

# 00 Prologue

My definition of evil is called Phi Jeans for short.

So is it possible for us to fall in love with bad people?

I’m Luk Nai, I had never thought about these experiences when I first stepped in as a freshman student until the day I made a mistake and made enemies with a gang of slap- faced vipers who were the university president's daughter.

She was the one who broke into my locker to steal my senior's autograph book. She was the one who threw my phone into the water for fun. She even called me "Duckling" because she thought I liked to follow her everywhere...

But it was true, because…

### I'm in love with the villain!

# Where to taste?

## Part LukNai: ()

“Phi Jeans”

She's worse than a poisonous snake...or maybe even worse. But at least I've learned a new motto in life:

*“Being nice doesn’t help, your enemy’s friend may be all around you.”*

The first time I met her, a beautiful woman with a calm face and a bit of a worldly person like her, she just glanced at me briefly because we passed each other in front of the elevator. I looked at the back of the tall figure who was standing with one hand in her pocket.

My feeling at that time was indifferent. Yes, she was pretty, with long hair, fair skin, and thin lips with red lipstick that were attractive and alluring.

But because she was just a woman who had passed my eyes, it ended easily because the elevator door closed blocking us until the second round.

"That's Phi Jeans. Same faculty as us. Third year. Don't mess with her or hunt for signatures."

Praewa, a friend I've known since junior high school and who was my first friend in college, told me this, nodding towards a group of four women in the corner of the Faculty of Management cafeteria. What I was curious about was:

"Which one?"

"The person wearing pants with the same name as herself."

Everyone there was wearing casual clothes, but only one was wearing dark jeans. She was sitting there, her chin resting on her hand, scrolling through her phone, looking bored.

Memories at first glance, on the day I submitted my application, she was the same woman I had walked past in front of the elevator. And she still hadn’t smiled or changed her face, unlike before.

I turned back to talk to my best friend.

"How did you know I wasn't allowed to mess with her?"

Praewa put down the rice and immediately told with great gusto, my senior brother forbade me.

"Because?"

“I don’t know. He probably won’t let me.”

Oh my goodness, the talkative one lowered her voice to a whisper and leaned closer.

“But I did some more research. I heard that group is extremely strong, arrogant, and unfriendly. They have bad attitudes. They are the real “Very Bad Girls.” Everyone calls them the “Four Poisonous Snakes.” We’ll just have to wait and see. Oh, and by the way, I’ve never seen them smile in a friendly way to people outside of their group.”

“But we’ve only been studying here for a month. It might just be a lie, a trick from our seniors.”

"That’s right”

I made a face of annoyance. Praewa had been exaggerating since she said that the freshman hazing would involve diving in dirty water. In the end, nothing like that happened. That rumor was another name for Praewa.

I shook my head in annoyance at my friend. Then I couldn't help but turn to look at the person who was accused, P'Jeans, again. We were sitting several tables apart.

And this time she looked back.

The pair of narrow eyes narrowed slightly. This time, the beautiful and stern-faced woman stared at me for a longer time than before, but only for a few seconds. I don't know if it was because I chose to stare at her first and didn't look away, but the other party didn't let up either.

But the damned phone with its bright screen caught her attention, so she had to look down before answering the call. Damn it, her eyes had already looked away.

Praewa insisted that she was not allowed to ask for signatures from the four of them because no one had ever gotten one. What if I was the first one?

"Where... Where? Luk Nai!" “Huh!?”

I answered in a surprised tone, turning back to pay attention to my friend. Praewa frowned, her eyebrows almost touching, so I had to ask,

“What’s wrong?”

“I’ve been calling you for so long. What are you thinking?” "Um...no."

"I don't believe you. You're staring at Phi Jeans like" “Like what?”

"It's like you want to try something."

I paused in thought while my best friend smiled knowingly.

Trying something out? You're talking as if that Phi Jeans is really scary. Anything that's out of reach, I want to seize it and show her. The position of student president that they said was so difficult to get, I've already obtained it.

I glanced at the person again. She had just hung up the phone, looking even more dissatisfied with this world than before.

What kind of person has such an unfriendly face? But...

## "Yeah, it's worth a try."

And the third meeting.....

The time that I will never forget my stupidity until the end of college or maybe forever.

The atmosphere in the elevator was completely silent, the side mirror reflected that my fellow passenger was swiping her thumb on her phone while waiting for us to reach the 15th floor, where we had the same destination.

I hugged the heavy shoulder bag that the teacher had asked me to put in the teacher's lounge of the large building. I knew that we were in the same faculty even though we were different departments, but I didn't expect that coincidence would make me get on the elevator alone with 'P'Jeans' like this.

What a coincidence!

The red numbers above are slowly moving. Floor 7, 8...

I rummaged through my pocket for a small autograph book. Why was my heart beating so fast? She wasn't even a celebrity or a famous person. She was just a senior in the same faculty who had bad rumors about her and who might not have been reliable. Or maybe it was because I had seen her beauty mixed with her trouble-making face so close.

I hesitated and hesitated for a long time whether I would be rejected as my friend had said if I asked for her autograph. The elevator moved closer and closer to its destination until finally the door opened with a ding. I quickly looked up when I saw her stepping out.

"Wait a minute, sister!"

Phi Jeans paused, looking away from her phone screen. It was the first time she had face- to-face eye contact, closer and longer than before. It was like she was asking me, stiffly, what I wanted through my eyes. I swallowed before I stuttered.

"Sister could you please sign this for me?"

The other party frowned slightly, looking at the autograph book I handed her. In the second I thought she would ignore me or be unfriendly, P’Jeans tucked her phone into the pocket of her jacket and easily reached out to take the book and pen to sign.

"Do you want me to do something in exchange?" "Pretend you don't see anything."

Of course I couldn't understand what she was saying, but the sound she made caught my attention for so long that she grabbed my hand to put it back. The senior who was rumored not to be messed with stopped paying attention to me and walked ahead down the corridor.

It's not like what I heard. Plus... your hands are so soft. Oh yeah, I have to hurry and go to my afternoon class.

It was time to look up from where I had been bowing my head for so long that my senior had lost sight of me. I walked out, carrying my bag, and looked for the teacher's room.

Room 1502 was quite far from the elevator, and there were no teachers in the room, probably because it wasn't over yet. It was noon. So I hurried straight to put my bag on the table as I had been told to, so that I could go back to class.

....but the noise of rummaging through things was heard at the table near the exit door. In reality, I should have ignored it and just walked out of here.

Unfortunately, my habit of snooping has become a habit that I share with

my best friend, Praewa. I stepped back to tiptoe to see who or what was making the noise.

“Answer key to Chapter 2, Year 3, International Business Management program.”

“Answer key for Chapter 3, Year 3, International Business Management program.”

Suddenly!

A stack of A4 papers was slammed onto the floor with the edges to straighten them out. My body jolted slightly, and my gaze shifted to the kneeling sneakers on one side of the person arranging exam papers.

"P’Jeans!"

I almost exclaimed when that pair of eyes looked up, waiting.

*Pretend not to see anything.*

The sentence before getting out of the elevator rang in my head. Phi Jeans ignored me, burying her head in a document that students had no authority to mess with.

She took out her phone to take a picture, gave the answers to two multiple choice questions, and hurriedly stuffed them back into the drawer.

Cheating before the exam... Should I just stand there and let a tall girl walk past me and leave the room, and just look at her like that? As children, we may all be tattletales, but when we grow up, we will naturally choose not to interfere in other people's business. Most people in the world should be like that.

*Crack...*

It was a coincidence that the door opened. A middle-aged female teacher smiled at me before walking to her desk. The problem was that it was the

same desk that someone had just rummaged through the drawers. It was a mess and not properly put away.

“Student, what is this?”

The teacher asked in a stern voice, pointing at her drawer that was not closed properly and had the tip of a paper sticking out.

“Did you do-” “No!”

I denied before the other party could finish asking. That made the teacher frown even more, put her hands on her hips, and glare at me.

"Then what are you doing in the teacher's lounge?" "Here, put Teacher Kanya's bag down."

Even if you point to the evidence, it doesn't seem to gain much more trust. Of course, I'm the only suspect, but...

## "Why would I be the one to rummage through the teacher's things to secretly take a picture of the Year 3 exam answers? I'm in Year 1..."

"Wait, what did you say!?"

She shouted, but the teacher agreed to open the drawer and search. It only took her a few moments to find out which pages were not in the correct order.

"Children, International business…”

A tense voice said the name of the branch softly, raising a hand and holding her temple. However, when she was about to sit down and smell the smelling salts, I interrupted her first.

"It should still be in time."

"What's up?"

"She just passed by the teacher a moment ago."

The inhaler fell from my hand and hit the floor like a heartbreaking scene in a movie. The teacher didn't hesitate and hurried out of the room with me helping her reach and open the door unexpectedly.

The culprit was waiting for the elevator at the end of the hallway. She didn't even know that the owner of the answer key was standing outside the room. The teacher had no way of knowing who it was. People were starting to get crowded because lunch break was over. When will my habit of snooping disappear?

"Teacher... that person."

## "Miss Yolsima!"

Just pointing, I didn't think the teacher would shout her real name loudly in the hallway until she turned around. Phi Jeans' eyes widened. Fuck the elevator and ran towards the stairs that most people don't use because they're lazy.

Of course, the teacher couldn't catch up, but she still breathed in anger and picked up the phone to call someone.

"Are you sure it's that senior?"

She asked again while waiting for the other end of the line.

I felt like a good person who nodded in agreement. After a while, the person the teacher was calling picked up the phone.

“The guards quickly caught the female student who was running down the stairs and confiscated her phone for examination. She cheated on the exam!”

At that moment, I was just afraid that I would be late for the afternoon class. That was all I could think of in my head. Maybe it was because

P’Jeans, who signed my autograph, wasn't so bad. And what I did wasn't wrong. I just told the truth, but it was a little bit too show-off.

.

.

## 8:26 p.m.

[Are you serious when you said you got P’Jeans' autograph? Which Jeans? They're different Jeans. Are you trying to trick me?]

“The same Jeans you showed me in the cafeteria the other day, okay?” [Impossible, you’re lying...]

“I’ll show you tomorrow. I’ll put the clothes away on the balcony first. Goodnight.”

I hung up the phone without caring that my best friend was crazy curious. I even told her to come live in the dorm with me, but she didn't believe me. Praewa chose to stay at home instead. So, I was crazy curious.

After laughing at the phone like a crazy person, I opened the balcony door to put away the clothes.

At first, I didn't really care about anything except for the clothes that weren't completely dry. After I gathered them all up and held them in my hands, I had to stop.

A woman was walking in the distance under the dim light of the streetlight. She was a familiar sight that I couldn't recognize at first, but as she got closer, I automatically frowned.

P’Jeans?

I'm not seeing things. The person I met at noon was really standing downstairs. She stopped walking, both her hands in her jacket pockets. Why was she looking up at me with such an unpredictable expression?

I should give her a dry smile, thank you for the autograph again, and apologize for telling the teacher the truth because it was the truth.

Of course I did. I smiled at her. I smiled for a long time until I thought she definitely wouldn't smile back. That's why I closed my mouth.

Suddenly, the person below nodded once. I tilted my head in confusion for only a moment.

*Splash!!!*

## Before the filthy water from hell above splashes down in a huge wave,

"What is this?!"

Worse than getting myself wet was that my clothes that I had just dried were soaked in mud. I couldn't control myself anymore. I let go of everything I was holding and I couldn't help but hold them, not knowing what to do with my life. Mud... yes, there was black mud covering me from head to toe!

“My hand slipped.”

A mocking voice came from the room above. I looked up. A woman holding a dirty bucket of water was laughing loudly. Before she leaned towards P’Jeans and....

Made an OK sign. They know each other! “Sister!”

“Goodnight, picky kid.”

My call had no meaning. The senior in the above room shook each other and went back into her room, throwing the bucket down for her to see. I stood there stunned for the second time, wondering what the hell was happening to me. And then I got my answer when my eyes suddenly stopped and met the person standing below.

P’Jeans smiled wryly....

I looked at it with both satisfaction and pity. The sparkling eyes showed how much they deserved my condition. There was a moment I had hoped to see, a smile on those thin lips, but now I saw it without waiting for anything.

A woman who I never thought would do something like this, and was even complacent, I looked at her terribly wrong. No matter how evil her face was, her personality was just as evil.

Of courseI was angry, so angry that I wanted to jump off the fourth floor and run towards her if I wasn't afraid of breaking my neck. She turned around and walked away as if nothing had ever happened.

It was as if this was an obstacle that I was not prepared for entering the university.

# Let it go to waste

"Yesterday, P’Jeans was accused of cheating on the exam, but there was no evidence."

## "Impossible!"

Everyone in the group turned to stare at me. I didn't care that Praewa was dragging me. Three new friends came over to have breakfast with us, but all I cared about was the content of her story, how that bastard wasn't caught for the exam because there was no evidence.

"Of course, the guards searched her phone and didn't find any pictures of the exam."

"But they did take pictures!!"

P’Jeans' pronoun was upgraded to "it" in sometimes.

"Don't be so loud. You're acting all hot-headed like that freshman who accidentally told the teacher."

Praewa didn't even know that person was really me.

"But you came to school wearing a wet shirt and wet hair. Is that a new fashion?"

I glared at the speaker. At this point, no one knew the real reason I was sitting here washing all my clothes until 2 a.m. The dry cleaners downstairs were closed. They looked both crazy and paranoid.

As I sat on the edge of the balcony, I jerked off. That damned guy in the room upstairs had completely disappeared into thin air. As for the culprit,

P’Jeans, she had turned and left before I could freak out and scream. And in the morning, she woke up to a rumor that she wasn't corrupt? "So, what about P’Jeans' signature..."

"I lied. I never got her autograph."

"Well, the truth is that she's in a different branch than us. Let's get our marketing branch covered first, okay?"

Well, it's better to stop being suspicious easily.

I pouted and stuck my fork into the cucumber on my plate of rice, assuming that it was the pretty but wicked face of the person from last night, the person who had stained my pajamas with pitch-black mud that I had scooped from some random pond, the person who had not been accused of possibly being a liar, the person who had smirked in the midst of their own stupid victory, and the person who had rushed down the stairs in a hurry when it was not even my fault!

“Umm... It’s probably a mess.”

I don't know who warned me, I don't know her name, but that makes me irritated. Grab the plate and get out of the circle. Being a good person is rewarded with muddy water and a set of students are like this? I will inform the teacher in charge of the dorm that there are seniors. A mentally ill woman lives in the upstairs room.

"Students."

Before I could put the dishes down in the sink, a scolding voice caught my attention, causing my shoulders to twitch. I turned around and saw the female teacher from yesterday shouting and calling my real name, P’Jeans... I mean that damn sister.

"Yes?"

"Come meet me at my room."

"But I have a class at nine."

The teacher's fierce gaze showed no sign of understanding. He led the way towards yesterday's building, leaving me standing with my legs crossed among three or four students staring at me.

What would other people think of a short conversation like I did something wrong? It shouldn't be like this.

“I didn’t lie, teacher. P’Jeans… That sister really did take the picture.” “There are no answer key photos on Yolsima’s phone.”

Now, I became the target of almost everyone in the teacher’s room’s gaze. It was much harder to accept than anything else I’ve ever encountered before.

“Then how can the teacher be sure that you didn’t destroy it yourself?” "She ran away when the teacher called her."

"She said it was because she secretly came to place a report that was overdue."

The white report was placed on the table as evidence.”

*'Miss Yolsima Damisachanan'* "Is that the dean's last name!?" *Swamp!*

“It’s not the point!”

The teacher slapped the table. I flinched for the second time today. My eyes suddenly looked away because I was deeply embarrassed.

“The point is that you’re making things up. Do you know how embarrassed I was when I searched yesterday and didn’t find anything?”

“It also has a backup section for deleted photos...” "Tell me why you lied!!"

“…”

I stood there in silence until it was time for my first class. The teacher sighed and looked troubled as he sniffed the smelling salts. Finally, I was released with the words,

“Then don’t do it again. Slap me in the face and bury me in the ground again.”

“I heard you were the one who said that P’Jeans stole the exam?” “The rumor is really your name…”

I cursed, sitting on the edge of the floor. The basketball court where my classmates were playing was. I arrived late for the first class. It was about sports, so I was ordered to do 10 sit-ups before sitting down on my knees next to my partner.

“Someone told me. Actually, you should have told my best friend first.” “Stop talking about it.”

The emphasis on the latter word and glared at Praewa, causing her to raise both her hands in surrender. I turned my attention to the basketball court. Men were fiercely fighting over an orange and black ball.

“Get your signature book ready. They’re going to call you for inspection at noon. Have you reached 150 yet?”

“That’s too much,”

I replied in a displeased tone.

“Wow, I’d like to tear some and share them with my friends. I only got about a hundred.”

Poor Praewa who has no art of negotiation, and most of the tasks that my seniors gave me were small and tireless. I shrugged my shoulders in superiority. At noon, she would be punished by her seniors according to the number of signatures she lacked, counting from 150.

But when I finished PE and went to my locker, I found a crooked paperclip stuck in the keyhole. I pulled it gently and the door opened easily. My heart skipped a beat. I quickly grabbed my bag and checked to see if anything was missing.

No. nothing is missing.

Wallets, notebooks, textbooks, cosmetics, and miscellaneous items are all still in good condition.

Who the hell plays this crazy thing?

"Where are you? The seniors sent someone to call you!" "Okay, okay, I'm on my way."

.

“Bring the autograph book for me to see one by one.”

Jae Sa is a third-year senior that everyone respects. Not because she is the leader, as people think, and not because she is old or talented, but because she has been a sophomore for 2 years.

Until she was the most senior of her friends, Praewa said that her senior had ordered her to address her with the word “**Phi**” (older sister), which would reduce the fierce-looking person to a slightly more calm mode.

At the code Praewa helped with everything. As for my senior, she was sitting in the corner of the cheer room. When she saw me looking at her, she raised her hand, clasped her fingers, and gave me a mini-heart and winked to cheer me on. It helped a lot...

I stopped paying attention to my surroundings and zipped the open bag to take out my autograph book. The faster I hurried to the turn-in line, the faster I could return to my seat.

However, there was something that made me frown. The small book that was once thick and heavy was now light. Opening it to look inside made me automatically raise my hand to cover my mouth.

"Hey, why are there only 20 signatures?"

The strange friend that Praewa had brought to eat asked when she leaned forward.

"Youngsters! As we've said from the beginning, those who don't get 150 signatures will be penalized according to the number of signatures missing,"

Sister Sa shouted, echoing without the need for a microphone. "With sit-ups."

150 - 20 = 130 rounds! Oh, shit...

"Sister, I forgot my book at the dorm. Can I run back-" "Give me 5 minutes."

"Thank you!"

I left the cheering room with everything, not forgetting to run back to get my bag, because I didn't want to leave any evidence behind. This wasn't a run to find a mysteriously torn page, but an escape from a brutal punishment that others probably wouldn't have received as much as me.

If I follow your orders, I'll definitely not be able to get up and go to school! I'm a spoiled brat and a pig who loves to eat and sleep. I admit it.

.

.

### Rrrrrr!

My phone rang just as I stopped running. In front of me was a coffee shop in the university. I breathed heavily and opened the door to order a latte before picking up the call from Praewa to answer.

[Where are you!? Sister Sa has timed you for more than 5 minutes!] "Never mind her. I'm not going in."

[Why? Didn't you say there were more than 150 signatures?]

“At first it was too much, but I didn’t know that the other seven pages were torn off. Anyway, wait a minute...”

[What the hell are you doing? Why are you rushing back? Otherwise, we’ll definitely get an additional penalty for missing someone. Plus, Sister Sa already remembers your face. She’s definitely hunting you down to punish you. My code says that Sister Sa is a total power-mad woman. That’s all!]

My best friends hung up the phone in a hurry. It was at that moment that I suddenly realized where the other seven pages of autographs I had been hunting for had gone. The locker that was unlocked with a clip, and the situation I had just encountered the night before.

"Your latte's ready."

"Sister, do you know P’Jeans, a third-year student in the Faculty of Business Administration?"

The thick smoke visible from afar made me trust the barista's account in the coffee shop.

"I've seen it behind the Mama noodle building with my friends," He said.

The Mama noodle building is a five-story building that the architect designed to be ultra-modern and beautiful. But when looking from the outside, it's no different from the Mama Noodle bowl that they call it.

I guess that a bad guy like P’Jeans might be smoking with her friends. But as I walked closer and closer to the back, my nose caught the smell of burning coconut husks instead.

"Luk Mee, where did you get the dirty water last night?"

It was a human voice! If I remember correctly, it was also Phi Jeans' voice. "Behind the university, not from the chemical pond, you know."

And this was the same voice as last night's "Goodnight, picky kid."

*Giggle!*

Everyone standing around the small stove on the floor turned their attention away from everything to look at me... an uninvited guest whose feet had been a bit restless and had intruded, inadvertently appearing.

Who would have thought that when they turned around, they would see four women setting up a stove with coconut husks, as if they were going to cook rice to eat?

I got my answer soon. There was a hot pot stove and many side dishes on a low table. Oh my god, is it okay to sneak in and eat hot pot like this? Is it related to Phi Jeans's last name, which is similar to the dean's?

"Phi Lukmee" or the same person who gave me the soap opera is the one who started the issue.

"What are you doing here, girl?"

Her appearance is too good to be the kind of person she was last night.

It's not difficult at all. It's no different from giving a speech in front of the flagpole. High school, I take a deep breath.

"Why did you guys tear up my autograph book?" “You’re so confident,”

Another girl who looked fierce to Jeans’ right interjected. “Where’s the evidence?”

“...”

Before I could even open my mouth, another girl added.

"You're making baseless accusations like this. Be careful, you'll have to get a new jaw surgery, little sister."

She didn't just speak in a fierce tone. She also clenched her fists until they made a sound like she was bending her fingers. Why are you so cruel? I instinctively took a step back.

"I just. "

"Get lost. Didn't your senior warn you not to bother me?" Phi Lukmee "I just came to follow."

"Here, do you want to test the slap first?"

Phi Four, I backed away even more because I was afraid of the tone of voice that each person was looking for trouble with.

"How about this cross-branch hazing?" Said the senior who seemed forceful.

I kept taking steps back until. "Do you want it back?"

Everything suddenly stopped when the long-silent Phi Jeans asked. The other three friends turned to look at her indifferent tone. She took out

something from her back pocket. My eyes widened when I saw that it was a piece of paper that had been torn from my autograph book.

The other three looked frustrated that they couldn't threaten me anymore. They let Phi Jeans take control of the game instead.

“Yes…”

I replied with a trembling voice. Thinking about Sister Sa’s face made me more afraid of doing 130 sit-ups.

"If you want it back, will you follow my orders?" “Yes.”

“…”

"Yes, I'll do it."

If I hesitate, Phi Jeans will be quiet. And I don't like that fierce look in her eyes.

"Really." "Yes"

## "But I don't believe it."

*Whoosh!*

The lighter that was prepared in the other hand was raised to burn the signature paper. I rushed straight to grab it back, but was grabbed by Phi Four and Phi Lukmee, preventing me from getting any closer to the stand.

Most importantly, I could only watch as the paper that I had worked hard to burn slowly.

“Slow down…”

Phi Jeans said before letting go of her hand, letting the papers fall into the pan, acting as fuel beautifully.

“Sister Sa remembers your face now. She will definitely hunt you down and punish you.”

“You!!!”

# I won't tolerate it

Her wicked smile... The laughter of the other three sisters hit my ears in front of the burnt signature paper.

I became a weak person. The afternoon class building, walking with tears in my eyes from the instant noodle building until the image of the burning paper and the stove still flashed in my head. Then they treated me like air, along with Phi Jeans' floating farewell.

Thanks for the fuel.

Bad...the first word that came to mind.

“Where have you been? In short, Sister Sa announced that she will punish you if you attend the next cheer meeting. It’s for deceiving her.”

No matter what Praewa said, nothing shocked or excited me. I was like a corpse walking into the classroom and answered before sitting down next to her, just saying,

"It’s good."

"Good, you're home. At first, she was trying to trick the group that liked to take advantage of her. Gossip on the internet, but now you're the new target. What are we going to do now?"

“Phi Jeans!”

"What is it, Phi Jeans?"

"I hate that girl, Phi Jeans. She burned my signature paper and caused all the crazy things in my life."

When they saw my resentful gaze, my best friend stopped talking about Jae Sa. Of course, who would dare to let her prank me? I had to quit the activity because of Phi Jeans and her lovely friends.

"I hate it."

After a short while, Praewa rested her chin on her hand and stared at me with sparkling eyes.

"Come on, let's go drink and relieve stress tonight."

Praewa took me to a pub and restaurant. Outside, there was just a courtyard for sitting and eating regular food, but inside, there was only alcohol and music for us to let off steam. We didn't come alone. As she said, she likes to bring two friends to join the group.

Toey, a flirty and talkative girl who leaned forward to ask me about my autograph that day, and Bew, a girl who looked confident with her dark lipstick and wavy hair, came to hang out at the club with me. Compared to all my friends who were all dressed up, I looked like a plain-looking girl who wore a T-shirt and slacks to hang out.

“I have an afternoon class tomorrow. I’ll work hard,”

Toey suggested. The others nodded in agreement. I shrugged, but my vacant eyes scanned the surroundings. When I stumbled upon a familiar figure, I realized that karma was real.

## Phi Jeans.

"Are those Jeans guys?"

Toey asked cheerfully, pointing at the table where the group was sitting. I didn't agree to drink alcohol to accidentally meet someone who would make me sit there. I had a headache and almost got up on impulse, but Praewa grabbed my arm and pulled me back to sit down first.

"No, we don't have to sit with her."

“Just seeing her face makes me lose my appetite."

"No, no, no, she didn't come and drag you to join the group. Just drink some alcohol. Take it easy and you'll get over it."

I calmed down a bit. I forced myself not to look at them and focused on the glass of cold liquor that Bew poured for me instead. In my life, I've only had two drinks, not including now, the first time was when I stayed at Praewa's house last year, and the second time was to celebrate my graduation from high school. So when my tongue touched alcohol, I secretly closed my eyes a bit.

And even though Praewa, Toey, and Bew kept inviting me to check out men, I didn't feel as happy as my friends did. My eyes kept glancing at the evil people to see if they were staring at me. Then I had to flinch slightly when a voice suddenly rang out while I was looking down.

"Would you like to come sit with us?"

The person who looked strong, both in terms of hair color and makeup, asked and nodded towards the table where the other three friends were sitting and waiting. I saw that no one was looking this way. Jeans even looked away.

We juniors were completely silent. Praewa slowly moved her hand to grab my arm in a tense manner. It took her a long time to answer until the person who invited me, who didn't know what was going on, rolled her eyes in annoyance.

"Did you hear that, senior?" "We…."

"I told you to come, so come."

She cut her off before Toey could refuse. The person holding two bottles of beer brought it to her and her friends' table. Looking at it from this angle...

Eh! Those four are clearly the worst.

“I’m not going. If you want to sit, go ahead,”

I blurted out to insist, but my best friend shoved me hard in the forehead.

"How stupid! That's a third year student like Sister Sa, but in a different department. But if you go and complain... we'll definitely get in trouble."

I was about to retort, "Never mind.

Those seniors are always looking for trouble and bullying us anyway," Praewa ordered again,

"Bring your own glasses and move to find her." Oh my god, why can't I avoid this anymore?

.

Today, her hair was tied back, and the sides looked a bit sloppy, but it still looked good. I mean her appearance, her personality, and her expression were still as bad as ever. When she stepped closer, she stopped paying attention to everything else and stared at me with intense eyes.

That's right, the woman who stood there was so beautiful... A woman who could be said to have perfection just by looking at her. Perhaps I had forgotten this by default after being poured with soapy water until those squinting eyes looked at me suspiciously, which made me quickly turn my head away.

Oh my god...my heart is beating so fast. “Sit down,”

The person who came after us said. There were two sofas that were just right for the four of us. I looked around to make sure there were no traps before slowly lowering myself down to sit down.

"If you want to eat anything, just order it,"

Luk Mee spoke cheerfully as if she was drunk. When she smiled, the world seemed bright. But I still hadn't forgotten what happened last night. That made the world gloomy immediately.

Toey, Bew and Praewa looked at each other before smiling comfortably and grabbing the food and liquor menu paper to prepare to write down the order. But I was the only one who had my senses and my best friend's hands were ready.

"What the hell are you doing!"

"Order something that will make you happy.” “No, I don’t owe you any favors.”

My whisper was loud enough to make P’Mee choke on her beer and laugh before clearing her throat and speaking.

“What kindness? We don’t hold a grudge like this, which made my other friends even more excited."

In the end, the whole table was filled with the beer that the seniors had brought earlier, and the food and wine that the juniors like us had ordered to the fullest. Twelve thousand… I read the number on the bill that was placed on the center of the table. And then I could only sigh.

.

These evil people might have some kind of plan to claim a favor from us. Don't be careless, especially with Jeans. Out of the corner of my eye, I accidentally glanced at her. She was sitting back on the sofa, looking very comfortable.

I hated myself for glancing at her to see what pants she was wearing today. And then I found out that they were new, lighter-colored pants with a cool rip at the front. Before I knew each person's name from Praewa's whispered words as usual.

Four, who had a really fierce and cruel appearance, was a former volleyball player. She understood the threat to have jaw surgery right away. Fang, who I thought was strong and, yes, she was quite arrogant. As for Lukmee, she looked innocent, but her heart was rough... I think I made a bit too much of a comparison.

At the stand, Praewa did not mention it. As I said, she told me that day, but I did not believe it until it turned out to be the case that I am facing.

"Are you guys full yet?"

Phi Lukmee asked drunkenly. "We're almost there,"

Toey was the one who answered. But when she heard that, Phi Jeans' tall figure stood up. The other three people all drank their beers without any prior arrangement.

"Good."

She stared at me with those eyes. "Then, I'll leave it to you."

I didn't understand what she meant by "leave it to you" until all four of them walked away from the table. While Bew was drunk from the effects of the wine, Praewa was scooping food onto plates and separating them without holding back, and Toey had checked in at this pub.

I stared at the back of the evil girl with my mouth wide open, but I couldn't do anything crazy again.

## See! They made us pay.

"Hey, Do you want to eat sea bass?" "Praewa, sober up quickly,"

I said to my friend in the face. "They‘ve already cheated!” “A ninja?”

"Your ninjas! Those Jeans’ friends told us to order as much as we wanted and also pay for their portion. Open your eyes!"

She didn't just shout, the bill was also pasted on the greedy eater's face. The other party was completely unmoved, but instead sucked on the food- stained fingers with great relish.

“Too bad, I got stuck at 200.” “…”

Actually that wasn't even enough to buy our table's worth of liquor at first.

.

[Hey, last night, did you spend more than ten thousand on the supplementary card?]

"That's my father…."

[Then reduce your pocket money by two thousand per month for six months.]

"Dad!"

[That's all. Dad will play golf. Let's focus on your studies.]

My right temple was throbbing after the phone line went down, and my knees almost gave out as 40% of my bills would be deducted every month from now on, leaving me with only a small amount after deducting rent, all because of the unlimited ordering and someone's words,

"I'll leave it with you.”

I got up from my bed in my room immediately, but before I could get out of bed, I took a few steps.

### Thud!

"Ouch!"

My face fell to the ground because my foot had tripped over something hard. It was a hard object that caused my nose to ache. And this hard object was called Toey, who was groaning. Before I could remember that last night I had driven her car back and parked it in front of the dorm.

She carried her friends and threw them into the bedroom one by one, choosing them randomly. Bew and I slept on the bed, while the other two slept on the floor.

Phi Jeans... The reason we are in such a pitiful state is because of Phi Jeans. My father deducted my salary because of you too!

With that feeling of resentment, I forgot about the pain in my nose and knees, got up and walked out of the room wearing the same clothes as last night, my hair still uncombed, not caring about the looks of the others in the hallway on the same floor.

My only destination was that damn culprit. At this moment, I didn't know where she was.

All I could remember was her pretty face... I meant those unfriendly eyes.

## With a nature like yours, you will receive revenge from me.

# Phi Jeans,the real person

The stares didn't reduce my anger. The cafeteria was especially crowded with students during the morning because many of them were getting close to class. I guessed that the Jeans’ friends were probably sitting together having breakfast. If they didn't see me, they would go to the back of the instant noodle building.

And I had to stop abruptly.

They were sitting happily at the same table. I didn't hesitate, and I rushed towards them with a face flushed from anger and maybe a hangover.

"What are you looking at, little sister?"

Phi Fang greeted in a teasing tone. It was funny how stupid we were last night. My only focus was on Phi Jeans. She put her hand down from the chopsticks in the bowl of noodles and looked up at me. Then, Luk Nai will start the topic herself?

"What's wrong with you, big sister? Do you think you can do whatever you want just because you're older?"

"Speak nicely, little sister. Also, look at what year you're in."

Phi Luk Mee's voice didn't make me nervous. Since the cause, Phi Jeans, was still listening to me without showing any reaction, I would continue the conversation myself.

"It's my fault, is it right to take revenge on me? I've already endured enough of the dirty water and burning of my signature paper. Last night, you even cheated on me by paying for other people's drinks. **If you don't have money, then don't go to the pub!"**

"What are you talking about?!"

Phi Four, who was about to raise her voice, was stopped by her own friend raising her hand. And that person was Phi Jeans, the person who let me curse at her in front of hundreds of people who were all silent and staring at her curiously.

"Is that all you want to say?"

She asked with a teasing expression. I hate it.... “Yeah, that’s all.”

I smirked, grabbing the glass of red smoothie beside me. She came over and…

“It’s more about action.”

Splash it on the face of the culprit of the three previous disgraces. “Let's slap each other."

Similar whispers spread throughout. The other three elders in the

group were so angry with me that they all stood up one after another. As for the one who was covered in red water, she was stunned for a moment by the situation she had just encountered before laughing to herself as if it was just a joke.

What else is on your mind?

The tall figure stood up and used the back of her hand to wipe her wet and sticky face. Her previously indifferent eyes suddenly sparkled with seriousness. Just taking her first step towards me... made me take a step back because I was afraid that I would be attacked and slapped back by the other three people.

Shit... It's too late to apologize.

“I don’t know how many times you’ve picked on other people’s business,”

She whispered. The scariest whisper I’ve ever heard in my life. My legs took a step back as if I was scared. And yes, I was really scared of her.

“But after you got involved in mine, I’m sorry I’m not a good person.” “…”

I wanted to raise the white flag, but the goosebumps on her face meant that it was too late.

"You..."

## "I'll make you feel like you're living in hell the entire time you're still in this university."

It seems like disaster is coming.

.

The story that I had personally gone into this morning still made my face tingle. Until noon, I told this story to consult with the people in the group, and I got a simple answer from Toey.

"You should find a boyfriend. With a guy walking around, who would dare to tease us?"

I slowly shook my head in exasperation at my friend’s proposed solution. “Is it that easy to find?”

“I don’t know, but it’s a good solution.”

Before they quickly lowered their heads and ate their lunch, I couldn’t help but wonder.

“Why are you in such a hurry? We don’t have class in the afternoon.” "Cheer room,"

Bew replied.

I nodded reluctantly. If the other three friends still offered to let the seniors scold me, it meant that in the afternoon I would probably go back to my dorm to sleep or go shopping alone to relieve my boredom.

As I knew, I wouldn't show my face to let the elder sister punish me. It wasn't that the three friends didn't invite me to go back, but because I insisted on my original words all along.

Now I've changed into casual clothes and am getting ready to go shopping at the mall. It's beautiful.

"Okay, okay, thanks a lot. I won't have to leave the room."

As I was about to lock the door, a man's voice mixed with irritation with myself made me automatically turn to look. A business administration student from the same year but in a different room, still in his student uniform, was walking down the corridor talking on his phone.

I recognized him. He was a friend with the same fate in the cheering class that I had only seen his face in passing because he was in the next row. The truth is that I probably remembered him because he was good-looking and had been called to tease by a senior girl often.

.

I don't know what made him look this way before he stopped talking on the phone and spoke to me.

“Are you skipping the event? Don’t go downstairs yet.” And it seemed like he remembered me too.

“Oh…”

Before I could reply, I hadn’t even finished saying the first syllable before the other party picked up the phone and continued walking as if nothing had happened.

It was the height of stupidity that I ignored that man's warning because after I was about to hail a taxi or motorcycle taxi in front of the university, I came across a lady walking around and punishing two juniors who were caught skipping an activity.

Oh my god, life.

My heart was beating fast with fear as I hid behind the wall. What is this guy or something? Why is it scarier than a ghost? Just because I didn't want to join the activity, I had to face such obstacles?

I've already encountered enough embarrassing bad things this morning. Luckily, I'm thick-skinned, so I can handle it.

Even though we thought that nothing was worse than what we were already facing, in the end, evil took over the area.

The tall figure that I had just collided with when I stopped my feet from walking forward, she had no friends walking with her at the moment. Her right arm was carrying a few books as if she was going to study.

Phi Jeans was standing only a few steps away from me, glancing towards Phi Sa who was about to walk away from this area.

"Sister."

Oh... no, you're as bad as I thought. "What is it, Jeans?"

A fierce voice asked back. "Who are you looking for?"

"I'm not looking. I'm going to the cheer room." "Really."

Phi Jeans's eyes shone with amusement. She stared at me, not giving in, and turned away. Her thin lips smiled superiorly in every way. Just by telling Phi Sa that I was hiding behind the corner of this wall, satisfaction was within reach.

I sent her a pleading look, praying in my heart that there would still be some mercy left in the woman's consciousness in front of me. I hoped that she would take pity on me and not be angry about the exam...

"Sister, you forgot a child." You damn brat!

While I was glaring at her with the utmost hatred, Phi Jeans pointed at another faculty building far away from here.

"Over there, there's someone lost."

How could someone like the power-hungry Jae Sa not run in a panic along the marked path? Phi Jeans and I stared at her as far as our eyes could see. When we saw that we were out of danger, I let out a huge sigh of relief.

“You owe me.”

But the joy didn’t last long, as the wicked girl’s harsh voice rang out, and I happened to look up and meet her fierce gaze.

“Take this and do it, and submit it to the teacher’s desk tomorrow morning, the one I stole the exam from.”

"I admit that I really stole it!"

## "Are you going to sue me again?"

The beautiful right eyebrow raised and asked in a fiercer tone. I immediately shut my mouth, reaching out to take the book that the other person had handed me without knowing the meaning. I was a loose-lipped person, so I asked.

“Homework?”

She didn't answer my question as if it was a waste of her precious time. The tall figure walked away with the few books she was carrying. I knew that I had just been through a situation where I felt like I was being bullied, but I didn't realize that P'Jeans was bullying Jae Sa until I got into the taxi, carrying a thin, light blue notebook with me.

It was past six in the evening when I finally finished walking around the mall, eating, and buying so many clothes that my closet was so full that I didn't know what to wear. I'm a spendthrift sometimes, but that doesn't mean I spent tens of thousands in one night like I did at the pub yesterday.

At least getting some brightly colored clothes helps me relax a lot, even though I have less than a thousand baht left.

When I got back to the dorm and checked everything, I felt a strange sense of relief. I wondered for a while what was missing, and my eyes widened when my brain remembered.

Shit!

Phi Jeans' homework book is missing!!

No matter how much I searched through all the bags, I couldn't find it. My heart beat like a drum in a horror movie. I got goosebumps when I thought of someone's angry expression. She said I owed her money and before I could even pay it back, she lost it!

[What's going on? Why don't you come into the cheering room?] "Praewa, please drive me to the mall,"

I said in a panicked voice. The person on the other end of the line hummed in confusion.

[Why again?]

"I... lost something important."

.

Dear valued customers and employees, please take note. If anyone finds a light blue notebook that has been dropped, please bring it to the information desk. Thank you.

The announcement voice that I was the one who went to ask for information from did not calm me down. I sat on the long wooden chair in front of the customer service counter, hopeless. Praewa sat down next to me for company. She came in her pajamas.

"Come on, you'll find out. Who would steal my homework book?" “Maybe someone threw it away!”

Of course I panicked and couldn’t control my emotions. My best friend showed me sympathy…or maybe pity.

"Then why don't we try searching through the trash cans?"

Normally, I would have either looked at them or spoken to them directly. But every time or in every story that those Jeans’ friends were involved, I would dread the thought of soap operas, fire, and pretending to cheat. There might be something a hundred times, a thousand times, crazier than that waiting.

"Oh, well, you should try searching for it."

Maybe this is an indirect feeling of going to hell, as Phi Jeans mentioned. I never dreamed that one day I would reach down to the bottom of a trash can and then shout with joy as if I had found something precious. Yes, I am like that now.

It's like the mall cleaning lady found it somewhere and threw it away with the scraps of cardboard boxes at the back of the mall. The guards chased us because they thought we were stealing trash to sell. But Praewa and I ran to get in the car with happy faces and joy.

Or is it just me? Praewa has nothing to do with it. That person's face is really messy.

"You're really messy. If you go to the cheer meeting, it's over. You don't have to do your homework for her. And don't come and lose it and rummage through the trash like this."

"Oh, thank you so much for bringing me here."

The driver shook his head and reached out with all his might as he drove me to the university. On the way, I held onto the problematic notebook tightly as if I was afraid it would run away. When I was free, when I stopped at a red light, I would open it to see what kind of homework was thrown at me.

"What the hell is this...?”

I had to exclaim in a drawn-out voice. The five questions, with their extremely bad handwriting that Phi Jeans had copied, not only took a long time to try to spell, but when I finally read them, I still didn't understand what the answer was.

“Google,”

Praewa said casually as she peered over. "Google probably doesn't understand."

"Then what are you going to do? Are you kidding? She'll find fault with you again."

I shrugged.

“Can’t help it. Let a freshman like me do it. It’s not even my business.”

It was at the same time that the car was driving to the university entrance. I saw a familiar woman riding a motorcycle out of the way.

“Who’s that? She looks familiar.”

"Phi Mel, a third-year senior in the Faculty of Communication Arts. She used to be a star."

The word "oh" suddenly occurred loudly in my brain. I immediately remembered that she was in the billboard on the day I came to apply for the program. She had a pretty and sweet face, the type that many men would fall for. I almost ignored her until Praewa, who knew and saw, continued,

"And she doesn't get along with Phi Jeans." That was what made my ears ring.

"Why?"

“I don’t know. There’s not much of a reason, you know. If they didn’t accidentally step on each other’s feet, they must be fighting over the same man. They’re not ex-husbands in this state.”

Hearing my friend say this sarcastically, I laughed.

“That’s funny. They’re both women. What’s wrong with ex-husbands?”

# 05.Coincidentally,the world is

**round.**

After submitting the homework that I had been working on late last night, I felt a sense of relief lifted off my chest. Breakfast looked especially delicious when I had nothing left to do with Phi Jeans. Perhaps by now, she had finally gotten over her anger over the lawsuit that I had helped her with her homework.

"Sister, sister."

Since I was sitting quietly eating alone while waiting for my friends, when I was called and nudged, I was startled and quickly turned towards the source of the voice with my mouth full of rice. A group of kind-looking ladies smiled at me.

Confused….

"We're from the team that's involved in the university star and moon contest."

"You-"

"I'd like to ask you to help out as a staff member. I heard that you don't attend cheering events. This just happens to have some free time."

There was a person with a broken face and a false sense of self-importance here. I closed my mouth and thought of replying,

“I’m not participating in the competition.”

Instead, I pretended to look serious and sent them a message,

“Who told you that I’m not participating in the cheerleading activity?” "Nina told me everything."

This is my lovely senior.

"I'm not very free. You should ask someone else."

Then I suddenly remembered something. Yesterday, I almost ran into Jae Sa. Although the university is big, that doesn't mean that the chances of meeting each other are reduced. It's even worse with seniors in the same faculty. But if I have activities as a front…

.

.

"If I go to be a staff, will there be anything in return?"

I apologize, but I am not a volunteer and I am asking for a small compensation.

The older sister sitting next to me smiled widely and spoke in a sweet voice, "Sis Sa won't bother you, right? Luk Nai?"

Good luck...if your senior is good, he will know everything and tell you so much.

At first, I wondered what they were thinking by asking a freshman like me to help. When I found out, oh, they used me as a sidekick, my doubts disappeared completely.

They sorted through the documents that the male and female students applied for, went to buy makeup and make-up for the photoshoot, and posted announcements of the decision date all over the university.

Whenever there was tiring work or something trivial, my name would be called. By now, I've even become close to those seniors.

At least the boring time that passed allowed me to eat many free meals, stop being afraid of the boss, and listen to many interesting news from my seniors.

"Phi Som."

"What's up, Luk Nai?"

"And the story about Phi Linlin that you said before that she was an intern and became a girlfriend with the department head, is it true?"

"No"

"Untrue?" “Nothing left,”

She pouted and rolled her eyes.

“I’ve talked to her a few times because last year, during the sports day, our cheerleading stands were close. It seemed like a stupid name. I was really shocked when my friends told me about it.”

"Is this fake news, Sis?"

"Not fake! My friend is trustworthy."

Phi Som insisted on eating until her mouth was full before she rubbed her stomach with hunger after the two of us were checking the schedule for tomorrow, while others were checking the stage and checking the readiness of the flowers to be used to buy votes.

It was only a little bit more before we could go back to sleep. Phi Som's voice rang out as she picked up her phone and searched for someone's number.

"Okay, Luk Nai? Let's wait and eat together first."

"No, sis. I think I'll go eat yellow noodles behind the university."

“Hey, crazy! Today is the last day! I’ll tell my friends to order some yellow noodles for any of their children.”

Before she could even refuse, she ordered the person on the other end of the phone.

“Where are you? Stop by the conference room behind the meeting room and buy me some rice. It’s a big one. 20 boxes. Oh… and a bag of yellow noodles, please.”

I can wait, so I can get more news about the university's social circles. Phi Som hung up the phone. After that, we continued to chat about other people's things.

Finally, the back door of the main meeting room opened, and a large bag of lunch boxes was placed on the table right in front of me. I looked up at my friend who had stopped by to buy something for me. My eyes suddenly widened.

"Thank you very much, Jeans."

A person I hadn't seen for a while after I submitted my homework on her behalf that day. Now, Destiny or the circle of life made us easily entangled because she knew Phi Som. I quickly lowered my head to avoid eye contact.

Phi Som greeted her intimately and invited her to have dinner together first, but the other person briefly declined, claiming that she had to rush home, before walking away.

Avoiding eye contact made it impossible to know whether the other person was looking at the other person or not.

I didn't suspect for long. "Do you know each other?"

Phi Som asked, handing me yellow noodles and her own box of rice.

"Why do you think that?"

"I saw her looking at my sister." "Looking?"

Already anxious, I became even more worried about what P'Jeans was implying. P'Som was busy giving out food to the other staff around the area, so I just sat there all alone, not knowing what to do.

I can't believe that Phi Som doesn't know that I went to splash water on Phi Jeans at the cafeteria that day. I saw that she was crazy about activities, but I didn't think that she would hide herself to that extent. Oh well, in her eyes, I've never had any problems with her friends. Good.

Everything was done at almost midnight. After locking the meeting room door, my seniors asked me where the dorm was. When I answered that it was dorm D, which was very far from here, many people became worried.

One of the guys said that he would walk me there, but P’Som, who had walked in because she had forgotten something inside, cut me off before I could.

"Luk Nai? I'll go with my friend. He's waiting for his friend in front of the auditorium."

At first, I didn't think anything of it. It must have been that friend's passing through. But after I told that guy I had already rejected him and walked out to face reality...

Er...

Walking back alone in the dark is less scary. "Are you going to... drop me off?"

Phi Jeans, who was leaning against the jet-black car, looked up from her phone. Her tone was calm, not indicating that Phi Som was going with her.

"I'm going to send Lukmee off." “Yes,”

I pursed my lips after replying, out of sight of P’Som who I had left behind. She's going to be so evil and lowly that she'll leave me to go alone. She herself declared that she's going to make me go through hell.

I avoided those narrow eyes again and walked past to head towards the sidewalk that led to the hall, but then there was the sound of a car door opening.

"Sit in the back, the front is where Luk Mee is."

.

.

"Wait, I secretly put my homework on the teacher's desk."

The cheerful voice of the person who had just entered the passenger seat suddenly fell silent when she made eye contact with me through the windshield. Phi Luk Mee turned around in disbelief. Her own eyes were furrowed, along with an expression of disbelief.

"Jeans, you..."

"Som asked me to take you,"

The person said briefly before looking at the side mirror to drive off to take both me and Phi Luk Mee to the dorm.

“…”

The atmosphere in the car was dead silent, causing the extra passengers like me to tense up the whole way. They were all so quiet and in unison, did they plan something in advance?

They were all so vicious, especially the poisonous snake that was steering the wheel.

But I still can't believe that I've arrived at my destination safely...

"Do you want to go watch the university star judging tomorrow? Your best friend Mel is the host too."

Before I even got out of the car, Phi Luk Mee teased me with a mischievous face. I quickly glanced at Phi Jeans' face when I heard the words "best friend," which was probably a sarcastic context.

It turned out that the person did not show the expression as expected, but instead glanced at her close friend from the corner of her eye.

"Get lost!" "Me or Mel?" "You."

Phi Luk Mee is also strange. Instead of feeling sorry for herself, she laughed at her friend who seemed upset. She waved goodbye with an annoying expression before turning away to walk up to the building.

Back to the situation in the car.

I averted my gaze towards P’Jeans and found that the windshield was another source of coincident eye contact.

"How long?"

"What took so long?"

"How long are you going to sit there like a fool?" I faintly heard the sound of my own face cracking.

I forced a smile and squinted my eyes like a shameless person who was starting to feel embarrassed. I quickly looked down to make sure I hadn't dropped anything important before reaching out to open the car door with some difficulty.

Part of the reason was the pressure from the person in front of me. And before I stepped onto the ground, I turned around when I remembered something.

“That day’s homework...”

She stopped staring and looked straight ahead instead, her tone sounding disheartened.

"The teacher ordered me to do it again 10 times." “Is it wrong?”

"Yes!"

“It’s not my fault,”

I gave up on stepping on the floor, but moved to make it easier to talk instead.

“You had to brace yourself from the beginning, because I’m a freshman and I’m a third- year freshman. Plus, we’re in different departments, and…”

“Enough,”

She raised her hand to stop him. “Go to sleep. It’s annoying.” “…”

Everything was as quiet as when the three of us were sitting together. A question arose in my head, and it was a very bold question to say.

“So… this time, you won’t do anything to me, right?”

It's strange. Last night, if you don't count Phi Jeans' annoyed expression, it can be concluded simply and briefly that she didn't have any evil plans to

prank me. At first, I thought that Phi Luk Mee helped set a trap or something.

In the end, there was nothing. Nothing happened at all. I slept soundly until morning and woke up at the university's star and moon event almost refreshed.

"Do you know how to put on makeup?"

I was standing there awkwardly when a senior came up to me and asked, "Just a little."

"Then go put some makeup on for the Faculty of Management,"

She said simply, throwing it. A box of equipment was given to me to hold. What else could a junior like me do besides answering? After scratching my head in confusion, I walked around looking for the sign for my faculty's corner seat.

