from college contacted me. She is one of the members of the team working on a music video for singer Sadubpin. Do you know her?"

"I've heard her song before. So what?"

"They're working on a new music video. It's about female lovers. My friend knows you're my lover, so she contacted me to ask if you'd be interested in being in it. And I said yes. Great!"

"You answered for me too."

Did I suddenly have an opportunity?

"It's a small step, but it's something. Shall we try?"

"It's interesting. But participating in a music video doesn't mean I'll enter the entertainment industry. It's not that easy."

"The exciting thing is that..." Chris rubbed her hands together as she tried to calm herself down.

"The other female lead who will be in the music video with you is a famous actress from one of the top agencies. Do you know Dahwan?"

"Yes, I've seen her series before. Don't tell me..."

"Yes! You will be in the music video with Dahwan Piriypattana, one of the leading actresses of a big channel."

"Wow!"

"When you're in a music video with such a famous actress, people will remember you for sure. People will recognize you. You'll be able to walk the path you've always dreamed of walking. It may not make you famous, but you'll be able to pursue your dream."

“If I can pursue my dream, then we can get married.”

“This is the best. Your day has finally come, my Aontakarn.”

We hugged each other happily. My heart beat like when my mother told me before she died—What's the point of success if there's no one to celebrate with?

And right now, I was hugging the person who loved me with all my heart. She was happier for me than I was—the one who managed to successfully follow my dream.

***Thanks, Chris. And thank you, Mom, for bringing this woman into my life.***

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