I was moderately surprised to run into the man who had warned me that day. He was the one who had talked on the phone and had told me not to put myself out there yet. But I was the one who didn't care. Right now, on the left chest of his student uniform, he had the number 24 and his nickname written below it.

“Peach.”

"Excuse me, I'm the one who did your makeup."

Peach looked up from his phone, his sharp face staring at me for a few seconds before his dark brows furrowed in question.

“Were we in the same year?” He asked.

“Yeah,” I shrugged.

“Just a staff member to cover up for the cheer meeting.” "Yeah, yeah, that's smart."

The other party mentioned laughing. He put his phone back in his pocket as if he had something more interesting in front of him. His eyes stared at me and his mouth started a conversation again.

“My name is Peach. I’m in the finance department. What about you?”

After that, we got to know each other better. He was similar to me in that he also avoided cheerleading meetings. However, he escaped by applying to join a sports team, but he was told to apply to be faculty month instead. In the end, he won the university month round.

It's not really a conflict, Peach look good and seem friendly when he talk.

"Speaking of which, you have a strange name. What kind of person has that name?"

"It comes from the word ‘Luk Nai is the fruit', you idiot." “Haha, how would I know?”

Speaking of which, this guy gets along well. He doesn’t seem as arrogant as I thought.

I pursed my lips as my hands tensed up to apply light makeup to him. I had never done makeup for a man before. It would have been easier to order him to do it for the executive star. In five minutes, I wiped off the lipstick and reapplied it several times because the color didn't match.

"So how was that day?" "Which day?"

“The day you didn’t believe me and walked downstairs.”

Oh, the day I was rummaging through the trash looking for my P’ Jeans' homework.

When I think about it, I can only roll my eyes. "Don't mention it."

"Why?"

My pouting and shaking of my head probably helped Phi Peach understand something was bothering me. In the end, he chose not to continue. Maybe it was because of the Facebook notification on his phone that kept vibrating, so he had to pick it up to reply.

### Knock knock knock

There was a knock on the door. I didn't think to look back until I happened to see someone familiar out of the corner of my eye.

"I'm here."

The slender figure who owned the cheerful voice had just knocked on the already open door teasingly. Her bright face was smiling sweetly at everyone in the room.

Even though this time she was wearing a student uniform and had her hair down, straight and flowing, unlike that night when it was messy because of the wind, there was no way I could have mistaken her.

"You're late, host."

"Wow, we just finished our morning class."

## Phi Mel.

A smiling, pretty girl with a sweet face who was greeting her friends her age, including younger ones, all over the locker room. I became another person who was smiled at by her in passing, not specifically. The staff

hurriedly attached a microphone to her shirt collar. During that time, I kept looking back and thinking...

Why didn't she get along with P'Jeans? Or was it that she was a good person like me who saw the truth before, which led to a falling out with the other person? In any case, I was quite certain that the perpetrator of the evil act or the one who did it first was not P'Mel.

After finishing my faculty makeup mission, I just put away my equipment while humming my favorite song. Peach politely thanked me, accepted my new friend, and returned the makeup box to the same person. I reached into my pocket to take out my phone and listen to music while waiting for the event to end.

Alas...

## I do not have.

**Where did it go?**

"Luk Nai? What are you playing with?"

P’Som's voice rang out when she looked up from her phone screen with a puzzled expression. Not only that, some people gathered around, gossiping and looking at me strangely.

"Yes?"

“Posting messages like this is not good. Do you still want to have a place to study?”

What did I post?

As fast as my mind, I ran to the screen to see what she was talking about. My eyes widened and I covered my mouth with my hand when I read what my Facebook username had posted, even though I didn't really know anything about it.

## The chancellor went abroad again, leaving the university behind. I feel like a concubine. I feel so sad....

# Hate is hate

"Luk Nai? You have to play the piano for the management to sing!"

The loud shouting couldn't stop my feet from running out of the hall. Now I'm 100% sure whose phone is in whose hand. When I went back to my room last night, I didn't check if I lost anything. Who else was there that I was with? In the end, it was in P’Jeans' car.

I ran to the building to get Mama Noodles but didn't see anyone. I felt even angrier than before. I went ten times too far. You're going too far. Do you really need to pretend to have no place to study? It's already a big crime to steal the exam yourself, you bastard!

Do you have a boyfriend? How could your boyfriend date someone like you?

“I thought there would be more fun pictures on the phone.”

I could hear people talking and I clearly remembered it was Phi Luk Mee’s voice. It sounded excited. It came from the second floor where there was a medium-sized swimming pool. I quickly ran up the stairs, forgetting about my fatigue. The four friends were really huddled together here.

"Oh, you're here. I think you brought me a charger," Phi Fang teased me, which I didn't find funny.

At this moment, she walked straight ahead to the culprit who was holding the phone. Phi Jeans was sitting cross-legged on a wooden chair. She smiled mockingly, indicating how much she enjoyed this prank. She stood up and faced me, raising her right eyebrow.

“The phone code is easy.”

Because all six digits are number 1, I set it in case I forget. But even so, you have no right to post on someone else's Facebook.

"What do you want from me?" “It seems like there’s none.” That bastard…

I took a deep breath to control my emotions. “Then please give me my phone back.” “Um, I was just planning on giving it back.”

She looked untrustworthy, but P’Jeans had already handed me the phone. However, when I was about to reach out to take it, the bastard suddenly threw it into the middle of the pool with full force.

“Go get it.”

!!!

The other three's vile laughter filled the air. My gaze, which had just left my phone that was sunk in the pool, glared at Phi Jeans, who was crossing her arms and tilting her head to annoy me. Her sweet smile didn't match her personality and her face was looking for trouble. I hated the woman in front of me a thousand times more.

I can't swim and I'm not stupid enough to jump in right away.

Yes, I'm a loser. When I lose, I cry. It's not because I'm hurt because you bullied me, but because I know that even if I do anything to the person in front of me, I, who's my junior and doesn't have enough influence, will still lose.

I gritted my teeth and lowered my head to prevent her from mocking me any further before turning around to walk away. Unfortunately, it wasn't that easy.

“Where are you going? I’m not going to clean up…”

She grabbed my arm, forcing me to turn back. And as soon as the evil person saw my tear-stained face, the previously joyful eyes slowly dimmed. Her words that were meant to be annoying came to an end.

“People like you, there are only bad people who can be friends with you.

.

I didn't care if it made her angry or not. When I finished, I immediately shook off the other person's hand. Phi Jeans stood still and didn't fight back until the other three people walked up to her from behind and asked what happened to her. After that, I walked out without caring whether the phone was waiting to be picked up or not.

Praewa: Calm down.

Praewa: Do you want me to go and look for your phone? I can swim.

Luk Nai: No need. Never mind. I already deleted that post. And by now, the phone must be broken.

I buried my face in the pillow after replying to Praewa's chat. While waiting to buy a new device, I had to rely on my laptop to contact my friends for now.

It was a bit difficult, but I was able to contact my father and beg him to buy me a new device. I had to lie and say that I lost it. Even if I got scolded for a long time, I had to accept it.

Also, I'm not crying right now. I'm just thinking about what to do with my life. Should I quit or stay and face other crazy things?

Phi Jeans.

I have never met anyone like you in my life.

.

.

### Knock..Knock..Knock.

It's almost 8pm. Who's knocking on the door? There's no way it's Praewa. Of course, she said she was at home. Without thinking about anything because my mind was almost empty, I got up and walked lazily to open the door without any doubt. I never thought I'd meet...

"Excuse me, you're knocking so late at night." Peach.

“Smile. It’s okay. But what do you have…” “We just came to say thank you,”

Said a deep voice. He smiled broadly and sincerely.

“I don’t know, maybe because you’re good at makeup, we won the contest.”

Just noticing the prominent sash that Peach won the University Month Contest, I immediately changed my confused expression to a happy smile with my fellow faculty member.

“Hey, it doesn’t matter. You’re already handsome.”

I really felt that way. I wasn’t kidding. Peach seemed friendly and I just said what I saw. He didn’t need to come and thank me.

“Even so, here we give it to you,”

Peach said as he handed over a small, flat box in red and white. "Chocolate?"

“One of the prizes, I think you’ll like this one.” He was the best person of the day.

“Thank you, but you can keep it. I’m afraid of gaining weight.”

I didn’t know if it would hurt his feelings, but if I accepted it, I would definitely eat the whole box tonight. Peach seemed to understand. He said goodbye and went back to his room.

"Oh, I forgot."

Before the door was closed, the person outside who was about to turn around suddenly remembered something. I stopped and waited to listen. Peach handed me a scroll of paper that looked like a lesson sheet.

"A woman sent me this." "Who?"

"We don't know the name, but it's not Jae Sa."

I frowned in confusion, taking the mysterious sheet from my new friend's hand. He waved goodbye once more before we parted ways. The tall man walked away, and I closed the door to unroll the several sheets of paper to see what it was.

“Summary of Chapter 1 - 3 of English for Communication.”

Written entirely with a pen, the handwriting looked like it wasn't looking at the paper when writing. It looked strangely familiar. After a while, I remembered, oh, this is the handwriting of the person I used to do my homework for. It was sloppy and hard to read, but I could read it like this.

Wait, what about P’Jeans?

What other traps did she set? Asking someone else to give me a summary of a subject I was going to have an exam in 2 days was suspicious. I looked through every page and found that it was something I had studied but

couldn't comprehend. In fact, it was just a common problem that freshmen usually face. And...

What does P’Jeans want? Maybe...

Maybe she was pranking me again. I walked over to the balcony door to see if there was another person who you know is evil standing there. Yes, I saw her. P’Jeans was standing there but with a different expression than before. She looked nervous in her eyes, as if waiting to see what I would do next.

So these sheets are really from you? Or when you saw my crying face back then…

No, it’s not like you’re soft-hearted or have a sense of remorse. People like you are worse than that.

P’Jeans intended to use this stupid trick to indirectly atone for her sins. Maybe she was afraid that I would report it to the dean and things would get out of hand. But how could her previous actions be erased with just a few pieces of paper?

Thinking that I would accept this apology, P’Jeans, who didn't show any expression, was ready to turn around and leave easily. But as I said, these papers will never erase them, no matter how much she realizes and makes up for it.

*Bam!*

I threw the paper she had given me until the papers scattered and floated in the air.

P’Jeans paused, looking up at the things she had invested in writing to compensate with a slight stunned expression before her narrow eyes moved to meet mine just in time. We stared at each other for a long time amidst the papers that fell to the ground. I made up my mind... I had to shout out my feelings.

## "Go and be reborn!"

.

.

## 3 days later

"Where? Last time you skipped to cheer, but this time, the cheering stand for the sports day, Phi Sa has warned you not to run away. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Nonsense, Praewa. Be quiet. I want to sleep."

Since that night when I was rude to P’Jeans, I've had a headache waiting to see what the other side will plan to do to get revenge. But it's been a total waste of sleep and headache. Three days have passed and nothing has happened. There's only news that traces of a charcoal stove were mysteriously found behind the Mama Noodle building. No need to be told which ones.

“What? I understand that it’s not unusual to fall asleep in class, but can you promise me that you won’t skip this activity?”

"We're worried about you," Toey added.

“It has activity credits too,” Bew chimed in. "Okay...Fine.”

I sighed, face buried in my desk. “Fine.”

The other three friends cheered happily and finally let me take a nap. Holy shit, I was still the powerful student council president in high school. Now in the near future, I have to scream in the hot sun on the stands, and I might have to dress up according to who knows what.

I don't want to grow up anymore. I want to go back to being a high school student.

"Hey!"

Praewa suddenly shouted. What the hell is going on? "Yesterday's English test scores are out!!"

No...

Yesterday I came in late for the exam, didn't do everything, left the exam room late, didn't understand what I read, and made mistakes in the test questions.

But deep down I believed that I could do it. My father is smart, and my mother is knowledgeable. Everything is in my blood.

"Which one did you get 10?" There it is!

"Full 30"

Don't try to say anything, Praewa...

After that, I cut myself off from the outside world, laid my head down, tried to sleep as hard as I could, but I couldn't because I could hear the teacher's voice faintly.

That's when I decided to stop secretly sleeping and start focusing on studying instead. A student walked in and whispered something, causing the teacher to stop and look around the classroom for someone else until his eyes stopped on me.

"Miss Laphisara, the president has called for a meeting."

# True Revenge

I had been thinking all along how to start defending the dean. It would be impolite to just walk away, and it would be like I was making excuses to him. His secretary had a very cold face towards me. And when I entered his spacious, cold office...

"Students, do you want anything else?"

A dignified middle-aged man in a black suit asked, turning to look at the box. It includes a brand new phone, a gift card and a letter. The cardboard contained the message of deepest condolences, he typed. The gist of the expression it’s like a greeting card.

"What do you mean you want...?"

“What would be used as an apology for the whole incident?”

He was very confused at first, while he turned his face away in exasperation.

“My good daughter’s handiwork.” “...”

Because I didn’t understand, my eyes wandered somewhere else and accidentally stumbled upon the dean’s last name standing tall on the table.

Oh… P’Jeans’ last name.

I opened my eyes wide, trying to make sure I wasn't seeing things. Yes, it was true. It was the same last name as the person I hated to the core. With

all that preamble, it shouldn't be hard to guess that they were father and daughter.

The reason I was called here wasn't to talk about the post, but to apologize on behalf of his own daughter.

“I really have to apologize to the students on behalf of them. My daughter is a spoiled and fun-loving person.”

I appreciate that he has some consideration for someone like me who has been bullied, but this is no different than throwing money at someone's head to apologize.

“What if something like this happens again?”

My voice and expression changed from confusion to doubt, causing the dean to pause and think.

“This probably isn’t his first time.” “…”

"How would I know that I'll be safe from now on? The things the dean gave me can't guarantee anything. I'll have to meet that guy... at the university anyway."

He sighed, listening to the problem that had arisen. “Then, what do you, students, want?”

“An apology from Phi Jeans’ mouth.”

His worldly eyes looked at me unexpectedly. He probably didn't think that what I wanted wasn't something valuable, but the realization of what he had done to me. I imagined her standing in front of me, losing her dignity and apologizing to the younger people for all the things she had done to me.

Thinking about it, I lowered my head and smiled, pouting my lips.

Luckily, the rector didn't see it. Not long after, a deep voice caught his attention. He answered and nodded,

"Okay."

Maybe my decision was a terrible mistake. “Sorry.”

The tone was as harsh as the gaze she gave me. She was called from class by her own father to apologize.

But damn, what you said sounded more like "Is there a problem?" “Speak nicely to your juniors,”

The abbot standing beside her said in a stern voice. Of course, his good daughter would secretly roll her eyes in displeasure.

"Apologies." "What?"

The annoying man crossed his arms and raised his eyebrows to ask, “Then what do you want to make a big deal out of?”

"If you don't talk to your juniors nicely again, my dad will confiscate our car for one semester."

Hmm, it seemed like someone was taking sides. When I took the opportunity, I smiled sweetly, teasing the troubled-faced girl like P’Jeans.

"So, what did you apologize to me for?"

She glanced at her father, received a serious and solemn look in return, and quickly averted her gaze and looked away, her jaw clenched in restraint, before she gritted her teeth and spoke.

"I'm sorry for everything."

The three friends asked again if what I had said was true. I was sure that what I had said was true. They looked shocked to learn that P’Jeans was the daughter of the dean.

They did not believe that he would order his daughter to come out and apologize to me face to face. It was Toey who interrupted them with disapproval.

"If it were me, I'd take the phone and the gift card." “That’s not satisfying.”

"Then aren't you afraid that she'll come after you?"

Bew, who had been quiet for a long time, added something, and it was something that scared me deeply.

"If Dad isn't paying attention, we'll meet. Something like that." "W-well, I just report directly to the Rector."

"By the time I get there, I'll probably be beaten up,"

Praewa leaned forward and whispered softly, as if to bring me back to my senses.

"Don't forget that Phi Four was the one who slapped me." “Stop!”

I stopped my friends from saying anything else.

“I’m not afraid of anyone. Even if it’s the whole group or just P’Jeans…”

The sight of a familiar figure from the corner of my eye made the rest of my words disappear. I instinctively shut my mouth when I saw four women

holding plates of food stop and stand beside P’Jeans... Those eyes were so fierce.

"Guys, I think we should change seats today,"

She said in a stern voice to her three friends, but her eyes were fixed on them without stopping.

I got goosebumps even more when the four of them chose to sit down a little bit away from us. They split into two seats, and it was no coincidence that P’Jeans sat next to me. Yes... it was intentional and not at all friendly.

The atmosphere was a hundred thousand times more oppressive. The four of us sat with our heads down, eating, feeling extremely uncomfortable.

Every time I glanced over, I would find that not one of us would glance over at me from the corner of our eyes.

This was real hell.

"Hey, Jeans, what did your father call you for?"

Phi Luk Mee said. The person being asked didn't even care if I was secretly looking at her or not.

"Why do you want to pry?"

Okay, I'm not stupid. I know the word you emphasized meant me. "Hey, I just meant well."

“Be careful,”

Even though the context is talking to a friend, it’s easy to see. So she was subtly warning me,

## "Be careful that your good deeds don’t choke you to death."

“Cough cough cough.”

I don't know if it was a coincidence or the competition was the result, but I just drank some water and suddenly choked on it. I had to press my chest with my hands. The four of them unexpectedly paid attention to me.

P’Jeans was the one who smiled pitifully.

*Tuk,tuk,tuk…*

It's so scary. My heart is beating wildly.

That day, you seemed to try to apologize to me with your exam summary sheet. Now, you don't feel the same way?

"Look at me. What's the problem?" "Ah..."

“Seniors, I would like to ask for a moment of your time.”

The clear voice interrupted my words to reply to P’Jeans, which I didn't really know what to say. Turning towards the source of the call, we came across a group of seniors holding thick-winged flyers. She handed them out to each of us.

“I know that freshmen have to go up on the stand, but if you guys are interested in applying for sports or any competitions, you can contact the faculty’s public relations office…”

As I pretended to be interested in the invitation of a strange senior, I could feel that a very familiar senior was staring at me. My whole body tensed up, trying to act as if I didn't feel anything, even though deep down I wanted to get up and run away from this area.

It was like she didn't know how to keep her cool. She didn't dare do anything. She was afraid that her car would be confiscated.

Then aren't you afraid that she'll come after you and get revenge? If your father isn't paying attention, you'll meet him. Something like that.

And then that lunch, I couldn't taste the deliciousness anymore.

.

.

Three days later, I just ordered a really good pepper spray online and carry it with me at all times, whether I'm going to bed, going to school, playing sports, walking in the halls, or even skipping class because I forgot to do my homework and just sitting in the bathroom like this.

"Baby is you - your the one I love-"

Then I had to listen to someone practicing a singing competition in front of the bathroom mirror. I rolled my eyes, put on my earphones, and turned on some relaxing music, closing my eyes. It wasn't so bad to just sit in the bathroom and cut myself off from the outside world.

With pepper spray on me, I feel even more at ease. Phi Jeans, try to get revenge. I'll spray it on that pretty face until it stings.

After a short while, I could not stand listening to the song with the woman's voice outside. The annoying sound suddenly became quiet. At first, my ears felt very relieved and I did not think much of it until.

Aaaaaaa!! “Shit!”

I exclaimed and automatically took off my earphones. From head to toe, I was covered in the organic compost that the maids usually arrange in the backyard.

The new phone I got from my father was soaked down to the charging port. I looked up at the top, where there were no more signs of the suspects. But it wasn’t hard to tell who did it.

You want to play like this? Okay!

.

.

The second floor of the Mama Noodle shop with the original swimming pool, I walked a kilometer to meet the person who had escaped and was sleeping on the reclining chair.

I am comfortable alone, almost next to the pool. The other three friends have disappeared and I don't know where they are. This is good.

"Didn't you guys say the old pork shop was closed? Why did you come so early?"

She asked without opening her eyes. But then her eyebrows furrowed when I came and stood close to her, probably because she could smell the organic fermented water that she might have ordered someone to pour on me.

Jeans slowly opened her eyes and when she saw that it wasn't her friend, she made a face of annoyance.

"Did you have fun?"

I started. The other person sat up with a frown on her face. “What’s so funny? Why don’t you take a shower?”

“I’ll tell your dad about this,” She laughed.

“The thing about you falling into the drain?” "You're annoying!"

After I raised my voice, I pushed the person sitting on the shoulder hard. Hard enough to make her get angry and stand up to face me directly. Her taller height didn't faze me. I swallowed hard.

"If you dare to do it, dare to accept criticism. Don't be a backstabber."

“What did I do? Made you so paranoid that you ended up falling into water and drain yourself?”

“You bastard…”

“Besides, if I was the one who did it, why would I deny it? Those snipers, you can call them yourself.”

The beautiful face smiled wryly.

“And… don’t you think that someone like you might have many more enemies? You bastard!!"

No more! I took out the pepper spray I had prepared and was going to spray it at that annoying face once and for all. However, the other person's face was shocked and she quickly raised her arm to protect herself, which made me think that she was going to raise her hand to slap me.

I accidentally stepped back and fell backwards into the pool, looking very pathetic even though she hadn't even done anything.

It was worth it!

The tall figure lowered the arm that was used to cover her face, her gaze looking down at me who had unintentionally brought myself into the pool, her evil lips slowly revealing a mocking smile.

“Ugh!”

It seemed like P’Jeans was openly gloating. I raised both my arms and slapped her around. I was stupid. My mouth was full of water and I couldn't even shout. The tall girl tilted her head to look at me and shrugged. She turned around and walked back to sit in the reclining chair.

"Have fun taking a bath."

She flicked through the pages to kill time. After she finished speaking, the owner of the stern voice picked up his phone.

She didn't know that... I couldn't swim.

# 08.Not having time to prepare

**myself**

Dad, Mom...

It seems like my end will be at the bottom of the pool. I'm sorry for being stubborn and not learning how to swim.

.

.

As I slowly let my body sink, the water above me trembles as someone dives towards me. My blurry eyes stop struggling. A sensation occurs as if a hand is placed on my cheek, bringing me back to my senses. I can't take it anymore, I let myself go empty...

Until suddenly, someone pulls up from behind and pulls my face out from under the water.

*'Cough cough again.'*

As soon as I got my breath, it was as if I was awakened from the feeling of near death. I choked and took a deep breath, the feeling of being held tightly from behind like this.

I’m not really dead yet!

I opened my eyes and looked around and saw that the edge of the pool was just an arm's reach away. Without hesitation, I tried to fight and kick the edge of the pool because it was the only way to get out on land.

*'Eek!'*

The moment my feet hit something, a half-sounding cry came faintly. But probably because I was afraid that I would never have the chance to see my parents and friends again, I just scrambled to the shore without any hesitation or looking back.

“Father… Mother… Where are you?”

It was probably no different from a madman talking to himself while smiling with tears in his eyes. Believe it or not, the pepper spray was still tightly gripped in his hand. He lay there panting until he was sure that he was safe. He turned to look at the reclining chair where the cruel and ruthless Phi Jeans should have been sitting, but it was empty.

Where have you gone? “Shhh!”

The incomplete cry I had heard earlier came into my head, causing me to frown and stare into the water where it felt like someone else was drowning in my place. I was shocked and couldn’t believe that the body belonged to someone I knew was vicious.

The evil sister drowned.

And when I thought about it carefully, the scream could have been nothing but my foot hitting the face of the evil P’Jeans with full force.

While I was stunned and didn't know what to do because I didn't know how to swim, out of the corner of my eye, while I was stunned and stunned, I caught a glimpse of Phi Luk Mee walking cheerfully carrying a bunch of stuff.

I quickly got up and ran to find this girl with a startled look on my face. When she first saw me soaking wet, Phi Luk Mee looked me up and down and laughed. But it wasn't the right time to be angry at her.

"P’Jeans! P’Jeans is drowning!"

"Ha?"

"I said that P’Jeans drowned! Your friend drowned, do you understand?!"

Phi Luk Mee‘s eyebrows knitted together as she turned to look at the truth in the pool. Her big round eyes suddenly widened, just like mine before.

The cluttered belongings in her hands were suddenly released. She quickly took off her sneakers in a panic before running and jumping in to save her best friend.

Please, don't let that evil girl die. I don't want to be a murderer. You can wake up and prank me... but don't die.

.

.

## Hospital

"If something happens to Jeans, I won't give in easily."

The hateful words coming out of the mouth of the person standing like Phi Four, along with the stern gaze, made me look down at the floor in humility. The person on the left chair was Phi Luk Mee, who was staring at me intently. On the right was Phi Fang who was crossing her arms and was equally angry.

"Oh... I'm sorry.”

The gesture of not giving in. "You intentionally hurt her.” "Because she teased me first.” "Teasing what?"

The voices in unison increased the pressure on me even more.

“She poured fermented water on me…” “Hey, where’s the evidence?”

Even though people in the Fang said that, but in the university, "Isn't it only Phi Jeans who wants revenge on me?"

I kept quiet. So quiet that the three of them stopped scolding me and changed to sitting and waiting for their friend in front of the emergency room instead.

I was able to breathe easier when the doctor said that the injured person wasn’t seriously injured. The problem was that her chin had been hit by a hard object. It was so hard that she had to have a neck brace. That hard object was my foot.

Phi Four’s worry disappeared. The fearful expression clearly changed to relief. I was indirectly forced by the three pairs of eyes to follow the patient’s bed that the male nurse was pushing in front of.

In fact, my whole body is still as swollen as Phi Luk Mee. Phi Jeans is safe. But maybe I'll get a lung injury, right?

“You keep watch on it while I go and take care of other things,”

The scary Phi Four ordered in a calm voice. Phi Luk Mee had just gone back to take a shower. Phi Fang had gone to take care of things at the university. And I heard that the person who gave the order had the duty to go and arrange for the injured person to be moved to a special room because this was a shared room.

"Are you going to keep watching in this condition?" “Yes.”

"Why did Phi Luk Mee go back to take a shower..." "Who did this to Jeans?"

“…” "That's it."

Finally, I was sitting stupidly on the chair next to bed, it was empty, so I smiled at the woman who was watching my friend next to me, who smiled back. I don't know if she laughing at my wetness or not, I just knew that P’Jeans was lying on her side, facing this way, and sleeping soundly.

I turned my attention away from the strangers and tilted my head to stare at the face of the woman whose duty it was to watch over until Phi Four returned. The woman whose lips, these thin lips, she usually wore red because she didn't know how to buy other colors or something, but right now her entire face was bare-faced, making her look...pretty and sweet.

Yes, she looked so innocent and sweet.

The feeling of being underwater was like it was happening again. I remembered all the sensations, the feeling of being there. That girl. Jeans, rushed down, put her hand on my face, and circled behind me and as if she was pulling me out of my dying state.

Or maybe a bad person like you just happened to have to dive down there, it has nothing to do with helping me...

It was like I was enjoying the stars in a jar. I leaned my face closer to the other person who still showed no sign of waking up easily. I moved my gaze up to the bridge of her nose. My eyelids were tightly closed and my eyelashes were naturally long. From the very second I could not tell that I was pursing my lips and squinting my eyes, only interested in her.

Before the narrow eyes in front of me could open, they stared back without warning,

## "What are you looking at?"

!!! "No...no!"

I quickly pulled away. It was too late. P’Jeans frowned in disbelief.

What could possibly ruin the mood more than a harsh question from the injured person's mouth? Before she could finish, her face contorted with pain on the right side of her chin, so much so that she had to raise her hand to gently support it. I avoided eye contact, pretending not to know, praying that she would not remember the cause of the pain.

"She kicked me."

I'm relieved that you ignored me and looked closer, but I have to accept that. Is that right?

"But I didn't mean to." “Hee!”

Her pitch-black eyes rolled back and she made a sarcastic sound in her throat.

“I really didn’t mean to…” "Oh, I know."

I bowed my head even more. “And… thank you.”

The figure in the hospital's light blue uniform slowly sat up. She lightly touched the injured part and felt it before turning and raising his left eyebrow and asking.

“Thank you for what?”

It seemed like someone wanted to get on her nerves from the day the Rector called us to meet. I let out a long sigh, raised my gaze to glare at her, lightly, but still managed to slam her tone.

"Thank you for helping me."

"Yes"

Judging from her face when she accepted, she seemed pleased to see me calm and composed. So what could she do or say? I fell into the pool myself. That cruel girl went down to save me and ended up with a neck brace like this. It's like I owe her something.

"Then why are you still wet?"

"Well, Phi Four ordered me to keep an eye on you." "Go back to the dorm, take a shower, and go to sleep." "But Phi Four..."

"Do you see me as 7 years old?" “…”

“You’re all grown up now. You can take care of yourself. I’ll tell Four that I told you to go back.”

If that's the case, I'd gladly accept the offer so I could go back, shower, wash my hair, and tell my best friend the details. By now, she'd probably be suspicious of where I'd gone, since my new phone had already malfunctioned.

"Then I'll go back."

Seeing that the other person's attention was focused on the phone screen that I had groped for, the phone that I had groped for from the table, I stood up despite the cold from having to fight the air conditioner for quite some time, but the previously harsh and irritating voice interrupted me.

"Luk Nai?"

"Yes,"

Which I actually wanted to reply with,

"What's wrong, P’Jeans?" "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?"

“What do you mean by injured? It’s really hard to understand.”

The person immediately looked irritated. I didn't find it difficult to understand, but I wasn't sure what the other person would say. Moreover, I wasn't prepared for this seemingly concerned question.

It doesn't look like P’Jeans at all. "Well...it's nothing."

After she answered, she became quiet, pretending to be interested in the phone that she had raised because she couldn't bend down. There was no need to ask anything, and the person answering like me would look embarrassed.

Feeling irritated with that evil girl, I shook her off and walked away. What do you want from someone with such a bad attitude?

But before we could get out of the female patient's common room, I happened to run into a familiar face. Even though I had only met her a few times, I could clearly remember what Praewa had said:

## Phi Mel, the person the rumors said was the enemy of Phi Jeans.

She was wearing a student uniform, an A-line skirt, and a serious-looking woman, walking past each other without any concern for the surroundings.

I quickly turned to look at her, not taking my eyes off her, with curiosity. I saw the famous Phi Mel stop beside Phi Jeans' bed in the same position as where I had just walked out.

But I heard that the two of them are enemies?

"Mel got news that Jeans fell into the water."

It seems that the fear of getting lung disease has completely disappeared from my mind. Now I want to secretly look at the relationship and the conversation.

It's more about these two people. I just want to know why the people who are enemies would come to visit the hospital.

# 09.I warned you

"Where? I heard that you took Phi Jeans to the hospital."

I hadn't even stepped foot into the building when Praewa's voice called out to me, along with the person running from the sofa in the common room. I always get news quickly when it's her. My best friend looked me up and down with a worried expression.

"Then why are you so wet?" "I fell into the water."

“Hey! Did she bully you again? But you can’t swim.” “It’s not Praewa. It’s me… falling into the water.”

I briefly told her the reason I had to find someone to take me to the hospital, as well as my own stupidity. She was stunned for a moment before nodding in understanding.

"Oh, as long as you're safe, that's good enough.” "Praewa"

"Hmm?"

"I have something to talk about, about Phi Mel."

.

.

The two of us prying eyes went up to the room to hide before I took a shower and talked about what I predicted about the relationship between the good P’Jeans and the famous P’Mel.

Praewa once said that these two were enemies, assuming that if it wasn't because of a fighting, then it was because of fighting over a man. However, what I heard today was completely opposite.

"Phi Mel went to visit Phi Jeans." "And?"

Praewa, who was sitting on the sofa, asked while grabbing some snacks from the fridge to eat.

"Aren't you surprised? What enemy would be worried about you? Visiting you at the hospital, and talking..."

*‘Jeans, take a break. Mel will take care of it.’*

"What are you talking about?"

My best friend's voice snapped me out of my reverie. No matter what, I really couldn't stop thinking about those two people. Phi Mel seemed to care about Phi Jeans a lot, but surprisingly, the other person was cold and indifferent. Phi Mel spoke quietly and didn't answer any questions. I didn't understand her at all.

"Let's just say that the relationship between these two is a bit strange."

After I finished speaking, Praewa lowered her eyes and thought to herself for a moment before returning to munching on her snacks and looking up. “Huh? I’ve been thinking about this for a while now.”

"About?"

"It's their business."

It's truly fitting for my nosy partner.

"Why did they do that?" She made an analytical face.

“I think that besides the fight over a man, there’s another issue that makes two people not feel close to each other. It’s similar to the situation you described.”

“…”

“Maybe they… were once lovers.” “It's impossible."

“Open your mind a bit, my friends. In this era, it’s okay to like any gender. If you like someone, date them. It’s a mutual satisfaction. It’s love, after all. Why make a drama about gender or society? It’s a headache.”

"Well, P’Jeans never told me..."

"Then why would she go around telling other people, especially you?" "..."

That's true.

“It’s just an assumption. If I get anything more, I’ll tell you again.” "Hmm."

After saying that, Praewa asked to go home because her father was following her around. I was going to walk her to the car, but she said she wanted me to rest more. In the end, I just lay on the bed, looking stupid with my hair that was just slightly dry.

It's not that I can't accept same-sex relationships, but because when it comes to P'Jeans everything sounds strange, interesting, and...

Forget it.

Forget about that evil girl.

In a moment, I turned to lie face down and picked up the laptop by the bedside to open it. I kept rambling. Her story must not be in my head.

[Peach Ponpon has sent you a friend request.]

Peach added me. I don't know where he got my Facebook from, but I'm not a bad person, so I accepted without thinking too much. The result was that there were three or four more names automatically suggested to me in case I knew them. I almost clicked off if I didn't come across the second name.

[Jeans Yolsima] P’Jeans again?

I think I tried to escape from you, but I couldn't.

And I didn't think anything of it. My hand just clicked in and looked. 10 minutes passed.

“Hahahaha!”

After laughing until my stomach ached from reading the funny clips that the Facebook owner shared, my hand moved to click and like the previous posts. They were quite informative. Sometimes I share posts about finding homes for dogs and cats, or share stories about sick people who urgently need blood.

I kept scrolling down.

"I Want to Replay [I Want to Start Over]" released 1 year ago. Want to start over? What does that mean?

Being tired and sleepy to begin with, I chose to pry into her story to this extent, ignoring the comments of her many friends. After shutting down my laptop and putting everything back where it was, I reached out to turn off the headlamp and went to sleep. After closing my eyes for a while, I suddenly felt something on my mind.

Why does it feel like I've done something wrong? What did I do wrong? What did I do?

Thinking like that, I opened my eyes and got up to look around the room. The balcony door was closed, the cloth was put away, and all the lights were off.

I sat and thought to myself for a minute, but still couldn't find the spot I had forgotten. Until I lay down again, I suddenly had to open my eyes wide because I remembered what I had missed.

## Damn! I accidentally liked every post by P’Jeans even though I was secretly stalking.

.

.

## The next day.

"I heard that P’Jeans has left the hospital. I saw her near the Mama building this morning."

### Bang!

The two double-layered sounds hit the cafeteria table. Toey, Bew, and Praewa, the owner of the previous news sentence, all turned to look at me at the same time.

“Your hands are so weak. What happened?” “No… no.”

I quickly acted as if nothing had happened. I hadn’t told anyone about the ridiculous things from last night. That was the reason I couldn’t sleep at night. My forehead was stressed all night. However, Praewa continued talking.

“It probably isn’t too bad. I don’t see any damage.”

“You didn’t put a cast on your neck?”

I turned around and asked in surprise, suddenly forgetting what I was worried about.

"No, is it that you think she's serious?" “Hmm, I guess I’m a hard-working person…”

My words fell silent as my eyes happened to catch sight of a familiar luxury car. After it had stopped in the student lot next to the Faculty of Management cafeteria, the woman in the dark-colored pants who stepped out from the driver’s side was the same person I had expected.

She really didn't wear a cast anymore. Her lips were red and her face looked like she was looking for trouble. The tall figure locked the car behind the three other friends until they were all out. She tilted her head back and forth, indicating that the truth was not yet fully healed.

She must have known about me peeping.

"Guys, what class do we have in the morning? Let's hurry up and go." "What the hell? The teacher canceled the class today."

“All day long!?”

"Oh, right. The marketing department has a meeting today. We can plan where to go today. Let's exchange information first."

"So you guys are going to sit here, right?" "Yes," the three voices said.

"Then I'll go."

"What the..."

Praewa grumbled at this flustered behavior. I walked out of the cafeteria area, stood warily on the left and right in front of the university, and hailed a taxi to the nearby shopping mall. I was really stupid. How long could I take the risk with her? It was like there was no way we would ever meet again.

But it's not certain... If I try to avoid it.

Just by not interfering in her business anymore, acting like a calm and reserved junior (only when it comes to her business), that should be enough to make everything lighter. If I'm a gentle person, and Jeans starts a fight or causes trouble first, I have the dean to help me.

That's another good thing.

And even though I thought it through all the way, alas... "What happened to your phone, little sister?"

"I fell in the water."

Less than 5 meters away, in front of me, was a large mobile phone repair shop located on the top floor of a famous shopping mall. I was walking in holding my phone, if it weren't for the tall figure of a woman who had reached the counter first.

That woman was P'Jeans, the person who made me stop my feet immediately.

She had already run away from the university. How could we coincidentally come to the same place!

"I'll have the mechanic to check it first to see if it can still be fixed. Write down the phone number and go for a walk for an hour first, okay?"

P’Jeans responded, grabbed a pen from the employee, scribbled and handed it to him, along with the phone that must have been broken since she went down to help me yesterday.

As the person was about to walk out of the store, I quickly pretended to walk into the computer equipment store next door. My eyes glanced at the back of the person wearing a casual outfit, a coat, and dark-toned pants, the same as the one I saw when I entered.

If her phone breaks, it means that the person probably doesn't know about my constant flirting. But it doesn't seem to help to withdraw it now because it's probably already notified. Whatever, I'm determined that from now on I'll just tone down my curiosity and be a good avoider.

But you walked around the mall waiting for your device to fix for an hour... Do I have a choice? I can choose not to pry into your business. Or not?

P’Jeans walked around the lowest floor, full of restaurants. She hesitated for a long time between a pizza shop and a sushi shop, but decided to eat noodles at the shop in the middle instead. Take her.

I sat sipping on iced milk at a coffee shop across the street. I looked through the glass and saw the ill-mannered girl who looked depressed because she had nothing to do and was alone.

She spent about 15 minutes eating before paying and leaving the shop to continue browsing the second floor, which was full of clothes from various brands.

I still don't quite understand myself. At first, didn't I come to fix a phone? Now, why am I following someone I don't like from a distance?

“Is there anything stronger?”

It seems that the blue sneakers are not to her liking, so the booth staff had to frantically search for them. But then the bad girl abruptly gave up by saying, "They're pretty, but I don't want them yet." To the person who had spent several minutes searching, it was really annoying.

.

.

Consistently bad.

When we changed to walk into the bookstore, P’Jeans continued to wander aimlessly, stopping by various sections without any purpose. I almost got caught because the staff told me not to bring water inside, so I had to run and throw it away first and then hurry back to continue.

It's not normal for me to follow others around like this, especially with someone I shouldn't mess with like P’Jeans.

What really puzzled me was when she picked up a self-care book for people with heart disease and started reading it. She skimmed through a couple of pages before walking away and paying for it.

Who is it?

I didn't have much time to sneak a peek because the tall figure looked down at her watch and then walked out of the bookstore without saying anything. It was difficult for me to hurry after her and also to keep my distance.

“Waaaahh.”

It was just the sound of a little girl crying in the middle of a shopping mall corridor, but it caught my attention when P’Jeans stopped walking and followed the little girl’s tiny finger, which was pointing at a cat-head balloon.

It was stuck to the mall’s billboard, and no one had taken the time to find a good, low ladder to climb up and pick it up for the girl.

" P'Maew..."

A small sobbing voice said to P’Jeans.

"You're a crybaby. Why did you let P'Maew go?"

And that was the annoying answer from a person with a bad attitude who could even tease children. Hee!

“Sob... P'Maew...it slipped out of my hand.”

.

.

She shook her head slowly as she looked at the little girl. The moment I was frowning at the cruel person, she took off her coat and tied it around her waist. Seeing that, I had to quickly hide behind the mannequin in workout clothes, afraid that the sharp eyes would accidentally look this way.

After handing the bag of books to the girl to hold, the tall figure looked up at the cat-headed before...

“Wow, we’re almost there!”

Jumped and grabbed, with a small voice cheering, both sobbing and happy, "Almost there!"

The ninth round and the dream is almost real. The fingertip of the person who jumped with full force was just a little bit more and would touch the white string of the balloon. People who were walking by nudged their friends and laughed at P’Jeans' actions.

It's actually quite funny.

“Ah, and next time, don’t let P'Maew slip away.”

She let out an exhausted breath before kneeling on one knee and handing the balloon string to the girl. The girl took it happily, smiling with squinted eyes, and threw herself into her strange big sister’s arms, her face full of love.

Her mouth said thank you.

Yes, it was funny, but it was also cute.

I smiled, probably because of the cheerfulness radiating from the girl. In the few seconds she lowered her eyes to look at the floor, she looked up at the

same spot and all that was left was the girl and the cat-headed balloon.

I frowned deeply and walked out of the shelter in a daze, looking around for the person who had been following for so long, but there was no sign.

"Sister, sister, where did the girl who jumped and gave you the balloon earlier go?"

“That way,”

The owner of the small voice smiled cheerfully and pointed to the direction to take the elevator.

Oh, shit! What should I do if we miss each other here?

I patted sister's head before saying thank you, and then ran in that direction. As soon as I turned left, my feet suddenly stopped. The tall figure who was waiting with her arms crossed in front of me narrowed her eyes. On the contrary, I opened my eyes in shock. We were only a few centimeters apart.

Before the calm voice spoke, she did not let go of her gaze. "Good at looking."

.

# Don't be stubborn with me

"…."

“Why are you following me?” “…”

Being caught red-handed was depressing. I actually lowered my head. "Look into my eyes!!"

“Look! Look! Look!”

The other party’s fierce voice made me stutter and my tongue twist. I reluctantly looked up at the taller person. Those eyes seemed to ask me why I was following her. And I didn’t have a better answer than,

“I happened to run into you, so I just followed you.” "Are you a duckling?"

“Huh?”

I was confused and tilted my head in confusion. "You idiot,"

But got a more confusing response,

"I don't know what you want, but if you're going to tell my father, I'm sorry I don't have any scandals to share."

It seems like someone misunderstood.

"I didn't come here to find trouble and complain to anyone." "Really"

"Yes..."

The cruel people stared at each other for a long time before looking away in annoyance.

"Then let's split up here and don't follow me like a lice anymore,"

She said in a stern, almost commanding tone. Perhaps she was just too lazy to talk to someone who didn't know what she was talking about before turning away and walking to press the elevator button while waiting.

But then her beautiful face was suddenly annoyed when she saw me standing next to her.

“What? I just want to go to a phone repair shop.” “…”

She was defeated because she couldn’t argue anymore. Seeing that, I had to go a little bit more.

"It broke because you poured water on it." "When did I pour water on you!?"

### Ding!

The elevator's warning bell was like a life-saving bell. I hurriedly stepped inside, pretending that I had never mentioned the previous incident.

However, the other party still gave me an annoyed glance. To make matters worse, no one else was riding this time except the two of us.

Should I be reborn? If I had known this before I came here, I wouldn't have told you off.

"Don't let me find out why you followed me." "Yes, I won't let you know."

"Tsk!"

And listen to her irritated voice.

.

.

## 7:02 p.m.

**Praewa**: How is it? So can you fix the phone?

**Praewa**: Have you reached the dorm yet?

**Luk Nai**: I'm at the dorm. My cell phone can be fixed.

**Praewa**: Can yours be repaired? Does it have someone else's too?

Just typing, I accidentally made a mistake. I held my head in my hands at my own stupidity before typing back to my friend that nothing was wrong, but I was a bit dazed because I didn't get enough sleep. She didn't seem to suspect anything.

**Praewa**: Then take a rest. You'll be able to go all out in two days. Go all out?

**Luk Nai**: What's go all out?

**Praewa**: Oh! It's what seniors told us. When Jae Sa came to tell us in the classroom that she wanted everyone to go, and there were activity points too. They're not as brutal as before.

**Praewa**: It was an informal hazing ritual at the beach. "Is there anything else..."

I could only exclaim softly, feeling sorry for my own ignorance. Using the score to threaten me, I have to go no matter what.

After chatting with my friend, I turned over to sleep on the other side. I remembered the time when the counter staff told P’Jeans that the phone could not be repaired and suggested buying a new one. I thought that the corner of her eyes would come to tease me, the cause. No, at that moment I became air.

I returned to lie down and stared at the ceiling of the room, the events of the day playing over and over again in my head. The image of P’Jeans jumping up to grab the cat-headed balloon, and a little girl who cheered loudly, curled up and smiling faintly. I couldn't understand why I had to do this.

Why are you smiling? You still call me a duckling. Look into my eyes!

### Thump, thump

That kind of anger... makes my heart beat faster when I think of het. What a terrible person.

.

.

## Day of Travel

I leaned back against the bus seat, my left arm full of food and snacks that I would eat with Praewa, who was sitting next to me, and for Toey and Bew, who were sitting in the back. The bus was lively and cheerful even before everyone got on.

The lady who checked the roll before we got on told us that each car would have 3-4 third-year seniors overseeing each bus. Oh, I forgot to tell you that I have no lingering grudges against Jae Sa.

She stopped being a tough girl after the cheerleading meeting and became a Jae Sa that the juniors would tease and joke around with. In reality, she is a very clumsy person.

“It seems like everyone in this room is here already...”

The person who was checking names before said to himself before picking up the microphone to speak so that everyone could hear.

“Youngsters, the bus will be leaving in 5 minutes. If anyone forgot anything or wants to stock up on supplies, hurry up. The person in charge of this bus is about to get on.”

Before he rolled up the paper to check names and put it in the seating area for the older students and got off the bus to get into the sedan parked next door instead.

"Hey, did you buy some ice and put it in a cooler?" "Oh, I forgot."

“Oh, you! Do you want me to boil Coke and drink it? I called to remind you last night. Go down and buy it!”

Praewa was furious. The thirst for something cold made people crazy. I had to give in because I had brought a cooler but forgot to buy ice at the cafeteria. Actually, I picked up the problematic ice container and walked out of my seat, preparing to get out of the car because the guy from earlier said that there were only 5 minutes left. We should make it in time.

However, I did not forget to stop and turn to tell the driver who was waiting at the station,

“Uncle, I’m going down to buy something. Please wait a moment.”

As soon as I turned around and stepped on the ground for just a second, I came face to face with a familiar, beautiful face. It was P'Jeans in a short- sleeved T-shirt.

Behind her were her friends who were all dressed up to go to the beach. Her pitch-black eyes looked down at me until I felt a shiver run down my cheeks.

I can't look at you anymore. I'm going to die... I don't understand what's wrong with me.

Suddenly, the thin red lips that I had been staring at spoke out order.

## "Not allowed."

…

"Um... I just want to-"

"I told you it's not allowed. Get back in the bus!"

The cheerful voices from the bus suddenly became quiet. Without turning around, I could tell that everyone was trying to focus their attention this way. I gritted my teeth to suppress my anger and stared up at the other party's fierce eyes relentlessly. What was the big deal about going to buy ice?

Just sneaking around the mall, is there a need to come back and tease like this?

"Why can't I go?"

“Because we control this bus,”

P’Jeans said. The person behind her secretly laughed softly.

“If anyone disobeys the order, they can go and get in another bus or hold onto the wheel.”

I wanted to scratch her face, I wanted to curse her back, but in the end, I took a deep breath, suppressed the anger in my chest, and pursed my lips tightly before I inevitably replied.

"Yes."

.

.

The bus came out for a long time.

"These guys are... even fiercer than the seniors."

Toey quickly returned to her seat after leaning over to whisper and gossip, “Our guards.”

Praewa turned to look at her friend with her eyes, tossing the candy bag behind her to shut her mouth. But she still leaned over to cover her mouth and whisper to me while glancing at Phi Lukmee who was sitting and watching in front of her.

"It's like being in prison. It's probably less stressful to just follow the wheel."

"Who invited these guys?" Of course I would talk back.

“Don’t call it an invitation. Call it an indispensable one. She’s the dean’s daughter, you know. Otherwise, would she have approved it so quickly?”

This is how it is. Because we have P'Jeans the off-campus hazing is as easy as peeling a banana.

"Let me ask you this. Did you do something to make P’Jeans angry? Look at her. She's always staring at you."

"That's all you know."

"Are you sure there aren't any more?" “No.”

Because of the serious frown, my best friend easily believed me. It wasn’t my fault. If only P’Jeans had been a better person.

During the silence of the first-year party, the dictatorial seniors set up a game. The rich guys playing in the front made me feel annoyed deep down, but I couldn't say anything. I just rolled my eyes and that was it. When one of the four happened to look at me, I had to look away anyway.

This crazy atmosphere improved when the driver turned into the gas station following the car in front to line up to fill up the tank.

“Sister, can we get out of the bus?”

The man in front raised his hand and asked with a trembling voice. The supervisor with the highest authority was P’Jeans, but she passed it on to P’Luk Mee to make a decision. And the cute-looking person who didn't match her nature was silent and thought for a long time. We were all waiting for the answer to come back.

"Okay, then get off."

That's it. No one in the bus hesitated.

Praewa and Bew ran forward, carrying a cooler, into a convenience store, hoping to buy some ice. As for Toey, she hid and stood talking on the phone with her boyfriend. I had nothing to do, so I just walked straight.

I sat waiting for my friends on an empty bench, watching the commotion of my classmates in various rooms.

“You look beautiful today.”

A deep voice sounded beside me before the owner of the voice sat down on the empty seat to my left. Peach he gave a slight smile to his clothes that

made him look just as good. Or maybe it was because he was already good- looking.

"You're probably the same."

The other party smiled, “Thank you for accepting my friend request.” "Hey, why are you thanking me? It's just a small matter."

"Well... I don't know."

Embarrassed? He seemed embarrassed when we talked. If I looked like Phi Mel or Phi Jeans, I wouldn't have thought anything of it. But this is me. Luk Nai? What would he like in this kind of person?

"If we say hi, would you mind?"

"Why do you have to say that? If anyone texts me, I'll reply." The sharp face looks even livelier.

“Smile and I’ll say hi to you.”

I don't want to judge it as flirting. I don't dare to be so confident. Peach was called by his friends because the bus he was in was about to leave. Then he turned around and waved with a small smile. I smiled back, even though deep down inside, confused by his feelings.

“What are you doing sitting there like an idiot? Come help your friend carry the cooler into the bus!”

Before I could even turn to the source of the voice, Praewa's hand swept my head away. I made a sullen face in response to my friend. I saw Bew holding a large amount of snacks and the owner of the cursing voice carrying a bunch of drinks in one hand, struggling to find a jugular vein in the other. She handed me something heavy... a jug full of ice.

"I can't hold it, I'm not feeling well."

"Liar. I saw you sitting with a man. Is it too late to carry something like this?"

The chattering was cut short when a third person suddenly grabbed the ice bucket to help hold it from Praewa's hand. We all looked and saw that the well-wisher was "Phi Jeans".

Once again, I didn't understand the other party's back and forth actions. I could only look at my close friend and Bew in confusion before we distanced ourselves to follow her back to the bus.

But then...

“Shit… She didn’t help us hold it, but took it and ate it herself.”

Toey is the one who leans in to whisper in a way that is never smooth, but she still tries as usual, Praewa throws snacks at her.

That's right, the person who helped us carry our stuff up is the same person who told her three friends, "Eat as you please," and stole our soda and ice without a second thought. There's nothing I can do to resist.

There's nothing I can do to fight against this situation. You evil, evil, evil Phi!

Fucked!

She glared at her and cursed her in her mind. When the person in question glanced at her, she could only turn her head quickly to the window to enjoy the breeze and the view outside. What reason could a freshman have to say?

Later, I'll be chased away to be a wheelbarrow again. Wheelbarrow...

So how are we going to get there? "The sea--"

"The wind is so cold."

"The foreigner is handsome. Scream!"

Those were the excited sentences after the freshmen got out of the bus. But even though it was so exciting, it wasn't what happened in our room.

Because the guards just stood there watching the kids get out of the bus like they were observing the behavior of the prisoners.

Our room is... completely silent. "I'll give you the schedule."

Phi Jeans spoke in a firm voice while crossing her arms behind her back. If it were anyone else, it would look good, but when it was her, it looked more like a nuisance and ready to fight. And I don't know why this girl came to confront me.

“There’s only one sheet. Find a way to make yourself have a schedule for everyone.”

Is this okay?

I glanced at the other rooms where my seniors were taking photos and preparing to hand them out. Also, where in the sea would there be a photocopy shop? This alone indicated an unlikely leadership quality in the guards of my room.

"Does anyone have a problem with this?"

She scanned the others and when she saw that no one dared to object, she turned and walked away, ready to grab her own belongings.

"Then why don't you be the one to photocopy the documents for us?"

That's right, it's me. I won't accept it, and it's too embarrassing to say anything against it.

.

The person who had reached out to grab the bag stopped her hand and instead clenched it. The tall girl turned to the side and raised her eyebrows as if to give me another chance to speak.

She had been chasing me the whole way since my things were snatched from her. I had been angry since before.

Okay, I will speak.

"You brought me to pick up my sister, so take responsibility."

Phi Jeans burst out laughing as if it was just a joke, walking towards me until I had to take a step back, afraid that someone with a bad attitude would do something bad to me.

"Where is the wakeful hand?" "..."

I shrugged. I didn't cheat by teasing her back.

“There are similar things. Why don’t you do it yourself? Or do you have to have servants all the time?"

“Ugh!”

I smiled, not caring about the person in front of me.

## “That’s true. Then why did you have to snatch my things instead of going shopping yourself?”

# Look at it now

I packed my clothes into four shared closets with my group of friends. The schedule said the senior activities would start at six o'clock on the first day, so we all had several hours to freestyle and do whatever we wanted. We gathered in front of the hotel just in time for the time to go.

And the way to make everyone in the room have an agenda is to take a photo and send it on LINE group.

"When you say something like that, do you think that Phi Jeans will let herself lose face?"

Toey asked worriedly, sitting on the bed choosing clothes to wear tonight. “Maybe she’s waiting for another chance to tease you,”

Praewa added.

“I have nothing to lose.”

I stopped doing everything and laid down on the soft bed that was next to Bew. One room can accommodate four people.

“Even if I just stay still, that crazy girl will find a way to tease me.”

"Then don't cry and runny nose like a kindergartener who gets her candy snatched again."

My best friend's teasing words made the other two friends unable to hold back their laughter. I made a pouty face before Bew made a face like she had remembered something.

"Oh, do you guys remember our plan?"

Then the rest of us smiled. Praewa, the chatty one, was the one who replied, "I remember. Do you want to go now?"

.

.

The three of us carried dark colored cloth bags to buy liquor, soda, cigarettes, and took a foam bucket to put ice in to cool the drinks we bought, and after hiding it under my bed and Bew's were ready. The four of us went for a walk along the beach to take some souvenir photos like everyone else.

"Our management star is beautiful,"

Bew said as she leaned back in her reclining chair. Between Praewa and Toey, only I sat down and wrote my name in English on the sand.

"Where's the management star?" Toey asked, looking around for her.

"Shit, she's not around here. I found her at a convenience store." “Oh, is that the pretty one who paid at a different counter from us?”

"That's right, but it's strange. She's not a university star. The nursing faculty just took her."

"Her abilities are probably good."

I chose to ignore the two of them talking sideways and instead looked around for any new information. The third-year seniors were starting to form strange faces. It wasn't hard to guess how tired we first-years would be on our first night.

"What should I buy for snacks tonight?" Bew's question made me pause in my daze.

“Umm... I don’t know. Grilled squid would be fine.”

Just as she finished speaking, the sound of the announcer over the megaphone called for the younger ones to gather. Under the coconut tree arch, Toey rolled her eyes because she was going to call her boyfriend to report it.

In this situation, we can't disobey orders. I got up and brushed off the sand that was staining my pants and feet before walking to join the group with her friends.

First, we have to divide into groups of 5 people, who can stay in separate rooms. For the remaining three days, we will use this group to do various activities. Of course, the four of us will be together, and the other person who came to ask to join the group, the point is that the woman in his room had to be called to stay with him, but he came straight to me.

"We're here too. Luk Nai?" “Hmm,”

I replied to Peach. How could I refuse? There was no reason or anything to be annoyed about it.

"Oh... a man."

And my best friend didn't forget to whisper in my ear, teasing me. "Be quiet!"

After whispering back to him, I glared at the person who had been slandering me since before we even reached the sea, saying that I was going to hit on a man. Let's talk about tonight's activities.

Each group will receive a sheet of paper with 30 squares in total. We will have to go to each base and complete them. There will be a senior at each base who will challenge us to do something. If we can do it or pass the criteria, we will get a signature from that base.

We have until 9:30 PM to submit the paper to the boss. Any group that does not complete it will be punished the next day according to the number of times that we missed.

.

.

## 8:36 p.m.

Let's just say that if our group didn't have Peach, we probably wouldn't have gotten very far in the activity bases. Each of the task that the third-year seniors challenged was difficult and crazy.

Examples of the ones that we got autographs for were the one where we took a photo with a python (even the officer next to me was terrified), the one where we reached into a jar and ended up with earthworms and millipedes squirming around in it, the one where we had to race to beat the clock, etc.

The four of us could only stand there and stare at each other, taking turns cheering for Peach, the group's strongest.

"There's only one base left, man."

Toey, who had been holding the paper the whole time, said happily. "What is the base number?"

Bew asked. "16"

We walked around looking for the last base. Delivering the paper early would give us more time to have fun in the hotel room. However, after ten minutes of searching, there was still no sign of us. We had already played at the beach and the same thing happened near the hotel. Where was this base?

"Then let's try calling our friends."

Even at times like this, Peach is a great help. He called his roommate about the rare Base 16 and was happily told that it was in the lounge of the hotel where we were staying. Who would hesitate?

"Let's go quickly. I'm too lazy to walk around in the wind and the weather."

I urged my friends, but the person in charge of playing at the various bases, Peach, just smiled.

“But we like it. We are happy.”

This time, it was Bew who jabbed my arm as a sign of anger. The other three smiled and giggled madly before pretending not to know what Peach had just said. I gave a polite smile back to the only guy in the group.

"Then let's stop being happy. My legs are sore."

The listener laughed softly. He nodded, and then we headed straight to the living room of Base 16. The three of them walked far ahead. But then, when I and Peach were really close to the living room, Toey, Bew, and Praewa walked out with unhappy expressions.

"Hey, I think we should just give up one signature and send it to Jaesa." "Why?"

I asked with a confused expression, not understanding why Toey looked so pale.

“The seniors in charge of Base 16…”

Because she was acting all stunned, I leaned forward and looked into the living room sofa. There were about six seniors sitting there eating snacks and watching TV in a good mood. Four of the six were the evil seniors who we thought were lucky not to encounter.

Phi Four, Phi Fang, Phi Lukmee, and that bad Phi Jeans.

It must be a base of activities that are a million and eight times bizarre. "Draw lots."

A stranger handed us a box containing a small rolled up piece of paper. We agreed to try our best to play this base's somewhat difficult game so that we wouldn't be punished tomorrow. Base 16's real activity was to draw lots to complete the challenge, and if we succeeded, we would get our signatures.

It sounds easy, but why don't I feel at ease when I look at Phi Jeans? She is now the main focus of TV dramas and doesn't care about the surroundings.

"I'll take it. I'm the group's fortune,"

Bew said and then randomly picked up a fortune-telling paper. She slowly unfolded it to read the name of the game our group was challenged to. My heart was beating wildly. She read it out loud, "Staring Eye Game."

“The rules are simple. Whoever looks away or blinks first loses. You can compete three times. If one person loses, you have to send someone else to compete in their place,”

The same person who handed us the box explained the details before smiling as if she knew there was no way we would win. She turned to her friend who was sitting on the couch watching TV.

“Jeans, this game is yours.”

*Sigh...*

I stopped immediately. At noon, she ignored my teasing words. At that time, she sighed in displeasure and had an annoyed look in her eyes before

saying,

“Keep your mouth shut and eat seafood. Who wouldn’t be scared if you had to stare at me like that?”

Phi Jeans placed the snacks in her hand on the table in front of her, looked away from the soap opera, and stood up and stopped in front of me.

That fierce gaze glanced at me briefly, then crossed her arms and stood waiting for the brave man to challenge her, acting as if nothing bad had ever happened between us. I don't know if it was because my problems weren't on her mind or if she just wanted to go back and sit back and relax as soon as possible.

Peach stepped forward as his usual representative, and I thanked him countless times in my mind. The four of us were sure that Peach would win, but that confidence was dashed after about ten seconds had passed, and he blinked as P’Jeans stared back at him with ease.

Let me help you.

"No, no, I'm definitely not going to compete."

The frightened Toey retreated in fear of her senior, causing P'Jeans to laugh pitifully in her throat. Bew sighed in resignation. It was too bad. She fell before saying that she would be the second one to compete.

In short, she lost again as usual. “The last one, hurry up.”

You could say I was imagining it, but Phi Jeans' tone and expression seemed quite certain that our freshman year wouldn't win. I was extremely annoyed.

Since the remaining people were Toey and Praewa, who looked like they didn't want to play this game and were about to say they'd give up, I quickly stepped out to replace Bew.

Phi Jeans gave a disdainful smile. The other seniors all fell silent and paid almost all their attention to this side.

"Jeans, don't eat my sister,"

Phi Fang teased. That was an indirect way of saying that her friend would definitely win.

As soon as the impartial judge counted from one to three, the staring battle between me and Phi Jeans began. If I could avert my gaze and follow the shape of her face, her lips, or her prominent nose, I would have been engrossed in my gaze. Her badness has already won, but because we have to stare at each other, those eyes are sparkling with fun and still being a P’Jeans.

Look at me!

Again... Again, that stern voice pierced through my head. I pursed my lips tightly, not because I was scared, but because I felt challenged by Phi Jeans who did not let go of the anger in her eyes.

"Phi Jeans" "..."

The beautiful pair of eyebrows furrowed, wondering why I was whispering to her. The other party seemed to be secretly slightly irritated.

“Do you remember when I told you to look me in the eyes?”

I raised my right eyebrow. She must have remembered. I didn’t care what the other person’s answer was. Then I smiled sweetly at her.

"I'm looking at it now."

Her brows furrowed even more. My words had never had any more influence than when I was the student council president, but now they were distracting someone. Phi Jeans gulped so much that even the person nearby could hear.

Suddenly, those eyes turned away from me. She licked her beautiful red lips and spoke in a firm voice without even looking at me.

"Bring me the paper."

Oh, oh... Why did you lose? I thought you were as good as your friend said, "Hey Jeans."

"Shut up, Fang,"

She said in a stern voice to her friend. She took the paper from Toey's hand and drew her own signature, still with a small frown on her brow. I secretly looked at her cherry-colored lips. Before long, she handed me the signature paper back to me.

"In conclusion, I won..."

The tall figure ignored me before finishing my sentence and walked back to sit in her original position. Sit on the sofa and eat some fruit while watching the drama like you did before. It wasn’t just my friend left in a daze and whispered to me what happened, but her friend also had a question. The expression of surprise is no different.

"Oh, so she won."

The judge said, and we all became clearer. "So why did P’Jeans lose to you?"

Toey asked when we had already walked quite far. “I don’t know. Maybe dust got in my eyes,”

I replied dismissively, holding the signature paper myself. I didn’t say what I actually said to distract her.

Why did you look away so easily? Just teasing and flirting a little. The whole way, I was thinking about that. My head rewinded the tape,

rewinding back to the moment when we stared at each other less than a cubit away from the evil girl.

Then do you know that I secretly checked your Facebook? If I do... what will you think? Will you be annoyed and ignore it or will you keep thinking about it?

Before I knew it, I was thinking about my house and almost ran into my Jae Sa.

.

.

## 9:40 p.m.

“Why don’t you invite the Peach to eat with us? They seem like good person.”

"No, I'm not that close to him."

"You're being so coy. There are guys approaching you,"

My best friend teased. She was excited and walked over to close the curtains because Bew and Toey were mixing drinks and preparing snacks. They came out and set them up next to the bed.

"But never mind. Let's go to Saturn now."

The chatty person sat down in the empty seat next to me and started raising a glass of liquor made with Toey's recipe, which she claimed was a skill in making alcohol that would make you sleep until midnight the next day.

I took a sip and the taste spread to my intestines. No wonder the person who made it insisted on telling us that we had to have snacks with it. Bew picked up her phone and turned on some music to create the atmosphere. She secretly drank some alcohol.

This is the fun of having four more friends than two.

### Rrrrr!

**Peach**: Are you sleeping yet?

Praewa leaned forward to read it as well before speaking loudly, "Oh my gosh, a guy texted my friend late at night. Wake up!" “Go sit on the edge of the bed!”

I put down my glass of liquor that was less than half full, pushed the head of my drunk, loudmouthed best friend until her eyes were watery and she leaned on this person and that person.

**Luk Nai**: Not yet. Are you going to bed yet?

### Knock knock knock

There was a loud knock on the door. Bew quickly reached out to turn off the music on the player. Toey froze, the hand that was pouring liquor over ice and the other hand that was holding a cigarette. Praewa's eyes lit up and she sat up straight immediately. We were all silent and turned to look at the source. It was the same look.

"Shit... who's here!"

Followed by a worried whisper from a timid person, Toey. "Did your Peach come to you?"

“But Peach just replied to my chat,” I replied to Praewa.

She shrugged.

“He might have been waiting in the hallway from the beginning.”

She quickly concluded that she had finished her drink. I turned back to the door where the knocking had occurred again. Even though I asked who it was, there was no answer. Instead, I knocked again.

"What should we do?" Toey started to sweat. “Pack up first,”

I turned to order my three friends. They quickly did as they pleased. No matter if it was Peach or someone else who knocked on the door, there was no way I could trust that they wouldn’t tell anyone else about this. I got up and slowly walked over to open the door of our room, which was knocked on by another group of people outside.

“Ah!”

And even though I thought it must be Peach, the tall woman standing with her arms crossed and a fierce look on her face made me almost stop and exclaim in shock. Behind her were her friends and a few seniors from the group.

As you know, Phi Jeans, the one who ignored my annoying words, the one who lost the competition, the one who seemed to have no problem with anything, now she looks like she's really serious.

Unlike her personality that was completely weak to eye contact earlier in the evening, in fact, it seemed like she was trying to cover it up by not making direct eye contact with me.

Before the person herself speaks in a commanding voice.

## "Come out and line up outside. This is a room search."

# It's dangerous

*Whoosh!*

“Lamb, grilled squid, homemade liquor, soda…”

Phi Four put out her cigarette and flicked it against the headboard that the hotel provided. The fierce girl turned to report to Phi Jeans,

“And cigarettes….”

I immediately stopped peeking into the room, my heart beating with fear, just like my three friends, some with their heads down, some with sweat pouring down. We all stood with our backs against the wall, with P’Jeans telling us to come outside. Meanwhile, the clothes in the closet, the bed sheets, and various belongings were being rummaged through and piled on the floor.

Everything is a mess. It's all messy and it's hard to listen.

"When we gathered to tell the rules before welcoming the freshmen, no one in this group listened, huh?"

Phi Jeans, who was standing outside the room, asked in a pressured tone, causing our juniors to lower their heads and become even more silent.

"Answer me. There are 4 of us. No one is interested in listening to what Jaesa is saying, huh!?"

“Listen…”

Praewa was a suicide squad. She answered in a trembling voice while still looking down. Phi Jeans walked over to stand opposite her and sternly

spoke even louder.

“Listen, what is the thing found in the room?” “…”

"If you listen, you'll know what she forbids you from doing." "Huh... Absolutely no intoxicants allowed..."

I was the one who answered instead. That made P’Jeans stop in front of me instead.

“You know, you guys are wasting my time.” “…”

"We should be at the grilled shrimp restaurant, but someone told us to." My words stopped.

"... but because of you, I ended up wasting my time searching here. How idiotic."

I thought you were strict about the rules or concerned. But it turns out you just wanted to go and eat grilled shrimp at the restaurant behind the hotel? I stopped looking down at the floor and looked up to meet the eyes of the taller person who was frowning with displeasure.

"I thought you'd be a better person,"

I didn't care if it would make the person in front of me angry. "So you only care about yourself."

"Hee! What do you expect from someone like me?" “…”

"You yourself break the rules even though you know it in your heart. You're not a good person, are you?"

“…”

My face went numb. I couldn't even open my mouth to argue with a junior who was breaking the rules like me. There was no way I could win. It wasn't like the staring game earlier in the evening. During that time, Phi Fang, who was helping me search the room, walked out and pressed her phone.

"Then what do you want me to call and tell her?"

P’Jeans glared at me angrily before she looked away, probably because she was bored with my face or she was really annoyed.

Go ahead and tell me whatever you want to say or slander me. Anyway, I have bad feelings for you now.

“Tell them that there really were freshmen drinking together.” Yes… I know you’re mean.

“But we only found a bottle in the trash. I don’t know who it is.” But everything turned out to be... unexpected.

.

.

## The next day 6:36 a.m.

The group that was punished for not getting enough signatures left one after another, standing at the front of the line. I lowered my head and used my hands to scratch the sand and draw my name again. Last night, I couldn't

sleep, even though it was just a matter of Phi Jeans lying to me and Phi Sa. Why did I not understand and keep thinking about it this much?

"What's wrong? You look stressed."

Peach sitting next to me took the opportunity to ask. I looked up to meet his gaze before slowly shaking my head in response.

"Did you fall asleep last night? I didn't see you replying to the chat." “Hmm…”

I wonder if he doesn’t know about the news that the room was searched. The room next door is full of rumors.

"If it's a bother, next time I won't say hello at night."

“Actually, last night I was just tired. I usually go to bed later than this. If you have anything to say, you can say hi like usual.”

“Smile. Thank you.”

“Thanks again. I told you it’s just this,”

I said with a smile, returning the favor to the only man in the group. Then, Bew nudged me and called me over to whisper something to him. Peach then turned his attention to the people who were being punished in front of him.

"Last night, what do you think they did it for?" "Doing what."

"Protect us." “Ugh!”

I cursed.

“That bastard would never do that to protect us.” "But Phi Jeans lied to Phi Sa. "

"So what? If she tell the truth, I don't care." "I care/but I care."

Praewa and Toey, who had been listening for a long time, said at the same time. I could only roll my eyes and let out a long sigh because since morning, my head had already had enough of this issue until it was overflowing.

Toey, the anxious person, still couldn't help but say,

"Why did you specifically call our room? It looks like she intentionally knocked on the door and called out as if she knew what we were doing."

"How would I know?"

Before I could say anything more to my friend, my mouth had to go completely silent when I saw the group of Jeans' friends walking from afar and heading straight this way. Today, she was wearing a white t-shirt underneath and a casual, light-colored Hawaiian shirt over it, with not a single button unbuttoned.

“Stop,”

Phi Sa ordered the people who were hugging each other to sit up and stop being punished. The voices that were once talking loudly among us suddenly fell silent.

“Wait, let me have Phi Jeans say something about our rules.”

After receiving the baton, P’Jeans swept her gaze around the freshmen sitting on the floor. She didn't stop her gaze on anyone in particular, but picked up an empty bottle of liquor.

“Last night, I found this in the hotel trash can. Not only that… there are also cigarettes.”

It was clear because we had already rented out the whole hotel. It couldn’t be anyone else. The firm voice continued, “I think you guys should remember what the rules that Phi Sa told us about before coming here.”

"But what I found means that you don't respect or listen to us at all." "Oh no, I'm sure everyone will get it,"

A woman's voice said from behind sounded hopelessly.

Because I... don't feel guilty towards P’Jeans, but I feel guilty towards my fellow classmates. If all of them have to be punished just because of our group's impulsiveness, I turned to look at the eyes of the other three friends. It seemed that each of them had the same expression on their faces.

If there is a group punishment, we will raise our hands to accept the responsibility.

However,

“This time, it will be a warning. But if something like this happens again, you guys will have to take responsibility as a whole.”

She turned around and looked like she was looking for trouble, thinking that no matter what, the junior would never get away with it. But it turned out that the other party easily gave in and said that this time it was a warning.

P’Jeans didn't look at me or pay any attention to me at all. I was the only one who stared at her, not looking away even though she had nothing to say. She raised her face to give to Jae Sa once again.

What kind of person are you?

Are you a bad person or a good person? "Where is it?"

"Haha!?"

Praewa called me back to my senses and I turned to answer after staring at something uninteresting for a long time. When I turned around, my best friend was squinting at me strangely.

"What's wrong with you and Phi Jeans?"

Her question made everyone in the group, including Peach, turn their attention to me.

"What's your interest? I just..." "..."

Look, she frowned even more, looking at the other person. "That shirt of yours is really nice."

Surprisingly, it made Praewa stop nagging. She slowly shook her head before turning her attention to the people hugging each other and being punished by doing sit-ups in front of them.

I sighed, clearing my mind of the heavy thoughts. I reached out and scratched the sand to make a letter after my name. I didn't know when it happened. I didn't know when 'Jeans' was added to the end of my name.

I quickly looked left and right to see if any of my friends had noticed. No one... Before I quickly brushed her name away.

Today, the activities throughout the day were not very tiring. Most of them were things that let other people know us better. There were some small games with prizes. One year, we had free time to freestyle again from 3 pm until the whole night. After playing in the water until we were satisfied, the four of us returned to our room.

“But we can’t go out of the hotel. Where is that called freestyle?” Toey complained, her face drooping as she laid on the bed.

“I was going to go out to eat grilled shrimp at the restaurant that she mentioned. I missed out.”

"Shall we sneak off?" "You're not scared, Bew."

"But we can order anything to eat here."

This was my suggestion. At first, everyone was silent, thinking that they would be scolded like Toey. But because everyone slowly smiled, Praewa spoke up.

"So what should we eat tonight?"

.

.

At around 10pm, Toey was the one who called to order pizza to be delivered to the front of the hotel. Praewa said that she would go down to get it with me. They didn't even ask their friends' opinions about whether they wanted to go and let the seniors catch them. Praewa and I stood and hiding behind the bushes, waiting for a long time. There was no sign that the staff would arrive.

“It’s been a while…”

I turned to look at my friend. “Is it made in Italy?”

“Go scold that Toey. She asked the delivery guy to buy some grilled salted fish on the way.”

"Wow, that's really bold."

Not long after, the pizza delivery man arrived on his motorbike with the food we had ordered and asked me to buy it for him. I counted the money

and paid for the grilled fish with a slightly embarrassed expression because Toey had asked me to buy it for her.

Praewa took the food and held it for me while I was about to walk up the stairs because I wanted to avoid it. The look in my eyes, the third year seniors, and my best friend remembered that we should have some cold soda to drink.

"Do you want me to hurry up and bring the stuff to the room or do you want me to go buy some water at 'Vending Machine.'"

“I can go and press it myself. You go first,”

I replied, nodding. The other person quickly carried the stuff upstairs, and I hummed a song while looking for a soda vending machine on the first floor of the hotel. I found two vending machines for both cold and hot drinks, side by side.

Standing on the corner, while frowning and choosing a soda before inserting coin,

*Crack...*

Someone stopped in front of a hot drink vending machine and I had to look back. But I didn't notice for even a second, so I had to quickly go back to pretending not to know anything.

P’Jeans!

How did you get here? I've been seeing her so often lately that it's like bad karma.

She scanned the list of hot drinks before deciding to press the cocoa button. And while she should have just stood there waiting, her face happened to turn this way, and she knew I was secretly looking at her. She frowned at me, feeling suspicious.

"The machine is broken..."

I said softly, pointing to the side of the machine, which had a piece of paper the size of a child's palm on it. Inside was written something like,

"The machine is broken. Please put some coins in it. Sorry for the inconvenience."

P’Jeans looked up at the spot I pointed at before sighing in annoyance, even more so when she realized that her ten baht was gone.

“Then pick quickly so I can press on.”

Right now, they weren’t even looking each other directly. Was it after the other person lost the staring contest yesterday?

Because there were people waiting in line behind me to use it, and that person was the evil older sister, I gave a wry smile to my pretty but slightly arrogant older sister.

“Would you like to press first? I think I’ll buy a lot.” “Okay, fine.”

How could someone with a bad attitude not accept the offer? I stepped aside, a tall figure stood in front of me instead, and inserted another ten- baht coin to order a cold cocoa, which required four steps of preparation, with ice being the last step. She was being too picky…

She was already too picky when it came to finding something to eat.

If I knew I had to wait, I would have pressed the button first to avoid the atmosphere. It was quiet between us from the beginning.

I don't know if it was just me, but after the other party lost the staring contest, those fierce eyes rarely showed off their power.

“About last night, I’m sorry.”

Why does it always have to be me who starts the conversation?

“You said you only care about yourself.”

And I can’t stop my mouth from saying it either. "..."

The other person didn't respond. Not to mention talking, she didn't even look at me at all.

"Why do you like to drink cocoa?"

"Then why do you like to meddle in other people's business?" “...”

Asking nicely to be genuinely friendly.

“Will you die if you get out of my sight for 24 hours?”

“It would have been 24 hours if you hadn’t knocked on our door last night and searched our room without any reason. And then yelled at us emotionally just because you thought grilled shrimp was more important.”

"I was doing my job. If no one broke the rules, that kind of thing wouldn't have happened."

Phi Jeans gave a reasonable excuse. Before she could even lower her head without arguing, I was glaring at the tall girl.

"But drinking or smoking are personal rights. I don't see what's wrong with wanting to try."

I still refused to accept defeat, so I had to find something to say. The result was a harsh response.

"Oh, it's not wrong."

She reached out to grab a glass of cocoa that had been brewed with ice from the slot, reached into her pants pocket, and took out a 100 baht note and

inserted it into the slot, holding two bills in total. The slender hand that held the glass lifted the paper cup and took a sip of the drink before turning to speak in a softer tone than usual.

"But don't smoke." "..."

???

"It's dangerous." "Ah-"

“Here, I’ll leave it here for you. You can use it to pay off the debt of stealing soda from the bus.”

I just wanted to open my mouth to say something, but I forgot everything.

The tall figure walked straight to the hotel's living room after she finished speaking. She made me stand there, confused about what I was going to do, what I was going to say, or what the hell I was thinking.

I can only summarize that in front of this machine, there are two hundred- baht bills waiting to be pressed, selecting water, and the owner of the money saying that she is paying off the debt of stealing water to drink on the way here, and..

“Don’t smoke… it’s dangerous.”

Is this a declarative sentence or a concerned sentence?

# The only person I miss

The last day of off-campus freshman orientation.

"Last night, you didn't go to bed until one or two in the morning. You tossed and turned. What's wrong?"

Bew asked, folding her clothes and putting them in her suitcase. I wouldn't have bluntly answered that before we started eating late-night, someone had said something strange that was against her nature.

"I think it's full,"

Praewa replied. She got dressed in front of the mirror. After that, Bew didn't question anything anymore and continued folding her clothes.

In the afternoon, after lunch at the hotel, the third-year students, one person, stood in front of the bus door to check the roll, just like the last leg. The four of us were still sitting in the exact same positions, all standing straight. This time, no one wanted to buy ice or soda just in case, probably afraid that the dictatorial guards would confiscate it.

P’Luk Mee announced that on the way back, we would stop by the souvenir shop twice. Those who didn't want to get off could wait on the bus. If they got off, they would buy some food for them.

Meanwhile, P’Jeans occupied the seat in front of us to lean back and cross her legs to watch a Western series on her phone. I could see it clearly because it was right in front of us.

Oh, then what about the thing where I accidentally pressed the like button repeatedly...?

You know it but you just ignore it!?

## Calling Line: Caramel

What made me stop my eyes wide open in panic was the incoming call that interrupted P’Jeans's Western series. My pretty fingers pressed the reject button without even thinking. I wasn't stupid enough to not see who was calling her. It was definitely Phi Mel.

I just found out the full name today. She’s so sweet.

“Jeans, can I borrow your phone to play games? My battery is completely dead.”

"Then why aren't you charging it?"

She complained to P’Luk Mee. She turned off the series she was watching and handed it to her friend anyway.

At that moment, the person in front of me glanced at my face from the corner of her eyes, leaning forward to talk about other people's business, so I quickly pretended to pull the earphones from Praewa to one side, pretending to have been listening with my friend for a long time.

I hope it was smooth enough.

"Young lady! Don't cut in line to snatch the bag. You've already graduated from high school. Come join the line!"

Phi Four's fierce shout quelled the people who were running after the bag. After that, our room became neat and tidy immediately.

Even though I, Praewa, Bew, and Toey were at the front, they ended up at the back and were at the end of the line.

Suddenly, from standing with tired legs and boredom, seeing P’Mel walking towards me from afar made me shine with curiosity.

"Hey, come here, P’Mel!"

I quickly leaned over and whispered to my best friend. "You're definitely here for P Jeans."

My curiosity glands were working and working even better when P’Jeans got out of the bus just as P’Mel arrived. Oh my, everything was in our favor. These two were just a short distance away from us.

"I called..."

"I was asleep and didn't look at my phone,"

She replied shortly, without a final word, with an indifferent expression. You're lying, Phi!

"Then let's talk about it now." “…”

"Mel wants Jeans to play the keyboard..." "No."

"But Mel intends to join a music competition with her friends, and we're only missing one position."

"Go find someone else." "Then... why can't it be Jeans?"

I looked back and forth between the two of them. It felt strangely empty inside me to hear Phi Mel do that. Her expression and soft voice sounded like she was begging. But what I wanted to know most was the answer from the cruel person's mouth.

“Is it because it’s Mel that you rejected it like this?” "Even if it were someone else, I would still reject it."

Oh my god, P’Jeans's speech is so nice.

“We can’t play it anymore. Let’s learn to remember this in our brains.” "But-"

“Is that all? I’m going to take my friend back to the dorm.”

Before long, Phi Jeans spoke harshly to the person who probably had a complicated relationship with her before walking away without caring how Phi Mel, who was standing there with her lips pressed together, felt.

The pretty girl closed her eyes and took a deep breath to calm her emotions. I thought that the story we were being nosy about should end here, but Praewa, who had a sharp tongue, blurted out.

"P’Mel, my friend can play the keyboard!" You damn friend!

.

.

"What are you offering me for?!"

"Hey, isn't that good? If you're close to Phi Mel, you'll know more." Before I could even open my mouth to argue back.

"Plus, you like playing piano or keyboards anyway. What's wrong with that? I'm leaving."

Praewa shrugged, waved goodbye, and walked to get in the family car that was parked and waiting to pick up Yan at the university.

I glared at her in response. How could she nominate a friend without even asking? The events of ten minutes earlier had made me feel like a child in front of Phi Mel.

Finally, the other party asked for my contact information. The person who wrote down my number on a piece of paper for her was none other than my best friend, Praewa, who had betrayed me. Then, Phi Mel became interested and said that she would contact me back to try playing with the band.

I dragged my bag back to my dorm. As for the piano and keyboard, I didn't want to play for any band or anyone from the beginning. Because every time my fingers touched the keys.

"Nong Kaem Sai, don't cry. You did your best on the exam, right?”

It made me think of someone else. The person who taught me piano tricks, made me feel love and play them until now. The hand that played alongside me, many times he liked to pinch my cheeks. And then I gave her the nickname ‘Kaem Sai’ ‘Cheeks'.

Once we were like siblings.

That girl is so good at playing the piano even though she's not much older than me. Damn, how old did she have to be to be able to be number one in her music class and win awards that her teachers praised her for?

And what is happening to that gentle older sister?

I was smiling to myself as I thought of the sweet memories when a tall figure waiting for a car to cross the road made me lose my mood like crazy. That P’Jeans. Just seeing her standing opposite me with her hands in her pockets made me forgive myself for having to come face to face with her.

I think she just came back from walking P’Lukmee back to her dorm. She's a good friend. She would be a better person for society if she treated others well, especially her juniors like me.

A beautiful face turned this way by sheer coincidence. Maybe she was just looking left and right to check if there were cars coming from the opposite direction. But it made us look at each other for a while. I slowly smiled, hoping that this time the other person would soften up a bit and be friendly.

“What are you looking at?”

I think I can read your lips like that. And with your face and the way you look at me, I think that’s probably the right word.

She sighed in annoyance. She wondered if she was the only one who felt this way. Aside from showing off her own cute face, I had hardly done anything to her. She was the only one who did it to me.

Then P’Jeans gave up on crossing over to this side. Her long legs turned and walked along the sidewalk on her side instead. Will the villain realize that there is someone smiling awkwardly standing here?

.

.

Several days after the welcoming ceremony at the beach, P’Sa assigned the cheerleaders to the freshmen to practice. On the actual day, they would take turns going to their rooms for half a day each. The faculty’s official color was purple.

So on a hot afternoon, our whole class that was called to practice screaming was holding this purple cheering equipment. Holding this purple cheering equipment.

"We look like little children..."

Praewa made a desperate face. On her head and mine were turbans made by her siblings.

“Come on, didn’t you invite me?”

"That's right. You don't have to be stressed out. On the day of the event, you have to compete in a band competition with Phi Mel."

"Are you crazy? She hasn't chosen me yet."

In fact, she hasn't contacted me since that day.”

### Rrrrr!

"That's it! I think it's definitely her. She's definitely calling."

A strange number called. Praewa panicked and said it must be P'Mel. I was fed up with my friend. I picked up the phone on my lap and pressed the answer button.

[Hello, is the little girl that my friend introduced me to know how to play the keyboard?]

"Ah...yes."

[It's me, Mel. My name is...?] "Luk Nai?"

[Oh, okay. Then at four o'clock, can any of you come to practice room 665? Come try playing a song first, so I can choose who to form the band.]

"Yes."

As soon I hung up, my best friend lightly elbowed me with a look of smile on her face.

"Is that P’Mel?"

“Oh, yeah, they called me to try it out at four o’clock.”

The other person was about to open her mouth to speak, but I raised my finger to stop her.

“No need to go. Actually, I don’t want to go play the keyboard for anyone. Next time, if you want something, just say it without asking again.”

"Oh, you know how to play but you don't want to play for anyone. Why do you keep your talent to yourself?"

“...”

I was too lazy to argue with her anymore. I put on a face of annoyance. Before we were both scolded by our seniors to focus on each other, I took the opportunity to ask permission from the stand manager to go see Phi Mel at four o'clock. He agreed and said that if I wanted to sign up for the contest, I should tell him in advance so that he could find someone to fill the cheering seats.

Maybe my playing might not be to Phi Mel's liking. Who knows? Please let me not play with this band.

.

.

## 4:07 p.m.

If it weren't for the large number of people waiting for the elevator, I would have reached the sixth floor and gone to find P’Mel by now. Being a few minutes late might have made them think that someone like me is irresponsible.

.

I glanced at the number of people in front of me waiting in line. I was just walking. I won’t die if I walk 6 floors.

I could only endure the first 3 floors. When I reached the next floor, my legs started to feel weak and weak. This was a result of relying on the elevator until I got used to it. When I walked, I was out of breath.

*Dang...*

The sound of a piano playing started as I tried to step closer to the sixth floor. At first, I felt relieved because I thought that the person that Phi Mel invited to try playing together first was not finished yet. But then I realized that it was the sound of a piano, not a keyboard. Moreover, if it was Phi Mel's group, they would not have slipped out of the practice room.

When I reached my destination floor, I realized that the sound was coming from room 661, a normal room with the door more than half-opened. It was not strange to hear it from the stairs.

But what surprised me the most was that the person in the position was playing the big piano in the middle of the room.

That troublesome Phi Jeans, she's sitting there looking green.

What are you going to do? Play with her? Of course I'll peek, even though I can see her from the side.

Slender fingers are placed beautifully on the keys, only the eyes seem to hesitate in pressing down. Oh my god, Phi Jeans never starts, making me wonder what her skills are like.

And after more than a minute had passed, the slender fingers that had been touching the keys for a while began to play a song,

Which is…

# If you can't do it

Which is....

It's a great rendition of a classic song like Canon in D that I'm so impressed with. At first, I covered my mouth with my hands, not wanting to believe it, but it gradually became more and more distorted. Because the speed of the notes was beyond her ability. The best. So much so that if you listen to it quickly, you won't know what song it is. It's very, very weird.

Then why did Phi Mel ask her to play? She asked without having to go through the audition like everyone else like me.

The last note ended in a distorted manner as the owner of the beautiful face stood up from her chair. I was a great help who was caught eavesdropping. I was caught off guard and could only give a wry smile to the person with an indifferent expression.

"I can teach you... if it's that song." “Don’t bother.”

You can’t answer any softer than that. "Yes."

I bowed my head, accepting her bad attitude. The tall girl walked over to close the window because she must have left. But when I was about to walk to room 665 as promised, P'Jean's voice asked casually while closing the window.

"Then what are you doing in this building?"

It made me step back and show myself, you know? "Asking me?"

"Asking the birds and the trees, maybe?" “…”

"Yeah, I’m asking you."

"Come for P’Mel to choose people to join the band." “Huh!”

She chuckled, turning her attention back to closing the other windows, and said,

“That girl won’t choose you.” “Is this an insult?”

“Yes”

How bold! You yourself are playing the piano off-key. “If I get into Phi Mel’s band, what will you do?”

"I'll wait to see you gloat when you lose." You evil girl!

She gave a small sneer when she finished speaking, and then a faint smile remained for a few seconds.

Wow...

I blinked my eyes several times to make sure I wasn't seeing things. My heart suddenly started beating fast again. What the hell is wrong with me? Just a faint smile from someone who used to smile with contempt and pity.

“Here, I bet you didn’t get in.” “…”

"Whoever loses has to treat the other person. If I win, you have to treat me and my friends to three meals of pork and pan."

"No-"

"But if you lose, we'll go eat pizza."

P’Jeans closed the door and walked past without a care in the world. Her ordinary words and along with my unbelievable joy.

But wait, pizza...

Oh my gosh, did you know about that night!

"Luk Nai is playing so well? To be honest, it's better than the three guys from the second year who tried it before."

Phi Mel moved away from the mic and looked at me in amazement. Or maybe it was just unexpected because seeing me like this, in a year like this, and with such a stunned expression, who would have thought that I had been practicing since the end of elementary school?

"Okay, I'll take this one,"

Said the drummer, putting the sticks into a metal box, and slung his bag over his shoulder, not caring about anything.

Their band comes from various faculties. Because the music competition is not divided by color or faculty, they can mix and match.

And the reason why there are people waiting to be keyboard players is because it is a band that combines people with good looks and auras, consisting of two men and two women.

Phi Mel, the lead singer who used to be a university star; Phi Wan, the second-year guitarist who used to be a star in the Faculty of Education; Phi Ek, the bassist who often takes on casual photoshoots; and Phi Tawan, the drummer who is good-looking but not very social.

"Tawan has already chosen. Let's take this girl."

"But Mel thinks we should wait in case someone else comes to try it..."

She replied to Phi Ek with a thoughtful expression. Is this why Phi Jeans dared to bet on pizza? I smiled widely and sent it to Phi Mel, praying in my heart that she would choose me.

I want to beat that girl again. Just thinking about it makes my heart beat faster.

“Whatever, Mel. I’m fine with anything,” said Phi Ek.

“Then Mel, I think… but I’ll go with Tawan. No matter what, you’re already playing well. Luk Nai, please write your full name for me.”

“Th...thank you very much.”

I quickly bowed and wai'd to my elders countless times until they could barely keep up.

It has to be like this!

In fact, I didn't think I would be happy to play keyboards in any band or be in a band full of good-looking people or anything like that. But the reason I quickly packed my things and ran out of the building that was specifically for studying art was for one reason only to go and collect the bet from the person who looked down on me.

In less than half an hour, she had disappeared!

### Rrrrrrr

'Praewa’

Why would she call me when I'm busy looking for that evil senior? I hesitated, walked along the sidewalk, and then picked up the phone and answered it.

"What's up?"

[How is it? Did Phi Mel bring you into the group?] Her voice was clear and she sounded excited. “Yeah, I just got into their group by chance.” [That’s right, I told you!]

I rolled my eyes.

“Why did you call? Aren’t you practicing cheering?” [The seniors gave us a 5-minute break.]

I heard the sound of snacks on the other end of the line. [Guess who’s sitting behind our purple cheering stand.] “Your dad?”

[Your mouth is so broken. My father stopped caring about me since I was in 4th grade. You were sitting behind the stands...]

She paused until I frowned and waited to listen with curiosity. [Your P’Jeans]

"P’Jeans is there!?" [Okay, I will-]

"That's all. I'll go find you later."

I ended the conversation, hung up, and ran towards the stand, hoping that P’Jeans wouldn't have a short memory and forget what she had bet on in the piano room or run away again.

It took me a few minutes to get myself to the side of the football field, feeling out of breath. I held my breath and scanned the purple stands for someone. I saw Praewa waving and calling me to come over. So I had to go over to her first.

“Tell me a little bit about it. That’s why you’ve got something to tell me, especially the relationship between you and P’Jeans.”

“We’ve only met a few times. If you ask me that much, you’ll look like a reporter.”

“If it were me, I would ask…”

"Where is P’Jeans? I can't see her behind the stand. Has that girl wandered off and disappeared again?"

“...”

At first, it seemed like Praewa opened her mouth to talk, then she closed it, her hands calmly placed on her lap. Her expression was clearly gloomy. I frowned, wondering. I was going to open my mouth to ask again, but the tray of sliced limes that was being held up from behind made me turn to look at the source.

Okay, I understand why my friend was quiet.

The person who made me run over was standing here. "Give away the lemons."

They also use it and force you to hold the tray. “Isn’t that your duty?”

I mumbled to myself. It was a relief that the other person didn’t mind me saying that she was wandering around. Then I remembered the purpose.

“Oh, you have to buy me pizza.” "What?"

"As for the bet, P’Mel has already chosen me to join the group."

I smiled brightly, but she froze with an unexpected expression, like, "Is that so?

"Therefore, keep your promise." "No, it's a waste of money." Ha?

"You're all grown up now. You can earn your own living." "But-"

“So what?”

The taller girl crossed her arms, tilted her head, and said with an irritated expression.

“I didn’t tell P’Sa that someone secretly ordered pizza to eat on the last night of the freshman hazing. That’s a blessing.”

“…”

"Then what did you just say?"

"But I almost feel good about you." “...”

It became Phi Jeans who was speechless.

“I’m sorry. I must have just imagined it. You’re still as bad as ever, maintaining your standards.”

After I finished speaking, I turned my back on her and handed out sliced lemons to my friends in the stands, completely ignoring some of the people. I didn't know if they were looking this way or if they were just running away because they didn't have to hand out food anymore.

Huh! I hate it.

What do I expect? You even cheated on me with just a drink in a pub. You're a bad person. Would you spend your money to buy me a pizza?

.

.

## 6:42 p.m.

"Where did you go? Or did you go back to the dorm?"

"I'm going to buy some snacks at 7-Eleven first. I'm so hungry from yelling,"

I replied to my best friend. Toey and Bew had already gone back. I was left waiting for the car to pick up Praewa in front of the university. The sky was starting to get dark. Even on the first day of practice, they were already late. The next times will definitely be later.

“You should get a bicycle to ride. Even though you live in a dorm, the distance is so far. Especially when it’s dark like this, you should have one.”

"I'll go buy it someday."

The car that usually picks up Praewa parked right in front of her. "And don't forget to get close to P'Mel-"

"Okay! You go home, friend."

"Okay, I'm going. Bye. Walk back to the dorm safely."

She got into the car and didn't forget to roll down the window to wave goodbye. I waved back. After the car drove away for a while, I walked back into the university. I stopped at a 7-Eleven to buy some snacks and something sweet and cold to drink.

Then I walked back to the dorm.

As I struggled to unlock the door to enter the room because I had too many things in my hand, a familiar deep voice rang out.

"It's really difficult to come back this late." "Peach..."

I turned to see a tall figure standing next to him, wearing a basketball uniform. His handsome face was smiling faintly. He held out a bag of cold lemon tea.

"The sound from the stands can be heard all the way to the basketball court, you know?"

"Wow, that much?"

It's so far away. I think Peach was just joking around. Or maybe he just happened to be walking by while we were shouting and cheering.

"Thank you anyway,"

I said as I took the lemonade from Peach.

He didn't do much. He just walked with a smile on his face and head down, going up to his room. I looked at the water he bought for me and thought that I was being secretly watched.

No, because after handing out lemons to his friends on the stand, he went up and sat there, shouting and singing without a care in the world, as if to

release his annoyance at Phi Jeans who had disappeared. Add...

"Ah!"

As soon as I stepped in, my foot felt like it had stepped on something. I hurriedly felt for the light switch on the wall to turn it on. Before I knew it, what I had accidentally stepped on with my left foot were several long, thin pieces of paper.

When I left the room, I checked carefully. It was definitely not me who had dropped it. Someone must have slipped it under the door before I left.

I bent down to pick it up and took a closer look. There were four tickets for two pizzas, with a note on the front in a familiar, sloppy handwriting. It was that of P’Jeans, saying.

"Take these to eat with your friends."

.

.

.

“Then don’t throw it away. I bought it from a friend. What a waste.”

The last sentence made me laugh. Oh my god, didn’t you say it was a waste of money? Also, are you afraid that history will repeat itself like the time I threw out my exam summary sheets?

You remember it so well.

What inspired this bad-mannered person to do something like this? She even gave her a pizza card when, judging from her appearance, it didn't seem like she was the type to do that. Someone like her gives off the image of a gangster who likes to extort money.

I just scolded you myself.

Then tonight I kept the paper you gave me by my nightstand, neatly put it in a box. Before I went to sleep, I kept thinking about how I should behave the next time I see P’Jeans. Or how to speak.

You crazy girl. That damn person...

# She spins around me

"Greasy "

The three of my friends said it all at once, without any prior arrangement. It was the same feeling that made my stomach bloat and I slumped over on the long chairs of a pizza parlor. With two tickets, I was so full that I didn't feel like eating anything for hours.

"Thank heavens,"

Toey said in a hushed voice. "Thank you fate,"

Bew turned to the person who had spoken before, and Praewa... "Thank you, P'Jeans,"

Which triggered the other two friends to turn to look at her with the same eyes. Her best friend smiled with squinted eyes.

"Hmm, don't you guys know who got the pizza card from?" "Don't tell me. "

"Yes, it's P'Jeans."

I slowly shook my head. The chatterbox told Toey and Bew the whole story after they had heard it from me this morning. When they found out that today's class was cancelled, they took the opportunity to bring their friends over to treat them to a pizza that would make them feel a bit full. However, I still felt a little embarrassed if I had to thank that P'Jeans.

.

.

### Rrrrrrr

**Sister Nina**: Luk Nai remembers?

I was sitting waiting for my intestines to digest my food while happily scrolling through my phone. My senior who had disappeared for a long time suddenly sent me a chat message.

**Sister Nina:** Do you know Sister Prim?

**Luk Nai:** No.

**Sister Nina**: It's okay if you don't know her. Let's just get to know her. Sister Prim is in her 4th year and we have the same code. Sister Prim has a booth at noon today to present her marketing subject and asked me to find someone to help set up the booth. Luk Nai can come help me?

Um...

**Sister Nina**: Come on, I'm under the faculty building. The booth sells fried chives.

What's wrong with my senior? She's never come to care for me in a hundred years. Now she's here, and she's just being conscripted to work.

.

.

## Under the faculty building

Today, the 4th year marketing students had a presentation at a booth to sell their products. There were teachers checking before and after. This place was especially lively right now with many people coming by looking for things to eat. I separated from my three friends and walked slowly to find

the booth of my group and code number. Then I met Nina who was wearing an apron and busy with a large, flat pan in front of me.

"Nong's here, Prim!" "Hello, Nina.”

"Then I'll go first, Prim. Let my juniors continue."

She took off her apron and stuffed it into my hand. Then Nina walked over to grab her bag and happily left the area. Only I and the senior I didn't know were left...

"Nina is like this. I'm her senior. Whenever I have free time, I see her checking out the guys in the medical school."

The person behind me who was cutting vegetables said it casually, but it was a good thing.

I got to know my seniors more. Nina's code group senior is Mean, who is in her third year. And the oldest in her code group is Prim. The 4th year students who were diligently making chives as if they were five-star chefs still had a few friends in the presentation group, but they split up into different roles, buying ingredients and calling people to the booths.

“Can you help me until about 2:00 p.m., Luk Nai? Do you have classes?” “No, I only have cheer practice at 2:00 p.m.”

I answered, my eyes glued to the pan to see which pieces were cooked to perfection. Prim also took on the role of looking after the shop front. It was quite fun.

The last time I cooked was a long time ago, because I accidentally made an egg explode in the microwave. So Dad put up a big sign in the kitchen saying that if there was any possibility I should not step in there.

"What the hell, Prim? You're going to die if you eat it.”

!!!

I remember this annoying voice clearly. It was the same voice I was arguing with. Because yesterday, it was definitely not anyone else, P'Jean. I still didn't dare to look at her fully. I guess the other person still didn't notice because P'Mean was walking back and forth blocking my way.

"You're a big mouth, Jeans. If you come, just buy it. Things sell out quickly so I can have the teacher come and summarize the scores."

“Can I call the hospital before buying?” "You're really slapping me, Try it!" "Yes, yes, you’re fierce,"

P’Jeans said cheerfully. She picked up the square-shaped chives that P’Prim had given her to try and dipped them in the sauce to eat. Her beautiful face was immediately surprised when she took a bite.

"Hmm, it's delicious. Sister can make anything with this flavor too." "Wow, what level are you?"

“The frame is just right. Who fried it?” "It’s the youngest in my code line,"

Said Prim proudly, stepping back to make way for the other person to see me clearly. And as soon as the beautiful face saw that the person she had just who was that person who had just mentioned? The two cheeks that were chewing the food that I had taken part in suddenly stopped.

'*Cough cough'*

"What's wrong?"

“It gets stuck in my throat. The taste is good, but how do you fry it so that it looks half-cooked?"

“Oh! You were just saying that it was crispy and delicious. Also, are you crazy? Chives can be eaten without frying it.”

"It's not delicious anymore, sis. Do you understand that it's not delicious anymore?"

She said that, but the bad-mannered person grabbed a foam box to stuff several pieces of food into it.

"I'm going. Thank you for treating me to lunch." "That's a shopping cart, you Jeans! That kid!!"

Prim shouted and complained to the person who was running away quickly. I looked at Phi Mean who was laughing like crazy. It seemed like they knew Phi Jeans quite well. After she calmed down her anger at having her stuff stolen, Prim opened her mouth to tell us.

"That's Jeans. You should have heard of her reputation. She's the dean's daughter. She seems annoying..."

I'm eagerly waiting to hear about the beautiful angle. "There's almost nothing good at all."

“!!!”

“Just kidding, there are some good points, but there are only so many on one hand.”

“Can you tell me about it…?” "Yes."

"It's fun to gossip for a long time."

"It's easy to be soft-hearted with children or old people, and it's even more soft-hearted if someone... I mean anyone, if that person is crying.”

Oh...

That day when I burst into tears and you wrote me a summary sheet for the exam, it was because of this.

"Like the issue of some troubles that require the signature of the rector, but she doesn't approve it, she's shameless enough to walk with the paper and argue with his father to change it to approval."

“That is a clear abuse of power.”

“I think it depends on your intention. If it were you, would you really follow all the rules without caring about what other people are like?”

“…”

“Last year, the UFO club almost got disbanded because it didn’t have the required five members. I asked the president for permission.”

"Space Analysis Club?" Sounds...um...

"Unknows For Others is a club that takes in stray animals for treatment, then raises funds later, and then finds them homes. What kind of spaceship is that?"

I felt goosebumps all over my face. How could someone with a bad face like P’Jeans do something like that? I thought she would be selfish in this life.

"P’Prim, do you know if P’Jeans has any underlying chronic diseases?" It could be a heart condition that I've seen her buy books for herself.

"No, she doesn't have any diseases. She's hard to kill.." "Oh, really..."

"But her friend, Luk Mee, has a heart condition. I saw Jeans take her to the hospital regularly, taking care of her, fearing that she would die."

I got goosebumps again, like watching a movie with a venomous snake as the heroine.

Prim seemed to like telling stories as well. While I remembered that the story of the relationship between Phi Jeans and Phi Mel was worth asking about, the other person who shouted after calling the customers until she was tired, she asked to change the job with her first. So I missed asking the important reason.

Damn it, I should have asked earlier.

.

.

## 13.43 hrs.

The teacher finished grading. After I helped clean up the booth, until it was almost finished, Prim bought a milkshake and a box of food as a thank you. Even though I was full from the pizza and chives that I had secretly eaten when she wasn't looking, I accepted it out of politeness. Drinking the cold milkshake helped me recover from my fatigue.

"I heard you're in the 12 o'clock band. Is that Mel's band?" "Yes."

"Then I'll take the fourth year students to cheer them on at the edge of the stage."

“Wow, Phi. You don’t have to go that far.”

"No, I'm going to sell chives too. I think you'll be successful here." "Okay."

Whatever Phi...

I thought you'd help the juniors with the cleaning work a little bit more. The seniors said that they would do it themselves. Let me hurry and practice the cheering stand because it's almost 2 p.m.

I said goodbye after adding them as friends on Facebook. I chose to take a shortcut to the football field even though it would take longer because the sun was blazing hot.

The path I used to travel was beside the agricultural faculty's plot. There were trees, vegetables, fruits, clear ponds, and nature all around, inviting me to walk through.

There were signs all along the way saying that no picking, no cutting, and no touching anything in the plot without permission.

I feel like I'm the heroine of a music video with a camera capturing my hair hitting the wind.

But my pleasant mood did not last long when I saw someone sitting and cutting vegetables not far away. Looking like a gangster, dressed like this, the more I squinted my eyes and stared at the side of the face.

Wow, that's clear.

Oh my god! P’Jeans stole limes from a farmer's student!

Not only did she avoid paying for the chives, she also stole limes. I can't ignore this kind of thing. She said she wouldn't cheat when she grew up, but now that she's grown up she's still cheating. I hurried over and stopped beside the person who was sitting there nonchalantly cutting limes. She didn't seem to care even though she knew.

"I'm going to tell the gardener!"

The pretty face started to get irritated and turned to me. "If you don't meddle with anything, will you die?"

"But you're breaking the rules. Do you see the sign?" I pointed to the nearest sign,

“Don’t touch the lemons, I beg you.”

By Dek Agriculture “Oh, I see,”

Phi Jeans brushed off her annoyance and continued to pick lemons. “And you still disobeyed?”

“Seriously, are you living so well these days that you have the time to meddle in other people’s business?”

The bad-mannered girl stood up, dusted off her expensive jeans, and confronted me with another fierce, intimidating glare.

“Also, the owner of the lemon tree didn’t happen to pass by just now…

## "Didn't you read the sign?!"

A loud noise came from afar. Both me and Phi Jeans flinched and turned to look at the source at the same time. The short-haired, tough-looking woman in gardening overalls looked extremely angry. From afar, you could see that her face was boiling.

"Run!"

P’Jeans ordered in a panicked voice, forcing me to hold the can of picked lemons while she quickly grabbed the pot of a fruit-bearing lemon tree in her arms and ran at full speed. She just noticed that I was standing still, so she stopped and turned to me with a worried face.

"Run!"

"Huh?"

She snorted and pulled my arm to run after the garden supervisor with all her might. Since I was wearing a pleated student uniform, unlike the tall girl who was wearing casual clothes and pants, it wasn't hard to guess how slow I would run.

"Fast and slow, like a penguin!"

The hands that were holding each other's arms at first moved down, clasped tightly, and ran ahead, turning around, urging the slow runner like me. That made PJeans' face capture my attention and everything around me.

Why...

The more I run, the more my heart beats. The closer I am, the more my heart beats. I wonder if I'm too tired.

# Relationship

Great.

She escaped the agricultural faculty area and sat beside a small waterfall. Then, Phi Jeans used her to slice a lemon, preparing for the first year when she would sing on the stand. She leaned against a tree next to her and closed her eyes, taking in the fragrant, blissful nature.

Using the younger generation's labor is very bad!

"Why didn't you help? If I go up to the stand, I'll get checked for being late."

"I've already picked some limes for you."

"Is the rest the responsibility of a first-year student like me?" “Just do it,”

The person who was originally planning to rest, raised one knee and rested on her arm, turned to watch me cut the lemon.

“When you’re done, squeeze the lemon juice into a bottle.” "Yes."

I actually answered sarcastically, ready to find a sentence to argue with, but...

"cute"

## Thump thump thump…

"If you don't make a fuss from the beginning, it's over."

My heart was beating fast and it didn't seem like it was going to go away easily even though I wasn't running. I lowered my head and focused on the lemon and tried to calm myself down to shake off the strange feeling.

Suddenly, Phi Jeans blurted out a short compliment. At first, anyone would have been taken aback.

"Have you eaten pizza yet?" “I went to eat this morning.” "How is it?"

How is it? "Thank you..."

My mouth answered indifferently while my eyes stared at the beautiful face. I didn't know what made me say that. I just knew that the other person didn't think much of it. She nodded in acknowledgement before losing interest and picking up her phone to open Facebook.

This is what made my eyes widen. Oh my god, she's going to remember something. Are you peeping?

“Have you bought a new phone for a long time?” "um"

“…”

"The truth has been known for a long time. The story that someone accidentally did it."

Oh my god, my mouth hung open and my face went numb. I could only avoid my eyes.

“I just added you. Please accept it.”

I looked up suddenly at the person who had just finished speaking. It was the most unexpected thing I could have ever imagined. I secretly glanced at the phone in my side pocket. It would have seemed strange to quickly wipe my hands and pick it up to answer in front of her.

I still didn't understand myself. Why did I want to quickly accept the friend request from P'Jeans?

"Are you sure she didn't plan to prank you?"

After briefly telling the story to the three friends sitting in the stand together, Toey became paranoid and looked left and right to make sure that P'Jeans couldn't hear her. Before she was shocked, she realized that P'Jeans was sitting and talking with her friends behind the stand.

"I don't think she wants to be my friend. There must be something else going on."

"Why? Does she want to be my girlfriend?" "..."

The three of them fell silent, as if there was the sound of crickets accompanying the scene.

“Just kidding, don’t be serious.” What did I just say…?

“I was thinking about when I should accept her friend request.” "Does something like this need an auspicious time?"

Praewa frowned.

"As if someone who secretly likes you added me as a friend."

Those simple words from Bew's heart caused the group to fall silent once again. But this time, everyone stared at me. There was something about me

that my friends didn't believe in. The three pairs of eyes told me. I waved my hand back and forth in evasion.

"It doesn't matter who you hate, I still resent that girl for doing physical labor."

"P’Jeans is coming." "Huh?"

After realizing that I was fooled by Praewa, I quickly turned back to glare at my good friend and gave her a hard shove on the head. All three of them laughed hysterically, to the point of slapping their knees.

I wanted to shake my butt and run away to sit far away, if it weren't for the fact that the cheerleading break was almost over.

"I don't want to talk to you guys anymore. It's annoying." "Hey, hey, it's annoying, I'm embarrassed."

"What are you talking about? I don't like women."

Finally, I got up from my usual seat and moved upstairs instead, leaving the three of them to chat happily, which was so loud that it could reach here. If others heard, they would misunderstand.

I raised my hand to rub my neck with nothing to do, and picked up my phone to ignore the three of them who were looking at me with scornful eyes. Then my hand pressed to accept the friend request with Jeans Yolsima.

Just when I turned around to secretly peek at the other party's reaction, P’Jeans happened to look up from everything and met my eyes. I quickly turned back, my face flushing red.

I didn't think to look back again.

Until almost 4 pm, when I had a practice appointment with P’Mel, behind the stand, there was no sign of P’Jeans.

It turned out that today I arrived before anyone else in the band. The practice room was quiet. I sat on the sofa in the corner of the room for several minutes until I thought I should try plugging in the keyboard. Of course, after chasing the notes, I saw that no one had appeared, so I started playing the song.

## “ I want someone who has a heart in there, whose heart matches

**mine, to come and take my love.** **“**

*When you put your fingers, you have to curve like this.*

Her voice is soft.

"...I Just Wanna be you, **did you hear me?.** "

*“Don’t sit there hunched over like that. Teacher Panwad just told me to change quickly or I’ll get scolded, Kaem Sai.”*

The only person who never makes things worse for me, no matter what mistakes I make or how many points I get on the test.

## "...Where are you. ”

“Luk Nai arrived so early?"

The music stopped playing. I turned to the sound of Phi Mel's greeting. She opened the door and entered the room with her friends.

"Hello, Phi Mel, Phi Wan, Phi Ek, Phi Tawan. "

“Yes,”

She smiled sweetly on her face.

“Did you tell us about the schedule for the first round?” When I looked puzzled, Phi Mel continued to explain.

“I guess I forgot to tell you. It’s like this: In the first round, the judges will select from hundreds of bands that applied to only 40 bands.”

"So when is the first round?" "Next Wednesday."

If I was drinking water, I would have squirted. How could I agree to do it? I hadn't even entered the circle yet, and in just a few days, I had to compete in the first round. I didn't even know what song I was going to play.

Phi Wan came over and patted me on the shoulder and said.

“We’ll get through this together. We’ll get through this together with the ghosts!”

We only had 1 hour a day to use this room, but Phi Mel and Phi Ek had already argued about the songs that were going to be played for 10 minutes. Phi Wan was sipping coffee and waiting, while Phi Tawan had put on her headphones and was already in her own world. This was a really entertaining band.

"Okay, you can choose the song that Mel chooses. But if I pass this round, I have to choose it next round,"

P’Ek interrupted, walking towards his seat with a sullen face. P’Mel smiled happily and announced the name of the song she wanted to play for everyone to hear.

"In conclusion, we're using a Japanese song called No.1, everyone."

I have no problem with that. After the lead singer, the person with a decent voice is me. So I became the one who had to harmonize with Phi Mel. I admit that Japanese is extremely difficult. I dived a little bit and Phi Mel stopped singing and turned to start over.

That's right. She only sang. Plus, she didn't know that she was... a little off- key.

I made a mistake twice.

3

4

5

And the sixth mistake.

"Luk Nai’s voice should not sing incoherently? That part must be sung by Luk Nai alone. You can't do it incoherently like that."

The irritated tone from the pretty and sweet-faced person made me feel embarrassed. She took a deep breath before turning back to grab the microphone as before.

Phi Ek moved closer and whispered.

“That’s it. Don’t take it to heart. Mel is a bit of a troublemaker, a bit moody, and a bit bipolar. If I were to pay her a hundred thousand to be my girlfriend, I’d rather starve.”

After he finished speaking, Phi Ek immediately leaned back as if he was afraid of the person he had just gossiped about. He didn't get to practice much with the little time left.

The band that had reserved the practice room for five o'clock came to wait in front of the room. Phi Mel had a willful expression on her face and had to go pack her things in a bad mood.

When Phi Wan saw that, she walked over to say something to her. At least it made Phi Mel sigh in resignation and turn to speak to me in a better voice.

"Excuse me, Luk Nai? I was just stressed out. I didn't mean to take it out on you."

"Yes..."

Even though I said that, I still couldn't help but feel a little strange inside.

This is a university star. Everyone knows the appearance of this place. When you see it from this angle, it will be different.

I managed to pack my stuff in time for my band mates. I might have been a bit clumsy, but the three of them were waiting to take the elevator down together. When we went down to the lowest floor, everyone went their separate ways.

Only P'Mel said that she had the same destination as me, which was the football field, because we will going to see the red stand of our own faculty.

So we walked together in a very quiet atmosphere. We probably knew that we were the cause.

Finally, P'Mel started talking.

"I heard that the Faculty of Management just went to the beach. How was it? It must have been fun."

"Not exactly."

Because if someone hadn't come and searched the room, it would have been a hundred, a thousand times more fun.

"I'm sure you'll get teased by P’Sa or Jeans," she said with a chuckle. This was the right moment!"

"Do you know P’Jeans too?"

Because the other person turned to look at me immediately. Then I had to find a smooth way to cover it up.

"It just so happened that I saw you go ask her to come and play the keyboard for you that day.”

P’Mel heard that and smiled faintly. At the same time, the wind blew. Oh my, it was clearly a shampoo commercial presenter.

“That’s strange. I also mentioned Jae Sa, but Luk Nai is only interested in Jeans?”

“Uh…”

“Just kidding. You probably know Jaesa well, but you probably don’t know Jeans very well.”

"Ah...yes."

"I saw the piano competition trophy in Jeans' room and wanted her to join the band. Jeans and I used to be friends."

"Yes?"

Okay, I think P’Mel must be really annoyed, but what can you do when I want to know? Also, how close do you have to be to be in a relationship that can invade each other's bedroom?

"It is like this now." “…”

Are we really going to end the conversation with just her simple words? The one who was about the same height as me was walking ahead, looking down at the ground and playing the game of not stepping on the line on the sidewalk, with a normal smile on her face, the same type that I saw when I applied for the school on the sign.

I hurried my feet to catch up with P’Mel. If I opened the topic today and didn't know what was going on, I would definitely die of a broken heart.

"I can vent."

"It's okay, Nong Luk Nai? I'm okay." “I won’t tell anyone,”

Except for my friends in the group.

The other party stopped walking, looked up and met my eyes before sighing, exasperated.

“Nong Luk Nai, besides the reason that I want to build my credit with my work, has anyone told me why I want to compete?”

"No."

"Then it's good that you don't know."

The sweet-smiling person from earlier had disappeared. Only Phi Mel was left, who was looking at her with a stinging gaze and emphatic words.

## "Don't meddle in other people's business too much. I'm too lazy to put on a good face. I've already answered. I didn't choose you to join the group. Instead, you should spend your time focusing. Because if the group doesn't make it to the next round, the only person I'll blame is... you."

“…”

I was speechless, my mouth wide open, because I didn't expect that someone who seemed bright and beautiful like her would speak sarcastically and pout. I wasn't prepared, I couldn't react properly.

In just a few seconds, the other person's face changed to a wide smile, her sweet, clear voice resonating once more.

"With that Tawan again."

If once, P’Jeans and P’Mel were lovers, then I would understand why they couldn't continue their relationship.

It's not like she's bipolar, she's just two-faced. And I deserve it because I don't look at people...

RIP Me.

# She arrived just in time

I told Praewa the whole story first, with the scene made by imitating Phi Mel's eyes when she winked. Praewa exclaimed in surprise and said that it was really unexpected and that she still didn't feel sorry for sending me to meet something in that circle.

"It's okay, my friend. It's okay if you're no good. At least we know that Phi Mel isn't an angel like the university's billboard."

"You can talk. You're not the kind of person who can be seen when you're throwing a tantrum, and you still have to practice throwing tantrums and playing music with her every day. I stood there speechless for a long time before I could walk back to the stand."

"Or do you want to do this? Make the group lose and be done with it." "You're funny. P’Mel said she was going to blame me,"

I rolled my eyes. It was just then that a car from Praewa's house pulled up to pick her up and take her home. I heard that her father was taking her out to dinner tonight because of an important day.

"Please wish your father a happy birthday."

“Okay, let’s meet tomorrow and continue the conversation.”

We all waved goodbye. Today, Phi Sa let us go earlier than usual, just over six o'clock. I stood there thinking for a long time whether to go back and rest and relax or hail a taxi and go to the mall until nightfall. Because after today, the third-year seniors might call us. We practiced like crazy.

So I decided on the second option.

The snacks in the fridge were all gone.

At around 7:00 PM, I went around and bought some snacks, even though I had planned to walk around the first floor of the mall to find something to drink to relieve my dry throat and then go back to my dorm.

But the newly opened musical instrument shop caught my attention. The name of the shop was familiar to me, as if I had known it for a long time.

'Be A Stars'

Yes! That was the name of the music school I attended when I was a child.

An old woman wearing glasses was sitting reading a book behind the wall. The glass made me have to look carefully to see if it was someone I knew.

It was indeed the kind-hearted teacher Panwad who taught the piano course and supervised the music school at that time. It had been many years since I had seen her. She looked so old that I could hardly recognize her.

"Teacher..."

I opened the door and went inside, raised my hand to greet the teacher who looked away from the book and looked at me without recognizing me.

"Do you remember me?" “Hmm.”

She adjusted her thick glasses back into place, stunned for a long time after thinking about my name.

“Er… I, who used to study piano….” "Luk Nai is it, teacher? Class 12."

It seems like you don't remember me very well. She had so many students. If they're not really outstanding, they're just ordinary kids. Thinking back, I thought of my older sister...

"So now you've opened a music shop instead?" "It's been a long time,"

The teacher's son, who was taking care of the guitar next door, explained the background.

Two years ago, the teacher had an accident that left her with a somewhat blurred memory, which affected her ability to sit and work for long periods of time. So the family agreed to change the music school into a store instead. Students who knew about it would come to support her.

When the lease for the original space expired, she opened in this mall. It's a shame that I missed the news and didn't know anything. If I hadn't been thirsty and walking around looking for something to buy, I wouldn't have found it here.

.

At noon, P’Mel just scolded me that if I broke it, she would punish me. If I buy a small keyboard to practice at the dorm, it would be better. 1 hour for the next 6 days is not enough. I guess I'll have to ask for money from my father's supplementary card again. When my father finds out, I can just keep making excuses.

While Professor Panwad's son was preparing things for me to bring back easily, because I was alone with the professor, I smiled sweetly and took the opportunity to ask about something that had been bothering me.

"Professor, do you remember a fair-skinned girl who had long hair and a white bow tied in the back?"

This story happened 6-7 years ago. What did I expect? I asked and secretly hesitated.

The listener thought for a moment. "Who is it?..."

The big problem was that I didn't know her name well and just kept calling her that.

“Older sister.”

“The person the teacher often sends to compete, she plays the piano very well, she’s in the 14th generation.”

“Er…”

“I want to know how to contact that older sister.” “The teacher will check for you.”

“Really! Thank you very much.”

The teacher's son let me try it and packed everything in a box. The person who went into the back of the shop to find a way to contact me still didn't come out. I decided to sit and wait for an hour until around 8 pm.

It was getting darker and darker... This shop was about to close. On top of that, it was drizzling outside.

I scrolled through my phone screen, browsing social media. An hour ago, Phi Jeans posted, 'Thinking about the smell of alcohol. It's not hard to guess what percentage of them ended up at the pub. What about the juniors who pretended to forbid it?

“Yes, it’s probably this one. I don’t know if he’ll use the same number or not. 08..."

The panic made me press the close button on the Facebook page I was looking at, only interested in saving the number as the teacher told me to. My heart was filled with excitement. Am I going to be able to talk to the person I’ve been distant from and I’ve missed so much?

And it's...so ridiculous.

.

.

## 8:32 p.m.

I have to separate my stupidity into two parts. The first is that I should have known that the teacher was forgetful anyway. But I got the full ten digits of the number and left the shop without asking,

"What's this person's name?"

When I ran back, the teacher had already forgotten my face and had already put away the old phone book. I didn't want to go back and look it up because the shop was about to close.

"Let's do it next time."

I said that and walked with the keyboard box to the front of the mall to make the second point, 'Stuck in the rain with a brand new keyboard.’

The rain here keeps getting worse and worse. Many people come by car, so it's not a problem. Some people call Grab to pick them up, but I'm sorry I'm in a caveman state, with no internet and no money on my phone.

This story teaches us that just because parents have money doesn't help their children use it to their advantage in life.

Suddenly, it seemed like the rain was going to stop. At first, I was happy and looked up at the sky, but I frowned because it was unexpected.

Someone was holding an umbrella from behind. As soon as that person spoke, my brain remembered clearly.

“Stand and let the rain pour down. Get your lungs up.”

## Phi Jeans

“Is this the way to the bar?”

I asked in a low voice as the car owner reached out to adjust the air conditioning temperature and threw a lightly scented towel folded at the

back at each other's heads. She really did it on my heads, ruthlessly and mercilessly. I could only reluctantly say thank you.

"What bar did you just say?"

"What you posted sounds like you want to drink alcohol."

"Oh, I guess Luk Mee was just playing a prank on me and I forgot my phone here."

Heaven has eyes, karma is real.

I don't know if I should thank you again for sitting in the front, which is usually where Phi Luk Mee sits.

"I hope you didn't mean to leave me on the expressway... or anything like that."

The corner of her eyes glanced at me. I was wiping my head with a towel and I could only swallow my saliva.

"Oh, that's a good idea." You have such a bad mouth!

.

.

Even though I was threatened to hurt my fragile heart the whole way, on the road, jammed with hundreds of cars stuck at a red light in the rain, there was still no sign that the owner would leave me in the middle of the road.

"So you just came back from the university, but you're going to drive me around again. is that right?"

"Pitiful", mean-mouthed...

"Then what are you doing at the mall?"

"Choose." “…”

"Let's go have dinner,"

Phi Jeans said after scolding me and saw that I had gone quiet.

"And what good person would come here to buy things and not be able to bring them back to their place?"

"Are you talking about me?" “Yeah!”

She snorted, her eyes on the road ahead, her hands firmly on the steering wheel.

“You’re so annoying. How can a boyfriend put up with this kind of behavior?”

"Not at all."

"That handsome kid who's always with me."

Why did she raise her eyebrows and squint when she said that? “Peach? My friend. He’s nice, but not my type.”

"Who asked?"

"Well, I'm afraid you'll misunderstand. Actually, you've already misunderstood, so I feel uneasy."

" "

It's so quiet. The bad-mannered person pursed her lower lip and didn't say anything. It's so hard to guess. I leaned back in my seat, feeling more

relaxed than before. I felt that at least there was some conversation between us.

"Next Wednesday, we'll be competing in the first round...the band." "Nonsense"

A bad person will always be bad. What do I expect you to say? "I'm just telling you."

"I'm not going. I'm just saying that too."

I was speechless and couldn't find any excuse to persuade her.

.

.

### Rrrrrr!

[Group chat: Other people's business is our business]

**Toey**: I found out. P’Jeans and P’Mel used to be lovers since high school. They broke up when they were about to enter their second year.

!!!

I quickly pressed the off button on my phone, afraid that the driver would glance at me. I definitely couldn't stop myself. Right now, my chest was beating like a drum. When I realized that, yes! The person next to me liked women. She was able to explain it correctly. A tingling feeling spread through my body.

Am I just surprised or happy? "Where is the competition?" "Huh...?"

"It's a music competition. Where is it? Don't try to make it difficult. I'm too lazy to ask again."

"H... Hall 3,"

I replied with a smile and a stuttering voice, even though the other person was acting annoyed and slamming her tusks at me.

"I want you to go." “Let's see."

P’Jeans didn't promise, didn't deny, the answer was like she didn't care, but she might go...maybe. The chance of her showing up is about 10%.

The rain had just stopped. She drove and parked in front of the dorm, got out, opened the back of the car, and gave me the keyboard to carry up to the room myself. If you expect her to walk up and drop you off, forget about it.

“Drive well-”

.

.

*Bam!*

Before I could finish my sentence, the tall figure who had stepped into the driver's seat closed the door and drove off. Never mind, she didn't want to wait to hear the words of thanks.

Another thing is when I looked up at the other person's beautiful face, looking for trouble, my feelings inside were strangely turbulent. I felt embarrassed even though nothing important had happened. Just because I read what Toey had sent to tell me, why did I feel embarrassed?

It's just that evil girl really likes women.

“This requires the utmost shamelessness. I went to ask my friend. She said that when they were freshmen, the two of them went everywhere together. After Phi Mel won the university star award, there were more men courting her.”

"And then those two broke up!" “No,”

Toey interrupted Praewa’s thoughts.

“They kept dating until one day they broke up easily with the super famous reason that 'our attitudes didn’t match.'”

"Is there any definite evidence?" "Wait."

It seems that this time, Toey has something special. She scrolled through her phone screen to find a saved photo before showing it to Praewa, Bew, and me.

"This is a photo from my friend's birthday party two years ago. Look at how these two are dressed."

"Couple shirts..."

I exclaimed. In the left corner of the picture, I saw two women smiling at the camera, wearing the same pink half-heart shirt. One was Phi Mel, who was smiling sweetly and holding a gift box. The other was Phi Jeans, who was smiling faintly and had a bright face. Her smile was...so beautiful. She could be a person, after all.

"It's very clear. No need to investigate anymore."

Praewa summed it up, raising both hands to stop us. "But you guys, let's put Phi Jeans on hold for now. Right now, I have something much more important. Do you remember our football player who was in the second year?

She turned to the topic of being crazy about men, in Praewa's style. The other two quickly gathered their heads and started talking until I had to shake my head. My emotions were still lingering on the matter of P'Jeans and P’Mel. They are here. Jeans and her mischievous friends are sitting in the corner of the cafeteria as usual.

At this moment, I'm not focused on that. My mind has been acting weird since last night. If there's something more important that can replace it that would be great.

That's right! The number that Professor Panwad gave me.

I grabbed my phone and scrolled down to the saved number, the name I used to call “sister.” I was stupid, ignorant, and overly hasty. After getting it, I rushed out of the store.

This number, do you still use it?

If I call you, will you pick up the phone?

Will you still remember this cheeky girl who is not cute anymore when she grows up… or not?

The lump in my throat was the most painful pain I've ever experienced. Sometimes, just because we remember someone else, doesn't mean that they'll have the same memory of us. I almost turned off the screen, but deep inside, It was telling me...

Never mind, just call and ask if you're okay. **I gathered my courage to call**, picked up the phone, and put it to my ear.

My eyes happened to glance over at P’Jeans who was laughing happily with three other friends. No matter when she tied her hair back and had her hair sloppily swept to the side, she really looked charming.

### Beep!

The first time I heard the call waiting tone, my heart skipped a beat. This number really was used by someone. I didn't know if Professor Panwad had

given it correctly or if the other end of the line had already changed it

.

### Beep!

The point of interest that I used to look at, like P’Jeans, suddenly got up and walked towards the bathroom. Why did she want to go in at this time?

I reluctantly looked down at my plate of breakfast that was already on the table. I had already finished eating with a spoon.

There were three more long beeps before the other end of the line picked up.

# Who is that person?

Silence... “…”

Both my sister and I, who didn't know if it was really my sister, were silent. No one could say anything. The heart that used to beat wildly for Phi Jeans or when she was shocked, was now beating so hard that I could feel it.

Please, let it be you on the other end of the line... "Sa... is it your sister?"

[...]

### Beep!

After a few seconds of speaking, the call was disconnected for no reason. The money in my phone had just been added this morning. There was no way the call would be disconnected because of this. I was bold and shameless, so I called again in case there was a problem with the signal.

But..

"Who are you calling? Listen up."

Praewa attached her ear as an extra. I quickly pushed her head away with all my strength and hung up. The call from my sister's number made her know the shameful feeling that I had in my heart. I was too lazy to tell her in too long.

“I’m calling my dad. I used my credit card to buy a keyboard last night.”

"Hey! Then how did you bring it back when you bought it last night?" Bew asked curiously. Why did she want to know about this?

“Are there taxis? You’re asking too much, you guys.”

I evaded the question, put my phone in my shoulder bag, and grabbed a plate of rice to put in the sink in the cafeteria.

“I’m going to study. Come with me.”

"What's wrong with you? Is your period coming?" Praewa grumbled, "Never mind."

Because the sink for placing the dishes was next to the exit of the bathroom, before I could put the dishes down properly, a tall figure in casual clothes of her own style walked out.

"Phi Jeans,"

The strange thing was that instead of walking past, she stopped and looked at me.

Which day is the world's fault finding day? "What are you looking at, Phi?"

“Can’t you see?”

What came back was the same fierceness in that tone, but the eyes were fixed on me. It was me who lowered my voice again, softly.

"Well... I was just asking what you were looking at." "..."

Phi Jeans didn't continue. She looked at me until she was satisfied, then frowned, as if she was arguing with herself on the inside. She looked at me

from head to toe again before turning away and walking back to the table where her friends were waiting.

Huh? What's wrong with you? Can't think of a prank plan? Is it too late in your mind? The way it is now isn't fierce enough, is it?

### Rrrr!

**Dad**: You used the additional card again. I can't save it for emergencies. If you keep it like this, prepare to have more deductions for snacks.

.

And the truth that I have to face this morning...

.

.

## 4:28 p.m.

"Luk Nai is it, Nong? You're diving in the part where you have to sing solo again, right? I'm not sure if Tawan made the right decision by choosing you."

P’Mel repeated this sentence 3 times already. I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Sis, you just sing and you can't even get on key. Don't just criticize me. I'm trying my best."

"Ssss. Auntie clashed with a freshman."

Phi Ek whispered to Phi Wan, but it was loud enough to make someone who had just been teased by a junior like me squirm. She turned around and glared at her male friend before turning her sweet face to look at me and smirking.

“What do you understand about this world? Do you see that I’m beautiful? If I can sing, it’s perfect. When I look back at you… I don’t want to say it, but it’s okay. I’ll give you a chance. After all, this is just a rehearsal period. If you make a mistake on the real day…”

“…”

## “Your university life is definitely entertaining.”

This woman in front of me is clearly a devil. She puts others down, is conceited, and doesn't admit her mistakes. I gritted my teeth and suppressed the urge to smack her beautiful lips with my palm.

Being stabbed by Phi Jeans' fierce gaze made me happier. Damn it, how did that girl even pop into my head?

Let's do it first.

“I hope the judges and everyone sees this…”

I looked her over from head to toe before moving to meet her gaze. “What’s on you?”

“Yes, Luk Nai?”

“Ugh!”

The look on my face when she said the words,

"When I look back at you... I don't want to talk about it,"

Inspired me to come back and practice keyboarding at the dorm every day. When I practiced on the balcony, I got scolded by Phi Luk Mee who stuck her head out and threatened to throw dirty water at me. The weather was just right. What's wrong with having music to listen to before going to bed?

**Bew**: Take a break and save your energy.

**Toey**: What are you going to eat tomorrow morning? I'll buy some for you.

**Praewa**: Good night. I'm going to sleep. Dad turned off the power and forced me to sleep. I'm so bored. Don't overdo it. Phi Mel will find fault with you again. Tsk! I hate her more than your Phi Jeans.

I read the posts from the group and smiled because someone was concerned. But wait, someone typed something strange.

**Luk Nai:** Thank you to everyone who cheered for me. But when did Phi Jeans become mine, Praewa?

Praewa: How would I know? I see you often. I thought it was Destiny. Haha.

"You idiot!"

Was the first word that came out after reading the message from my best friend. I typed what I had just said and sent it back. We ended our conversation with goodnight as usual before I put my phone back where my fingertips were to continue playing the hook of the song.

If I had inspiration, would I have been able to do better? "I wanna be your No.1..."

[*I want to be your No.1...]*

Then who would I want to be number one?

My sister hasn't picked up my calls since the day she hung up. Who would I be number one for?

.

### Rrrr!

Who's texting me again? I rolled my eyes but still reached out to grab my communication device and opened it to look.

**Peach**: What are you doing? Are you still sleeping?

Peach? I forgot that he actually likes to chat with me. Some nights, I just ignore him. If I’m free, I'll reply. He's really diligent, chatting with me every day even though we don't see each other.

**Luk Nai**: Still practicing the keyboard?

**Peach**: Oh, I'm sorry for bothering you. Good luck. P.S. Goodnight.

**Luk Nai**: Good night to you too, Peach.

Then the feeling of emptiness arose. Oh my, there was a moment in my head where I thought, “If I had talked to that guy, it wouldn’t have been so boring.” Yes, that guy whose stupid brain processed it was P’Jeans.

There is one joke that Praewa used to flirt with men.

Come on, I'm not flirting. I just want to tease the tiger's whiskers.

**Luk Nai**: [Send a picture]

**Luk Nai**: I'm practicing keyboard, Praewa.

**Luk Nai**: Oops, sorry, Phi Jeans. I sent the wrong one.

I hate myself so much for pretending to take a beautiful picture of the keyboard and typing it like I was sending it to my best friend, but in fact I intended to send it to P'Jeans from the beginning.

It was Praewa's way of greeting men. I remembered it from another time, but oh my god, I've never seen my friend gain anything from doing this.

What an idiot.

### Rrrr!

Oh! Already replied.

**Jeans**: Oh, okay. Wow... that's it?

**Luk Nai**: By the way, did you come to watch it or not?

**Jeans**: What time is it?

I smiled brightly at the phone screen, sending the time and race order, but...

**Jeans**: I'm busy. At that time, the smoothie shop was holding a lucky draw to give away headphones.

Thank you for making my smile disappear, Phi Jeans.

**Luk Nai**: So in conclusion, you didn't come, huh?

**Jeans**: Yes.

**Jeans**: Practice seriously. Don't be a burden to others.

And is this the best word of encouragement? I’m I right or wrong to call out to a villain person with both my mouth and heart?

**Luk Nai**: Thank you. [Indifferent face sticker]

.

.

## Competition Day

Today has finally arrived.

A white t-shirt and simple pants were the outfits our band wore for this first round of the competition, except for Mel, who gave the reason that no matter where she went, the lead singer had to stand out the most.

So she had her hair and makeup done and wore a light blue dress with a flowing, knee-length skirt. She smiled at everyone who greeted her, except for me, who she treated coldly as if she hated me forever.

Same here, who wants to be in the band where she sings lead? "Where did Wan go?"

Phi Mel looked around before asking Phi Ek in an irritated tone. The one who was trying out the bass replied calmly,

“To the photocopy shop.”

“What the hell are you doing here now?!”

When she realized that there were other bands backstage, she immediately lowered her voice.

“Why are you going? It's our turn to perform in the next 2 bands."

“They went to print notes and lyrics for Nong Luk, right? If there's anything wrong, Mel will blame Nong again, right?"

"Don't make a mistake,"

She said casually, not making direct eye contact. "Call Wan to hurry up."

"Okay, okay."

The other seniors were really nice to me. I was grateful, except for Phi Mel, who I kept arguing with until I was secretly worried that she wouldn't slap me like Dao Borihan did, right?

I turned back to regain my senses, warmed up my fingers, and prayed for everything to go smoothly. Even though I secretly looked and saw that there

weren't many people watching the first round, my friends in the group, seniors, Mean, and Prim, you could say that the entire code line came.

They were all so cute with their juniors. Even Peach even skipped class. I was really confused about him. We weren't close, but he put in so much effort.

All I need is the person I asked to invite....

I'd like to type and ask if the lottery draw is over yet, in case they're free. But even if I text her, would someone like you come?

My insides were protesting again. If P’Jeans really came here, she might just come to see her ex sing. I'm just a junior, so what's the big deal?

“The song is beautiful. It would be great to invite the person you secretly like to listen to it.”

Out of nowhere, the quiet P'Tawan spoke up. Her words weren't taken seriously by the people in the group because they seemed to be just floating around, just to please herself. Plus, she didn't see anyone in particular.

But believe it or not, it made me want to open someone's chat and demand that person listen to the song that I was also a part of, even though that person might be waiting for the headphone award that she wanted.

**Luk Nai**: Phi Jeans, our band is about to go on stage.

**Luk Nai**: The draw is at the smoothie shop, right? But I want you to come.

**Luk Nai**: The song is nice. Will you come or not, Phi Jeans?

# Be number one

### Rrrr!

Oh! Phi Jeans has replied.

**Jeans** : [Send picture]

**Jeans**: Open your eyes and see that I'm busy.

Last night I sent you a picture of the keyboard, now you send me the atmosphere of the lucky draw for the expensive branded headphones, it's more important than watching me... Of course I don't have anything against you, you are just annoyed, so how come I feel hurt?

When you tease me, I don't like it. When you ignore me, I feel hurt. What is this crazy feeling?

**Luk Nai**: I'm about to go on stage. Please give me your headphones.

.

"Nong Luk Nai,"

Said P'Wan, looking flustered, when the group before us had already performed half their song. I put my phone back in my bag.

"Here, Nong Luk Nai. I've typed out the lyrics in English for you. Most of them are the lyrics that Mel will sing, but the underlined parts are the parts

that Luk Nai has to harmonize with Mel. The parts in bold are the parts that Luk Nai has to sing solo. Can you see it?”

"Yes, I can. Thank you very much, Phi Wan."

“It’s okay. I feel sorry for you because Mel has been emotionally abusing you every day.”

It’s like you’re really a teacher. I respect you from now on.

The host announced our band’s name so we could go out and perform. Mel took a deep breath and quickly removed the worry from her face, replacing it with a bright smile.

.

.

The cheerful and fake cheerfulness was so smooth. P’Tawan, P’Ek, P’Wan and I followed behind, taking our respective positions at the equipment.

This is just the first round of the competition, so the atmosphere is not very stressful. It is more like an audition round. There are 3 judges in total, all of whom are professors from the Faculty of Communication Arts. There are a few spectators in the hall, and that girl didn't show up when invited....

What a cruel person, but it's not wrong. She have the right to come or not?

"Hello, we are the 12 o'clock band. The origin of the band's name is to give importance to the people in front of us, the people at our 12 o'clock position. And today we will perform our No. 1 song. Please give us your support."

After Phi Mel's opening words ended, Phi Tawan started the drum beat without delay.

Ahh... I'm so excited.

.

Kizutsuku kamo shirenai nara

*[If I must experience pain]*

Kimazuku nacchau kurai nara

*[If everything is not satisfactory]*

ah Koi nante mou

*[Ah... Will it be okay?]*

Shinai hou ga ii no kana

*[If I never fall in love with anyone again]*

It seemed like deep down inside I was facing disappointment. I should have prepared myself from the beginning, why would someone like Phi Jeans come here? The voices I used to harmonize with Phi Mel trembled nervously. Even though I was hopeless, my eyes still searched for that person.

Yasashiku shite kureru dareka to Tekitou ni tsukiau kurai nara

*[The person who came in, no matter who it was, instead of me having to hang out with him just because he was kind.]*

Ah- Isso no koto

*[Ah... would that be better?]* Hitori de ita hou ga ii no *[If I were to remain alone]*

Hazukashikute Me wo sorasu to ka

*[I'm too shy to look at you and I have to keep avoiding eye contact.]*

Kinchou shite Umaku hanasenai nante

*[I'm so worried that I can't say anything.]*

Suddenly, the door on the left wing of the hall suddenly opened. In the darkness, I just hoped that the one who opened the door was her.

Arienai Otona nanda shi

*[Because I'm grown up, I can't do anything like that.]*

Kakkoyoku ikitai noni

*[I have to keep acting indifferent.]*

.

I couldn't help but smile and look down in shame when I realized that it was really you. The person I wanted to see. The tall figure came alone and stood leaning against the wall with her arms crossed, watching the performance on stage.

She seemed to run over and seemed to be out of breath. I'm so glad that Phi Jeans happened to hear this chorus just in time.

.

Cause baby you're my Number Number Number No.1

*[Because you're my number one]*

and you're the only only only only one

*[And you're the only one]*

.

Sono egao sono hitomi subete ga DOKIDOKI saseru

*[Your smile, your eyes, everything makes my heart beat faster.]*

Cause baby you're my Number Number Number No.1

*[Because you're the only one for me]* and you're the only only only only one *[And it's only you]*

Chotto jibun demo kowai kurai

*[I'm starting to get a little scared of myself.]*

.

## I wanna be your No.1

*[I want to be your number one]*

Kono omoi tomaranai

*[Because these feelings cannot be stopped at all]*

.

That's right... because it can't be stopped at all.

If it were her, Phi Jeans's expression was so indifferent that it was impossible to guess what the hell she was thinking. I still did my job as a good keyboard player, a good backing singer, and I didn't forget to smile at the audience, the judges, and the one bad-mannered person who was standing in the dark corner, not looking for a seat like everyone else.

## I wanna be your No.1…

The last part of the song ended, and the few people who were left applauded like they did for the other bands. Phi Jeans didn't even wait for the judges to say their first sentence. She walked out through the door she had used to enter without a care.

Never mind, just coming is enough.

And then it was time for the critique, where everyone in the band had to stand in a row. All the judges looked very serious. Even Phi Mel looked at me with a look of 'don't make mistakes' I didn't make mistakes or sing off- key like her at all.

“Everything about this band is good except. "

## “Lead singer,”

The male teacher said bluntly,

“Was off-key, sang off-key, and in many places, the tone of voice was overly embellished. Anyway, good luck. Let’s wait and see the results tomorrow.”

Phi Mel's face turned pale. She smiled wryly, accepting the criticism. It would be wrong to turn around and blame me. The owner of the beautiful and sweet face strode ahead of us and walked off the stage, feeling uneasy. Phi Wan and I looked at each other.

She shrugged once. "Let it go."

"Yeah, Phi Mel's voice is so-so. I thought it would sound good."

Praewa walked arm in arm with me and complained the whole way. After she finished speaking, she turned left and right, I wonder if the owner of the name is eavesdropping or is in this area.

"Wasn't it you who suggested I play the keyboard for her?"

"Who would have thought that her personality wouldn't be as beautiful as her appearance? If that Toey had investigated from the beginning, it would have been over."

"Hey, throw it to me again."

It was a quarrel on the way to the cheering stand. Since the winner and loser were not yet known, there would be no practice at 4 pm. I joined in the shouting.

.

Sing along with your friends in the room until six or seven o'clock, depending on when we wants to release it.

I was glad to see Phi Jeans coming. While walking, I picked up my phone and hesitated. I wondered if it would be rude to say hi, but never mind. I wanted to talk to her.

**Luk Nai**: Thank you for coming to see.

I haven't been online. I guess I'm busy. Or maybe I'm going back to listen to the lottery results on my headphones.

Since there were still a few dozen minutes before the rehearsal, the four of us stopped to buy some cold drinks first, and then I realized that I had left everything, including my wallet, in the lounge behind the hall.

"I'll hurry back and get my stuff first, you guys!"

"And your lime smoothie...never mind, I'll just have a sip." I turned back to point at Praewa.

“Just a moment. Don’t finish it,”

Before putting on my running gear and heading to Hall 3 quickly. I hoped that no good citizen would take it to the PR office first. The university has many PR offices according to the number of faculties.

The fatigue immediately disappeared when I found that my bag was still there, on the same table. I opened it to check the contents, and it was all there. No crazy guy had stolen it like last time.

I carried it over my shoulder and walked out of this hall with a sense of ease. By now, wouldn't Praewa have finished her glass of lemon smoothie

yet?

"Today I can play because of you."

A sweet, harsh voice rang out from a group of four or five women sitting at a table under a large tree. It was quite a dark place. The owner of that compliment was the star of the Faculty of Management. I remember it clearly.

She smiled with the corner of her mouth, like she was sneering, before returning to her original indifferent expression, which confused me.

"Are you talking to me?" “Yes, we talked to you.”

When she answered, her friends around her didn’t know why they were laughing and giggling.

“You’re good at playing the keyboard.” “Smile. Thanks for the compliment.” “What about your friends?”

“Umm... why are you waiting in line at the cheerleading practice?”

It made one of her friends burst out laughing. The executive star stood up and walked towards me with her friends following her closely, feeling as intimidating as when she first faced off against Phi Jeans and her friends. I took a step back, but one of them ran up to block my view.

"I'm a little upset." "..." ???

## “You can play, you can play well. So what’s wrong with you not playing for me on the day of the university star contest?”

"H...huh?"

“Don’t act all dazed. That day, you posted some crazy stuff about the dean and then you ran out of the backstage in a panic, leaving my performance to be a stupid singing show with no rhythm or music. We agreed that you would play the piano and then disappear!”

“I’m sorry… It was really an emergency.”

I just remembered that time when I dropped everything and ran to the instant noodles building to talk to Phi Jeans, there was a person behind the scenes who made a mistake. I never thought that I would have such an impact.

“What do I get if you apologize? Does my friend can go back and compete again?”

.

Another person added a bit more to the story, which made the executive star smile with joy.

“Since your friend isn’t here to help, this is a good opportunity.”

The vengeful smile made my hair stand on end. The person who was originally standing behind me now grabbed my arm tightly.

“Hee!”

After a short laugh in her throat, she raised her hand with all her strength. I opened my eyes wide and my heart suddenly twitched. I tried to escape but was pushed from behind. I tried to raise my hand to protect myself but was held firmly in place.

"Come practice with me before I go practice volleyball."

*Sigh*... volleyball players, how much power does a slap have to give me? RIP Me for the second time.

# Jeans

It's broken. The left and right sides are about to break... “I've been annoyed for a long time.”

The owner of the slapper that had slapped my face on both sides about five or six times flicked her wrist lightly before using it to squeeze my mouth so hard that it was almost sore. Being dragged behind a big tree like this, who would pass by and see it? No one.

“No matter how much I teased her, she never felt satisfied. She didn’t feel anything even when she splashed water. She reported that someone bought alcohol to drink. She also said that someone was waiting for pizza. She chose not to be punished and just got slapped so that it would be over and done with. She didn’t have any lingering issues.”

I don't have any lingering debts with the ghost!

But what you said about being a tease the whole time...

At the moment she was about to open her arms again, her gaze caught something and she paused with a shocked expression. The person who was holding my arm quickly let go and ran to stand beside the executive star. I just got the freedom to touch my cheek that was numb.

"Do you think you're the only one with hands and feet?!"

After I called for my power, I rushed forward and grabbed the collar of the gangster, hoping to retaliate, but...

## “What do you do in one year?”

This harsh voice is... Phi Jeans.

"Luk Nai is looking for trouble with us, Phi Jeans!" Wow, I'm in such a bad state and you still dare to lie?

A Hollywood star acting executive, she sent a look asking for help to the tall figure standing next to us. Phi Jeans narrowed her eyes and stared at my hand.

I grabbed the other person's collar. Of course, I had to let go immediately because I was afraid of being punished.

"Why did you pick a fight with her?" “Hey!”

“We see each other.”

Phi Jeans intervened, her gaze not looking at anyone. I clenched my teeth tightly, the edge of my lower eyelid burning with pent-up pressure, more than the feeling of being slapped in the face repeatedly.

She deliberately did not side with me. The cruel person stepped in to stand in the middle of me and the executive star before turning around to her new enemy.

“Answer me, why did you go looking for trouble with her?” "Umm... Luk Nai is over here?"

“What did you say?” "Luk Nai is on the way?"

The liar's chin was pinched by Phi Jeans' slender hand, just like before. She had done the same to me. The friends behind her looked at each other in confusion because the person who had come in the way was her senior.

“I can’t hear you very well. Speak more clearly!”

I don't know what kind of fierce gaze Phi Jeans used to intimidate them, but it made the executives' friends and the liar herself feel fear in their eyes. Her throat swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry, Phi..."

The voice was soft, like a completely different person. "I'd like permission to go practice sports..."

"Please."

Everyone knows that P’Jeans is dangerous. Praewa warned me that day. She is a villain, a troublemaker, has a bad attitude, has a friend who is a slapper, and is a dean’s daughter.

.

The dean is protecting my head. I'm probably the only one who's stupid enough to pry into her business.

After releasing the hand that was squeezing my chin, I noticed that it was flushed red from the immense pressure. The executive star didn't even look this way again. She and her friends collected the things on the table and walked out reluctantly.

"Serves you right."

And that was what Phi Jeans said to me before walking ahead as if the previous incident was just a cockroach swatting. Until I was the one who ran after her.

"Did you see that they slapped me?" “I don't see it.”

"Oh, then..."

The taller girl stopped walking to look at me with a troubled expression.

“I just walked by, I didn’t know or see anything. If I’m going to tell the truth, I saw you grabbing that girl’s collar. Now, what do you want me to say?”

“The palm print is still on my face.” "You might slap yourself or trip and fall."

Now I know that the other person must have seen what happened, but was just annoying and joking around. What kind of crazy person would slap themselves? The look on her face when she said that was so mischievous.

And before Phi Jeans could turn around, "But you’re on my side. Thank you."

When my answer was a diversion and her annoying voice no longer scared me, P’Jeans just looked at me with a surprised expression, like,

"What the hell are you talking about?"

And shook her head, not wanting to continue the conversation. I still smiled at the person who came in just in time, even though it hurt my cheeks so much.

The tall figure took the lead without being told, but it was obvious that she was going to the purple stand. As for me, I rubbed my cheeks back and forth while running around looking for something to chat about.

"Do you have headphones?" “No.”

Oh, what a pity.

"Today I saw you go listen to the songs I played. Do you think it's okay?"

"The singer is terrible."

"But isn't that your ex-girlfriend?" “….”

“I’m sorry… I just heard a rumor.”

Here we go again. I just said it. What if she hates me again? "So what if we're ex-girlfriends? We broke up ages ago."

But the result was unexpected. Phi Jeans didn't care that it was important. She answered like she was asking what to eat for dinner. There was no irritation or anger. Her tone of voice was already stiff and cold when she talked to me.

"If you don't mind, can you tell me why you broke up? “Busy.”

Okay, I interrupted again.

Following her to the stand, my friends' eyes widened when they saw red marks on both cheeks that looked like finger prints. Praewa walked in first. She glared at P'Jeans.

"What did you do to my friend!?"

“I slapped your friend and grabbed her by the collar and squeezed her chin.”

“Damn...!”

"Praewa, calm down,"

I quickly reprimanded my best friend. Phi Jeans, the annoying- looking girl, took this opportunity to walk around without knowing anything and go prepare a tray of lemons behind the stand.

"But this girl is going too far!" "She didn't do it."

“And who did it?” “That’s...”

The story is quite long, I have to go back to the beginning of the Star and Moon contest, but I’m willing to tell all three friends at once, with a cold compress on her hand from when Bew and Toey went to ask for ice and a cloth from the smoothie shop.

Meanwhile, Praewa combed my hair and put it in a new bun so that at first glance, she forgot that I had been slapped.

“No wonder, in the convenience store by the sea, they looked at us strangely.”

“You probably wanted to slap me then,”

I said jokingly, not realizing that my cheeks were going to split open in two places at the same time.

I'm angry and I hate you too. But the cause is my fault. It was my fault for letting you get lost in the middle of the competition.

"You should be a good person, P'Jean."

Finally, Praewa moved down to sit in her original position before raising her finger to point at my face with a sly smile.

"She came just in time, as if she knew my heart." “Be quiet.”

“Wow, I saw that you shared this song on Facebook.”

That was a rainy day and it was P’Jeans who dropped me off at the dorm.

“Alright, take it easy. Don’t worry about that Dao executive.” “What are you going to do?”

"Trust the three of us,"

Bew answered for Praewa, at the same time as Toey added, “She's not the only one who has friends.”

What else are you thinking of?

.

.

## 8:17 p.m.

*Thump!*

I let my heavy body fall onto the soft bed. My right cheek, which was often hit, started to throb ache. It was Peach was sending me a message to compliment me on today's performance.

But I still didn't feel like typing a response. I just wanted to lie there like an idiot and let the pain fade away.

I miss my childhood. The most painful thing was being hit with a clothes hanger.

Now, it's not just the physical pain, but also the emotional pain, but I can't do anything about it. I'm like a stupid girl who can't fight anyone no matter how hard I struggle. Being the student council president has a lot of power. It's different from last year when...

### Rrrr!

Peach again, or maybe

It’s Phi Jeans...

The doubt made me pick up the phone to see for myself. Finally, I was glad that...

**Jeans**: Oh my gosh, that’s such a crude question, but a crazy person like me just smiles come out.

**Luk Nai:** Almost there.

**Jeans**: Do you want some porridge?

**Luk Nai:** I'm not hungry. My mouth is sore like this.

**Jeans**: I already bought it. If you told me to take it, I'll take it. Is this okay?

... Auntie is the most brutal.

**Jeans**: I'm in front of the dorm. Come down and get some porridge.

.

.

It was clearly forced on me, but deep down, I was willing to let the other person force me. My heart was beating wildly when I knew that you cared about me. I got up from bed a little hurriedly and walked down to the front of the building, hoping not to be tricked by this girl.

Wow, she was really sitting on the bench waiting. “Did you come by to see P’Lukmee?” “Something like that.”

I took the bag of hot porridge with delicious eggs from P’Jeans’s hand. “Thank you. I’ll put it in the fridge to eat tomorrow.”

“Why don't you eat tonight?”

"I'm not hungry..." "I told you to eat." “…”

“It won’t go away.”

She looked embarrassed when she said it. “Okay, that’s your business. It’s annoying.”

At that time, I didn't know how to continue the conversation. I just looked at the tall figure who got into the black car with the bag of porridge that she had bought for me. In just a moment, Phi Jeans drove away from the front of the building.

## 8:48 p.m.

**Luk Nai:** I ate it all. It was so delicious.

**Luk Nai**: [Send a picture]

I took a picture of the clean bowl after the delicious porridge for ten minutes to show Phi Jeans. The other party read the message before sending it back briefly.

**Jeans**: K

**Luk Nai:** Where did you buy it?

**Jeans**: Near the walking street market in front of CN Mall

**Luk Nai**: Oh, okay.

Because she didn't reply anything, our conversation ended here. Before going to bed, I remembered what I should say to Peach, so I sent her a thumbs up and a thank you note for complimenting me. Then I quickly turned off my phone and went to sleep.

“Good night, Phi Jeans. I really wanted to type and send it like this.”

.

.

"You're smiling like the villains in the prime time drama. Where did you disappeared to?"

“Ooops.”

What Praewa intentionally exclaimed in an annoying way, is this really an answer? My three friends came up to the stand late like a turtle, leaving me to go see the announcement of the bands that made it to the next round.

“I have bad news. My band made it to the last round. That means I still have to play keyboard for P’Mel.”

“Come on, my friend. If that P’Mel hurts you, you can trust us.”

This is where things start to get really untrustworthy. I frowned at my best friend.

“Hey, you guys…”

“It’s done. I’m going to play with the entire gang of Dao Borihan.” "What are you guys doing?"

## "Where are the marketing and international business departments hiding?!"

Before I could finish my question, a stern voice rang out, along with a man walking towards our stand with an angry face. I recognized him. He was a senior in the Finance program, the same program that our current management star was studying in.

The reason he called the Marketing and International Business programs together was because these two programs were paired up as buddies and

given a rotating set of stands to go to different rooms.

.

"Why are you shouting, Kin? We're controlling the stand here,"

Said Jaesa, who went to the front to receive the response, which didn't help the other party's calm down.

“Then what kind of stand manager are you? You let some evil kid mix laxatives into the water bottles of the athletes and the purple volleyball cheerleaders.”

"Ha!?"

"Someone saw that the kid wearing the purple headband was lurking around. It's the same color, why are you teasing me?!"

Oh my gosh... That stupid headband says it all: Which stand is it from?

I turned to look at my good friends. The three of them pretended not to know. No matter how stupid they were, they knew it was definitely them. The point was that the nearby stands had stopped practicing and turned their attention to the fight between Brother Kin and Sister Sa.

“If none of the first-year students in this stand accept it, then go talk to the Dean.”

"Don't just slander me. I don't even know if you saw it or not. Where is the evidence?"

"Should I turn on the security camera now, sister?"

Things were getting worse. Both sides were supporting their own people until they challenged the security guard to turn on the CCTV. This was the moment that made Praewa, Bew, and Toey sweat and feel afraid of being guilty. I was so worried. They just wanted to get revenge. It was a good intention that was completely wrong. I couldn't get angry at them.

And in the midst of the chaos, out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of Phi Jeans looking this way, with a fierce and irritated look in her eyes. She shook her head back and forth in annoyance at us, as if she could easily see who had done it, before she spoke up loudly, interrupting the quarrel between the branches.

"Jeans, I made it myself."

Everything suddenly became quiet. Sister Sa turned to look at the person who had spoken, but it only made Phi Jeans speak up again.

## "Jeans was the one who ordered her to do it herself."

# Older sister

“Damn jeans!”

"I know that Jeans is not a good person, especially with someone who knew that a finance student came to hurt Kie's people,"

She changed her words immediately.

"She came to hurt the child that Jeans was taking care of, but she didn't make her own child apologize or take responsibility."

"What nonsense are you talking about?" Phi Kin started to look upset.

“No need to make a fuss. That day, a marketing student was walking to cheer practice when she was ganged up on by your students. We told you what happened so that you could warn your junior, but you just turned a deaf ear.”

"But it's not something to take out on everyone!"

"Actually, you should put the laxative in the third-year's flask," The evil man sneered.

"I guess the kid mistakenly put it in the first-year's flask. Sorry."

No matter how much I thanked Phi Jeans and sympathized with her, I have to admit that her expression and actions right now are really annoying.

Luckily, P’Kin didn't grab her by the neck because he was annoyed.

"Do you think you can do anything just because you're the dean's daughter?"

"Yes"

Ah...so villainous. “I'll see you soon.”

Phi Kin pointed at me and left me with a warning before turning back to the way he came in anger. I couldn't figure out how he planned to get revenge on his own child. All I knew was that there was already chaos here, and Phi Jae Sa called Phi Jeans over to talk to each other.

"Who knew there were CCTV cameras..."

Praewa spoke softly, smiling wryly, afraid of being caught.

.

"Drag him back and slap him, and it's over." "Bew, be gentle,"

Toey, the scared one, quickly covered her friend's mouth.

I looked at my friends in the group with annoyance, not forgetting to thank them for wanting to take revenge for me repeatedly, even though it was the wrong way and caused a lot of trouble for us.

Then I turned to look at Phi Jeans talking with Phi Sa with a serious face. She wouldn't help because she came out to protect us, right? I just found out that she went to talk to P’Kin and asked Dao, the administrator, to come and apologize to me. But coming out to make up a story to take responsibility for me and my friends, this is really too unexpected.

.

## The next day

I heard from the third year group that Phi Jeans was called in for a talk by his father.

There was no escape. Phi Kin went to complain.

I feel a little nervous about what will happen to her. In the end, if she can't bear to take responsibility, will she confess that she wasn't involved in the first place?

As for me, I have to set aside time for every 4 pm to practice new music again. The second round of competition is scheduled for about 2 weeks. This time, only 20 bands will be selected. Then, there will be the final round of the competition on Sports Day.

This time, Phi Mel was still stupid enough to choose the song herself because she was the one who helped the band get through the first round. Phi Ek waved his hand, “Whatever,” looking bored and fed up. He continued to try out his own equipment.

"Then this time, let's have a Thai song. Hmm... Let's have it be "Will You Love or Will You Be Evil?"

"As you wish,"

Said P'Wan in a formal tone.

After we agreed, Phi Mel sang a blank song for us to listen to once. I want to say briefly that I was very confused by her key and the strange fluctuating tone of her voice. During that time, I saw Phi Wan looking down and reading a message on her phone with a shocked expression. I couldn't help but tease her and ask what happened.

"News about Jeans, do you know her? The one with the trouble-making face, which faculty is her junior?"

"I know her. Why?"

I know her very well.

"I heard that her father, the university president, called her to talk."

Yes, I know a little bit, but that's all I know. The news has probably spread throughout the university. "What happened to your cheek? It looks swollen and red."

"Umm... I'm just allergic to the cream."

Phi Wan's change of subject made me hurriedly lie to save myself.

But the story of that villainous senior still makes me nervous. A minute passed by so long. It took forever to finish music practice, to go somewhere, to finish practice. None of the third-year seniors would tell us the details. She herself didn't show up to cut lemons and hand them out as usual.

I'm afraid... I'm afraid it will be like in the dramas where the father sends her dughter to study abroad when she does something wrong.

"Jeans!"

Phi Luk Mee's voice rang out, attracting the attention of those of us who had just been let go of cheer practice. Phi Jeans, whose expression was indifferent, did not indicate whether she was happy or sad, walked over to her group of friends who had been sitting and waiting with serious expressions since the afternoon.

"How are you?" “…”

"Alright, let's go back home, Channel 1!"

If a certain guy hadn't chased us away like we were chasing cows and buffaloes back to their pens, the four of us would have been nosy and listening in, just like we were used to. Bew complained about it the whole time. Until we all went our separate ways to return to the corral...meaning to return and rest.

**Luk Nai**: P'Jeans?

Oh my god, I arrived at the room and didn't even have time to shower or do my homework before I texted the other person. Do you really think the other person will reply?

Even so, the hand still didn't stop.

**Luk Nai**: I'm sorry.

**Luk Nai**: Actually, it's because of me alone. I apologize.

It's quiet... There was no response signal until I thought she was definitely angry. I just understood the moment of sitting and waiting for the other person to reply to the chat until I thought it was long, like hours, even though there had only been progress for 15 minutes.

I should take a shower, eat, and sleep.

.

### Rrrr!

Damn! When the notification popped up, I almost threw the towel and ran back to read it. Jeans: The whole group is stupid.

**Luk Nai**: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. What can I do to make amends?

**Jeans**: Stop being nosy. Luk Nai: I can't do it....

**Jeans** : Hee

**Jeans**: Let's talk about it on Monday.

The fingers that intended to type to ask about each other's well-being had to stop, delete all the messages, and type again as

**Luk Nai**: Then sweet dreams.

.

I felt strangely worthless. I expected to have a long conversation with her,

but she didn't really want to talk to me. I am the annoying, picky, and nosy one? She must be really fed up and annoyed. Thinking about it, I had to raise my hand to cover my face because I was still disappointed in myself.

.

### Rrrrrrrrr!

Just as I was about to take a shower, a ringtone rang out, making me even more irritated.

It wasn't P'Jeans because she didn't know my number. I sighed before turning around and reaching down to pick up the phone on the bed.

Then the strange number with the familiar numbers made the feeling of boredom disappear. The number I had been waiting for but didn't know if it was that person or not, now it's called back.

## Sister's number.

.

## Late Night.

My heart was pounding. I raised my free hand to press on my chest, suppressing my over- excitement. However, the saliva in my throat seemed hard to swallow. Damn it. Was I dreaming? That number called me back after I had been the one buying for a long time.

[...]

The line was quiet. I didn't even dare to say anything. [Is this the number that called that day?]

The almost familiar voice, faintly filled with nervousness, almost like a bullet shooting straight into my heart, made me lie down and hug my pillow.

I don't know for sure if the person who spoke was really my sister, but just

because she was a woman, I felt indescribable joy. Some part of me shouted that it was definitely her, it was definitely her!

I took a deep breath to calm myself.

“Yes, um... yes, my sister... who used to study piano. ” [Are you Kaem Sai?]

" Yes, it's Kaem Sai."

It was the most innocent-sounding answer I've ever given to a phone call in my life.

"Is that really your sister!?" [ ]

“I’m sorry, I was just a little excited.” [Yes, my sister]

As if I could sense that the owner of the voice was smiling faintly, with warm eyes, I closed my eyes and thought of the time when she would pinch my cheeks. It was a pity that I had to open my eyes wide first because I realized that I had been slapped and it still hurt.

(Nong Kaem Sai where did you get my number?)

“I asked Teacher Panwad for this. At first, I thought you had changed your number. I called you several times and you didn’t answer…”

[It's busy]

It's okay, as long as God allows the owner of the number to be you, I don't know what else I can ask for.

"How are you, big sister? I'm in university now. You still play the piano, just like before."

I was so excited and happy that I almost couldn't stop myself. "

"And I miss you so much, big sister."

[...]

“Can we meet?” [ ]

"Umm to my sister."

[That's all for now. I'll call you later.] “Wait, what's your sister's name?

### Beep...

The line was suddenly cut off. I was angry that I didn't ask this question first. What the hell was going on for so long? Now that I'm trying to call back, it seems like I'm talking nonsense.

My sister herself said, “I’ll call you later.”

Your voice sounds so familiar… but it’s still as soft as the original. My mother forced me to learn the piano. I don’t want to play it at all.

"Does that mean you don't like playing with me?" "No,

"My sister said it herself."

## I love Piano who has clear cheeks.

Then, when I was in the fifth grade, I smiled so hard my cheeks almost split open and my eyes squinted at the people who spoke. My older sister reached out and pinched my cheek lightly, playing with me affectionately.

We would have known each other better if we were in the same year, if there were more frequent class reunions, if the 10th and 12th year practice rooms didn't have to be separated, and if fate would help someone ask each other's names.

It's so bad, my heart is broken, We are just memories, or maybe she don't care about me at all.

.

## Sunday

“What a coincidence.”

I was startled by the deep voice that greeted me. Peach smiled fondly at this puzzled face before the tall figure holding a basket walked into the dorm's laundry room to take care some of his own clothes. Everyone would be shocked. I was sitting there stuffing clothes into the washing machine when suddenly it appeared out of nowhere.

“Um. Coincidentally,”

I replied with a wry smile. It was just that the two of us had enough free time to stand and wait for the clothes to be dried. It was a bit awkward because there was no one else in the room.

“I’ll definitely go see the next show,” He probably meant the band.

“Thanks, but if you have to skip school, don’t.” “It’s okay, really.”

“Are you crazy? How can it be okay?”

"Because it's you... no matter what it is, I'll do it."

I think he looks determined with the strange sentence, “If you don’t understand the lesson, don’t come here.” "I'm sorry,"

I said casually. However, he showed no sign of changing intention, and also asked why the main singer was not me. That is harder to explain than teaching math to high school students.

To be honest, if Phi Mel is the leader in the band, it seems like I am slandering her. So let's do it indirectly.

"Pho Mel wants to be prominent."

Okay, this way she doesn't look so bad. Peach laughed openly. "I don't know if she's prominent or not. We only look at you."

If these words had come out of Phi Jeans' vicious mouth, my heart would have been beating so fast that I would have reached Mars. But because the person who said it was my friend, Peach, I don't know how my mind could have thought of that guy.

"Have you ever had a crush on someone and not had the courage to tell them?"

The soft words and the worried look on Peach’s face made me stop my hand from taking the cloth out of the machine. He suddenly said something like this when my mind was in a state of confusion.

I may not like girls, but I may like the evil P’Jeans.

Maybe it has to be P’Jeans. No way. It's unlikely. We can't seem to get along. That P’Jeans hates me like she's always hated me. In fact, it's like she's not friendly with anyone other than her seniors or her group of friends.

Especially me.

There's no way she likes me. No way. "I don't know, Peach. We're not sure." That's the answer I can give him now.

# Bad Guy

## Monday

Monday has arrived! "I'll be right back." "Where are you going?"

My best friend asked. I would answer later and let her see the situation for herself because my nosy friend would definitely turn to follow at my every move.

I walked to the beverage shop in the cafeteria where we were staying.

“I’d like a blended cocoa with whipped cream and caramel drizzle… er… no caramel, I’d like chocolate drizzle instead.”

Damn it, I didn't want "Caramel" to mess with P’Jeans even with the food. The owner of the shop skillfully prepared the menu. During that time, I kept looking around to see if the four people at the corner of the cafeteria had left yet. Luckily, they were more interested in sitting and chatting than rushing to eat breakfast.

"I got it." “How much?” "60 bath."

I've never invested in anything that wouldn't give me a return. If it weren't for the guilt that my father called me in for a talk because of us, I wouldn't

have had the nerve to buy it just to walk stupidly to the table. “What?”

Phi Fang asked in a stern voice, looking at the glass of cocoa I had placed there with distrust.

“I brought it for Phi Jeans...”

"Did you put some medicine on it?"

This is another person. Phi Luk Mee made a frightened face. "I didn't put any!"

But the cute one pouted.

“How can I trust a freshman who made that Jeans fall into disrepute?” "Underdog?"

"Hee! Because of you, Jeans got her car confiscated, got a curfew, got grounded, and had her pocket money deducted. You little brat!"

"Never mind, I did it myself."

She interrupted her to prevent Phi Luk Mee from getting any angrier. She reached out to grab the cup of cocoa I had set aside and drank it without even looking at me. I couldn't say anything. My faults had caused her to be punished in so many ways.

What should I do? Do you hate me even more than before?

"What are you standing there looking at? You're done with the stuff and then you go and criticize."

Suddenly, Phi Four, who had been quiet for a long time, started to scold me in an irritated voice, with Phi Fang casually adding something.

"And if you find out what's in the water, you'll be in trouble."

You're really as fierce as a tiger. I just want to say something to Phi Jeans. You said you'd talk about it today, but today we haven't even looked at each other. I feel strangely empty inside. What's wrong with you? Have I done something wrong or offended you?

Walking absent-mindedly back to the table, before we could even sit down, the foulmouthed Praewa teased in a sweet voice,

“I thought you were going somewhere. Turns out you were bringing water to the senior you have a crush on.”

"What the hell do you like? You're talking nonsense. Do you know that your plan caused Phi Jeans to be punished by her father?"

"Huh? What punishment?"

“Seize the car, put on curfew, confine the house, and deduct money from pocket money. Is that enough?”

She said, echoing her friends in the group.

“I really want to thank and apologize to her…”

Toey shrugged, swallowing. She couldn’t finish her breakfast.

“Actually, it was my plan. I just wanted to do something so that you wouldn’t get slapped for nothing.

"Oh, Toey, don't be sad. I appreciate your stupid goodwill anyway."

It turned out that we all hugged and comforted Toey who was about to cry instead. See? When I wanted to get angry, I couldn't get angry at them. The real cause was all because of me.

We talked like we usually do in the morning, about other people, about seniors, or anything related to people in the university that had nothing to do with me. I forgot to glance at the group of seniors from Jeans. They were talking with expressions like,

"It's not fair!"

But the one who was being punished seemed to have resigned herself to it. She scooped some whipped cream on top of her cocoa and ate it. And at that moment I couldn't help but stare at her thin lips that were smeared with food.

The more I licked my lips, the more embarrassed I became. "Hey, what's wrong?"

I calmed down when my friend bumped my shoulder and asked. "Nothing"

“Since this morning, I’ve seen you trying to flirt with P’Jeans nonstop.”

“What the hell are you flirting about? How many times do I have to tell you that I don’t like women?”

"You don't like women, but you like P'Jeans, right?" "Nonsense."

I shook my head, annoyed with my best friend. I picked up the empty plate of rice and was about to put it down. The other three quickly stacked their plates on top because they were too lazy to get up and put them away in the sink. However, that foulmouthed Praewa still didn't stop annoying me.

.

“Make things right with Peach. Tell them that even though you like bad guys, men and goodness are not your way.”

"You’re going to get kicked. Shut your mouth."

I was so annoyed with her that I had to give her a hard shoulder shove before walking out. P’Mel called and said that she would go to practice with us this evening as usual. We would practice for two weeks until the

next competition. I shouldn't have passed the selection. I feel like a burden to this group.

I stopped by the bathroom to wash my hands without thinking. A familiar tall figure walked in, carrying an empty cup of cocoa, and I turned to look at her involuntarily. Before I realized that it was inappropriate. How could I know that the other person had entered and turned around immediately?

Wings!

P’Jeans threw the empty glass into the trash can before walking to wash her hands at the sink next door. Every move I made was watched through the mirror. The lips under the red lipstick said...

"Thanks." "Huh? Oh...yes."

"The cost of the porridge?" "Just a thank you."

“Next time, don’t put pearls in your thank you. I don’t like it. I’m too lazy to chew it.”

"Yes, P’Jeans,"

I answered with a sweet smile. I saw that she had finished washing her hands and was turning to get a tissue to dry them. I didn't want to miss the opportunity to chat, so I quickly blurted out something to talk about.

"Then, how do you come to school without a car?” "I took a taxi,"

She replied without even looking me in the eye. “Is your house near here?”

The other party answered in the village area. That was the area of the rich people, so I couldn’t help but be shocked.

“Wow, if you take a taxi, it would be expensive every day. Why don’t I take the train and then the bus?”

"I don't know how to ride." "I can teach you."

"Do you want to teach or do you want to interfere?" “…”

The tissue was thrown into the trash can before the tall girl turned to look at me with her arms crossed, leaning against the wall. Even P'Jean didn't seem to want to end our conversation.

"So what should I do if I take the train?"

"Well... I'll call you when I come to class tomorrow. Give me your number." "Let's say I don't understand and miss my class."

That would be too lame. Or are the people talking just annoying?

"None of my friends have their own cars. Their dorms are nearby. How can I go there in time to pick you up?"

Obviously, annoying.

The loser didn't say anything, but walked towards me as if she wanted to cause trouble. Unlike the previous times, this time I didn't back down like I usually do, but I was ready if that sharp nose really wanted to hit me. If I got any closer, she would probably be the one to look away like usual.

“What do you want from me?”

Her eyes were full of eyelashes, drawing attention to her, causing her to look up again.

“Do you want to get close or just catch me out for what I did to you?” “…”

## "Answer me!"

Do you think you can make me as good as last time? It's changed, P’Jeans.

“Let’s go eat congee at the shop where you used to buy it and then go back to the university together. That way, it will teach you how to ride a bus. I will also get to know that congee shop. It’s a win-win situation for both parties.”

My beautiful eyebrows furrowed heavily with anger and incomprehension. P’Jeans must have been madly irritated by me raising my voice. But the result was that I answered the question with a cheerful voice and a wide smile that made it look annoying.

“I really want to eat that congee.” "Naughty kid."

"Are you going to agree?" “I’m annoyed.”

The owner of the beautiful face pulled away, turned around and walked away stubbornly. But before she could really step out of the bathroom, the tall girl stopped for some reason. She spoke in a stern voice,

“I’m not free today. Let’s do it on Thursday.” "Really?"

Without waiting for me to be happy and ask again, the other party just walked away. I stood there in front of the bathroom mirror, embarrassed in front of a woman who opened the door and saw me smiling to myself. My heart was pumping with happiness when the loser agreed. Or was it true that Praewa, the good girl, was joking around?

## The thing is that I like bad guys and that guy is a woman.

.

“We skipped cheer practice to buy new shirts?” “Huh?”

I raised my index finger to silence my best friend. We can’t tell if there are seniors from the faculty wandering around here. It’s a market only held on Mondays and Fridays next to the nursing faculty building.

“I’m telling you to come help choose, not to come here. You’re just talking too much.”

"Then will Bew and Toey be able to lie about where we went?" “Never mind. Just missing a couple of times won’t kill you.”

“Yes, my lady. And you dragged me here like this? Can you tell me what you’re wearing? I heard your wardrobe is almost overflowing, right?”

Praewa’s question made me look away from her without knowing what to say. I acted like I didn’t know anything and turned to look at the nearest clothes shop. She couldn’t help but walk in front of me.

“Oh, come on. Don’t tell me you have an appointment with Peach.” I rolled my eyes.

“You’re so lazy even replying to my chats.”

“Oh, oh, oh! Don’t tell me you’re going with P’Jeans!?”

“Praewa, shut up!” “That means yes… Uh!”

Because of the force of my mouth grip, she couldn’t say anything crazy anymore. I glared at her.

“Come help me choose. Don’t ask why. Understand?” “If you understand, then ask in the chat.”

"Good."

When I finally became able to speak properly, Praewa helped me find clothes that were suitable for just “teaching how to get on the bus” and just “eating porridge.”

I told her that everything had to be minimal but more, simple but elegant, beautiful but not excessive, and in any way, without the other person knowing how much I was serious about this appointment.

“Is this one beautiful?”

"It's beautiful. It's the shirt, not the skirt."

This damn friend: "Then I won't take it. I'll choose the one that looks good on me."

"You're being too picky. You just went out with a senior girl. Oh, oh... admit it. You like her.”

"It's not over yet, you know."

I walked away to the plain T-shirt section. Speaking of which, wearing a plain shirt with cute denim overalls wouldn't look so bad, maybe.

Braid a single braid to match the look, wear a backwards cap to look age- appropriate, and for the rest, rely on light makeup. Imagine it, it looks like a lot of Korean style.

"How about this one?"

I turned to where Praewa had called and found a white round neck T-shirt with a pink cat pattern. The highlight was the soft fur on the cat pattern that tickled me a little. I opened my mouth and exclaimed "wow" and my eyes sparkled immediately. It must match the pastel-colored hat in my wardrobe.

“So cute! I want this one.”

After paying, the two of us decided to skip practice for the whole afternoon. At four o'clock, I had to go to music practice, so my best friend followed me and waited in front of the room.

In the meantime, she played on her phone while waiting. Today, P’Mel wasn't in a bad mood. Maybe because there was no harmony in this song. She showed off her full vocal power all by herself.

Today's rehearsal ended. I walked Praewa to the car to go home as usual. She called the driver to pick her up earlier than usual, claiming that her senior had let her go early. Then I walked back to the dorm alone, having to avoid the crowd and not let the people at the stand see me. It was good.

Today I could go back to sleep and be lazy earlier than usual.

I picked up my phone to check out the news on social media. A notification caught my attention and I clicked to open it.

"Jeans Yolsima liked your photo 22 minutes ago."

I wouldn't have thought anything if it was a picture I had just changed my profile picture last week or the latest post about today's lunch, but it was a picture I had posted since I applied for university.

That was months ago. My pose when I took a selfie after submitting my application, with a sweet smile and two fingers up, with a caption.

“Apply to a famous university. Will I get to study here? We have to wait and see.”

What happened that made P’Jeans like the old picture from a long time ago?

Or maybe you were secretly looking at my Facebook and accidentally did it too?

# I've got goosebumps

## Thursday

It was a beautiful day, the world was bright since I woke up at 5 am. Luckily, I didn't have any classes today. I took a shower, put on makeup, got dressed, and did my hair until around 8 am. After I finished, I chatted with the person I had made an appointment with.

**Luk Nai**: Where are you?

**Luk Nai**: I'm finished getting dressed.

**Jeans**: Wait a minute. Meet me at the faculty cafeteria at 9:30. I'll wait to submit my homework to the teacher first.

**Luk Nai**: Do you have class? Jeans: Yes.

**Luk Nai:** Do you have class? Why did you make an appointment today?

**Jeans**: I skipped class because the teacher didn't take attendance.

**Luk Nai:** It's not good.

**Jeans**: You still skipped practice.

Oh! If I argue, it will really getting to me. I bared my fangs at my phone screen before sending an angry emoji to Phi Jeans. She read it but didn't reply. In the end, she rushed over.

That's all. The bad-mannered person is waiting to submit her homework. Am I the only one who feels excited?

At half past nine at Phi Jeans' house, the long hand is pointing to the number 11 or something. I sat there, sighing, and breathing for the millionth time. Why should I be excited when the other person doesn't even care about me?

If I have a class today, why would I even bother to make an appointment? Thinking about it makes me mad.

There was a sound of footsteps behind me. I quickly turned to see if it was the person I was waiting for. It was Phi Jeans, in a casual outfit of a long- sleeved shirt and dark jeans with some rips. She was standing and taking a breath, as if she had run as fast as she could.

“The teacher asked me to explain the midterm project, so I was late.” "Don't you wear your student uniform to school?"

“It’s my third year already. The teacher doesn’t really force me,” She said curtly.

“So, where are we going?”

"Are you sure it's okay to skip class like this?"

"If you say it's not you, even if it is, I'll say you're the cause." “You-“

"So, can we go yet, pretty one?"

The sarcastic question made me swallow my curse immediately. I was embarrassed, but not completely. Her pretty face looked like she didn't mean to compliment me. But at least it made me feel a little bit that the choice of clothes and hair wasn't that bad.

"Let's...let's go, P’Jeans." “Oh, that’s it.”

The speaker shrugged, her narrow eyes looking at each other from head to toe. Before the tall girl walked ahead, she spoke softly, casually,

“Do you think it’s cute?”

I hurriedly walked beside the mean-mouthed person, turning to ask, “Isn’t it cute?”

“No”

"So what should I do to be cute?"

P’Jeans stopped walking, which made me stop walking. A slender hand reached up and tucked my hair behind my ear before brushing the single braid from the back to the side instead.

"Um, cute."

A short sentence, just a short sentence from the mouth of a woman who has always been mean to me.

*Hmm, cute. So cute. cute*

*cute...*

.

From now on, I have to live with the villain in front of me all day because of my own decision. How can I endure it when that pair of eyes seems to be spinning my head and taking my breath away easily?

I lowered my head to avoid eye contact with the other person. I continued to stare at her, my cheeks probably competing with the heat. My legs hurried and I walked ahead of my senior. She walked with her hands in her pockets and stood behind her, not too far behind.

She drove me crazy. That pair of eyes made the person looking at her go crazy.

"If we don't take a taxi, what do we do next?"

She asked when we stood under the sky bridge in front of the university. "W-waiting for the bus."

“How many minutes?” “Every 20 minutes.”

“That’s strange. You haven’t even studied for a year and you know better than me.”

"You’re a bad Phi.” "..."

The person who was being scolded immediately turned to glare at me. Damn it, I got an inch instead of an elbow. I was about to open my mouth to apologize, but it was too late.

P’Jeans reached out her hand while I quickly closed my eyes tightly, afraid that she would slap me in the mouth.

Damn it! It shouldn't have been a screw gun! But it was a light touch on the cheek. “You're so good with your mouth."

.

I slowly opened my eyes one by one. Her red lips smiled faintly, and her eyes narrowed with the same non-threatening gaze as usual.

“Is that the one?”

A beautiful face nodded towards my back, inviting me to look back. I shook off the evil thoughts from my head and turned back to see if the bus in question was the one we would be taking.

“Ah, yes, this one.”

"Okay, fine. I'm too lazy to stand for long."

Phi Jeans intentionally stood there watching me get in the car before she stepped onto the stairs. However, the bus started moving before she could stand firmly on her feet. Her tall figure fell and hit her knee hard on the floor of the bus, causing everyone sitting and standing to turn to look at her. She gritted her teeth to prevent her screams from coming out.

Oh, young lady.

“We don't have any seats.” "How do you stand?" “Stand?”

After standing and holding onto the seat as a support, the idiot tilted her head and looked confused.

“If there are not enough seats, why would they stop to pick us up?” "When there aren't enough seats, everyone stands. Where have you been?" “I’ve seen it in movies before, but I didn’t think it would be normal.”

There is a huge misunderstanding here. I guess she thought that the incident of standing and holding onto a bus is a situation that sometimes happens, without knowing that at the time in high school, I had to deal with these things all the time. If I woke up early but didn't make it in time, I would still be standing.

I held onto the seat because I wasn't tall enough to hold onto the railing at the time. I squinted and saw that Jeans's arms could easily reach the railing

of the bus. She covered up her foolishness from getting on it for the first time and fell to the ground by picking up her phone and scrolling through her feed.

“Who paid?”

"The one who invited me"

Said a calm voice without looking up.

I paid the conductor who came to ask for the destination and collected the money before shamelessly letting the ignorant person ride for free. And as I said, the other person was just killing time by looking at her phone, so I had to turn away and save myself by holding on to the railing.

"I hope you don't fall and catch the frog when you riding alone."

Before I could finish, her hot breath brushed my right earlobe, and a soft voice that I had never heard from the other party was uttered.

"You too, don't miss out."

*Goosebumps...*

When the harsh voice changed to a soft whisper, it made me feel a ticklish feeling that I couldn't describe. I would never fall for the trick and turn to look into those eyes. If I accidentally did... I would definitely go crazy.

"Oh!"

Could there be anything worse? I hadn't even been teasing the loser for a minute when the bus suddenly changed lanes and I hit the person behind me.

A soft "Hee!" sound rang out. P’Jeans chuckled mockingly in her throat. I was inwardly embarrassed, but I was caught off guard when a warm sensation formed on my waist from the villain's loosely held left arm.

"I told you not to miss it."

What the heck? Is this going to help me not stumble again? Or are you afraid of stumbling yourself? When it comes to you, I can't guess what you're thinking.

## Thump thump thump.

Be honest with yourself, my child. Just admit it, I like you. Damn it! Why does it have to be such a bad guy?

When I got off at the stop closest to the train, I taught her how to get there, from exchanging coins to putting them in at the entrance, to standing and waiting for the door to open.

But I didn't actually go inside, I just described it in detail. Oh my god, none of her friends knew anything about this. Phi Lukmee was well taken care of by her family, Phi Four was no different from Phi Jeans who was a spoiled child, and Phi Fang only took the songthaew and van.

None of them were good enough. They were a gang of terrible serpents.

“It’s complicated. Is there anything easier?”

“It’s the cheapest way. Don’t you also get your pocket money deducted?” "..."

Phi Jeans sighed and rolled her eyes. Her beautiful face turned away, unable to argue.

"And where is that porridge shop?"

"The area of the mall where we just took the bus, we have to walk back to get it."

"Yes"

“Seriously, what’s wrong with you that you look so happy? Did you think you were on a date or something?”

The surroundings seemed to be no longer important to us. P’Jeans pursed her lips to suppress her emotions and avoided eye contact. She looked flustered after recounting what she had said strangely. Those fierce eyes showed signs of nervousness.

“Forget what I just said and follow me,” She said, her voice firm as usual.

Everything seemed to be going well. I followed her out of the train station, trying to keep up with her pace so that I could walk beside her as if we were together. If I followed behind her, she would think I was the one who was setting her up.

But alas...

The man and woman in front of her were several meters away, causing P’Jeans' feet to stop. They were happily interested in each other, arm in arm like a sweet couple.

An event like this wouldn't have made the tall figure I came with stop and stare at me if it weren't for the two strangers and Phi Mel.

# 24.If This Love

"P'Jeans. "

She was absent-minded and that was something I was a little worried about. not small, but big. So big that I had to shake the tall girl's arm. It

was like she was unconscious and lost in the sight of her ex-girlfriend with his new man.

Suddenly, she started walking faster. "Where are you going, Phi Jeans?"

The tall figure immediately turned her course towards the two people. Looking from the side, I could tell how much she was gritting her teeth to suppress her anger. Oh no, she hadn't even forgotten about Phi Mel yet.

How could she seem to not care? In reality, she was still jealous and waiting for the day that old embers would rekindle. My heart, which was once swollen, was starting to sag. I could only half-walk, half-run after the other person.

"Mel!"

As soon as she stood in front of the enviable couple, a stern voice called out P'Mel's name, unable to stand it any longer.

## "You have money to go out with men. When will you pay back the 300 you borrowed?"

Uh...

"Or do I have to report it to the police?"

Shit, a real person!

I turned my gaze from the solemn face of the person I had come with to hiP Mel's face, which was pale and embarrassed by the man she was holding in her arm. She gave him a dry smile.

"Sweetheart, I borrowed money back from my friend first."

In the end, Phi Mel borrowed money from the man who came with her to pay back her ex-girlfriend, Phi Jeans. The evil girl took it and put it in her bag with a swagger before putting her arm around my shoulder. Her face looked better with the extra three hundred baht.

"Let me pay for it."

Wow, Phi should have thought of that since you let me pay for the bus fare, Phi Jeans.

I decided to speak up after we were past the two of them. "I thought you were secretly jealous of Phi Mel..." "Nonsense."

"Can you really accept this?"

"You ask a lot of questions. Is your mom a journalist?" "How do you know?"

"..."

The person who was hugging me nicely pulled away in exasperation.

"Let's just say I'm not jealous of that girl. Let's just say we broke up. It's a blessing. Otherwise, it would be like living in hell."

I understand this point doesn't need much explanation, I understand it well. Phi Mel is a two-faced person, doesn't take responsibility easily, and her

mood swings like the sea.

Especially with a cruel person like Phi Jeans, when paired with her, I can't imagine how they would find a way to get along.

The porridge shop in question is located on a walking street that opens in the evening. So it was worth our having to walk all the way here. The walking street opens at four in the afternoon. It wasn't even noon yet. Phi Jeans looked annoyed.

"Sorry, I forgot the shop isn't open yet."

"It's okay. I already know the place. I can come by myself another day." It seemed like we would have to part ways here.

I forced a smile and was about to say goodbye. In any case, Phi Jeans would go straight home. As for me, I went back to the dorm as usual and went back to sleep, completely exhausted.

I wanted to...

.

.

"Just a few hours, can we just walk around the mall and wait for the store to open?"

"Huh?"

I mean "Can we?" "Why can't we?"

It seemed to make the beautiful pair of eyebrows furrow again. "Do you just think that I'm bored with your face or something?"

I said with my head down. The other party was silent for a while, then decided to come out.

"Oh, well, since we're here anyway."

After she finished speaking, she walked ahead towards the large shopping mall next to this walking street. Once again, I sped up my pace, following her. The taller one slowed down and turned around to wait for us to walk together. I gave P'Jeans a sweet smile, and she, as usual, ignored my smile.

"Walk faster."

"Yes, I'm in a hurry." "Slowdown."

"So you're not bored with me, right?" "What?"

Oh!

The sound seemed to invite trouble, and the look was even worse. I asked again,

"Phi, you're not tired of seeing me, are you?"

The senior was silent for longer than the time I told her I was going back to the dorm.

This time, she tried to avert her gaze, her mind focused on something else, before walking away without saying anything and leaving me speechless.

"Actually, I'm not that bored with you..."

.

.

Even though she just got the money back from the debtor and offered to treat me, the other party still made me treat her to donuts because I wasted her time studying. What a fool!

.

.

Who chose this day? Who skipped class and said it was okay? In the end, I was always the one in the wrong. I could only sigh and walk with my shoulders slumped.

Why are you mad? And who will coax you?

While I was walking around choosing a novel in a bookstore, intending to read it for fun, during my free time, Phi Jeans, who had just returned from throwing away the bag of donuts, came and stood beside me, crossing her arms and asking me, staring at me without taking her eyes off me.

"Where are you going this semester break? Go home or stay at the dorm?" "Probably go home."

"Is your house in Bangkok or another province?" "Bangkok, near the suburbs."

Finally, I had the interesting novel that I had been looking for a long time in my hands. I grabbed the book and held it before turning to argue with my senior.

"Why are you asking this, do you want to be a gossip, too?" "No, when I get annoyed, I'll follow you home to play."

"I heard you were under curfew and grounded," I raised my eyebrows.

"Hurry up and pay the bill and let's go get lunch. It's past noon and I'm hungry."

People like to find excuses to avoid the topic.

I knew that if I irritated those narrow eyes, they would definitely glare at me again, so I obediently followed the instructions and went to pay for the novel and walked out of the store to the food area. We agreed that we would go our separate ways.

Whoever finished first would find a table to sit at. I stood in line waiting for crispy noodles with rad na, while Phi Jeans bought stir- fried rice with basil from the shop next door and went to sit down and eat comfortably.

.

### Rrrr!

**Praewa**: Was your date with P'Jeans fun?

**Luk Nai**: It was fun.

**Praewa**: Oh, so you're not going to scold me anymore?

**Luk Nai:** Why?

**Praewa**: You told me yourselfself that you don't like women. You also said that it's not a date. I just said hi to you as a joke. I thought you were going to curse me like usual.

**Luk Nai**: I don't know. It's like I'm just being honest with myself.

**Praewa:** What! Tell me quickly! "You can pour it on your face." "Oh... okay."

I had to put away my phone to receive the almost overflowing plate of food. I stiffly walked to the table where P'Jeans was sitting, putting the plate down and turning around to pick it up.

"I've brought it."

Phi Jeans' voice stopped me. I turned to look at the tray that she had set out. There was a spoon and a pair of forks. I just noticed.

"Thank you."

Do good things with her too.

After eating and sitting across from each other for a while, the atmosphere became so quiet, as if they really didn't know me or her.

"In conclusion, it's about you and P'Mel." "I've come to terms with it,"

She snapped back.

"I was the one who broke up with her. I just felt that our relationship wasn't right, so..."

"Replay,"

We accidentally said at the same time. It was a word that Phi Jeans had posted on Facebook last year, which I had been following up on.

"Hmm, going back to being just acquaintances isn't so bad." "..."

"Are you satisfied with what I've told you?"

"Not exactly. I was just wondering if you have someone you like right now."

"Busy!"

I should have known the answer would be something like this. "Just asking. "

Then that mean girl didn't talk to me until after lunch.

In the afternoon, after lunch, I wondered what the four hours would be wasted on. It was a waste of time. Of course, teenagers would choose to watch movies, and the movie they chose was more than three hours long, which made the cool girl Jeans turn pale and float as she walked out of the theater.

"I just found out you're afraid of ghosts."

"Don't fool people by saying it's an alien movie again. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be standing here smiling."

"I think other people should be kinder than you. At least they don't give me a fierce look."

The beautiful face shook in annoyance. "I'm annoyed with you."

The tall girl walked ahead and spoke in a stern voice. "Let's go. The porridge shop is open by now."

I was suspicious that she liked to change the subject.

## 4:12 p.m.

"Younger sister, Miss Jean?" "A duckling. Follow me."

Hearing that, I quickly turned to look at the mean person. She answered the old lady. The shop owner couldn't help but chuckle again. I was about to open my mouth to object, but Phi Jeans interrupted me by ordering two bags of porridge. My objection had to be changed to a question.

"Oh, aren't we going to sit and eat here?" "Curfew."

Oh, so you have to hurry home.

"Next time, should we come and eat together?"

"I know the place. Next time, come and eat by yourself." "I just want to eat porridge... with you."

"What's up?"

I let the other person look puzzled and surprised, not caring how much the evil senior tilted her head and frowned at me. If she could bite my head, she would have done it.

Just kidding, why are you being so serious?

Grandma's voice saying that the two bags of porridge were ready made Phi Jeans have to lose interest, take out money from her pocket, and pay for them without even asking.

"We separate here, right?" "Hmm."

"Go home safely. Be careful not to fall and catch another frog."

"It's annoying, is that what you're going to say? I know you're annoying. Being told off, her thin lips gave up and were about to argue. In the end, she gave me both bags of porridge she ordered because she wasn't hungry anymore.

"Then I'll go."

The villainous scumbags averted her gaze and raised her hands to scratch her necks.

"Go back to your dorm safely. Don't meddle in other people's business." Huh?

It seems cute, but it's more like a fake insult.

.

.

Well, at least those bad goodbyes made me smile to myself.

Although I suggested that P'Jeans take the bus or the train, because I was too lazy to stand and wait and had a lot of pocket money, unlike some rich kids who got their money cut, I decided to just stand and hail a taxi back to the university.

.

### Rrrr!

And suddenly, my "older sister's" number called first. I answered it without thinking too much.

"Hello..."

The noise on the other end of the line was quite noisy. Even though the other person hadn't said anything, I could guess how many people there were.

[Where is Kaem Sai?]

"Um... It's at the walking street market next to the mall near the BTS." [...]

Yes, my sister was silent, but it was a silence that showed that the other party was running or moving quickly.

"Sister?" [...]

"Are you still on the phone?" [...]

"Then I won't hang up yet..."

I stopped my feet to go and hail a taxi. There was a large ice cream shop right at this point. As I turned around to look around, I bumped into people who should have gone to exchange coins to get on the train by now.

Surprisingly, my sister's line was suddenly cut off.

While the person in front of me was panting, looking at each other with shocked and astonished eyes.

## "P'Jeans, aren't you coming back yet?"

# 25. With someone

"P'Jeans, aren't you coming back yet?" "I..."

"Huh?"

"I'm going back."

It doesn't look like P'Jeans at all. She looks absent-minded, but it's a kind of absent- mindedness that keeps her staring at me. No, it's time to tease her back,

"Who the hell is following me like a duckling?"

I thought she would be angry, it would be like a little tug of a tiger's whiskers, but I was wrong. My super villain stood there thinking to herself for a while before turning around and walking back towards the BTS station like when we separated. What's wrong with you, P'Jeans?

My sister's phone dropped. Villain.

Finally decided to call back, but my sister hung up and turned off her phone. Oh my god, it's not easy to talk to her. It's hard to contact her, and I don't even know her name.

"Dammit."

I bowed my head and cursed, giving up on trying to contact the other party. Maybe she really wasn't available. If that was the case, what could I do?

"Like it or don't like it?" "I like maybe."

Followed by a loud snort, Praewa smiled and gently pushed my cheek with her index finger.

"I told you, that's why you like the bad guy."

.

"If you like them, go for it. If you like them, go for it-."

Toey and Bew sang together. Was it right or wrong to invite them to the dorm? It made me feel embarrassed and buried my face in the pillow and shook my head back and forth. Stop teasing each other already.

"Seriously, Luk Nai? I want to know when did you start to like her?" Bew asked with full curiosity.

"I don't know. I don't know when it happened."

I just know that the fierceness in those eyes, the fierce tone and the fierce manner that I hated so much at first, all made my heart beat faster, and it beat even faster when the evil person suddenly showed some weakness even though she was putting on airs.

"So what are you going to do next?" "I don't know."

"You don't know anything at all, my friend."

My best friend made an annoyed face and put her arm around my neck. "As Bew and Toey said."

"?"

The good guy smiled slyly. "If you like it, go for it." "..."

Just hearing it makes my face heat up. "But if you're in a hurry, then flirt hard." What do you think of me?

.

.

## Saturday

"Little bird, fly into the sky, you are playing in the wind, admiring the heart!"

The slow and steady song was changed into a shrill shout. The third-year senior was afraid that it would not be as loud as the two stands on either side, so he took out his drum set to play the rhythm. The rocking of the senior who had nothing fun to do before.

.

It's a problem for the first year. It's the drums too. We have to scream twice as loud as the voices. Plus, today, when we should be resting, we're called to practice before noon. It's because the third year seniors have something to do on Monday. They don't have time to be in charge of the stand. That day, we will be free and relaxed.

"Where did that Jeans go? I already made an appointment with her to come to the university today."

"There she is, she's here."

I turned to follow the conversation between Phi Sa and a third-year senior. I saw Phi Jeans wearing a purple Faculty of Management shirt over a t-shirt and white tight pants. She was walking from the library building. She was dressed like this, which made me smile in a different way.

"That's good, Jeans. Let's go buy some things." "What are you buying?"

"Lunchbox, the regular restaurant in the university that used to be open every day, just closed."

"But Jeans doesn't have a car."

When she refers to herself like this to Jae Sa, she sounds like a stubborn child.

"Take my motorcycle,"

Jae Sa took out the money and counted it along with the key, a Mickey Mouse doll, and a motorcycle.

"I'll find a younger sibling to help carry stuff." Note: what is this?

Pick me, pick me, pick me, pick me Pick me Pick me Pick me Up! "Jeans will call Fang."

Damn it!!

She took the money from Jaesa and pressed the phone to call her friend. She waited for the line and went to sit on the chair behind the stand for a long time. The other party didn't seem to have an answer. Praewa lightly elbowed me to tease me because I kept looking at P'Jeans.

"Make it a little less. You're here to practice cheering, not to spy on your seniors."

.

.

"Crazy bastard."

I got back to pay intention in practicing cheer songs when my seniors scolded me. I went back to the stage of shouting and singing in competition with the drum set. Oh my god, I knew that I was close to my friends in the group, but Phi Sa herself told me to take my younger sister to help. She could call on me to do my work.

"I'm not going yet, Jeans. It's almost noon." "Fang is busy."

"I told you to find a younger sibling." "Oh, sister, I'm going."

The owner's voice answered and got closer and closer. The next thing I knew, I saw a tall figure in a shop shirt leaning against a stand, looking coolly at the people practicing soccer in the middle of the field. Fortunately or unfortunately, my seat was at the very edge, and we only had a reinforced purple steel frame separating us.

"Come help me."

She didn't even look this way when she was talking to someone. "Did you hear what I said?"

Who does Phi Jeans mean? Why didn't you mention her name? "Help me carry some stuff. Did you hear what Sister Sa just said?"

She couldn't stand it anymore and turned to meet my gaze. Her expression, her eyes, and her frown indicated that she was looking for trouble because

the person she was talking to didn't answer. If she really meant me, why didn't she call me "Luk Nai"?

"Are you talking to me, P'Jeans?"

The voice asked in a casual way, not from me, but from my good friend, Praewa, who had pointed at herself with a deadpan expression. P'Jeans turned to look at her and made a face of embarrassment.

"Praewa, you talked to your friend, Luk Nai?" "..."

"Hey, where's that girl? I think she told you to help carry stuff. Why are you sitting there like an idiot?"

If it pushed me down and hit P'Jeans, Praewa would have done it. PJeans didn't accept or reject it. She said that she would go get the car first. That meant that her answer was,

"Yes, Luk Nai do I mean?" "What the hell are you doing?"

"Make my friends happy, huh? Haha." "You want me to ride pillion with her..."

"Come on, don't you see that she also wants to go with you? When I offered to do it, she looked speechless."

"..."

"Maybe, P'Jeans might like you too."

"Nonsense. If you're that mean to me, I'd probably have strangled you already."

"I think you've softened up since you lost the staring game."

"Nonsense..."

After chatting with Praewa for a short while, the person who said she would come soon rode her brand new motorbike to park beside the football field not far from the purple stand. I asked permission and explained the reason to the cheerleader before accelerating to find the person who I didn't know if she really wanted to go with because she didn't say anything clearly.

"Watch out, there are ants!" "Come up to your house!"

I had to turn around and scold my friend who had such a big mouth.

If you ask if I was nervous, I would say I was very nervous. I didn't know if touching the waist of the person in front of me would cause any problems, so I decided to change my sitting position.

Luckily, I wore pants to practice today. Before getting on, the cruel person gave me a black and pink helmet decorated with fluffy cat ears.

Okay, I understand that the owner of the motorbike like Jaesa is a tough girl but she likes cute things like this.

"Thank you."

I took it and put it on, before seeing that the other person had chosen a black and orange tiger-ear helmet instead. Giving me a weak one!

"Can I not have cat ears?"

"You're being picky. Come sit down quickly." What will other people think about this?

I couldn't choose anything, so I became a fierce third-year tiger who took a first-year cat on her back out of the university to go shopping.

I hesitated for a long time whether I could finally grab the waist of the person in front of me or not. My hand slowly touched her right waist. Seeing that the other person was not flirtatious or aggressive, I took the

opportunity to try it. I reached out my arm to hug her halfway waist, and also held her shop shirt.

Will it not look beautiful?

P'Jeans took me to a restaurant a short distance from the university. She ordered 60 boxes of shrimp fried rice and stir-fried basil, just in case for the seniors who were supervising her. If she wanted to call the freshmen over, she had to take responsibility.

The owner said that we had to wait a bit, so I walked over and sat down on a small table with chairs for two people facing each other. P'Jeans walked over and sat on the other side, while I picked up my phone to chat in the group that I had arrived at the shop.

**Luk Nai**: Do you want anything? The shop has snacks too.

**Praewa**: Have fun on your second date with P'Jeans.

**Luk Nai**: We're brought in to do manual labor? Is that called a date?

**Praewa**: One on one is still called a date.

**Luk Nai:** Then you and I will probably date every evening.

**Praewa**: Eww! Stop it. Close friends don't count.

I burst out laughing as I read the latest text from my best friend, noticing that the people sitting across from me were resting their chins on their hands and tilting their heads to stare at each other. Then it all stopped. I looked away from that pair of eyes because I didn't know what to do. It was too much, before it got close.

"Talk to a man?"

"Why do you think that?"

"I saw you smiling and laughing all alone."

"Just... talking to a friend."

I thought that after getting the answer, she would turn her attention to something else or pick up her phone to kill time as usual. But this time, her beautiful face was focused on me and didn't look away, as if it made the other party feel full.

You know, I was at a loss.

"So now, are you comfortable taking the bus to the university?"

The person being questioned did not take her eyes off me, but moved her face closer.

"Why? Do you want to teach me again?" "It's really as bad as I thought."

"..."

Have you ever tugged on a tiger's whiskers and the tiger just let you pull it? I'm in the same situation right now and I don't know what to do when the other person is looking at me like this.

"I'll go get you some water." "I scooped it myself."

Phi Jeans stood up and cut in front of me. I couldn't take my eyes off her. The tall girl walked over to scoop some ice and open the soda bottle with great difficulty. She probably didn't do it herself very well. She was a loser again.

In fact, when the other person served me water, I had nothing to do so I picked up my phone and slid my finger across the screen again. The main point was that P'Jeans wasn't glued to the screen. She probably knew I was acting awkward and turned away, but she still kept glancing at me.

Do I look like the food she likes? She's embarrassed by that.

"When are you competing in music again?" "Are you going to watch it?"

It was quite surprising that Phi Jeans became interested. "If I'm free, I'll go cool off and listen to music."

I smiled at her. In fact, it was an embarrassed smile that I couldn't hold back.

"If you come, I'd like you to sit and listen instead of standing in a dark corner. If possible, it would be better if you sat directly next to me."

"..."

Phi Jeans fell silent, picked up a glass of soda and tilted it to avoid answering or not.

So I thought I should change the subject.

"But you brought me to do labor. You haven't even called my name yet today."

"Luk Nai?"

It was strange that I wasn't scolded for being too picky, and she even called my name. I smiled sweetly and responded.

"P'Jeans."

"Luk Nai?"

The person who was staring at each other called out again, probably afraid of forgetting the name.

"Yes"

"Luk Nai?"

"What is it, Jeans?" "Kaem..."

"The lunchbox is ready."

The owner's voice suddenly became clearer. Luckily, otherwise, Phi Jeans wouldn't have called my name ten times. She must have wanted to tease me. I got up to check my lunchbox. It took a while for the evil senior to get up and follow me.

The two huge bags filled with countless lunch boxes made my eyes widen. If my fingers could move, my arms would definitely ache. No wonder why they had to bring freshmen to do manual labor.

Phi Jeans paid the bill while pretending not to be delirious and calling my name three or four times. I put away my phone and slowly lifted it to test the weight of the bag.

"Do you know how to ride a motorcycle?" She asked in a normal tone.

"A motorcycle? Yes."

"Then you ride, I'll carry the stuff."

After she finished speaking, she threw me the keys so quickly that I could barely catch them. After receiving the change from the shop owner, she carried the two bags filled with about ten lunch boxes while gritting her teeth because of the weight. I stood there in a daze for a moment before following her to the motorbike and starting the engine.

What are you doing? Show that you're not a bad person or anything? "Shall we take them one round at a time?"

"Just ride on."

Phi Jeans spoke in a commanding tone. I had to turn my attention to the front, and then I remembered that I had forgotten to wear a helmet. So I quickly put on my tiger-eared hat and handed the cat-eared hat to the passenger.

"What? Give me that one you're wearing," She demanded, asking for the tiger-eared hat. "Put it on,"

This time it was my turn to tease her. "You're annoying... ah!"

"Sit properly."

I said cheerfully after forcing the frivolous hat onto the person whose hands were busy.

Then she turned her attention to the front without giving the other person a chance to argue.

"Ugh!"

There was only a faint dissatisfied sound coming from the throat of the person behind me.

I secretly looked at Phi Jeans from the mirror. Her pretty face was flushed and she was looking away.

She must be very serious and angry.

# 26.Senior who tries to be nicer

Being a university student made me realize that it's not easy when the teacher asks us to search for answers to homework in the library. Or maybe it's because I'm not smart enough to search for them.

Bew has already fallen asleep at the table in the cold air conditioning. Toey is almost discouraged. Praewa has been looking for books that are almost unrelated to the pile.

“Enough. What you found is nothing. Come here. I’ll find it myself,” I sighed as I told my friend who was holding three books piled up. “That’s great. I’m just feeling tired.”

It would be better if we switched roles. Praewa is not a very good searcher. She opened the dictionary to find the letter K. Kai and still found the middle page. I respect the hidden happiness inside. I put my bag and everything on our table. I took only my phone.

Actually, I wasn't sure. The library had several floors. The subject the teacher gave me was kind of a cave between two categories. Sometimes, if I didn't find it on this floor, it might be in the next category, which I had to go up another floor. I circled around for a while before deciding to take the elevator to the next category.

The fourth floor was very empty. I wonder if people were gathered to watch a movie that the university was showing at the top floor, which was a small theater.

But that was good. I could walk around comfortably without people staring at me. Oh, except for the person sitting in front of the counter on each floor.

Let’s find it out so I can finish this. At this moment, all I had on my mind was homework for tomorrow morning.

It has to be submitted. Someone said that doing homework for 5 days is equivalent to 5 days of fatigue. If you do it for only 1 day, you will only be tired for 1 day. Good luck. The tiring of 1 day comes with not being able to find the answer.

Suddenly!

The thick book that happened to follow the one I picked up fell to the floor with a loud bang. It wasn't loud enough for the woman guarding the counter on this floor to hear, as she was quite far away. But the point was that when I bent down to pick it up, I came across something.

“Be quiet, okay.”

A sleepy voice came from the face that was covered by a book that was being opened. It was a woman. The first word that popped into my head was, "Phi Jeans." And it really seemed like that, judging from her body shape and proportions.

What normal person would come and sleep in a corner on the floor of a library, spread out a book in front of their face, and tell others to be quiet when this is not a bedroom?

I shook my head at this, putting away the book and kneeling down next to her to be as quiet as possible, raising my hand to cover the ear of the person sleeping comfortably in the air conditioning.

"This is a library... I'll report it to the librarian." “Luk Nai?”

She repeated my name in confusion and quickly pulled the book down until she saw that she was frowning with a genuinely curious tone. Her narrow eyes stared at me. Why? When she knew it was me, why did she panic a

little? But that was all. Because the bad girl avoided eye contact and acted evasive.

"You open it."

"This time, I didn't open it at all. I came here to find a book in the library." “This one?”

She raised her eyebrows and held up the book she had just used to cover her face.

“The Theory of the Second Universe.” Huh?

"Not even close."

“So, I saw you coming closer."

Okay, I lost this time. Luckily, I thought of a way to cover it up in time. “Just a reminder that this is not a bedroom.”

But she didn't care. She shrugged and emphasized before covering her face with the same book and moving her body a little to make herself sleep more comfortably. I looked at my annoying senior.

The last time I saw someone do this was when I was in the 6th grade. At that time, I was the student council president and dragged that junior high school kid to have the teacher write down his name.

“Gently, too.”

Phi Jeans ordered. I nodded even though the other party wasn't looking. I used my index finger to search for a book that might provide the answer to that extremely difficult homework. I occasionally glanced at the sleeping person. By now, she must have fallen back asleep. That's what I thought at first. But then, suddenly, her voice spoke up.

"What are you looking for?" Huh?

“Are you asking me?” “Who's there?”

"Look for yourself."

Once again, the book cover was lowered, and the narrow eyes looked at me. “You’re annoying, too.”

What I gave in return was a sweet smile.

“I came here to find a book to do my ethics homework.” “About the four-directional animals?”

“How do you know?” “Required subjects”

That must be taken in the first year of the program. “Oh, okay,”

I replied, about to turn to something related to my homework when a normal voice greeted me.

“There’s a summary sheet for that.”

The bad girl who was sleeping in the library sat up and raised her hand to fix her hair so it wouldn’t get messy from being stepped on. Damn, every pose looked great!

“Do you want it?”

“What?”

"Ask if you want the sheet."

Because I was so focused on her movements, I couldn't hear anything. The strange thing is that normally if I asked her again, she would be annoyed. "Irritated," "Irritated," and so on. It was strange that this time, when I asked her nicely, she didn't look bored or annoyed with me.

“Anything is fine. It’s up to you.”

Phi Jeans frowned, feeling slightly annoyed at my half-hearted answer. The owner of the pretty face took out a wallet from her pants before taking out a small flash drive and handing it to me.

“It’s in here. Try looking for it. The file name should be 'Four Directions Animals'. When you print it out, if you see me, return it. There's only one."

"Thank you."

.

.

A rich family with a luxury car and expensive clothes, but there is only one flash drive in your life. I am really confused about who you are. I took it from your hand and said thank you.

Then, even though she thought that she would get up and walk away or leave, Phi Jeans moved and continued to sleep in the same way.

I walked over to my friends and told them that we had an assignment to submit with the help of the mysterious duckling. Of course, they would ask who the mysterious duckling was.

I hesitated for a long time. Finally, I replied that it was my sister's code. Because I lied to my friend, I volunteered to go print it by myself. Everyone was willing to sit and wait.

‘1234.'

‘vleokbv.’ “Fhokdasaww."

Oh, is this a file name or a secret language, P’Jeans? Not only can't read it, I also misunderstood it and thought it was a virus.

I searched for the file for so long that the owner of the photocopy shop came over and asked what I was doing for ten minutes. Finally, I printed it out and made four copies to share with my friends in the group. Luckily, we were saved.

**Luk Nai:** Phi Jeans, thank you. I'll see you at the stand. I'll return the flash drive to you.

**Jeans**: Yep.

It's quite suspicious. Suddenly, the snake tried to be nice to me. Did someone secretly eat the same old Phi Jeans?

.

.

## 8:14 p.m.

.

Finally, the homework was finished. I closed the book and changed to lying down, stretching lazily on my back. The flash drive containing the strangely named work files was returned to its owner since the afternoon.

I don't know if it was just me, but P’Jeans seemed like a real person... I mean, she was nicer to me than she was at first.

It's not like I'm annoyed to the point of feeling sorry for myself. What's the reason?

I'd rather spend my distracted time practicing on the keyboard.

The song used in the next round really matches that crazy girl. Will she love or be mean?

It's just that it's like I'm the one who likes you, and Praewa accused me of flirting with her.

.

.

It seems to be true. The lyrics that are playing, if Phi Jeans "accidentally" comes to see, I would want to sing it myself.

But forget it, P’Mel won't let me try even a little bit. I still can't stop myself from thinking about her, but when I think about Phi Jeans, I can feel a little relieved. That evil face, does she have someone in her heart right now? I didn't understand the feelings of the heroine in the novel until I was in it myself. I was so depressed and stifled.

I'm afraid of becoming someone who waits in vain, like a book you don't read....

### Rrrr!

**Jeans**: Luk Nai?

Oh, if you miss me, just say hi. My fingers stopped playing the keyboard and I grabbed my phone to reply.

**Luk Nai**: Yes?

**Jeans**: You infected my flash drive with a virus and all my work is gone.

.

Oh, shit! I'll definitely get scolded.

.

**Jeans**: But never mind, it's good to change to a new one. I've been using it for years. What happened? She doesn't seem to be angry.

**Luk Nai:** I'm sorry.

**Luk Nai:** Actually, I thought you were going to scold me.

**Jeans**: Nonsense.

Yes, I am always an idiot, annoying, and irritating to you!

**Luk Nai**: I bought it at 7-Eleven tomorrow and will return it to you.

**Jeans**: No need.

It's so untrustworthy. There's no plan to prank you to please you, right?

**Jeans**: One cup of cocoa will do. Huh?

**Jeans**: I'm going to bed. I'm sleepy. Goodnight.

**Luk Nai**: Oh, good night. I'll buy you some cocoa for lunch and dinner tomorrow.

It's very strange.

It's really strange that she didn't get angry. If you said that Phi Jeans had been eaten, I would have believed it. Someone who had inhabited the body of the evil Yolsima was the reason she tried to be nice to me. After the day that I taught, I got on the bus and traveled to the university.

And the next day I really did that. P’Jeans accepted it and ate it without refusing a single bite, as if she was happy. Only Phi Luk Mee frowned and found fault with me, and made sarcastic remarks in the evening when I came back from music practice and brought her cocoa.

"Did you put a laxative in it?"

When Praewa heard the whisper, she was startled as usual.

“Why would I put in it?”

"I saw you brought it here. Should you be afraid or dislike us?" Well, I like P’Jeans.

I wanted to say that sentence to tease P’Lukmee to confuse her, but P’Jeans's eyes, who took the cocoa and sucked it while looking at me to see if I opened my mouth to answer, made me hit her immediately. I changed to a wide smile and sent it to the beautiful face, turning around to prepare to walk and sit on the stand.

"Wait a minute."

Ah...she called my feet to stop walking. “Come pick some lemons with me.” "Why don't you invite Phi Lukmee?"

“I don’t want her to freak out when we get caught stealing lemons. She has heart disease.”

Okay, I know that. But...

“Does that mean you don’t care about me?”

“What are you worried about? Why would I care about someone as curious as you?”

“…”

I lowered my head as if I had never said anything that could be considered nonsense to her. I busily picked limes and put them in the can we had prepared until P’Jeans, who had been quiet for a while, spoke up.

"Oh, sorry for inviting you. I won't force you next time." "No, no, no. I want to come too!"

The panic of fearing that P’Jeans would not bother me again made me refuse with my tongue tied in my mouth. I nervously turned to look at the other person sitting next to me in panic before finding that she had raised her right eyebrow.

“How do you agree?”

I want to say that people are just being disheartened as a ritual.

"Well... it's good to come here. The weather is nice. Sitting in the stands is so boring. I have to sing songs all the time."

The listener did not continue. She quickly arranged the lemons to be enough for the first year students, purple and green, because she asked us to pick those colors for her.

“Heh, you don’t have to shout so much. My throat hurts just looking at you.”

I secretly hoped she would end it with something like, "I'm worried..."

"And I'm annoyed too."

Oh my gosh! P’ Jeans will always be P’Jeans. Just a split second ago, I What do you hope?

After about 5 minutes, the atmosphere was completely silent. Suddenly, another person called my name.

"Luk Nai?"

"What."

"How do I look to you?"

It must be very free to ask such a strange question.

"Do you want a truthful or indirect answer?" "Around."

Yes, it's a choice.

“Bad attitude, likes to show off power, likes to tease, gets irritated all the time, speaks rudely, acts annoyed with others, and is extremely violent.”

"Is this indirect?"

The listener's face turned pale. It seemed like that. Not long after, she changed to a face that was looking for trouble.

"So, what's the truth?"

I shrugged and smiled teasingly at the other person. I stopped when I saw that the lemons were enough for my needs. I stood up and dusted off my arms and legs before telling the people sitting there and looking up at each other, waiting for an answer.

“I’d better not answer or I’ll get strangled. I’ve finished picking the lemons. Let’s go back. Follow me.”

She frowned in confusion, but because she had walked out first, I didn't see her expression. After that, I smiled to myself and tucked my hair behind my ear, almost embarrassed.

Because the truth is, I like you.

P’Jeans caught up to me in no time. I pretended to look in front of me, to the side, or at anything but her face. However, there was one sentence that made me turn around quickly.

## "Why didn't you wait for me?..."

“Huh!?”

Both of my eyebrows raised, glaring at the taller person while she dodged looking away.

“What did you just say?” “Why didn't you wait for me?” “No, no, I didn’t hear that.”

Her beautiful face looked flustered, and she frowned and raised her voice.

“Then what did you hear? I said the same thing. But shouldn’t you help carry the stuff? Coming here empty- handed is annoying.”

“…”

I kept quiet. Her face really looked like she was looking for trouble. Damn it. Aren’t you just a loser who fell down on the bus?

“I’ll carry it.” "Good."

It seems like I really misheard someone around here referring to herself as... Phi. There are a lot of bird and nature sounds around here.

That lousy girl handed me a can to hold, which of course I stood there speechless, refusing to accept. This made the girl puzzled.

“Speak nicely to me and I will hold it for you.” “…”

“...”

We stopped walking, staring at each other as if time had stopped. Come on, talk nicely. If I listen, I’ll be your servant.

My focus shifted down to the red lips. My heart was beating wildly, waiting anxiously for P’Jeans to speak.

Finally…

"Damn it, chubby cheeks." "Ha!?"

Is this a good way to talk?

Before I could finish, she handed me a lemon container and walked ahead. I stood there for a moment, then raised my hand and scratched my cheek in confusion.

You can see that the crazy girl has already walked far away. My legs ran to catch up to her. After that, the other person didn't start any more conversations.

What's wrong with P’Jeans?

But speaking of which, the chubby cheeks are pretty cute…

# 27.Twelve o'clock

"Dad, are you going to play golf for much longer? Let's go for a walk first," Dad stopped and raised two fingers.

"Two minutes?" "20 minutes."

"Then go pick out the bike and then Dad will go pay for it." "Oh, oh, oh, Dad will go right away."

I sighed and rolled my eyes, leaving my daughter sitting and waiting for so long before she could take her golf ball away. Dad is a partner in a gold shop who, on his free days, would escape to relax and play golf.

Mom was not upset at all because on her free days, she spent time searching for news or going out into the field. Simply put, she did not have much free time. I was glad that Mom was enjoying her work.

"I've only been playing for half an hour. I'm willing to quit early for the sake of you."

Ah... Dad finally put away his golf clubs. We can go buy a bicycle to ride around the university like I asked you to do on the phone the other day.

"How are you doing at the university? Are you okay? Are there any seniors with bad attitudes who bully you?"

Yes, Dad. There is one person, but I like the one you mentioned.

"No."

So I had to lie.

"Then who made the child's phone ring two or three times?" "..."

"Are there no seniors who yell at you like those in the news trying to bully you?"

"No, it's true that I didn't participate in the cheerleading room activities but went to help the Star and Moon contest instead. But she didn't do anything."

"Good, Dad feels relieved."

Then dad will be surprised with the mischievous face of the senior I like... We arrived at the mall to walk around looking at things at around noon. I took the opportunity to ask dad to buy water and snacks to stock up in the refrigerator, along with some cute clothes that I had been wanting for a long time.

Dad agreed to pay for it without hesitation because Sunday was a family day. All that was left was to buy a bicycle. While we were walking to that zone together, I mentioned...

"Why don't you ask me something?"

My father turned to me and asked with a cheerful expression, "What?"

"Assuming that you like women..." "Do you like women?"

Father's face suddenly became serious, His eyebrows were almost knitted together.

"What is it, just a-"

"I never thought you would like women." "..."

This is what it's like to talk rashly. "Where is it...?"

"It's such a surprise, Dad will have a daughter-in-law!" "Oh my gosh! Why are you all so shocked?"

As I said, my father is a very kind person, even though he is sometimes strict. Then I quickly said that it was just a fiction. Before I knew it, it was already assumed that he was looking for a daughter-in-law to bring into the house.

"What kind of woman do you like? Are they smaller than you? Are they older or the same age? Can you tell me?"

"Dad, it's a fiction."

"My daughter, don't assume. I know you're quick-witted. You say whatever you think... just like your mother."

That's it,

"Okay, but you gave in. Dad always knows."

But it's lucky that Dad is a kind-hearted adult who doesn't stick to old traditions.

"I just secretly like a senior, a woman. But that senior doesn't seem to like me at all."

"Go in, child."

"What should I stop you from doing!?" "These days, kids are so easily discouraged," A deep voice complained, shaking his head.

He walked over and grabbed the handlebars of a bicycle and changed the subject to avoid making the atmosphere too tense.

"This one is pretty. Do you like it?"

Okay, I'll try to do what my dad told me to do.

After I bought the bike I was eyeing, I had lunch at the mall, and in the afternoon, my dad drove the bike to the front of my dorm. He was in a good mood and gave me a tip and pocket money. I've saved myself a lot of meals this month.

"Driving past the football field, I saw that there were cheering stands everywhere. Is it a sports day yet?"

"About three more weeks. Oh, Dad. I'm also competing in a music competition. The second round is coming up soon. If I'm lucky and pass, I'll be able to compete again at the event."

"Hmm, can dad come and check on you?"

"Yes, but you said that Dad would rather watch the clip and spend time playing golf instead."

"Wow, you always know what your father thinks."

Oh, no! I thought you would refuse and insist on cheering for your daughter.

"Then I'll go first. If you need anything, call me." "Okay, drive carefully."

I waved goodbye. Dad had just driven away when a voice rang out. "Buying a bicycle?"

Peach who came down to throw out the trash asked with a smile. Recently, we chatted more often before going to bed. But because I didn't have much time to chat, I always gave short replies.

My time before going to bed was spent practicing new songs on the keyboard. The second round of the competition was approaching. The same goes for the sports day.

"Smile,"

And in front of me, he gave a short answer.

"I just remembered to tell you. It's such a shame that I couldn't watch the second round of the music competition because I had to play the first round of basketball. Sorry..."

"It's okay. The university actually did a live broadcast this time. You can watch it later."

"I just want to go support you." "..."

"Anyway, if we make it to the final round at the sports day, we'll make a cheering sign."

"Over there, why are you wasting your money?" "It's not a waste. We want to do it for you."

"..."

The atmosphere between us immediately became awkward. He held back his words, and I, who was forcing a smile, couldn't do it anymore.

"Let's go up to the room first."

Peach lowered his head, realizing that he shouldn't have rushed out. He threw the black bag into the trash can and walked up to the dorm ahead. I sighed, hoping that he didn't expect anything more than our big "friend" relationship.

Next to the dormitory is a place for student bicycles to be parked. I took my bicycle and parked it, attaching a chain to the iron frame that they provided. Some bicycles even had the owner's name on them. You could say that going this way was risky, in case the management star was still angry and punctured my tire.

Thinking too much again. In fact, that girl barely even looked at her face when walking past. I don't know if she was embarrassed or if she was afraid of P'Jeans.

And this Sunday passed smoothly, lying on the bed, rolling around, reading novels. In the evening, boiling instant noodles to eat. In the evening, chatting about this senior and that senior, ending with...

**Luk Nai**: Good night. Saying hello to P'Jeans.

My finger was about to turn off the device, but the other party happened to reply first. Jeans: Stay up late.

**Luk Nai:** It's only 11:00 p.m.

**Jeans**: 11pm. Is your house called early evening?

Not only is her mouth mean, but her typing is also quite mean. She's so fierce.

**Luk Nai**: But I myself haven't gone to bed yet. My family calls it early evening too. Is that right?

Jeans: Doing a project Jeans: You can sleep now. Ha?

**Jeans**: If you faint, it will be a problem for the others!

**Luk Nai**: I'm about to go to bed. You're the one who started the conversation.

**Luk Nai**: She's really sleeping now.

Followed by sending a sticker of a pouting mole.

**Jeans**: Luk Nai?

It seemed like she had something on her mind. Phi Jeans typed my name and took a long time to type. The three dots kept moving around, waiting for her to finish typing.

However, minutes passed and there was still no sign of her. I was anxious and my heart was beating fast as I looked at the screen.

It's been so long. Are you trying to scold me or something?

**Jeans**: Good night.

That's all? What you've been typing for so long is there a problem with the internet or something?

**Luk Nai**: Yes, good night. But what about you telling me to go to sleep?

**Luk Nai:** Are you worried?

The other party took a while to type, but the reply was super short. But it made my heart beat faster and my mouth break into a big smile at the screen.

Jeans: **I'm a little worried.**

The chat ended. I turned off my device and placed it at the head of my bed. I lay down, staring at the ceiling with a strange feeling of satisfaction. Just talking to this villain before I went to sleep, I felt vaguely that I would sleep well.

I smiled and grabbed another pillow and hugged it tightly. Assuming it was the bad guy, I would press it hard with annoyance and annoyance, and finally hug and ride him with my left leg.

What are these symptoms? Luk Nai is crazy?

.

.

Time flies so fast. In the blink of an eye, the second round of the competition has arrived. As usual, Phi Mel will go find a beautiful outfit to wear to make herself stand out the most in the group. And those who...

.

.

The rest will wear the same clothes. Phi Wan and Phi Ek both told me not to be tense, but what can I do? I secretly looked and saw that the hall was full of people this time.

"Think of the inspiration that brought you to this point, anything." Praewa... pushed me here.

"I don't have any inspiration. My friends just suggested it. I'm afraid I'll make my seniors miss out..."

"The sun has chosen us. You've done well in the past," Said P'Wan, the kind-hearted one.

Covered her mouth and whispered in my ear,

"If we fail, it won't be because of us, because of that Mel."

That made me laugh along with the speaker. When Phi Ek turned around and saw that I had stopped worrying, he felt relieved. As for Phi Tawan, she sat with her earphones in her pocket, her feet beating the rhythm of a drum.

During that time, Phi Mel was busy hurriedly doing her makeup and hair. She just noticed my hairstyle and frowned at me.

"Luk Nai can you tie your hair in a ponytail or let it down in a sweet way?" "No, I can't."

I replied, raising my hand to grab the single braid that was swept to the side, possessively.

"Why not?"

"Then why do I have to change my hairstyle?"

"Because I'm thinking of doing something like that too, and you shouldn't repeat yourself."

"I won't change." "Huh? Why th-"

"P'Jeans said that this style looks cute on me. If you want to do it too, go ahead and do it. Why do I have to undo the braid I braided since morning?"

.

The listener felt serious when I put on a serious face and mentioned Phi Jeans. She gritted her teeth to suppress her anger. I don't know if she was secretly embarrassed that time she was asked for money in front of a freshman like me. She turned to look at Phi Wan with stern eyes.

"Wan! Come braid my hair for me." "Ha?"

"I just want to know who people will look at more if I do this hairstyle." "Are you competing with me?"

"It's not a competition."

The pretty face smiled.

"Ordinary people can't even compare to university stars. Just one person complimenting them... doesn't mean that in other people's eyes, they'll think they're cute."

I hate it so much. Especially when she talks in a vague way and shrugs, I feel even more annoyed. Phi Wan sighed, having to go do the hair of a selfish person. Seeing Phi Ek shaking his head in exasperation, he turned to check his own bass.

Our turn finally arrived. I followed my seniors with shaky legs. I couldn't help but feel nervous when I saw the number of people filling the hall in front of me. I wanted to try, but I couldn't do the keyboard. And as our lead singer dared, people looked at her with admiring eyes, unlike me who came as a backdrop.

"Fight, Nai!"

"Who the hell is this?" "Where am I?"

The noisy voices competing with the applause were my good friends. I frowned and told them to stop waving, but I could secretly smile at their annoyance. They were sitting in the back, probably because they were so busy walking and talking that they had their seats taken.

My gaze accidentally panned down to the front not far away. The person who made my eyes widen in surprise that she was here.

## Phi Jeans.

My villain is sitting with a group of friends. Everyone is here, including Phi Luk Mee, Phi Fang, and Phi Four. I can't believe it... Let's see who it is. Is it me?

The sound of Phi Tawan's drums opened the rhythm. I quickly brought my focus back to place my fingers on the keyboard, ready to play the song,

while I was still being watched by the other person's gaze, even though I didn't expect that this time she would come to watch and look for a seat.

I sent her a message this morning, but I didn't think she would come because I saw that she read it and didn't reply.

P'Mel intros the song and starts the lyrics.

*"No matter how many stories people tell... they're not like what I've heard."*

*"Who are you? What are you like? I don't know."*

Because Phi Jeans' seat was in the second row, and it was also directly in line with the keyboard player, like me, as if it was intentional, so I could see her face clearly. What I noticed was the pair of beautiful eyebrows that were slightly furrowed with the lyrics.

It suits you, doesn't it?

*"It seems like you're so good, but it turns out you're not." "Isn't it strange, the person I used to trust?"*

The thin lips smiled, and my heart and hands were all over the place, unable to respond.

*"What anyone sees and what she is "*

I can't stand it anymore. Phi Mel isn't suitable for this song. I myself will sing the next chorus part because I will sing it for Phi Jeans...

### "So what do you want to do with me?"

*"I don't know how you came to be."*

It wasn't just the people at my 12 o'clock position who were confused, the judges and the people in the band were also stunned, making lead singer Mel useless in an instant.

*"Whether you're good or bad, I still don't understand." "Can you please tell me what your true heart desires?"* ***"Will you love me or will you hurt me?"***

*"I want to know the truth inside. I don't want to be sad or cry..."*

The villain's smile widened, her gaze fixed on me as if there was no one around in this hall, only me who was filled with the inner curiosity to find the answer to the question in the lyrics.

I don't hope it will look good in other people's eyes or not I just hope that Phi Jeans will like it.

"Luk Nai!"

The usual non-verbal shout startled me. I stopped walking and turned around, trying to force a smile at Phi Mel.

"Yes, Phi?"

"What the hell are you doing on stage? Who told you to cut in front to sing the chorus?"

"I'm sorry "

Yes, I know. This is against the group. I was too self-indulgent. I can only bow my head and accept the mistake.

"I really didn't mean it."

"Then you let me stand still even though I'm the lead singer. I intend to embarrass you."

"Come on, Mel. Your singing is so beautiful." "Stop taking sides with me, Wan."

All I could do was let Phi Mel scold me with all sorts of hurtful words. After she vented her frustration, she packed her makeup supplies into her shoulder bag and stormed out of the backstage room.

"Never mind. If Mel were to shout out the chorus, the entire hall would probably have their ears broken."

P'Ek helped relieve the tension. I just realized that I had been too reckless in the past few years. If I lost, the blame would be entirely mine. Even when I was packing up my things and leaving the waiting room and meeting my friends, I still hung my head and cursed myself in my mind.

"Not stressed at all. Look at her. Her face and mouth are all pale. Even though she sings better than that girl Mel."

"Don't try to take my side." "Tell the truth!"

.

.

Praewa comforted me the whole way until I returned to school in a depressed state. My friends in the classroom praised me that it wasn't so bad. I still ordered myself to stop being stressed and not be able to bury my face in the book I had opened. I didn't know if I would create another enemy who was good-looking and had everything, like Phi Mel or not.

"Laphisara, how can you sleep in the classroom? Go wash your face and eyes."

"I'm too lazy to walk... "Students!!"

I was told to wash my face so that I could learn. Why did my friends in the group have to choose the front seats so that the teacher could clearly see my behavior? I dragged myself to the bathroom on the 4th floor where I was

studying. I turned on the water to wash my face and eyes. I stood there quietly looking at myself in the mirror.

That's right. I don't look as cute as Phi Mel. Why would I be so confident in arguing with her before going on stage?

### Rrrr!

My phone vibrates to notify me. Who's texting me again?

**Jeans**: Are you trying to steal the lead singer?

*Damn it.*

**Luk Nai**: It can't be helped. There's a ghost that's possessing you.

**Jeans**: Blame the flute and the drums. **Luk Nai**: Who told you to go and look? **Jeans**: Available

**Jeans**: Killing time

**Jeans**: Let's see how bad she can do.

**Luk Nai**: [Angry Sticker]

**Jeans**: But surprisingly, it's not bad.

When this girl complimented me indirectly, I blinked my eyes, stunned that the other party had typed something like this. In my heart, I wondered like the part of the song I sang,

"So what do you want me to do?"

But believe it or not, she made me smile after feeling so bad.

**Luk Nai:** Out of 10 points, how many points would you give?

**Jeans**: 7

**Jeans**: The lead singer's voice at first gave me a headache. She meant Phi Mel, and I thought so too, but didn't say much.

.

### Rrrr!

**Praewa**: Where are you? The teacher asked for you. Are you dead yet? My friend messaged me to rush me. I forgot to go back and tell Phi Jeans in the chat.

I replied to Praewa that I was almost done.

**Luk Nai:** Meet me at the stand. I have to go to school.

**Jeans**: Yes.

What kind of expression do you have on your face right now?

### Crack...

The bathroom door behind me slowly opened. I saw a familiar figure through the large mirror in front of me. Phi Jeans, who was looking down and smiling at the phone screen, walked out before looking up and happened to meet my eyes through the mirror.

Those eyes stunned me instantly, and now I knew what kind of expression she was making.

# 28.Can't stop it. Can't do it.

**Can't do it**

Are you smiling?

Did she really smile when she chatted with me?

And what was that about quickly stopping her smile and making a face like she was looking for trouble?

“Do you study in this building?” “…”

Her beautiful face was flustered and she couldn't answer. Her mouth, which had previously been smiling and happy, opened to say something. She thought for a long time about what to say until...

"Oh, I study in this building. What's the problem?"

“Like this, after class, we can go to the stand together, right?” "Aren't you supposed to go with your friends?"

“Yes,” I smiled.

“Why? Or do you want to go alone?”

“What are you talking about? It’s annoying.” She frowned in anger again.

“I saw that you smiled at the chat we just finished talking about.” “I might as well smile at something else on the screen.”

“That’s not true. You smiled at my chat.”

It was just a prank, and who would have thought that the other person would remain silent, spending time staring at each other until now I was the one who averted my gaze instead. P'Jean pursed her lips and used those narrow eyes to go wash her hands and pull out a tissue to wipe her face, no different from the time we clashed in the bathroom.

She looked like she was lost in thought, the only difference from last time was that this time, instead of walking away, she threw the tissue into the trash can and advanced closer to me.

Those eyes are getting closer, and so is the face that is looking for trouble.

.

.

"Talking like this, you're trying to be nice, aren't you?" Oh well, being hit with such anger,

"I'm not trying to be nice, I'm just trying to tease you." "Am I your playmate?"

“…” “Hee!”

Because I heard Phi Jeans laughing in her throat, I couldn't guess how she would attack next. It seemed that what my father said would be difficult to come true. I lowered my head and made a soft sound as if I was talking to myself.

"But...what kind of person do you like?"

Another person suddenly slammed the speaker. "You're interfering with me in everything. Starting from asking if I have someone I like, and then asking what kind of person I like."

“…” "Yes!"

"Huh?"

She suddenly said, causing me to look up and ask, "What kind of person do you like?"

!!!

### thud, thud, thud!

She answered the question with a play on words... or not? "Where is it?"

Could it be the child standing here?

At the moment when my mouth hung open, I wanted to say something, but it was too late. The taller person tilted her head to lower her face and pressed her thin red lips against mine. Her narrow eyes were closed, unlike mine, which were wide open in shock at her sudden action.

It only lasted for a few seconds.

.

.

But it was like an eternity that the faint scent of another person touched me, making me fall asleep and close my eyes.

The evil Phi who had a sweet dreamy kiss,

"Mmm..."

The sound escaped my throat, so embarrassing. Because it was the first time that my lips were pressed together like this. There was hardly any gap. My tongue also fell under the power of the senior who moved her right hand to squeeze my arm lightly without realizing it.

For a minute, or maybe longer, I was completely unaware of the atmosphere around me.

And when P’Jeans pulled her lips away, I tried my best to stand on my tiptoes to follow that kiss. But because the other party successfully pulled away, why? Even though when I opened my eyes to look, I found that she seemed to like it no less than I did.

"I saw your pale lips, so I put some lipstick on them."

A nervous voice spoke up, raising her thumb to touch under her own lip in uncertainty.

"Fuck...I have to go to school."

Before you change your mind and pretend to rush off to study, look at me. I'm standing there, watching the back of that evil girl until she's out of sight.

P’Jeans stole my first kiss. She stole it right in front of my face, in a way that I didn't resist. She was also the trigger that made the other person excited to do something sudden. She played chess until she got attacked back. It was clear that her "where" meant this woman who was probably standing there.

I picked up my phone and typed something to the other person with a face that was burning hot and flushed. When I pressed send, there was a scream in my throat that was mixed with my chest that was about to explode.

.

**Luk Nai**: Why did you steal my first kiss like that? That damn Jeans girl is so evil.

But my heart is beating like crazy.

.

"Did you put on lipstick?"

I was able to sit up straight and continue studying, but that didn't mean I had my sanity back. I became a dazed child who was misunderstood by my friends, thinking that I was stressed out over P'Mel's affair. I didn't tell them who put the red paint on my lips, or what they put on it.

Mouth...

“Today there’s a new sushi restaurant opening next to the university. The promotion is on the first day of opening: come 4, pay for 2. Let’s skip practice and go eat.”

## "No."

Before Toey could finish inviting me, I, who was standing at the very front of the elevator, firmly refused. It wasn't hard to guess that everyone turned to stare at me.

“But I want to eat sushi.”

"I also want to practice cheerleading." “Wow…”

Bew exclaimed in a whisper, and then no one mentioned the sushi promotion again.

The four of us went to check in the third-year students, tied a turban on the little boy's head, and carried our equipment up to sit and perform our duties as good first-year students worthy of receiving a plaque.

"Are you still thinking about the music competition?"

Because Praewa was sitting next to me, she asked with a worried expression.

"No, I don't think so."

"So what's wrong with you?" “...”

I pursed my lips. From being in a daze, when I thought of the touch on the tip of my tongue, my face became hot and I smiled to myself like a crazy person. My best friend saw this and was even more confused.

"Are you drunk or something?"

The person who left the mark on my mouth walked towards me with a tray of lemons. We locked eyes for a split second before we both looked away.

She handed the tray to Praewa, skipping over me, who was sitting first.

Praewa looked even more confused. She intended to give me a lemon instead. However, a can of cold lemon soda was suddenly handed to me by P'Jeans. I looked up to see the person who had done something unusual.

"I see you like to scream more than anyone else,"

She said, avoiding eye contact. Praewa beside her made a face that was almost crazy for me. By now, she probably knew the situation a bit.

"Thank you."

I took the can of soda from P’Jeans' hand. Our fingers touched slightly. Just that little bit made me feel like an electric current was running through my body. After taking it and holding it in my hand, the tall girl walked over to give me the lemon.

How did she do that?

.

That normal expression, even though you're the one who applied the lipstick with your mouth to me...

"Umm... What? I don't mean to interrupt the moment when you're sitting there smiling like a crazy person by yourself. But you're holding onto my skirt so tight."

Before I knew it, I had pulled my friend's pleated skirt off and started playing with it.

"Sorry."

The dry smile didn't help because Praewa crossed her arms and looked at me with a serious gaze, so I knew right away that.

“Tell me,”

She wanted to know every bit of it.

.

.

The next day, the university's web board announced the names of the bands that had made it to the next round, including our band. Oh my god! I was so shocked that I immediately messaged P'Wan to ask if she had seen it yet.

She said that all the seniors saw it and were very happy. As for P'Mel, she gave credit to herself, as usual.

[I forgot to tell you that you don't have to practice today, Nong Luk Nai. Ek is busy with a photoshoot. Mel must be lazy anyway, so she told him to start practicing tomorrow.]

“Oh, okay. By the way, does P’Wan know what song we’re going to play?” [Sweet Dreams, Eye, Kiss]

I just woke up from a dream that was full of only kisses from P'Jeans. I was lying down looking for other news to read, and finally I found P'Wan's message to remind me.

I raised my arm to cover my forehead. When will I ever forget about it? Even though P'Jeans didn't say anything, show any symptoms, or go crazy like me at all.

[Luk Nai are you listening to me?] "Listen."

[Okay, see you again tomorrow.] “Yes, P’Wan.”

I let the other party hang up on their own. It's past ten now. I have a class in the afternoon. I have to go to stand practice from three in the afternoon until six in the evening. It used to be boring, but it's not boring anymore because I'll get to meet P’Jeans there.

I haven't even prepared myself for what kind of expression I'm going to make today.

My friends in the group already knew the whole story, but I want to emphasize that I didn't mention the 'kissing' episode. I just said that the crazy girl was vague about what kind of person I liked. That alone, my friends were certain that P'Jeans also had feelings for me.

When did you find the time to like me?

.

### Rrrrr!

Did you say hi yet?

**Phi Prim**: Luk Nai remembers?

.

Come help me sell things again!

The morning that should have been free and curled up, turned into carrying a box selling herbal facial skin care products that my senior's group

invented and was forced to present and sell at the university.

What does it have to do with me that I have to be used as slave labor like this? At first, I thought that P'Jeans had messaged me.

A tall, smiling guy, a member of the group, suddenly reached out and applied green herbs to my cheeks. At that moment, I quickly took a step back.

“Oh! It’s me, my daughter. Don’t be afraid of being molested like that."

Hearing that shrill, irritated voice, I gasped in surprise. The other seniors laughed before the openly handsome man introduced himself as Ball, who had a girlfriend and was very handsome.

"I'm sorry."

Who would have noticed?

"It's okay, girl. Just look up so I can apply some herbal medicine to advertise."

After that, my left and right cheeks, forehead, and chin were all covered with various herbal formulas. Okay, I get it. Besides standing there holding things, I'm also a good guinea pig.

.

.

### 4:39 p.m.

"What's wrong with P’Jeans? She seems in a bad mood,"

What Praewa whispered was true. We had been practicing singing for a while, and during that time, I kept glancing at her. However, she had a bored expression on her face. She threw the responsibility of handing out food to the freshmen to Phi Four instead. She sat with her legs crossed.

Leaning back on the chair, looking at the birds and trees. But why look if your eyes are so irritated?

It's better to say hello.

**Luk Nai**: What are you doing?

I saw her take out her phone from her jeans pocket and unlock it. Her throat seemed to utter the sound 'color'. Her slender fingers typed a reply. Then, my phone vibrated just in time.

**Jeans**: It's so close. Open your eyes and look. Huh?

The angry man is back, my heart-tugging villain, Phi Jeans. But excuse me, this time it doesn't make my heart beat. It seems that in her annoyance, there is also displeasure.

“What is wrong with her?” “Maybe she's on her period?"

It makes me feel sick of this world too. Sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad!

When I feel angry, I shout and sing. It's a pity that this time there is no one who looks like a troublemaker to buy me some soda. She looks likes he's looking for trouble. Some people bought me some soda. After a while, the person I was angry at came to see me.

"Jeans has to go first. Luk Mee is not feeling well." "Oh, then please tell her to get well soon."

I pretended not to see her as she turned around and prepared to walk out of the football field.

It's okay like this.

Yesterday you said what kind of person you like. Today you are being violent with what kind of person?

The rehearsal lasted until the end of the day. I rode my bike with my best friend to the front of the university and waited for the bus back home. On the way back, I stopped to buy detergent at 7-Eleven because I remembered that there was a pile of clothes that I had hidden in the basket.

“Go to hell, my love…”

I hummed as I carried the laundry basket downstairs to the dorm’s laundry room. Our dorm policy was pretty satisfactory: they let us use the washing machines for free, just bring your own detergent.

"I will punish you..."

As I sang with a fierce swagger, the sound of footsteps indicated that someone was walking into this room. I kept my mouth shut, picked up a cloth, and put on my uniform calmly.

The person who had walked in chose to use an instrument three units away. I squinted because the gesture seemed familiar, and then I exclaimed loudly in my mind.

## Shit...you evil Phi.

# 29.Sweet Fainting

Phi Jeans didn't even look at me. She hurriedly picked up the clothes and put them in the machine. I guessed that all of them belonged to Phi Luk Mee.

If I don't try to talk to her, I'll fall into the bipolar state that she's in and never know when it will go away. Even though I didn't cause it or do anything wrong, she might just be moody.

Come on, being a junior doesn't hurt much to talk to her first. "What's wrong with P’Luk Mee?"

"Sod"

Why does the tone have to be so harsh and displeased? “So what is wrong with you?”

“This is who I am.”

"Where did the person who kissed me yesterday go?" “Shut up. It’s annoying.”

P’Jeans looked troubled. She closed the washing machine lid and started setting the timer. I turned to take care of my own things before walking forward, leaning against the washing machine next to the one the other person was using.

“Aren’t you being too angry? Who are you angry at and then take it out on me?”

"You still don't know?"

She turned to look at me with a raccusatory look... "What is it..."

The tall figure emphasized her superiority by slowly walking over and using both arms to prevent me from escaping. What? It was my fault for leaning against the washing machine, completely helpless. P’Jeans's eyes seemed to be burning me to death.

"You, the one who kissed me yesterday, where did you go?" "Wh... what did you say?"

“Ask yourself, what are you going to do with your senior guy?” Ha?

Did I do something like that?

I tried to think back on the events of the day, and I realized that I didn't do anything like that. How can you just accuse me of having an affair with a guy? I haven't even hung out with any guys all day today.

Well, except for Phi Ball...

"Oh, or do you mean P'Ball, the one I helped sell stuff with? Actually, he's..."

“He pinched you cheek.” Oh my god, this anger… “You like him, don’t you?”

“I don’t like him. P’Ball has a girlfriend.”

I hate myself. Why do I have to argue? I hit my head against the wall and my voice cracked. My face and actions were all over the place when I answered the fierce person’s question.

"Then that means if he doesn't have a girlfriend, you like him." "No! I don't like it!”

P’Jeans and I are nothing more than enemies, or like seniors and juniors. But she's not happy about seeing me and P’Ball getting close. Plus, I've denied it to the fullest extent to make her believe me. Is this a crazy relationship that has a name?

"How can I like P'Ball?" “…”

"Since I like someone like Jeans"

In just a blink, the gaze of the pair of eyes in front of me softened. The beautiful face couldn't continue when it saw the bright smile from the person who was locked in my arms like me. P’Jeans turned her face away and cleared her throat, pretending to be angry.

"Hee! You're really good at sarcasm these days." "You're good at kissing back."

She was about to turn around to continue or say something, but I hugged her neck and pressed her face down to my lips. At the same time, I tiptoed around a little to make every angle and degree look the best. This time, the one who was caught off guard and had her eyes wide open was Phi Jeans.

The arms that had been holding me down changed to lightly hugging me. The tall girl's eyelids slowly closed, responding to the soft, inviting kiss on the tip of her tongue. If this continued for too long, how could I possibly pull my lips away?

My heart was beating fast and fast, but never mind. Being in the arms of the evil P’Jeans was more important. Especially when the other bit my lower lip, playing, it tickled but I was crazy about it.

However... Suddenly!

The sound of footsteps suddenly stopped. We both “had” to pull away from each other when we realized that someone was standing at the entrance of the room. And it was such a terrible omen that the person was Peach who happened to come down with the same laundry.

What are we going to do today? World Laundry Day?

He was stunned, while Phi Jeans and I felt embarrassed and didn't know what to do. It's not normal in this country to kiss in public. It's even more embarrassing when someone we know sees it.

The person who happened to come at the wrong time averted his gaze as if he hadn't seen anything. He lowered his head and walked inside with a normal expression, but you could tell he was forcing it. I secretly saw that his thick eyebrows were furrowed.

And as I said, Peach make us stand separately waiting for our own clothes. He chose a washing machine that can be defined in one word as an effort.

.

.

Intervening between me and P’Jeans, but because I still shamelessly stared at my evil senior.

Until I realized that the other party was secretly looking at me as well. I lifted my finger and lightly touched my lips. The warmth was still there and had not faded.

### Rrrr!

**Peach**: Luk Nai?

**Peach**: You like women? You never told me.

No sooner had he come back to the room than he texted me. I predicted that Peach would be quite interested in this. This made me feel uncomfortable.

**Luk Nai:** I don't like women.

**Luk Nai**: But I like P’Jeans.

There is an advantage to telling the truth because Peach will not have any hopes for me.

He is a good person, so he must understand.

**Peach**: I don't understand. Oh, what bad luck...

**Peach**: I thought you hated P'Jeans. When we went to the beach, the people in the group told us that you hated P'Jeans. She did so many things to you. Everyone knows that.

**Plant**: But today you said you like her.

**Peach**: I don't understand, and I don't understand her very much.

**Luk Nai**: Haha, never mind. **Peach**: Can't you explain it to me? **Luk Nai**: Good night, Peach.

I quickly ended the conversation without caring what the other party was typing. I put down my phone, held the laundry basket, and opened the balcony door while looking up.

Looking at the room above, I used to be worried that there would be soap scum on my head, but today it has changed. I hope to meet someone.

Even though that person made me blush and walk up the stairs,

### Creak!

The sound of the balcony door opening from the room above happened to be there. It was

Phi Jeans who was hanging clothes for Phi Lukmee. Everything was too dark to see clearly what kind of expression she was making on her face. Plus, I was downstairs and had to look up.

I just know that she was pretending to take off her clothes so that the water droplets would hit each other, and then a playful laugh came out softly, so I had to protest.

"You're teasing me... "Sorry, I didn't mean to."

I saw it clearly. It was clearly intentional.

"I'll take you out for ice cream to atone for my sins." Hmm... Or is it a hardcore date invitation?

"Can I not go?" I teased.

P’Jeans stopped her hands, crossed her arms, and leaned forward, resting her arms on the railing, speaking in an emphatic tone.

"No, I'm not forcing you."

Hearing that made me even more excited and wanted to tease her even more. I said,

“Because I don’t want to go.” "I forced it."

"Who would want to eat with a bad person?"

Just jokingly said something back while hanging the clothes. Who would have thought that the person above would let the atmosphere be quiet for so long? So long that I had to secretly look and see if she hadn't walked.

Did you go back into the room? Then she finally decided to change her tone to softer.

“Luk Nai?”

"Yes?"

"Let's go get ice cream with me tomorrow." Tomorrow, let's go eat ice cream with me.

Tomorrow, let's go eat ice cream with me. Tomorrow, let's go eat ice cream with me. All of a sudden!

The clothes in my hand fell back into the basket. With my body frozen, I tightly shut my mouth and picked up the remaining clothes to dry quickly, trying to finish it off. Before carrying the empty basket into the room, I slid the balcony door shut and locked it tightly, turning my back to it.

Then I sat there struggling to suppress the screams in my throat. On top of that, I had to put my hand over my mouth when I recalled the images and sensations in the laundry room.

This is so cute, you crazy person!

Not only is I embarrassed about the kiss, Ialso has to be embarrassed about the new pronoun.

# 30.Ice Cream,Piano and Villains

I'm starting to love ice cream.

The class that should have been about listening to the teacher's lecture turned into a brief explanation to my friends that I would skip practice today because I had some errands to run.

They didn't look convinced because I didn't give a detailed reason. Praewa casually teased me by asking if I was going with P'Jeans. I just shrugged and said,

"You Idiot."

But when class ended, I quickly packed my things and ran out of the room to wait in front of the elevator before anyone else. It was so slow, so slow that it was annoying. So it was no wonder that I chose to hurry down the stairs instead. Bew shouted after me, asking where I was going in such a hurry.

Hurry up and go find that bad girl.

I came to the meeting place as agreed in the chat, at the soft stone table area near the Faculty of Management. My brain processed to look for a woman wearing pants standing according to her personality.

But it turned out that today, she was wearing a student uniform over a gray suit that fit her faculty, which students would receive after their second year.

"I don't like it at all."

When I arrived, the person who was sitting and waiting with her chin resting on her hand was teased by me. She turned from staring at the group of freshmen who were practicing a cover dance not far away, her lips still red and moist as ever, and she answered.

"I'm not used to myself either."

"Then why are you dressed like this?"

“I’m presenting a project. The professor is the one who’s grading it, so I have to sprinkle coriander on top.”

She spread her arms and shrugged.

“Let’s go. Dad gave me the car keys back.”

I was at a loss when P’Jeans actually used this pronoun. I thought she called me last night because she just invited me to eat ice cream. When I saw her like this, how could I not feel hot and dizzy when I followed her tall figure? Because I was shy and shorter, and my legs were shorter, P’Jeans, who was walking ahead, had to stop and turn around to wait.

“Phi, you go ahead.”

She ignored what I said, walked over and put her left arm around me. Let’s walk together.”

Her voice was soft, like she was implicitly asking… "Yes."

I smiled sweetly in response to the taller person. The moment she looked at me, she froze in a daze, as if P'Jeans's world had stopped or slowed down. Not long after, those narrow eyes were brought back to their senses because I waved my hands in front of her face.

"P’Jeans."

"Huh? Let's go to the car."

### Knock Knock

Who ate you? The cruel person has disappeared. Are you sure?

But I like it.

I like it all if it's Jeans.

Because strangely enough, it makes my heart beat just the same.

After asking around, I found out that P’Jeans' father had cancelled the punishment because she had behaved better in the eyes of the adults, and she still had the same amount of pocket money and didn't have to go home.

Before 8pm curfew and on Sunday, I was not ordered to be confined to the house but in the bedroom. My beloved car was returned.

This time, P’Jeans didn't even say anything to me, "interfere," "be involved," or anything else that would hurt my feelings.

"What do your best friends say?" "Close friend? Praewa?"

"The man from last night."

“Peach is just a friend. We’re not that close.” "I've seen you chatting often."

“When?”

I put the ice cream down and frowned at the person sitting opposite me. As I opened my mouth to argue, the other person took the opportunity to scoop coffee-flavored ice cream and fed it to me without warning. The point is that I don’t drink coffee. I told you from the moment I stepped in that I didn’t like it.

“Eat! Phi, don’t argue.”

It's obvious that we're teasing each other! She had to swallow the coffee ice cream with a disliked expression on her face. The culprit laughed at her.

She still had a wicked spirit hidden in her. "My brother has a bad temperament."

"With a mouth like that, do you want to get it?" "What's wrong with you?"

The listener licks his/her lips, “put on lipstick.” "I want to."

For as long as I can remember, I've never thought that I would flirt with anyone like this. Oh my god! P’Jeans smiled.

It's not like I'm going to turn into a good woman with her anymore. You can tease me.

She always finds ways to tease me. I don't know what this relationship status is called. And does P’Jeans have me in her heart?

I don't know if liking hers means liking the same thing I like.

I don't know what inspired the other person to be interested in each other, just like I fell in love with you. I just know that...it's actually good.

"Why did you say you like someone like me?" The curious person asked.

I couldn't help but ask. What I got back was exactly the same deja vu as when we went to the restaurant alone. She rested her chin on her hand, looking at me with delight. The only difference this time was that she had a faint smile on her face.

Out of the corner of my eye, I happened to catch a glimpse of the clock on the wall of an ice cream shop.

## 4:07 p.m.

“Oh, no! I have to go to the music practice room.” “Right now?”

She just came out of her reverie when she saw me yelling at herself. "Yes."

"Suppose I told you not to go?" “…”

“Bad guys aren’t kind.”

The speaker changed her posture to cross her arms, leaning back against the back of the chair, the right corner of her thin lips lifting as if holding the upper hand.

“And it was a mistake to like a bad girl like you.”

Oh, gosh. I want to be embarrassed, but I'm more stressed about the time. Let's do this.

“But I really have to go practice. Today, our band has to try out a new song for the first time…”

I made a face asking for sympathy, hoping it would be cute enough to make the person in front of me feel a little shaken or sorry.

“Please take me, P’Jeans.”

Let me see if the villain is as hard-hearted as her tone. “Uncle-“

P’Jeans cleared her throat and put on a serious face.

“Okay, but I’m not giving in. I just happen to be going back.” “Really?”

I raised my eyebrows and tilted my head to ask with a smile. ""Oh yeah, really."

The other party's expression was like she was looking for trouble and then she called the waiter to check the bill. While doing that, she kept looking away with both hands and reached into the pockets of her outer student suit. Oh! You're acting like a crazy person, you idiot.

“Actually, you’re shy about me, right?” "It's all mixed up."

“I know. Just admit it.”

“You’re really good. Where did you learn that? "Because I'm often shy around you."

" "

The listener's face turned red and she was stunned when I spoke without hesitation.

Even the cashier was a bit confused and didn't know what to do. She gave me a twenty baht note and thought it was a hundred baht note. That's really ridiculous. It's all over now. You serpent.

If you're embarrassed by being teased, just admit it. It's not difficult at all.

.

## 4:21 p.m.

"P’Mel must be scolding me. She likes to blame me and say that I sing, harmonize badly, look so-so, and. "

Blah blah blah.

I kept reciting all the things I said to P’Jeans while she drove me back to the front of the practice building and walked me up to the sixth floor with her.

I sped up and finally walked side by side with a tall figure who seemed to be in a relaxed mood.

We passed the piano room where P’Jeans used to sit and play out-of-sync songs by herself.

"Can we play the piano one day?" She asked in a calm voice.

I turned to look at the unskilled player who suddenly wanted to try. "Is that what you want me to teach you?"

“Hmm.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to go to a music school? I’m not that good… “I want to play too."

Why does this make me feel troubled?

I just want to play the piano with my sister... I don't know, it's stuck in my mind that I want it to be the girl sitting next to me, and both of our fingers touching the keys. If it's not the girl, even if that person is the one standing... I feel a little uneasy.

"Okay, but because the present is always more important, I choose to say yes. The person who walks with me, right now, the girl is someone I can't contact, but P’Jeans is the villain that we are passionately involved with. “Huh! I thought you weren’t coming.”

When I opened the door and came in, Mel’s sarcastic voice immediately pierced through the air. I thought that Jeans would be waiting outside the room, but she ended up following me in.

“Sorry, it's me...”

“I took her to work on it ourselves. Sorry, I didn’t know there was a rehearsal.”

When she met P’Jeans who took the blame, the lead singer who was always naughty like Mel, she pursed her lips to hold back her emotions. She changed to ranting to Phi Wan instead that the guitar was out of tune.

The tall figure who was walking with me turned to talk to me. "Then I'll stay downstairs."

"P’Jeans isn't going home?" "I'll drive you to your dorm." Wow...

"Thank you..."

"Wait by the basketball court." "Yes."

After P’Jeans opened the practice room door and walked out, Phi Wan teased and joked,

“Oh, is it necessary to bring your girlfriend to show off to single people?” "I have nothing to do with P'Jeans."

“Yes, those sweet eyes are nothing.”

I saw Phi Mel pouting her lips and looking up before interrupting,

“It’s time to practice. We’ve been waiting for half an hour for our keyboard.”

I apologized to everyone again, especially Phi Mel. She waved her hand back and forth in reluctance to forgive us. Then we practiced the new song

about three times. The band that used the next room stood waiting in front as usual.

"I'm going back first. I apologize to everyone again. I'll open the room tomorrow. Please wait."

“Keep it real.”

Phi Mel still seemed to want to tease me a little, but because I wasn't angry enough to argue back like I usually am, I slung my bag over my shoulder and waved goodbye to all of my seniors in a good mood. Phi Mel seemed a little disappointed that I didn't argue back.

I walked to the elevator with anticipation. The basketball court was next to this building, to the right. Between the buildings, there was a square with tables where you could sit and study or chat as you pleased. After getting out of the elevator, I hurried towards my destination.

But then I had to stop. When I got close, I saw that Phi Jeans was standing and talking to someone. Both sides looked at each other.

What would happen when these two people came and fought each other eye to eye?

Phi Jeans and Peach

# 31.Villainous Love

"What did the Peach talk to you about?" “…”

"Umm... Phi Jeans."

"I'll come pick you up on Monday as usual,"

She said as the car pulled over in front of my dorm. I hadn't even gotten an answer about Peach yet, so I insisted.

“Please answer my question.” “Nonsense.”

Why does it feel like those eyes don’t dare to meet like before? "It's just nonsense, never mind."

“Peach and I aren’t close enough to talk about nonsense.”

"You're just picking a fight on that kid. That's all. Isn't that ridiculous enough?"

"Why did you pick a fight with my friend? You have such bad manners." "If you like someone like Jeans, you have to accept it."

Oh my god, you're crazy. It's clearly forced on me. I shook my head with a smile on my face, as if you had warned me that I had made a mistake since I fell for someone like you.

"Then... drive carefully." "Luk Nai?"

The car owner suddenly called my name as I was about to open the door and get out.

"Yes?" “...”

We finally looked at each other, but it was a look of worry and a bit of confusion. I wondered what Peach was talking about with her. Was it bothering her or making her annoyed? But no, it wasn’t because Peach had a better image than the bad girl I liked.

Phi Jeans turned her face away.

“Take my homework and do it for me.”

Oh my… I thought it was something else. Oh my god, she hasn’t changed at all.

**Praewa**: Someone saw you and P'Jeans go to the mall together. How evil!

**Toey**: So you skipped practice to go on a date, huh? Hee!

**Bew**: Rebel!

**Luk Nai:** Who saw it?

**Praewa**: Go to the EJ University News page.

Oh my god, that fake news page that I always turn my mouth off because the content is always exaggerated. But I like and follow it because I'm curious. Since the day I applied to study here, I rushed to check it out as my friend told me to. Then I had to hold my temples.

I'm confused. Do you remember the messy-haired freshman who was like a cat that forgot to lick its fur and who once splashed water on the famous jeans?

It also reinforces the story from the night I was cheated on!

"Now, she has changed from being an enemy to...Jean's. What is it? I think you have to look at the picture yourself and let the picture tell the story. Oh my... is this a soap opera called "Heavenly Deviation" or something? They hate each other so much, but in the end."

The clear image that appeared was the moment when Phi Jeans pretended to stuff ice cream and coffee into my mouth. And she laughed at me while I was there.

I don't know which angle the page admin saw it as... crazy or whatever, I want it to be as the page wrote.

But damn, Phi Jeans is still looking at our semi-relationship cave.

There were a thousand or so people who liked that post. I'm probably the only one who pressed "Angry" before commenting.

“I Choose, Phi.”

And then the admin replied back. “Is it true?"

When I like to meddle in other people's business and then get my head around like this, I secretly think that karma is getting to me. I choose not to reply to comments, take a shower, get dressed, and then lie face down and open Phi Jeans' homework book instead.

It's another thing that the first year doesn't understand. To make matters worse, we are in different fields.

“There’s so much homework, teacher. I read what Phi Jeans wrote to answer the question because she couldn’t do it, and I laughed. Then the

teacher for this subject gave a big zero as the score for that question.

I happened to quickly flip through the blank pages until my eyes caught a page with pen marks on it. I had to quickly flip it back to see what the owner had written for fun.

'LukNai'

Have you written my name yet?

When I'm alone like this, I don't need to hold back my smile. I reach for the pen and want to write something to tease her and let her know that I found this page, but I can't think of what sentence to continue with.

Let's take it. ‘Jeans’

I hope you'll find it when you open it, Phi Jeans.

.

.

"The homework is messed up again."

The familiar voice made me look up from my book to look at the person who had walked in. I looked left and right. My friends in the group disappeared to find the novels on the shelves. They had read them. No wonder Phi Jeans walked in to greet me so easily.

“Are you looking for me just to say that? I want to give you a year to do it myself.”

“I didn’t come to scold you,”

Said a senior in casual clothes, who moved a chair to sit down next to me. “I came to find someone to go out to lunch with.”

"My friends in the group."

I smiled and raised my eyebrows in a superior manner. I wanted to know what the others would say if they encountered this trick.

“Hmm.”

Just nod in response, look calm, and stand up to walk out? "Wait."

Phi Jeans refused to listen to my call, causing me to reach out and grab the hem of her shirt and hold it tightly until she turned to me and asked in an annoyed voice.

"What."

“We’ve already found each other. Why don’t you try to invite me, you loser?”

"Do you dare say that I'm a loser?"

She laughed, raised her hand and scratched her neck shyly before sitting back down and speaking sweetly with a pleading face, "Nong Luk Nai?

Come have lunch with me." "Uh..."

"Little one."

I can't take it anymore. A person like Phi Jeans doing this makes my face burn red.

I made a difficult decision like that. "Okay, you see, I called you small."

Anyway, that was the answer I had when I saw your face.

"Eww, love stinks."

Praewa's voice floated through the air and penetrated from afar. I turned to glare at my three friends who dared to interrupt a sweet moment. If I hadn't had to go eat lunch with Phi Jeans, I would have walked over and dragged them by the neck and flicked their heads one by one.

At noon, my bad Phi took me out to eat at a nearby restaurant. "Have you seen the news on that page yet?"

“I saw it.”

“I commented on it but I didn’t see you comment on anything. Seriously, do you feel anything?”

"I feel hungry. Let's eat. We talk a lot."

Phi Jeans is just as mean as ever. Sometimes she's cute and adorable, but most of the time she acts like a sly cat 70% of the time. Even so, I still like her. Our relationship is strange. Once, I told her to go die, but now she's looking for me. And she calls me "Nai" or "Nong Nai" (little sister). I can't help but be happy.

Another thing is that I have experienced more new things. For example, I sat behind the building eating moo kata with my group of friends over instant noodles.

“It's delicious.”

The dipping sauce is very delicious. Phi Fang made it herself with a unique recipe and was very economical, using chili peppers from the agricultural school garden in our university. If I had known, I would have come to eat here from the beginning.

"Do you like crab sticks or egg tofu?"

The person sitting on my right asked. It was none other than the person who had held my hand and invited me to join the group. This made P’Luk Mee

grimace in annoyance because she was annoyed by this sweetness. "I like crab sticks," I replied.

"What about crab sticks and Phi?" “Phi.”

"Yes, do you want to go eat at Venus? I see ants are coming up instead."

Finally, P’Luk Mee said it. I shook my head, feeling sorry for my cute senior who was completely fed up. Then, I scooped a lot of crab sticks onto my plate.

"So when will I get to play the piano with you?" "Aren't you going to practice first?"

"I can play a little bit now."

"But that day when I heard it... it was so crazy."

"Hmm, Nong Nai, do you know that when I was in middle school, that Jeans-"

"Shut up, Lukmee. I was talking to Nai.”

“Heh! Don’t bother borrowing my lecture notes anymore.”

This made me discover that Phi Luk Mee is extremely moody. I had to coax her with sweets or food, or take her out to eat at a delicious restaurant.

Another thing I learned more about from trying to ask was Phi Mel and Phi Jeans' relationship. Phi Fang let out a story when we went to buy ice together that...

The two had been dating since high school. One day, Jeans told the group that she couldn't take it anymore. The current relationship wasn't right. Mel never remembered her story or the important things in her life.

"That girl also ordered Jeans not to enter the faculty star contest at all because she was afraid that they would meet in the university star round."

"Is it that bad?"

I thought so. Even though Phi Jeans looks like she's looking for trouble, she's so beautiful that even women fall for her.

"But Jeans wasn't going to enter any contests anyway. Even so, I still think Mel is stupid. I'm confused. I'm really confused about how they liked each other in the first place."

"I think so too,"

I agreed with Phi Fang as we walked together carrying our stuff. "Aren't you surprised that Phi Jeans would like someone like me?" Because I don't understand either.

“...”

She was silent.

“Bring me the ice. I’ll hold it myself. If she sees that I’m using you, she’ll give me a stern look.”

Before changing the subject, she took the thing from my hand and held it instead. I tried not to hold a grudge. Phi Fang is irritable. If I ask too much, she’ll throw a tantrum.

.

.

The first year marketing class had a meeting today to present our products. At first, our group had planned a project big enough to compete with NASA. Then we remembered last night that today at 10 o'clock we had to

go out and present our products. And yeah, we hadn't even started yet. It's a disaster.

Everything was a complete mess. A fast typist like Praewa went to a photocopy shop to organize the report format. Bew went to the university's computer room to quickly make a PowerPoint presentation. Toey took a questionnaire and asked 50 second-year seniors to fill it out and lied that our product was good.

What am I doing? Sitting behind my faculty building making the product, “Bread with Jam.”

Oh my God… What we agreed upon was something new, like a five-star bakery. It’s not bread stuffed with different colored jams and wrapped in bags to show the teacher like this.

"Aren't you going to school?"

A familiar voice rang out. Normally, if I glanced over and saw that it was Phi Jeans, I would be excited and happy deep down. But not right now, as I was rushing to make this jam-covered bread.

“I have a class at ten,”

I replied shortly, lowering my head to continue working.

“You don’t want to talk to me, do you? You haven’t even looked at my face.”

I’m a really bad person, why would I be so upset about something like this? I stopped my hand and looked up at the owner of the annoying voice, getting on my nerves to the point of making her happy.

"I'm working. If I don't finish before ten, it will be bad." “These jams?”

She put down her thick third-year books on the table. After putting on her regular uniform for a short while, she went back to wearing her regular clothes again. Her delicate hands took a bite of the latest piece of bread I had just made.

“I was just hungry.” "Damn P’Jeans!" "What?"

“That’s my job. I have to make 20 of them and pack them in a bag to show the teacher!”

"So what?"

She was annoying me again. I put on an angry face. We've come this far, and you're still teasing me? I gathered my things and put them in a box, hoping to escape and do it somewhere else, but her warm hands grabbed my arm tightly.

"Don't be mad."

"Hee!"

"I'll help you do it."

I get shy often, but I don't hold back my smile until my cheeks almost burst like this many times. Phi Jeans' short sentence makes me almost squirm.

“Can someone like you do anything?”

I teased to relieve my embarrassment. After I finished speaking, I sat back down and handed the tools to my senior who offered to help spread the jam on the bread.

“Phi, spread it. I’ll cut it and pack it in the bag myself.” “Where did you buy this jam?”

“I made it myself last night.” “Where do you do it?”

"Yes, what else do you want to say to me?"

The other party didn't answer the question, but bowed her head and focused on spreading the jam as I ordered. She made it spill over the bun like a hamburger with cheese stuck to it.

Cooking doesn't seem like the evil person's style, but it's cute.

….

"When will you play the piano with me?"

She suddenly said without looking at me. I stopped cutting the jam-filled bread into small pieces.

“Do you really want to play with me that much?” "Hmm”

“Then this weekend.” "I…"

“I told you myself that I have a third-year meeting tomorrow. And besides that, I have more intense cheer practice activities every day.”

“…”

She lost again. She picked up the piece of bread that she had stolen earlier and bit it to make up for it, losing face. Sometimes, this villainous person in front of me was really cute. I smiled faintly as I secretly glanced at the beautiful face from the side. Her narrow eyes were working hard together.

"When will I finally know why you like me?"

“Next time, make some orange jam. I want to try it.” Is it okay to do something like this?

“Yes”

Finally, at 9:50, the work was finished. My friends chatted to me to tell me that they were almost done as well and they were walking towards me.

“You really won’t give me anything in return? I went out of my way to help.”

“Wait a minute. So you really want something in return?” "Yes, so you don't have any?"

The person who spoke turned to stare at me directly, raising her right eyebrow. She was still extremely annoying.

“You get to eat delicious jam that I made myself without sleep. Is it worth it? You can’t find it anywhere.”

"Not worth it"

"Then what do you want...!"

Before she could finish, the evil, crazy girl leaned in to kiss my lips lightly, making a “kiss” sound. The sweet, fragrant strawberry jam lingered for only a split second before she pulled away and whispered in my ear.

## "Where did you make that jam? It's delicious...but it's still a lot less sweet than my lipstick, right?"

At this point, the scorching sun couldn't compete with the temperature on my face.

# 32.Because of coincidence

"Are you dating? Answer!" "No, I just-"

“Someone saw them kissing behind the faculty building,”

Praewa crossed her arms, acting like I was a suspect being arrested by detectives to extract information from.

“Nai, you told me to make bread, but you’re probably kissing women until ants are crawling over you. And before that, you were stubborn and said you didn’t like it. Women are annoyed.”

“It wasn’t me,”

I insisted, answering firmly. “She kissed me.”

Then, I felt a slight tickle in my heart when I imagined that jerk. “That's it!”

I'm so embarrassed that this kind of thing has reached everyone's ears. I blame that girl, P'Jeans, who's a famous person with a reputation and the degree of the dean's daughter. Praewa rolled her eyes at my relationship with P'Jeans that doesn't have a name.

"If it's something more than senior and junior, more than acquaintances, then you should find the right definition."

Definition... "Is... my villain?"

“Heh! Villain, is there no better name for this?” "My waste person"

“That’s crazy. Who would call someone they like that?” "I don't know. She's just a bad girl, my kind of bad girl." "Yes, yes, whatever."

Our group report got a little deducted points because many things weren't very smooth, but at least it went well and we survived again. Today at noon, we decided to go out for a small celebration, using the pizza cards that we had left to help us survive this meal.

Before everyone started to scoop me up, I raised my hand to stop them with a fierce, possessive look.

“Wait, let me take a picture first.” “Wow,”

I let my friend’s chorus grow bored while waiting for a while. Without wasting too much time, I picked up my phone and turned on the camera to take 3-4 photos to get the best angle before making a hand gesture for everyone to eat first.

I sent the photos to our host for the second time.

**Luk Nai**: [Send a picture]

**Luk Nai**: I came to eat pizza from the remaining card last time. After a while, I ate it along with my friends, and then my phone vibrated.

**Jeans**: Who are you going to eat with?

**Luk Nai**: My friend, how could you finish two trays by yourself?

**Jeans:** Any handsome guys?

**Luk Nai**: Peach didn't come at all. Luk

**Nai**: So naughty.

**Jeans** : [Send picture]

Phi Jeans sent me a picture of Pad Krapao from her regular shop in the faculty cafeteria as an exchange. I laughed softly. It wasn't that she ate it because there weren't many people, but that she probably just really liked Pad Krapoa. I really wanted to go back to my kitchen and try my own skills, but my dad would complain at length.

**Luk Nai**: Phi Jeans

**Jeans**: Luk Nai?

Oh my gosh, just the response alone made me blush and my fork bounce back and forth, causing my friends around me to shake their heads in annoyance.

**Luk Nai**: I will make stir-fried basil for you to eat.

**Luk Nai:** I'll take you to my house.

I flirted again... I flirted countless times until I didn't know where to put my face. I closed the phone screen and put it on the right side with a small smile. After a while, the chat of an important person popped up again. It was a short message.

**Jeans**: K

I wanted to reply with something like a sticker or an emoji, but Praewa stopped me and said that we need to be a bit more reserved when it comes to flirting. We need to be a bit more difficult to reply to, and let the other person wait. So I spent my time until I finished eating and pressed reply.

She read it right away too.

The next day, Phi Jeans only told me in advance that the third year had a meeting today, and it really happened. Phi Sa asked the class president to tell me that I didn't need to practice the stand. I would go wherever I wanted to go. I had a day off.

Toey went on a date with her boyfriend, Bew and Praewa went home. As for me, I can't avoid riding my bike to buy some snacks at 7-Eleven and then going back to eat them while reading a novel at the dorm.

The weather today is quite nice. There's a breeze, and the clouds are blocking the cool sunlight. Shouldn't it be like this on the day when we freshmen scream and sing cheer songs?

On the way back, I suddenly had an idea and rode to the other side of the football field. Perhaps because there were many trees on that side, it looked nice to ride through when the wind blew.

I thought of the scene where the male protagonist in the novel confessed his love to the female protagonist under the Cassia tree. It looked romantic and like a rare moment, even though the Cassia tree at our university wasn't near there.

Come on.

Even ordinary trees give a different kind of naturalness.

.

.

I am a person who looks at things from a distance, far enough to see someone's body. Some people are sleeping comfortably on the grass beside the football field under the shade of a tree. I understand that the wind is cool and inviting to sleep, but there really aren't any beds at home or in the dorm.

As I rode closer and closer to see who it was, I changed my mind. Okay, whatever. She's the one who boasted that she was sweeter than my sweets.

How could I not brake my bike? I made my voice as quiet as possible and slowly walked over, standing and looking at the person who had her eyes closed, enjoying the fresh air of the day, because she had not yet woken up from her trance. Her beautiful, alluring face made me kneel down gently and lean my head closer to tease her.

"Did you skip the meeting?"

She wasn't awake yet. She must have been too carried away by the atmosphere. I cleared my throat softly and greeted her cheerfully once more.

"My poor girl, why are you sleeping here?"

Her beautiful eyebrows furrowed in surprise. Her eyelids opened to meet mine, who was looking down at her. The person was right there. A soft “Ah” escaped her throat unexpectedly when she saw that it was me she was looking at from upside down.

Does she realize that her face, which is covered with a frown, is embarrassing no matter how you look at it?

“Bad attitude, not going to the meeting.”

I gave her a sweet smile that made her at first not know what to do. Before Phi Jeans changed her expression to try to be normal and invited her back. Let’s get back to the topic.

"Afternoon meeting" "Oh."

After I answered, I got up and sat down on the grass on the right side of the people who were looking at each other in every pose. My mouth still had a small smile on it.

.

When hanging, "What are you doing sleeping here for? You said you're sweet. Aren't you afraid of ants?"

"Ouch!"

"What's wrong with Jeans!?"

"The ants are coming up. What is your name?"

I was tricked into feeling disheartened. I pushed the arm of the person who was laughing and mocking me. The look of satisfaction from teasing me.

Oh my god, I haven't stopped since the first day. I really can't tease you. "I'm sorry, Phi."

"If you're talking like that, you don't have to call me Phi." "What should I call you, my girlfriend?"

"..."

Actually, I was just jokingly replying, but my words made both of us stare at each other for a long time. I was embarrassed, and it seemed like the annoying seniors who were making eye contact with me had feelings for me, as you can see from the pale color on her faces.

A gust of wind blew and I came to my senses. “Umm… can I sleep next to you?”

"Um"

We pretended that nothing happened before. I lay down next to Phi Jeans. From this angle, the clouds in the sky are so beautiful that they are perfect for taking pictures. She understood. She chose a place to lie down and relax before going to a stressful meeting.

“Have you received any complaints from me while practicing music?”

“Huh? How did you know?”

I quickly turned to look at the side face of the person who was lying down watching the sky.

"That girl's personality is that she likes to blame others." “Oh really…”

That’s right. My ex-lover must have known better.

“Then what was it about P’Mel that made you fall in love?”

And my love for snooping will never truly disappear. But it’s a question I’ve wanted to know for a long time. I want to know but I don’t really want to hear it. I’m afraid she’s still obsessed with that woman…

"Mel was the one who asked me to be her girlfriend first." "Really"

“Yes,”

She replied, before explaining her self-deprecating expression from the past.

“At first I liked it because she had a sweet smile, but then it turned out to be scary.”

I laughed, I could imagine how scary it was. “Aren’t you really upset when you broke up?”

"No"

"You're so easy-going."

"Mel just isn't. Haven't you ever dated someone who isn't right?" "I've never dated anyone."

This time, it was P'Jeans who turned to look at me. I pretended to look at the sky, so she looked at me from side to side.

"And I've never liked anyone before, except for you... Oh... When I was little, I had a crush on one of my older sisters, but I didn't think about it that deeply."

"Who"

"I won’t tell"

“Are you stubborn with me?”

The owner of the fierce voice sat up. “Have you forgotten what I can do?”

“What are you doing, you idiot? I can’t remember.”

Emphasizing how evil she was useless. Hearing it made me not feel scared at the moment. I sat up after her, thinking that I would not be subservient anymore. But my eyes widened when the other person raised a familiar object above her head.

“You don’t want it, right? A wallet.”

"P’Jeans!" I raised my voice, not realizing that my white wallet that I had put in my pants pocket had been snatched. She was so evil. If I hadn't told her that she was the daughter of the dean, I would have thought she was a professional swindler. The owner of the beautiful face with a smile on her lips was superior.

“Would you like to tell me who was the person you had a crush on when you were a kid?”

“It’s just an older sister. At that time, my sister and I were so young that we didn’t even think about anything too deeply. Don’t cause trouble. Give me back my wallet.”

Her thin lips curved into a small smile, her gaze softening. She didn't understand why she had initially pressed me for an answer, but after I had answered, she kept pointing at me. That was good, that meant I wouldn't have to explain at length. She agreed to return the wallet to me before hugging her knees and continuing to look at the beautiful clouds in the sky.

I don't finish easily.

"Phi, you and Phi Mel still have feelings for each other, right? I saw you visiting each other when you went to the hospital."

"That girl borrowed money." "..."

That's it. I can't even respond.

“Whenever she need to borrow money or ask for help, she’s always nice like that.”

“I feel relieved…”

I admit that it was an accidental exclamation of relief. I fell silent when I realized that I was thinking a bit too loud this time. I quickly changed the subject.

“But I’ve heard that old embers can be lit if lighted lightly.” "It doesn't matter."

P’Jeans, who was looking at me, moved closer. "Is it true?"

“True” even closer.

“Maybe you lied to me.” “Trust me,”

And came closer until our noses were only a few inches apart. "Well you can believe me."

"It's just a pawn. It's not a waste of time to tease." Evil!

The fresh air and the gentle breeze blew by. I couldn't take my attention away from the face of the person who was staring at the sky. The first time I saw her, she looked so happy, deep down without saying anything, as if she was thanking the heavens for letting her sit here. Her thin red lips unconsciously hummed a tune softly.

“Loneliness is gone because I found something that is suitable for me…”

I can’t help but smile when I see that the person next to me is happy in this moment. There is only a small chance that the person I like will have the same feelings, and I am that lucky person. My eyes and the fact that I am P’Jeans make me unable to withdraw, even though I never know what the other person likes about me.

It seemed like an experience I never expected to have as a college student.

Who would have thought that I would fall into an inexplicable relationship with the villain I hated so much at first? It was like the fact that the test summary sheets were flying all over the place just happened yesterday.

I laughed when I thought about the time I blamed P’Jeans for throwing water in the bathroom, even though it was the business star's work. Now that she had the image of a bad person, everything in this series was concluded to be her work.

“What are you secretly laughing at?”

The owner of the voice stopped humming softly and reached out to ruffle my hair, teasing me. When the wind blew again, my hair became even messier, as if I had just had a fight with someone. I pouted and looked at the person who was smiling mockingly before fixing my hair so that it looked okay.

“I didn’t secretly laugh. I just remembered something funny,”

I replied, picking up my phone to check the time. She said she wasn’t going to the third-year meeting anytime soon.

And because before that, when Phi Jeans investigated the girl, it made me think again. The feeling that if she were in front of me, what kind of woman would she be? That made me wonder and think of that person again. My finger pressed the icon of the list of names saved in my phone. My sister's number was the person I had marked.

It was like being stared at. I looked up and saw P’Jeans standing staring at the screen. The phone with the name prominently displayed. Before moving her eyes up to meet mine, she spoke calmly and smiled as she asked.

“Are you going to make a phone call?”

A strange feeling rushed through me. I cared more about the feelings of the woman next to me. She didn't seem to want to stop me, but because of that faint smile, I realized it and questioned myself.

Are you going to call your sister now? When Phi Jeans was there, "No, my hand just happened to touch it."

I turned off the screen and put it back in my pants pocket. P'Jeans laughed as if we were being affectionate. At that moment, I chose to move closer to her,

Before leaning on her warm shoulder. "I chose you, P'Jeans."

# Broken Point

Phi Jeans often sends messages on Facebook around 9pm to show off her power.

**Jeans**: Where? Go to sleep.

**Jeans**: I told you to sleep.

What's wrong with you? I have news that I need to keep up with, there are dozens of them, and there are novels waiting to be read on my bookshelf. I have so many activities.

**Luk Nai:** If you're not sleeping, go to sleep. **Jeans**: How many late nights have you been? **Luk Nai**: I'm the same.

The other party read it and was silent for a long time until I wondered if the text touched my nerves or was it cute or not. I went back to read the chat and there was nothing like that. She was silent. Where did she go?

**Jeans**: [Send picture]

I closed the novel I had read just two lines of, grabbed my phone, and opened the chat. P'Jeans sent me a picture of her hand reaching out to turn off the bedside lamp, before the next message followed right after.

**Jeans**: I'm going to bed. So when are you going to sleep? I sat smiling by myself, laughing by myself....

And I saw the investment.

**Luk Nai**: You can sleep now.

Then I happily walked over to the light switch, humming a song, before imitating Phi Jeans in an almost similar way by reaching over to turn off the bedside lamp.

Some sent her pictures to look at as well before turning off the device, not knowing anything, covering the head with a blanket and sleeping, hugging the pillow and being happy again.

What kind of person is she? Just a few sentences and a picture. I smiled broadly and hugged my pillow happily until I fell asleep the next morning.

If you ask me if I had a good dream last night, I would say that this morning was the morning that made me the happiest. While taking a shower, I sang along to the novel I had finished reading last night.

My mood reached a peak of happiness when I slung my bag and prepared to go to school. When I came down from the dorm, I saw someone park their car and wait for me in front.

The familiar car window next to the driver's seat rolled down, revealing the face of the person who had just entered my dream.

"Get in the car"

"Speak nicely. Your face is already looking for trouble, and your tone sounds like you're forcing yourself. Other people wouldn't go with you."

"It's not like anyone else, right?"

She rested her arm on the steering wheel, turned her face to look straight ahead, stopped eye contact with me, and said with a deadpan expression,

"So come up here, Cheeks. Do you want to go get some breakfast?"

I leaned forward, made a growling sound in my throat, and walked around the back to the passenger door on the other side. When I got into the car, I realized that Phi Jeans was playing some soft music. What was interesting was that it was the song I had just sung this morning, the song in the novel. At first, I thought it was a coincidence.

"Do you have a comb?" "Open the drawer."

The driver nodded once to the drawer on the front passenger side of the car. It just so happened that I saw in the mirror that my hair was upturned and in a ponytail earlier, so I wanted to style it a bit. The story made me blink.

.

A squeaking sound occurred when I opened it. Instead of paying attention to the comb I was looking for, my eyes focused on a novel instead.

The one I bought with you, and we were killing time while waiting for the porridge shop to open.

Did Phi Jeans remember the title? And did you read it? "Did you find it?"

The owner of the car asked, her eyes not looking up. I smiled even more than when I came down the stairs this morning.

"I found it."

I mean, the person who made my heart come alive... when I took her to teach her how to get on the car that day.

.

.

## 2 days later

Now, a new matter has come up that makes me think hard. Phi Jeans insists on really playing the piano together.

"What song should I play?"

I admit that I'm not sure if she can play it properly until the end. "Whatever you think I can play."

"Do what you think you can play?" "What song do you think I can play?" "How would I know..."

Despite my grumbling, I picked up the book in front of the piano, which contained many songs with lyrics and notes. P'Jeans often rested her chin on her hand and looked at me. It was the same now. Maybe my gesture was not that impressive, but she did it anyway.

"Then let's play this song. I used to play it when I was a kid and I played it a lot."

...

"Hmm"

Her narrow eyes glanced at the opened book. I placed it in front of us so we could see clearly. The other person changed to sitting up straight. It was noticeable that the placement of her fingers was correct, like someone who had studied before.

"Then I'll go first."

I wonder if P'Jeans will be able to play.

The first note came out, and the Japanese song Tegami continued. This is a song that I like to play just by the rhythm without the lyrics. What surprised

me so much that my fingers almost stopped moving was when the bad girl sitting on my left started playing too, and she played surprisingly well.

Not rushing the rhythm. Not out of tune.

Don't tell me you've been practicing in secret, but it's unlikely that you'd be able to play like you're used to the piano like this. I looked at P'Jeans and then at the piano keyboard.

At certain moments, when they turned to look at me, the late afternoon sunlight shone back behind her beautiful face. Just her slight smile made both of my cheeks burn with embarrassment.

You evil bastard...

Looking at it from this angle, it really makes my heart melt.

We played together until the end of the song. It's funny how you played better than me. If the piano teacher saw this, she would definitely say that P'Jeans is like a professional.

"I... I just found out that you're good at playing the piano." "I can just play."

"In my neighborhood, we call it being good at playing." Beautiful eyebrows raised.

"Well, our houses are in different places." Still annoying.

I rolled my eyes at my senior in front of me before glancing at my watch.

"I have to go practice. When I get back, if you don't tell me where you practiced, I'll really be mad."

"I'm not afraid."

She shrugged with a cute face. I had to point my finger at her and leave the piano room to go practice for the band at 12 o'clock. During this time, Phi Jeans would usually wait by the basketball court so that when the concert ended, she could walk to the stands with me.

"So what are we?"

Is the question that comes to me every day from strange senior friends and I answer that.

"We're siblings."

Which no one believes it.

The song "Dream Sweet Eye Kiss", P'Mel's voice is still a bit off-key, like her own style. The band doesn't hope that we will win (meaning besides P'Mel). The seniors just want to put the band's name in their history of experience. I don't know the other reason why P'Mel wants to compete.

That's her secret. I heard from inside sources that she flirts with men....

Every day I practice with full determination and run four times a hundred after practice to meet the people waiting for me. Sometimes, Phi Jeans will buy a milkshake and have it ready. If it's a day when I'm busy practicing and I'm late, it will melt and become tasteless. But I'll finish it anyway. The sweetness isn't in the milkshake, but in the person who bought it.

The bicycle that my father gave me is rarely used, when every day there was a driver to pick me up and drop me off at the dorm. Her friends complained that they were bored with this moment over and over again.

P'Jae Sa often teased P'Jeans about why there was only one freshman who got more special privileges than anyone else, such as getting a can of lemonade, a handkerchief, and most recently, a heat-resistant helmet.

"...and if your kiss becomes my kiss "

Then why did our band have to choose this song? It's even more embarrassing when I play the keyboard myself.

.

.

## 5:12 p.m.

Today I finished late again.

I looked at the numbers on the elevator screen floor by floor. There was something on my mind. I wanted to find fault with Phi Jeans, even though I could guess how much this bad girl would play a trick on me.

But then the situation seemed to repeat itself. Walking into Phi Jeans standing and talking to Peach again was not so pleasant because that meant she would not tell me the story of their conversation. So, a curious person like me chose to eavesdrop on the two of them talking with serious expressions.

"If that's the case, then how are you going to tell Luk Nai?" Peach's voice was serious, and so was her expression.

"..."

Phi Jeans was silent at first.

"I will tell her that... in reality, I only pretended to be nice to you so that I could see the day you would be heartbroken when you were dumped."

This is it.....

What the hell are you talking about?

"And let me tell you, it's funny. **When I was a kid, I was a busybody like you. I believe I really liked you."**

The sentence I heard made my face instantly numb.

I didn't want to rush to meet the person I liked just to hear these sentences from her mouth.

I don't want to hear it and I don't want it to be true. "Is that so?"

Both the speaker and Peach turned to me, who blurted out a trembling voice. Phi Jeans' eyes widened in shock at me standing here, talking to Peach about important sentences, just standing there by the wall and listening to her blurt out.

"Luk Nai..."

"That's why we're together, isn't it?"

No kidding, let's slap the bad guy in the face first. Don't cry yet.

I gritted my teeth tightly, raised my hand to wipe away the tears that were stubborn in the end, making me weak and embarrassed in front of the two people in front of me. I couldn't stay here anymore. I wasn't ready to look anyone in the eye.

"How stupid! How could I like someone like you..."

After I finished speaking, I made up my mind and turned around to run away as fast as I could.

The sound of footsteps immediately followed. Why didn't I know it had to be you? Then, what were you trying to say next? I didn't think to slow down, but the other party finally caught up. Warm hands grabbed my arm tightly, causing me to turn back to look at her.

The situation was just like that day when we still hated each other. And yes, she still hates me just like before. Nothing has changed at all.

Before, it was just a misunderstanding. It was only me who fell for you. "Luk Nai?..."

The thin lips called out my name. But so what? I gave her time to try to say something to make up for herself.

"..."

But it was just a stupid silence. "Do you have any excuse?"

I held back my sobs, took a deep breath, and shook my arm free from her grasp.

"..."

"If I hadn't eavesdropped on what just happened, how long would I have been stupid enough to be bullied?"

"..."

"Answer me!"

Nothing has ever made me this angry. I'm so angry that I can't control my feelings and tears. My hand grabs the collar of the taller girl's shirt, pulling her closer to my face. She should stop standing there silently, or looking at me with those unpredictable eyes.

A lump formed in my throat. I swallowed my saliva with difficulty. Once again, I spoke to her in a soft voice. That sentence was so pathetic.

"Please say something. Tell me that you were just joking with Peach. I'm ready to believe everything you say..."

Because truly I want it to be like that

## Because my heart already loves you.

Just say it, I'll be a fool and change the hand that was holding your collar to hug you tightly instead.

"Yes...P'Jeans"

"..."

But then, when the other party only responded with silence, at that moment, my heart felt like it was being squeezed hard, and it reminded me that I was just a fool who fell into the other party's bullying game.

You're satisfied now. No wonder you have no reason to like me.

I pushed away P'Jeans' body in despair. If you don't want to say anything, why do you have to run after me? Why do you have to call my name? Why do you have to try to hold me back? And when will those eyes stop looking at each other?

"P'Jeans, do you know how to love someone or not?!"

Before I could raise my hand to cover my mouth, I hurriedly walked away from her again, this time without any holding back.

# Between Us

## Part Jeans: Jeans’ Part

“Once again, Jeans. The third note of the chorus is off. Start all over again.”

Since I can remember.

“What? Oh, no. I was talking to my daughter."

Mom kept talking to someone on the phone and stirring the hot coffee in the cup.

I don't even remember how old I was at the time. I just know that I turned around and asked a sweet voice of a person walking around in a flustered manner.

“Mom, can you please not go anywhere yet?”

Hearing only that, the person who was restrained sighed with an annoyed expression, walking over and speaking in a fierce voice next to the piano.

"Mother's Day means its Mom day, Jeans. Don't you feel sorry for your mom who's been working so hard and wants to rest? Your dad will be back in the evening."

“…”

“Auntie Chai will make lunch for you. Mom has a reservation at the hair salon.”

Aunt Chai is a housekeeper taking care of the kitchen. Mom picked up the phone and spoke to someone on the line after finding the leather bag on the table.

I didn't continue playing the piano, I forgot which part the song was playing to. All I could do was stare at the owner's back today, knowing deep in my heart that it would be useless to whine. At that moment, I felt suspicious.

Mom and Dad, how long will they be like this?

Will there be a day when the fatigue that mother spoke of will end and they will stay with me for a long time?

And when I grow up, will I become like that too? "Young lady, the cookies I baked are done."

Aunt Chai's daughter's came over and told me about the cookies I asked her to teach me how to make. I mixed them myself, but I just asked her to help me bake them because I didn't know how to use the oven. What a pity! No one was there to eat them.

“Sister Fai,”

I turned away from the piano and looked up at the older person.

“Sister Fai, do you think the cookies will still taste good until Dad gets home?”

“Of course, young lady. The cookies that were given as New Year’s gifts were made several days ago. They still taste good when they reach us.”

“That’s right.”

I must have been too young to clap my hands in delight when I heard that. “Thank you, Auntie.”

“Yes”

.

.

## 5:35 p.m.

They said today is a public holiday, but my dad just flew back from overseas, so someone at school said today is a holiday, they lied to me.

In this world, I was glad to see two cars standing in line at the entrance: my mother's white BMW, which she often drove to work or wherever she went, and a jet-black Benz that someone would drive to pick up and drop off my father.

The driver was someone under my mother's care. Even though my father was not yet a high-ranking official at that time, because the surname was transferred to my mother's side, everything changed.

"Dad, do you want some cookies?" “Wait, Jeans.”

Dad walked past me, up the stairs, exhaustedly removing his suit. I watched him walk into the room.

Make sure he doesn't change his mind and come down for a cookie. Its chocolate chip, and everyone will love it.

Then why did everyone ignore it, as if they thought it was the wicked witch's apple?

Dad should stop working so hard and keep saying that he will be a man who is worthy of Mom. Everyone thinks that Dad is great, me, my friends at school, and even my teachers. But dad is the only one who is not satisfied.

Day after day, the situation never changes.

Then, at 12, I realized that my father's career was busy, and so was my mother, who was a major shareholder in a company. I just lived my life as planned, getting the grades that would make my parents say,

"Good job, Jeans."

It was always a bleak world, like there was no end to this cycle. Until...

## “Wow! The police will definitely come and arrest someone. Someone forged the parent’s signature.”

The shrill-voiced, wide-eyed girl spoke up before I could even put my pen in the box where my parents could sign to confirm that I was allowed to go on the field trip. Not only was she loud, she also refused to be afraid when I gave her a fierce look to intimidate her. The round- faced little girl stared back with clear eyes.

"It's definitely Teacher Panwad's friend. The teacher will definitely call the police!"

“Which generation are you?” "Model 12."

I really do study piano with Teacher Panwad.

The teacher will take turns teaching the even-numbered rooms for half an hour each time. The remaining time will be given to the next generation to supervise us. This institute also has three other music teachers.

.

.

I come to study piano at a music school not far from my school every evening. I am in the 14th batch and have been studying for over 2 years. I have seen a loudmouth girl with pigtails and a red skirt staring at me before, but I saw in passing that her father was just dropping her off.

"You'll definitely end up in jail!"

It's annoying...staring at you and babbling too much.

“Just you wait, ouch!”

The talkative child’s fair cheeks were pinched by my hands on both sides. The little one let out an unrealistic groan. She put a little more weight on her hands, but her face turned into a grimace as if she was in a lot of pain.

"Don't tell Teacher Panwad, okay, Kaem Sai?"

It was a cheerful order, I hope the kid understood. "No, the culprit must be caught."

"You're not a police officer." “But I’m a good citizen,” She frowned.

“I’m a role model, too.”

“Listen, Kaem Sai is still young.” It has become a nickname.

“When I was young, it would have been wrong to do this, but I’m grown up now. I can do it.”

"Definitely a lie."

You know this kid, she's really cute.

"Oh yeah, I'm lying. My parents are just busy like your parents. Stop being so loud like I'm breaking the law."

“Actually...my mom doesn’t have time to go on Mother’s Day either.” “…”

"But don't you have any reward for good citizens?"

"A Reward?"

"Because I caught the wrongdoer." “…”

I bought two packs of chocolate bars to shut the child's mouth. She ate it until it stained her collar. Seeing it reminded me of myself once falling into a muddy drain and getting my school uniform dirty, but my parents didn't care and just told me to go take a shower.

But in Kaem Sai’s situation, she got scolded by her father for eating something that stained her school uniform until I, who was waiting for the driver in the back, finished my piano lesson and started laughing at the little child who was arguing until her head hit the wall.

“Why did you blame me? Why didn’t you blame the chocolate that stained me?”

Innocence is something that always makes the listener smile. I saw a father and daughter who didn’t give in to each other about the stain on the collar of the school uniform, and in the end, Kaem Sai got the money to keep quiet, which was cheese-flavored popcorn.

You're really good at extorting money from sweets.

After that day, I met Kaem Sai more often. Mostly it was before class started because I had to sit and wait for the class to start. She had only been in class for a short time, but she was the youngest in the 12th grade. This little girl would run up to me like she had no friends.

Sometimes she would catch me doing something wrong in order to get money to keep her mouth shut in the form of sweets. Or if she had something new, she would brag about it to me.

"Today, I got a perfect score in Thai in front of the class,"

She said with a clear voice, proudly, and her eyes looked like I could never do the same thing as her. It was true, I wasn't very good at speaking.

“Are you bragging?”

"Does your sister think I'm lying?" Oh no, she took it seriously. "No, I'm just kidding."

“Oh, so your sister hates you? Today, a friend came to me and said that she hates a tattletale like me.”

"But I'm not that friend. Why would I hate you?" "Is it true?"

"TRUE"

“Okay, really.”

She responded so cutely. Then I teased her puffed-out cheeks, “We have group classes today.”

“Eh?”

“Would you like to pair up with me?” “Hold on!”

The stern face of the arrogant child changed into a smile in response. I laughed at the rapid change of mood. No matter what the reason was, her smile was bright. Looking at her always made me smile. Her clear cheeks made me want to have a younger sister. She was cute and talkative, and she didn’t let me feel lonely.

I don't know since when, whenever I arrived at the music school, I often had to look out for that girl. She would get out of her father's car, looking cheerful, running towards me with her two pigtails waving and a sweet- colored bag on her shoulder.

It was like that all the time, until one day she suddenly walked away with her head down, completely dejected.

"What's wrong, Kaem Sai?"

Her small face lifted up, tears welling up in her eyes. "I... couldn't do the test. I don't dare tell Dad."

My little sister cried for just this much. I closed the book I was studying for tomorrow's midterm exam and reached out to touch the head of a sensitive fifth-grade girl. Even though I'm in first year of secondary school, when I was her age I never cried. It's not that I'm strong. I just cried, but no one would comfort or look after me.

"Nong Kaem Sai, don't cry. We did our best on the exam, didn't we?" "Again..."

“Do you want some ice cream? I’ll buy it for you.

“Do people who do bad things deserve to get rewards?” “Smile. Just smile. I’ll give you a reward.”

Because her smile brightened up my world.

“Oh, you can smile. Then I’ll have milk ice cream.”

She smiled and I laughed fondly. My little sister, who was in the fifth grade and still cranky, got up and held her hand, leading her to the ice cream shop. Next door, she liked to eat everything with milk because her father tricked her into believing that her teeth would be the color of what she ate.

Oh, cute little fool.

“Big sister, I want to go play at your house.” “There’s nothing fun to play at your house.”

“You can go eat cookies. The cookies I baked before.”

I just smiled as an answer, not telling her whether or not she could go to her own house. Kaem Sai kept asking about that answer.

Actually, I never loved the piano. It was something my mother forced on me to learn because she thought that a young lady should play it...maybe. That's what she thought.

But then...

"My mother forced me to learn piano. I don't want to play it at all." The day I complained because I was tired of being nominated for another competition.

"Does that mean you don't like playing with me?"

Kaem Sai, who happened to be in the class, asked back with a not-so-good expression.

"No"

"My sister said it herself." "Uh...actually..."

“…”

Don't look at me like my answer might hurt your whole world. I swallowed my boredom with music and turned my words into a deep feeling in another form.

## "I love the piano... with Kaem Sai (clear cheeks).”

That's right, I mean everything I said.

I'm just a gloomy person with a child's smile to enjoy. What kind of person will this child grow up to be?

My life in junior high school was normal. My parents never changed. They worked hard, claiming that every step they took was to build a foundation for their daughter. As for me, it was my duty to make our family name honorable, worthy of their name.

It's never been me, Yolsima, the talented one. That's not me.

In fact, I can't go ahead and live my life according to the plan I should, without looking around me.

"Bang!"

The shouting sounded out of nowhere, just because of the female roommate's head.

A joker who would make a loud noise to startle someone like she always does.

Right now, "Lukmee" is startled by a loud noise that someone has intentionally made to tease her.

She has a heart condition, looks thin, pale, and weak. She doesn't dare to socialize with anyone. She likes to look down and read comic books and sit in the corner of the room. Lukmee is the one who gets teased about her academic performance because she's often sick and her grades aren't very good.

She's been teased and left to walk around. Lastly, sometimes she gets chewing gum stuck in her hair by the person who just made the loud noise a moment ago.

“Sky.”

“Luk Mee easily startled? I just found out.

I clearly remember her name as Sky, the one who took her friends to play pranks without any fear because her father was extremely rich.

It's not cool to bully someone who can't fight back. The day I took my attention away from the music book and took a serious look at the behavior of the girl who had the group of friends laughing at Luk Mee was the same day I threw away Yolsima's reputation as an honor student.

“Pointing at the loser.”

It was the opening insult that got the attention of the group before we got into trouble.

The show-offs who only care about bullying others all day long were actually just losers who ran to the principal's office to complain to the teacher about being kindergarteners when they were hit with a dustpan.

My eyebrow was split open because that crazy Sky retaliated with a metal pencil case, and by now the person who did it must have reached the teacher.

"Why are you crying? Are you hurt?"

I turned to scold Luk Mee irritably. Why are you crying? The one who is protecting you is me. If it were my little cheeks, I wouldn't scold them at all.

“Blood… blood…”

The cute-looking girl panicked. She later found out that her fear of blood was due to a bad experience when she was a child, where someone in her family was stabbed right in front of her. Luk Mee thanked me countless times, and after that, we became close friends.

I thought I did well, but my actions were bad for two people, my father and my mother. "What made you slap the daughter of your mother's company's partner? What did she do to your daughter!?"

“She teased her friend who had a heart disease. “It’s none of your business,”

My father added.

It was the first time, the first time they had time for me at the same time. "If it's not your business, why should you get involved?"

"If I'm your father, would you let it go?" “Yes!!”

They replied in unison. Mom slammed her palm on the table in extreme anger, leaning over to make an angry face at me.

“Go apologize to that kid in front of her parents.”

"No, even though Jeans started first, Sky caused Jeans' eyebrows to split, so Sky has to apologize to Jeans as well."

“Jeans!”

"Jeans didn't do anything wrong. They're just losers."

*Smack!*

My mouth was slapped, not hard, but it gave me a tingling sensation. The feeling that arose was not from the place where my mother had punished me, but from the feeling of someone who had never been hit or physically abused before.

When I turned to look at my father, he slowly shook his head, no less disappointed in me. Then my mother added,

"Why are you such a bad-mannered child?"

## Evil.

“Hee! You know Jeans?”

I couldn’t stop myself from feeling like that anymore.

“Can you count the number of times I’ve had dinner with this kid? Or have I forgotten? It’s never happened.”

“Stop arguing with his mother right now.” “The same goes for his father.”

"Father told me to stop!"

“Jeans doesn’t stop. You didn’t say anything wrong. You didn’t say anything rude. It’s your parents who should listen to what you want to say every day. We should talk about it during dinner or… or even breakfast. We have a day off to go out, take pictures, and eat outside… other families do it like that.”

Both of them fell silent under pressure. The father held back his emotions for a long time before speaking in a firm voice.

## "If you think what your parents are doing for you is not good enough, then go be someone else's child.”

Dad... what are you talking about?

I was just speaking my mind. Why did they divert the topic? "I'm sorry."

Knowing that as a child, there's no way to win an argument, whether it's right or wrong, I bowed my head and apologized for speaking my mind.

"I mean, I'm sorry to Mom and Dad, but Jeans won't apologize to that loser Sky."

“No, you have to go,” Mom immediately retorted.

One day, will my parents realize how I feel? I couldn't know.

At that time, I became an aggressive child. As a result, I ran upstairs to my room to insist that I would not apologize to anyone. Mom tried to find the cause of the problem that made me this way. They could blame anything… anything that was not.

"From tomorrow, you don't have to go to piano lessons anymore."

The large pigtail that used to be placed near the stairs disappeared due to the mother's hand, along with an announcement to change the program every evening to have a tutor come to teach general subjects at home instead.

"What are you doing, Mom!?"

"Make my child grow up to be a better person." No...not like this.

"What does this have to do with Jeans going to piano lessons?!" “...”

Mom couldn’t give an answer, and she deflected the question by saying that it was all because of me.

Do it yourself

Dropping out of school is not a problem at all. Now, Luk Mee is a good friend. I myself can play the piano at this level. I don't want to compete at a higher level.

But Kaem Sai...that lovely younger sister.

And the piano that I fell in love with, why did my mother make me love it and destroy it?

I ran away from home but was found because I was sleeping at Luk Mee's house. Before that, I stopped by the music school, but unfortunately, it was the day that Kaem Sai was sick, so her father had to call to say goodbye to the teacher.

It was really bad because after that day, my mother forced the driver to pick me up and drop me off on time every morning and evening.

The music school is a few hundred meters away, but I still can't sneak away. I no longer have any freedom...

I was released from prison again when I took the entrance exam for the 4th grade of the school my parents expected. I had the privilege of calling a driver to pick me up wherever I wanted, at whatever time, but I was absolutely forbidden from going back by myself.

But it was too late. My piano playing was distracted, probably because I couldn't focus on the notes. It's true that I could start, but I couldn't end it as beautifully as I used to.

Every time the song played, that stupid story would pop up in my head, and I kept rewinding the tape over and over again. I didn't know who to blame for making my junior high school life miserable. It must have been my stubbornness.

My own, and then when other concerns intervened, the piano in front of me ended with the rhythm forgotten.

I went to a famous international high school on the day that my best friend followed me to that place...to a music school that was still open and hadn't moved anywhere. I found that the smiling child had already quit.

This time my world is...

"Is it because of me that you have to be like this?" "No, it's none of your business,"

I replied to Luk Mee, who looked guilty. She shouldn't think too much until her heart was beating fast.

"Never mind. By now, that kid must be all grown up. Let's go eat some moo krata,"

The cute person relaxed when I hugged her and comforted her. I tried to tell her that, but deep down...

Never mind. By now, she probably has a boyfriend. I'm just her older sister. What does it matter?

## "Praewa, that's the school I used to study at!"

The deafening noise came from two junior high school students walking past us. I looked at the person who was talking too loudly for the sake of others and frowned, giving her a fierce look because I was annoyed and annoyed by her behavior. The talkative girl quickly looked away.

Or maybe the world will eventually teach us to stop trying to be good people all together, and maybe my world will continue to be in this gloomy tone.

# It must be love

## Part Jeans: Jeans’ Part

Now: 21 Year Old “Luk Nai?

I can't answer when I started liking you. Before I knew it, I often stared at you with my chin on my hand, both from afar and through my phone screen.

At first, it was more like a source of annoyance. She said that if we meet by chance three times, it is destiny. But if we meet continuously, what is it?

**The first time** I met that girl, we passed each other in front of the elevator. I glanced at her cute, mischievous face in a non-specific way. I knew she looked back. But so what? I didn't think there was anything that would connect us more than senior and junior, the same university. That was all I could think about.

.

## The second time...

"Why don't we apply to be a senior cheerleader? It sounds like so much fun."

"I'm too lazy to take responsibility for the kid, Luk Mee,"

Four replied because she saw that I was busy. I was just answering a chat on the phone that Mom had ordered me to go home and eat dinner together today.

As my eyes happened to look up from the screen, I could see two freshmen gossiping and looking at me.

One of them was the same girl I had passed in front of the elevator on the day of the freshman admissions.

It's like she knows I'm looking back.

Our eyes met. I squinted to make sure she wasn't looking for anything else, but my phone vibrated. It was my mom calling me. I looked away from the kid to answer the phone. If I had been a little late, she would have thought I didn't see her call, that it was important, and would have ranted that I was annoyed by her calls.

The second time ended just as shortly.

.

## And the third time between us

She and I were alone in the elevator. The young girl looked for the autograph book, hesitating for a long time until I felt annoyed in my heart, wondering if she wanted the third year's autograph or not.

It wasn't until I stepped out of the elevator that a clear voice called out. I signed because I had no lingering doubts. She asked if I needed anything, so I asked her to pretend not to see what I was about to do.

Unfortunately, this kid was too talkative and told the teacher about it. I could barely get away with stealing the exam paper. Luckily, while running down the stairs, I was able to delete the photo I had taken.

.

.

## In the evening...

"What do you want to do? We're going to fail tomorrow. We're all so stupid!

... Except for you Jeans,"

Fang said in a hushed voice when I briefly explained to her how the mischievous first-year student had ruined our group's plan to pass the exam.

"I remember that kid's face."

"Do you want to teach her a lesson?"

Four immediately retorted. She seemed to be itching to do something. Good, that's not a bad idea.

You should know me not as a senior who asked for an autograph and gave it to me easily before being stabbed in the back and told to the teacher, but as a celebrity “Jeans” who no one knows.

All of them dared to do so. My father is the chancellor. My daughter shouldn't have to run down the stairs in a panic.

"Okay, let's do something light first."

….

The result of throwing dirty water, tearing up the signature book and burning it in front of her, stealing the liquor bill in the pub, and throwing her phone into the water was tears... She cried with the hatred she had for me.

## "Go and Be reborn!"

Even if you come to me with a summary of the exam papers to make up for it, Luk Nai still doesn't care? She throw it in the air, scattering it, useless.

Hmm, I understand. You must be too angry to read what the person who caused you pain wrote.

Finally, the matter was revealed to my father because of the CCTV footage from the area near the pond that the security guard reported.

Luk Nai wanted me to apologize and beg for forgiveness? I had no choice but to do so. I never thought in my life that I would have to do something like this to a stranger, especially this little girl.

“You’re causing trouble again. You’re in college now, Jeans. And here, I’m the dean now,”

Dad grumbled as the girl went back to school. As usual, I sat on the dark blue velvet sofa and listened to him continue.

“Mom, she’s worried about you. I think so too. If you have something like this and you have a deep grudge against her, what will you do?”

“Dad, protect your Jeans.” “Too privileged”

"Then let go. Whoever holds a grudge against Jeans, Jeans will do it back." “You’ve changed a lot, do you realize that?”

.

It's funny, it's all because the day my mom saw me baking cookies and eating them, she remembered when I was a kid, I used to bake them for her all the time, but they were useless cookies, and no one would eat them.

Something made her think that I was drifting away from my parents.

I listened to my father's threatening and complaining that if his daughter, the university president, had any more embarrassing incidents, her beloved car would be confiscated, followed by a curfew when she returned home, and a house arrest on holidays, forbidding her from going out anywhere.

“No more warnings, understand?”

“There probably won’t be any more problems if that chubby-cheeked girl stops bothering me. Jeans"

“That’s good.”

Then what should we do? After that day, ‘**the duckling phenomenon’** happened.

.

.

“You have 50 notifications.”

While I was struggling with a sore neck from someone kicking me in the pool the other day, I was trying to type up an assignment for my teacher. Facebook notifications kept popping up. “Luk Nai” liked this since the day I was in the hospital overnight. What’s with that kid? My fierce eyes and harsh voice, didn’t they scare you?

Speaking of which, I have.

She cried when her phone was thrown into the water.

I closed Facebook before continuing my work. Just from this, I knew she was peeping.

She's a prying but not smooth.

Sometimes I get annoyed with her, but sometimes I get annoyed to the point of...until…

Until I opened my new Facebook and clicked on it to take a quick look at what the lifestyle of the owner of the username "Luk Nai Laphisara" was like.

Just a quick look back, she likes taking pictures of food and has a sweet smile.

And if we talk about the first incident that made me lose my balance in front of a large group of people...

"P'Jeans"

Luk Nai’s small, cute mouth smiled slightly? That night, the staring game made us face each other too close. I frowned and asked back why she called me.

“Do you remember when I told you to look me in the eyes?” The owner of the clear voice raised her right eyebrow.

“…”

“Right now I'm looking.” And then I... lost.

I don't know if it was because of those irritating words or because of your sweet smile that I got to see up close, but what I do know is that these two things made me irritated. I had to cover it up by telling you in a firm voice to send me the signed paper and sign it so that you could get out of here.

Frustrating, infuriating, annoying, everything about her, especially her smile, makes my heart beat faster, I can feel it from the inside of my chest, and it’s not me anymore, and it looks strangely familiar.

This world makes us run into each other too often. Even if it's not a prank from me, something seems to push us to meet. It might be because we're in the same university, but it doesn't seem to have anything to do with us meeting each other often. We hardly meet unless we're actually studying in the same building.

Seeing the pesky child peeking at the distracted piano playing by the edge of the door, I secretly thought of some little children who were curious about the villagers' affairs in the same way.

I had inadvertently promised Luk Nai that I would take her to eat pizza because I thought that Caramel would never accept such a cute child into the circle to compare with Rasami.

However, I was wrong. Luk Nai came and showed off that she had joined the "12 o'clock" circle that had gathered the top stars. At first, I did not care

whether the other person would be angry or not if I broke my promise, so I ignored her.

And just her angry retort, but I almost felt good with you. And the crazy sentence of the naughty girl made me feel uncomfortable. Why do you feel good about me? The person who teased you in every way and laughed at you. Are you crazy? Are you going back, you little brat?

## I'm sorry. I must have just imagined it. You're still as bad as ever.

That's the sentence that makes me wonder why I didn't buy you pizza in the first place.

I've never teased anyone and felt so guilty. It made me think about it so much that I felt depressed. How am I any different from the losers who used to treat Luk Mee? It's true that Luk Mee likes to meddle in other people's business, but what do you call me? I can even call myself a jerk. I feel sorry for her.

“Hello, Four, do you know anyone who has a pizza card? Tell me, I want to buy it from you.

Is it a problem? I have to find a way to get Luk Nai a free pizza. I'm not even interested in looking at women anymore. Is that it?

Come on, are you really going to like the person you've always been jealous of?

.

.

This feeling will eventually fade away.

I can't help it. It's not just you who has ran on me. Sometimes I accidentally ran on you. Like the time you were standing in front of the mall, letting the rain splash you with your keyboard box. It looked like you just bought it, splashing it for fun.

I ran to buy a new umbrella. What normal person would stand and get wet in the rain, taking a deep breath to catch their breath and do it? I walked over to open it for you, feeling irritated.

Tired, annoyed, bored with myself for being interested, and also like to lose to that big smile, I want to pinch your cheeks to make you realize that.

How would I react if I encountered that? “It’s annoying.”

Sometimes the listeners stop smiling, sometimes they become even more arrogant and aggressive. It's no longer certain who's more evil.

The day that made me the most restless was probably the mysterious phone call. I got up to answer it in the bathroom because I was going to wash my hands because Luk Mee had spilled cocoa on me.

But the voice on the line [H... Is that you older sister?]

Luk Nai... sounds like her voice, but

"Sister, calling me like that... I can't handle it.”

I don't want to think about anything more connected than this. So I quickly pressed the button, hung up, and stared at myself in the bathroom mirror before shaking my head in denial. I turned on the water to wash my face to get rid of the crazy thoughts.

That child definitely can't be Nong Kaem Sai. You must not grow up to be so annoying.

.

.

In the end, she couldn't bear the doubt.

The day the driver came to pick me up because my father had confiscated the car because of that Kie. At that time, I had to stare blankly at the dark road outside, so I picked up my phone and called the number that had called me earlier. My heart was beating so fast that I was almost restless while waiting for the call.

"Is this the number that called the other day?"

I can tell you that I faked my voice for the first time in my life, making it as soft as possible.

[Yes, um... yes, my older sister... who used to study piano...] "Kaem Sai?"

[Y...yes, it's Kaem Sai.] Sister...really?

[Is that really you older sister?]

You can tell from the tone of voice on the other end of the line that she's excited. Some aspects are similar to the other girl, but some of the melody isn't. It's not like that. I told myself.

[I'm sorry, I'm just a little excited. -]

"Yes, it's my sister, Kaem Sai... Where did you get my number?"

[I'd asked Teacher Panwad. At first, I thought you had changed your number. I called you several times and you didn't answer...]

"It's busy."

[How are you, sister? I'm in college now. I still play the piano like always... and I miss my sister a lot.]

“...”

I suddenly smiled, causing the driver to secretly look through the window. [Can we meet?]

"..."

But it seems that when it comes to this matter, I'm not ready yet. [Uh...sister]

“That’s all for now. I’ll call you later.” [Wait a minute, my sister's name is-]

.

The nonsensical reason I chose to quickly hang up the phone was that I just didn't want to listen to anything else. Next, I was just afraid. Afraid that if the name of the university, faculty, and major that you told me matched that of some annoying kid, I might be shocked for being so mean to my own little pigtailed kid.

Afraid that I wouldn't know what to do. Afraid that Kaem Sai would be disappointed.

I'm afraid that the other person will imagine that her sister is better than this. I'm afraid of everything...

Luk Nai just signed up for Facebook in Mathayom 4? Every time she posts a picture, she smiles as if she has never faced any hardships in her life. I scrolled through the pictures on the day she skipped cheerleading practice with her friend named Praewa.

!!!

Oh my god! My hand accidentally liked a picture. "Jeans, what's wrong?"

"No."

The expression on my face said that much. That's why Fang had doubts.

She had to be stuck in the feeling of a cave, wondering if the freshman that she had always hated and teased her was the younger one she had known since childhood. It was an uncomfortable feeling, she couldn't speak at all.

The more she stayed still, the more she approached her. When we parted ways in the market, the walking street, I stood waiting before entering the BTS station area.

At that time, it was the time I decided that whatever, I just wanted to see you. No matter who Kaem Sai grew up to be, or even if she was disappointed that her sister had become a person who was not gentle, I am still me.

"Where is Kaem Sai?"

I asked in a loud voice, feeling nervous.

[Umm... It's at the walking street market next to the mall near the BTS.] Why did it have to be like this!

My feet ran back the way I had just walked, my hands gripped my phone tightly, my heart was pumping and giving me a sense of excitement, the smile that brightened up my world was just within reach, I ran a little bit and we could see each other's faces, I who had never chased anyone before, was running towards the girl the world had thrown us away from for so long.

## "Phi Jeans, aren't you coming back yet?"

And I can't believe it's really you. My clear cheeks... "I..."

Phi...I miss you.

"Yes?"

“I’m going back.”

Why did I say that instead?

"Who exactly is the one who's opening the door?"

Luk Nai teased back. It's gone too far. The image of Jeans with clear cheeks, no... Luk Nai got to know me. I'm a bad senior who plays the piano very badly. What did I do? If I hadn't called, I would never have known that the familiar voice was really the one I thought.

I returned home feeling empty inside. My mother, who had been waiting for me, complained that a professor had called to report that she had seen me leave the university during class time. Now my mother realized that family time was important, but I sincerely apologized that I would not be having dinner with anyone tonight.

"Jeans, its past curfew. Where have you been?!" "I'm going with one of my younger siblings." "Who?"

"Jean's cute little sister,"

I said, and I went upstairs to my room, with a puzzled look on her face.

The newly purchased piano my mother had purchased was kept in a room with a large window on the second floor, but I had never touched it because I knew that no matter how hard I tried to play it, I would not have the concentration to finish it.

Even when I tried it out in the university's practice room, I still came out with an extremely embarrassing performance that did not deserve the awards I had received.

But tonight,

This song

I will play while thinking of your face...

My fingers gently place on the keyboard. The slow melody gradually plays, leading with the lyrics that many have heard, but few know the deep meaning. The mouth speaks, the soft singing voice follows the rhythm.

"Tian Mi Mi Mi..."

*[Sweet as honey...]*

“Ni Xiao De Tian, Mimi.”

*[Your smile is as sweet as honey]*

"Hao Chiang Hua Er Kai Zai Sun Feng Li" [*Like flowers blooming in spring]*

"Kai Jai Sun Feng Lee" *[In the spring...]* "Jainalee "

*[Where ]*

"Jai Na Li Jian Guo Ni" [*Where have I met you before?]*

*“*Ni Te Kiew Rong Zhe Yang Su Xi" [*her smile is so familiar]*

"Wo Yi Xi Chiang Pu Ji"

*[I can’t figure it out no matter how much I think about it]*

"Ah... Jai Meng Li"

*[Ah... It was in my dream.]*

.

But my sweet smile, even that caramel couldn't replace it.

For the first time in years, I was able to play a slow melody without any mistakes until the end of the song. And the next day, it was the day I overheard my mother talking to my father that their old Jeans had returned. It's possible that my mother overheard me playing the piano.

I used to call other people losers, but then I acted like a loser myself. Why do you have to keep a straight face to cover it up? Why don't you just say... Er... Never mind. Yolsima is a total loser. Who would like a bad person?

Especially a senior who is a woman like you. These days, my face looks like I'm ready to get into trouble at any moment.

When I rested my chin on my hand and stared at that smiling face up close, it was truly a wonderful moment, watching the child who had grown up and circled around me, but I just knew for sure that it was someone I had met before.

I never get tired of seeing you, Kaem Sai, in every pose at the elevator. It wasn't the first time we met, was it?

…

One night's events

**Jeans**: You can sleep now.

**Jeans**: If you faint, it will be a problem for the others.

**Luk Nai:** I'm about to go to bed. You're the one who started the conversation.

**Luk Nai:** She's really sleeping now.

**Jeans:** Luk Nai?

And how many times do I have to type and delete before I dare to tell you that the sister you call and I’m too cowardly to answer is me... the evil woman who fell in love with this smile of yours.

I tapped my head before deleting the message I had typed for a long time:

“I am your older sister. I just found out that Nai is Kaem Sai. If I did anything to make you angry or feel bad, I apologize. Can we start over?”

I smiled sweetly and typed again.

**Jeans**: Good night.

Go and be reborn as my sister told you to, Yolsima.

"Hmm, that's your cheeky cheek... Uh... what are you going to do? You've already treated her so badly. If it were me, I'd hate you to death,"

Luk Mee tilted her head to ask. This morning, I just told my three friends about everything that happened and dragged them over to see my good girl's keyboard show.

"I don't know."

"But you dragged us to watch her compete in a music competition." “I don’t know… I just know that,”

I looked up at the person on the stage who happened to move her gaze to meet mine,

“I like you already. I like both Kaem Sai and Luk Nai… "What kind of person do you like? Yeah!"

“…”

What kind of person do you like?

.

Everything would be fine without her having to worry about who her sister was, until.

"You’re not a good person at all. Why do you think you're going to drag Luknai down to make her look bad?"

A handsome boy walked in with a frown on his face while I was waiting for Luk Nai to practice music. He had seen us kissing in the laundry room before. I remember his name was Peach. I put my hand down from scrolling through my phone and asked him back with a troubled tone and expression.

“What's the matter?”

"You can't even speak nicely." “…”

“Have you ever heard that love is letting go of the person you love to find something better?”

"Are you saying that you're better?" "You really don't think so?"

Peach, what did that kid say? I ignored what he said in my ear, pondering until I could barely shut out any of my thoughts. I went back and rehearsed this all night to myself. The next morning, I told my friends in the group.

They cursed him and said they were going to harass him. "No need, Four."

“Why?!”

"Luk Nai will like me less?"

After all, she was her friend.

"Oh! Image can't be eaten. Being a good person now seems too fake, Jeans.”

"If you want to get into trouble, go and tease Kie or Dao, the executive. Don't mess with anyone who has anything to do with my image."

“Eww, eww, love stinks again.” I sighed to Luk Mee.

Even though I acted normal in front of everyone, when I went back to my bed at home and stared at the ceiling quietly by myself, I thought back to what that man had said again.

If love is really about letting that person go and find something better...wouldn't you be happier with a guy friend who's better than me?

But at least I still wanted us to play the piano together once.

The breaking point came the day that Peach repeated his words again while I was waiting for Luk Nai to practice the keyboard as usual. In fact, an hour earlier, we had just played the piano together. Luk Nai didn't even realize that I was her older sister, but she seemed surprised that I could play the piano instead.

"Have you thought about what I just said?"

I knew that this guy was really annoying. Really annoying. I stood up and confronted the person who was a little taller than me. Seriously, who would care? His eyes were determined.

“Who would care? Think so what?"

"Does that mean you're still confirming that you're going to date Luk Nai?"

In fact, our relationship is a bit strangely overlapping. It's not exactly a relationship. I didn't dare ask to go out. The reason for that is... Are we

really compatible?

"Luk Nai told me herself that she doesn't like women at all?" “…”

“I don’t know what happened either. I secretly wondered if you forced me to do something.”

“…”

“What I said, do you really not feel anything?”

Peach who was the one who started the war of nerves started to get annoyed. I couldn’t tell Luk Nai had really said that to him, but people’s eyes and smiles never lie about how they feel. Luk Nai seemed to like being with me? There might have been a split second when she was happy when we were together.

“I ask…”

Peach’s voice suddenly softened.

“Let me confess my feelings to her once. Let me try…” "Hee! Why should I give it to you?"

"Because I'm in a better position than you...really." He...

If this were a novel where a Luk Nai was the heroine, Peach would be the most suitable hero. He is good-looking, good at sports, and I heard that he won the title of University's Month. He is dedicated to winning the heart of Luk Nai. On the other hand, I am no different from the villain who often bullies the heroine.

Luk Nai is just distracted?

If it were you, what would you decide?

Would you let the person you love go forward with someone better? Or would you stubbornly hold on to her? Plus, a coward like me doesn't want her to know that my sister from the past has grown up to be so terrible. If the two of us were to date, I might keep that secret forever.

In the end....

"Please, my relationship with Luk Nai isn't hard to change to something more than friends."

"Hmm."

And I accepted the defeat without asking Luk Nai about her feelings. "I was just planning to end our relationship."

He looked delighted before he remembered something.

“But isn’t it a bit too late? I’ve been giving it time for too long.” "I have prepared a lie."

"If that's the case, then what are you going to tell Luk Nai?"

“I would tell Luk Nai that… in fact, I only pretended to be nice to you so that I would see the day when you would be heartbroken when you were dumped. It’s funny how when you were a nosy kid you believed that I really liked you.”

"Is that so?”

The sound that made my heart flutter rang out. I didn't think she was eavesdropping.

Peach and I unexpectedly turned to look at her at the same time. The little person had a face that was about to cry as much as she could. My heart felt like it was being squeezed when her tears slowly flowed out.

Luk Nai? You accidentally overheard it all, even though I wasn't ready to tell you those words. The first time I ran after someone was at the train station. That person was Kaem Sai, and now it's still the same person. I ran after her without thinking of any excuses in my head.

I just know that I accidentally made you cry again.

You gave me a chance to make up for it, to say something so that our relationship could move forward. Luk Nai cried so deep into my soul, you asked me to make up any words that you could hear, but my mind was stuck in every way, I couldn't.

Are you sure that I should tell you now that you're my cheeky little sister? Shouldn't it be now that you'll finally know?

In the end

"Phi, do you know how to love someone or not?!"

Luk Nai held back her sobs and turned away with the bad feeling that arose because of my silence. I really don't like it when I see someone with tears in their eyes. It makes me speechless. Especially the person in front of me is you...

The question of whether I know how to love someone or not, I can only say it in a soft voice when you walk away.

## "I love you... Luk Nai?"

# 36.Becoming someone who waits

**in vain**

## Part LukNai:

I should have known from the beginning. What would you like about a nosy kid? It makes no sense.

[What's going on?]

“Don’t say anything yet. Just listen to me…”

The best friend on the other end of the phone fell silent as requested before I told her the embarrassing story with a stuttering voice. Yes… about Phi Jeans. The truth is that she just wanted to tease me. I cried and sobbed randomly. That Phi must have been happy.

Praewa listened to the end. She was silent for a long time, waiting for me to say nothing.

And really,

[It's okay, I'll go to your dorm.] "Hmm"

She abandoned her stand practice and knocked on the door. As soon as I opened it and saw my best friend's face, I let my tears overflow once more and went to hide my face in Praewa's shoulder.

"That P’Jeans is teasing me...again...sob. I thought she'd like me back. Really...again."

“Calm down, calm down. I’ll sleep with you tonight.”

Thank you for the bad things that made me realize how good my friends are. We slept talking about old, fun things from junior high school to forget the bad feelings. Praewa called to ask for her father back here. Then suddenly, she had an idea.

"When someone is heartbroken, they have to drink to forget." "I don't…”

“Wipe away your tears. P’Jeans doesn’t like you back, so she replied. It doesn’t mean that we have to be the ones crying all night. Isn’t this what she did on purpose?”

"..."

That's right. You want me to be sad, but do you really need to use your feelings in exchange? If you're acting, Phi Jeans can play the role. It's too great.

I hate you, I hate the poisonous snake that I'm in love with.

I have nothing more to lose than tears, so I took a taxi with my close friend to the same pub. Why did it have to be here? Where that girl was sitting in the corner and had people in the group call us to join the group. The face of her hair bun was still clear, even though she wasn't here.

Never mind, I came to get drunk, not to think about you. "Can you sit alone?"

"Why"

“I met a handsome man.”

Oh my god, Praewa, I just complimented her a moment ago. Now her eyes are sparkling. I see that the man came before my friends. “Okay, okay, I can do it,” I replied, waving my hand back and forth. Before I grabbed a glass

of cold, pungent liquor and finished it all. I wasn’t satisfied, so I picked up the bottle and refilled it.

I want to talk to someone, but I don't want to drag Praewa back from her happiness.

I pulled out my phone and laughed at myself again when I saw the message from 'Jeans Yolsima' prominently displayed. It was heartbreaking.

**Jeans**: Luk Mee said that she saw you go out with your friends. Where did you go at this time?

I won't answer, I'll die. I close my Facebook page and scroll down to find a number that would listen to my nonsense until the end without hanging up.

‘Elder sister’

She might not pick up as usual. It's okay. The dizziness makes me want to taste it. My finger presses the call button. I put the communication device to the earpiece and the call waiting sound.

Luckily, my dear friend pressed the answer button. The other side was completely silent.

[...]

“I thought my sister wouldn’t accept it.”

I was drunk and laughing with my eyes closed, feeling sorry for myself. [...]

"I know you're busy. I'm sorry for calling you to bother you. You're such a bad girl."

[...]

“I… am heartbroken.”

I let out a painful breath, leaning back on the sofa and closing my eyes to the outside world.

“The girl I have a crush on, I thought she liked me too. But then it was just a bad hazing ritual.”

“Big sister, I really want to hug you.”

"If I knew that I would grow up to have such crazy things, if I had a choice, I would want to be a child forever, not have to suffer, and not have to be disappointed."

“I miss you.”

[I miss you too]

"Big Sister already said..." [Luk Nai? Where are you?]

“The pub near my university. What did you call me just now?” [Stop drinking alcohol, do you understand, my dear?

Ha?

“Sister, sister, what are you talking about?

!

The line was cut off in a hurry. The dizziness multiplied, making me close my eyes tightly and shake my head from side to side to chase away the hangover. But how could I get out of this? Who cares? I finished the full glass of alcohol again. My throat was burning like crazy.

My elder sister might be busy. I never thought of being angry with her. It was me who called late at night and disturbed her. Maybe she was about to go to bed, practicing piano, or preparing to compete at the national level. A

talented person like her has a life choice that would not involve meeting a stupid kid like me.

I miss you so much... Why did my sister's mother drop out of music school? And even though I always chose Phi Jeans, the person who called me while I was drunk was my sister.

I remember drinking one and a half bottles, being so drunk I passed out on the sofa. While I was in a daze, I could barely regain my composure, a familiar voice whispered in my ear,

## “You’re not listening to me at all, you naughty girl…”

A warm touch from something lightly touched my cheek...

I opened my eyes again the next morning and found myself in my own bedroom with Praewa sleeping soundly beside me. How did I get back to the dorm? I can't even remember whether I took a taxi or a car.

"Praewa... wake up." "Hmm,"

She frowned and closed her eyes, wanting to continue sleeping. “How did we get here?”

I also had a throbbing headache. I sat up and shook my best friend to force her to answer the question.

“Someone dropped us off,”

She replied sleepily, her eyes still wide open. “Who dropped us off?”

The hungover girl suddenly opened her eyes to regain her senses, before blinking to adjust to the light coming through the balcony door, which had been left unclosed.

“Taxi...”

“I don't remember.”

"W-well, I helped you into the car."

That's it. I sighed in pity for myself last night, for being so drunk that I couldn't even keep my sanity. I couldn't even remember how my best friend brought me back to the dorm. Never mind. At least I forgot for a moment who had tricked me into crying again.

I got up and walked to the bathroom, squinting my eyes and looking at myself in the mirror. Why was there a thin red lip mark on my left cheek?

""Praewa, what the hell are you doing?" "I don't know! I don't know!"

She shouted back, her voice annoyed and she wanted to sleep more. Because the night before she went to see that handsome man, she saw with her own two eyes how much makeup and lipstick she put on. In the end, it was all on my cheeks.

Oh well.

It's only been a short while since the painful night passed. It was really thoughtless to choose to get drunk.

However, when I woke up in the morning after taking a shower, I still remembered both P’Jeans' face and her voice talking to Peach. It squeezed my heart so hard that it made me want to lie on the bed and do nothing.

Today, I decided not to go to the morning class and waited for the afternoon stand practice. I wanted to skip it, but if I missed the roll call again, I would definitely have to make up for it or do community service. From now on, I can’t escape anywhere.

You have to be stuck in the spider web of karma, where you will meet Phi Jeans.

.

.

## 3:00 p.m.

No one in the group mentioned that name, thanking them profusely, except for Phi Sa who was shouting for the third-years, and the word she was most interested in finding was

"Where did that jeans go?" "I don't know, sis."

"Go find her. Tell her to bring some snacks."

I was speechless. I bowed my head and held my temples in my hands. "Do you want to go to the infirmary?"

"I'm okay," I replied to Praewa.

"If it's a request to sleep in the infirmary, she won't check if you're absent or skipping class."

I got a recommendation from Toey. I nodded in acknowledgement. I hesitated for a while. When I made up my mind, I got up and went to tell Phi Jae Sa that I had a bad headache.

She saw that I looked pale, so she asked a third-year male student to walk me to the infirmary and asked me to stay for an hour because I had told her that I had music practice at 4:00 PM. Actually, I thought it was just hungover.

It's good to just lie here and do nothing.

### Gag!

The sound of something falling from the bed next to us, where the curtain separated us, made me realize that I was not alone in this bed. However, my burning eyelids were too heavy to open. I could only lie there listening to my surroundings.

"I'll keep your phone for you." Phi Luk Mee's voice…

This means that the person sleeping in the bed next to me, which is separated by a curtain, if it's not Phi Fang, Phi Four, then... Phi Jeans.

"What have you been doing? You look like a corpse." “I just…didn’t sleep, so I feel dizzy.”

The voice of a truly evil person. She spoke quite softly. I hated myself for deciding to come to the nurse’s room. Why do I have to see you all the time?

Is it fate?

I don't know whether she was alive or dead last night. Maybe she went out drinking to celebrate and pranked me until she got a hangover. Phi Lukmee complained that the nights before that, Phi Jeans was too busy staying up all night working on a presentation that her partner had to give before the sports day. That's right. I hope she'll think about me.

How is that possible? But even if she does, I'm just a pawn on a fun game board.

"Then what about you and your Nai...?" "Don't mention it."

"Hmm"

It ended there the conversation that mentioned me.

Enough with secretly liking someone, especially someone who doesn't seem to have a heart to truly accept love, like some bad people. Even though I should have thought for a long time or wondered why I made her love me.

The truth is something called emptiness and it might be a joke in the conversation of the media.

I'm so narcissistic that I thought you'd really like me back.

# 37.People I used to know

“What's going on? Play more carefully. The competition day is getting closer.”

Phi Mel came to talk to me one-on-one after today’s rehearsal. She noticed that sometimes before the song started, I would be absent-minded.

Sometimes I would play the wrong key, or start the chorus too fast. It must have been so ugly that even she could tell.

I smiled a little and nodded in agreement. “I’m sorry.”

"What about Jeans?"

And what about Jeans? Is that so?

“I usually see her picking you up and dropping you off all the time.” “…”

"Break up?"

"I didn't date her from the beginning."

I replied while lowering my head and packing my things. Even when I walked to where I put my bag, P’Mel, who was especially curious today, still followed me with a frown on her face and whispered a question.

“Don’t be a little kid. Even from outside the Milky Way, I could tell that you two were together.”

"You take your time when you're busy with me and go practice singing." “Oh! This kid, are you being sarcastic?”

P’Mel was furious but managed to control her temper, probably because she often argued with me. She lowered her voice.

"If any of you guys have a fight, just clear it up and make it work out. I don’t want it to affect the group. Plus, your face is emitting a gloomy aura. When a pretty girl like me is around, I look gloomy too.”

Is it really related?

"Then I'll apologize to you."

I let out a long, tired sigh, slung my bag over my shoulder, and opened the door to leave the practice room, with Phi Mel walking on my right side the whole way.

"I had a fight with Jeans too. “…”

"Because at that time, I wondered if Jeans really loved me or not." “What makes you suspicious?”

I finally couldn’t hold back any longer and opened my mouth.

“It seems like Jeans has been too good to me. I’ve been wondering why. I don’t believe that if I give you a sweet smile and then go after someone with a mean face like Jeans, you’ll open up to me so easily.”

"So, in conclusion, you courted P'Jeans first, huh?" “Something like that…”

The person’s voice softened.

“But we ended on good terms. At least when we walked past each other, we could still greet each other. Any younger sibling should use a broad-minded person like me as an example. Just because we broke up doesn’t mean we can’t be friends."

Once again, I sighed. Is it possible to break up and be good friends? It's possible, but it's probably a minority. Anyway, the feelings of one person are not the same anymore. Because today, you came to talk nicely to me, different from before. I don't intend to displease Phi Mel.

When I walked out of the elevator on the first floor, Phi Mel followed me and spoke with a face like

"By the way, do you have about two hundred on you?"

It wasn't until I could put it together that I saw a pretty face that was smiling and trying to be sincere.

"Did you borrow money from me?"

I realized that this is what happens when Phi Mel becomes friendly in order to borrow money. When I lend her the money, she says thank you and calls her boyfriend to pick her up in front of the building. When I come back to the dorm, just looking at the keyboard reminds me of Phi Jeans' beautiful fingers, who had been playing the piano with me not long ago.

Your smile, your eyes, it's like you've never faked it. You're really good. How did you fool me so smoothly?

Peach sent me a message asking about the music practice. I took a break, took a shower, and then put on my pajamas. I turned off the lights. Then I picked up my phone and replied to Peach. He seemed to be waiting for me. I don't know, I feel like I'm more valuable in his eyes than P'Jeans looked at me.

Maybe I should open my heart to a good guy by my side. He's not so bad.

But deep down in my heart, I didn't think so. It told me that if it wasn't for P’Jeans, I should stop worrying about things like this until I could accept it. My eyelids closed with exhaustion. Today, I didn't even feel like turning off my phone. I fell asleep, but I was so sleepy that the sound of a message notification makes me unable to turn it on.

The next morning I found out that those messages were sent by Peach. In fact, in the early morning I dreamed that Phi Jeans sent me a message to apologize. That was just a dream, not in the real world.

"Luk Nai? On the first day of the sports day, can I borrow you to help put on makeup for the people marching in the parade?"

.

.

In the morning, after I was full of cream, I lay down on the long table of the cafeteria waiting for my friends. Then one of my seniors came in and greeted me in a cheerful voice.

"Yes,"

I answered easily, glancing over. She was Som's friend.

“We might have to meet under Building B7 early in the morning. I’ll send it to you. I’ll set the date on Line later.

My fingers made an OK sign before resting my right cheek against the table as usual.

After my senior walked away for a while, my best friend came in and sat down with a cheerful greeting. Praewa told me to stop acting like a corpse. I tried, but my efforts were in vain when I looked up to get some air and saw the group of villains of this world sitting in their usual places.

P’Jeans... was looking over.

She rested her chin on her hand and used her beautiful, narrow eyes to look at me.

"She's looking at you." "So what?"

I replied to Praewa. Behind the scenes, there may be a corpse, but when facing it, I will make myself strong to erase the evil person's satisfaction.

"She's been looking at you for a long time.." "Never mind her."

"Haven't you talked at all?" "Hmm."

The soft voice made Praewa not dare to ask anything more. She smiled wryly and changed the topic to homework and what to eat this morning. Do you know that everything was deja vu from the first day? That second time we met, we were here.

I looked at P'Jeans. She looked back. Neither of us knew that as time passed, we would become strangers.

Never mind, this feeling will pass. Just one day when we pass each other, just your eyes looking at me will be enough.

The first day of sports has arrived.

.

.

## 06.45 a.m.

In the morning, the university will have a magnificent parade led by the stars and moons who have been putting on makeup since before the sun has

even risen. It's my fault that P’Som called me to put on makeup for the moon and stars. Peach is not that bad. When we meet, we just smile awkwardly. But the stars are the administrators...

"What's that orange thing you put on there?" “Shut up.”

I glared at her. Can you do the same thing as her? She puts on so much powder that her face is permanently gray. She doesn’t even know how to put it on. Her only good point is her face. I seemed a bit fierce today because I wanted to sleep more.

“And stop looking down at your phone. Otherwise, go put it on yourself.” "...Come out and make yourself look good."

She said in a shrill voice, letting me handle her fresh face, making it look like an angel, matching the purple concept.

It's not that I won't see P'Jeans again from that day on. It's impossible. We're in the same faculty, in the same cafeteria, and sometimes we even study in the same building and on the same floor.

So what? I pretended not to see her, and distracted myself by talking to my friends. The increasing number of activities made me forget about it sometimes.

That stupid first love

"Where is the music competition? What time is it?" "Two p.m."

“Shit, we're cheering, can't go watch you." "It's okay,"

I told Toey who had come to ask me all the way to the dressing room. I was doing makeup for a star from some faculty. The makeup artist she had made an appointment with had disappeared.

“Are you really okay?” "Um, I'm fine."

After that, I didn't even care about our university's grand march. Everyone can live their lives however they want. I just did what was ordered by everyone.

With the backstage team until the afternoon before Phi Wan came to pick us up and walk us to the hall together.

"I heard that you and Jeans broke up."

It must be that damn page that released the news, or maybe it was Phi Mel. "She and I have never been together."

My expression must have indicated that I didn't want to talk about this anymore. That's why she smiled and apologized and changed the conversation to the song we were going to play instead.

This time I couldn't do it to my full potential. I admit that there were some moments when I missed the notes. I couldn't concentrate at all. I couldn't even look up and scan to see if anyone I knew had come to see me. I was afraid. I was afraid that if she really came, it would make me feel even worse. At the same time, I was also afraid... afraid that she wouldn't come.

Phi Ek said that we did our best. Phi Mel herself was also delighted that one of the judges praised her singing today.

“Luk Nai?”

As soon as I walked out from behind the stage, a familiar deep voice rang out. I turned to look in the direction of the path. Peach that didn't have a competition today walked up to me.

“You played very well.” "Oh?"

I wonder if he really can't play, so I can't tell.

“There’s a cheerleading competition next. I’ll walk you there.” “It’s fine.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I happened to catch a glimpse of someone who had just come out of the second exit of the hall. P’Jeans was looking this way while walking. I didn’t think she would come.

Hee...to pity each other, right? But it's good that you're here. "Actually, it would be good if you walked me there, Peach."

When he heard that, he smiled and walked side by side to deliver the bowl as the person had asked. He opened his mouth to invite me to talk and ask me many questions. It didn't enter my brain. It was just good. I just answered "Uh-huh" or "I don't know." Then the person asked something annoying.

"Are you still thinking about P’Jeans?" "No"

"But you look absent-minded."

“Please, Peach, can you please stop talking about Phi Jeans!”

When the other party made a face of surprise, I realized that I had just raised my voice at my friend.

“Sorry, I just had some trouble.” "It's okay. I understand."

"Thank you"

"Would you like to watch us play basketball tomorrow?" “Umm…maybe. You came to watch us. What time is the match?” "Eleven"

"If I can go, I will go."

Our conversation ended there. I walked up to the stand where Praewa had moved to sit without looking to see if Peach was happy or not. It was just a response as a friend. There was nothing more between us.

The first day of the event ended in exhaustion and gloom.

Why does the bright sky and blazing sun give me such a grey feeling?

If this were the time I first met Phi Jeans, I would have said all sorts of things to her or even gone to her usual instant noodle shop to pick a fight. But there’s no way I can look at someone who is having fun with other people’s feelings the same way again. Our relationship has reached a breaking point.

## 7:30 p.m.

### Rrrrr!

**Peach**: Let me ask you something.

**Peach**: Do you still like Phi Jeans? That night, I read his message and left it as just a question, without an answer.

"Today we're free. Let's go watch Peach compete." In fact, it was already the second day.

But I even forgot that there was a basketball match between Purple and Green, even though Peach had just invited me yesterday. Praewa was wide

awake since morning because she was crazy about men. "You're looking miserable again, Nai."

They were sick of Nai's absent- mindedness. "Just pretend you didn't see me."

"How can that be? You're my friend. If you're stressed, just let it out." I waved my hands.

“Let’s stop talking about the past. Does anyone want me to clean up the dishes?”

My friends in the group all threw their breakfast plates at me to put them on the plate holder. I usually find something to do to keep myself from idling and letting my thoughts wander. However, this time it was a big disaster.

P’Jeans, who was walking over to collect the plates, happened to put them down next to me. I quickly dodged that pair of eyes.

"We see each other often, don't we?"

If I didn't answer, I would look defeated. "We're from the same university."

The pretty face was nowhere in sight. After I answered, I stepped out of the area and sat back down, joining my friends as if nothing had happened.

Praewa looked troubled.

"You didn't forget about Phi Jeans."

Don't mention that name again. At first, it was fine. Just think of it as me and her hating each other like we used to...

“...”

She fell silent unwillingly. Lately, her talkative best friend has become someone who swallows it. I don't know if it's because I've been feeling down about my own trivial matters.

“I’m sorry for being emotional. I just want to forget…” "Yeah, I understand."

She's still a good friend.

"Let's go out drinking again tonight." "No, you and I will both get a hangover."

Bew put her arm around my neck and gave me a small smile to comfort me.

"Then... let's go cheer for Peach."

It's time for me to stop being superstitious.

# 38.Confession

## 9:36 p.m.

I looked up to see the stars. The sky in the city was so dark that I could only see a few stars here and there. The second day of the sports day passed by so-so. The results were announced: the 12 o'clock group didn't win any awards.

Peach lost. Phi Som called me to help return the set of stars and moons that I rented from the shop. In the evening, Phi Phim called me to help fry chives to sell.

There are so many activities for nothing, but they are all boring.

.

### Knock, knock, knock.

"Why are you sitting here?"

Turning to the sound, Peach just knocked on the already open rooftop door out of politeness. A tall figure in a white t-shirt and casual shorts walked over and sat on the old bench next to me.

“Look at the stars?” "I saw it was open."

“Oh... we also heard the tower manager complain that the satellite dish repairman forgot to lock it and even took the key back with him. He will find a new key tomorrow.”

"Um"

"So you're looking at the stars?"

His sharp face was full of smiles. He asked with a good mood, which was different from my calmness.

“There’s nothing else to see, you see,”

He smiled in acknowledgement, lowering his head and slowly glancing. “You’re so cute.”

So cute? "How?"

“I don’t know. The name sounds cheerful, like the girl I’ve always imagined.”

"The first one, you mean stupid, right?” “No! No! No! No!”

He quickly denied with a flustered expression. It looked so funny that I laughed. Instead of saying no, his tone and eyes softened when he looked at me.

“You can laugh now…” “Your face is funny.”

“I was the first ones to make you laugh after hearing about Phi Jeans, right?”

“...”

I pretended to be indifferent and ignored him to look at the stars in the sky again, causing him to have an awkward expression.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have brought this up.”

"Never mind. We're just about to go back to our room." “Luk Nai?”

I turned to look at the deep voice calling my name. His expression was serious but also nervous. Peach avoided my gaze, lowered his head, and pursed his lips in an attempt to restrain himself. But then he couldn't hold back any longer. His sharp face lifted up and he spoke in an emphatic voice.

“You know how I feel about you,” I gave him a small smile.

“I know.”

"The thing about me liking you!?" "Ah...um."

"Really!"

He was really too excited about it. The owner of the voice tried to calm himself down. It seemed like he had never confessed his love to a woman before. The strange thing was that his appearance was too good not to have.

## “I like you,”

He emphasized again, emphatically, which made me feel even more anxious.

“If you knew, how would you feel?”

“Why, when you have many women who like you, many of whom are prettier than me, you can find a girlfriend whenever you want.”

“But I just want that woman to be you.”

"Because I look stupid, huh?" “No,”

He replied.

“It doesn’t matter who is beautiful or not, but you has the most charming thing for me, a woman with a beautiful smile, bright and different from other people I know."

"How is it different? Is it just that we don't approach models like most people do?"

"Maybe… because I will approach you.”

I let out an indescribable breath. Yes, sometimes I can tell that the man in front of me is not just a friend, but I'm not sure if he's serious about it. I'm just an ordinary woman. I don't really have anything good about me, except being a prying eye. Even P’Jeans doesn't like me...

“Peach,”

I called out. The owner of the name smiled back. I felt really guilty right now.

"You’re a good friend. A really good friend.” "..."

His face clearly turned pale.

“Between the two of us, the relationship as friends is really good.” "Luk Nai? Then let me ask one last time."

He probably already knows the answer to everything. I understand why people ask questions in case the other person changes their mind or hesitates.

## "Let's be boyfriend and girlfriend."

Unfortunately, my first answer really meant that:

“Sorry, Peach. No.” “I understand.”

His voice was soft and hollow. Peach let go, leaning back on the bench, looking up at the stars with disappointed eyes at the result just now.

As I said, this made me feel very guilty, but to lie and agree to be his girlfriend would be too much of a burden. I thought that someone who was disappointed would want to be alone like I was, so I got up and prepared to walk back to my room, leaving the roof of the dorm to him.

“Luk Nai?”

The feet stopped and turned to look at the people who were still staring at the scattered stars in the dark sky.

“I have something else to confess.” “What?”

"About P'Jeans”

My heart skipped a beat, wondering what he was going to talk about. However, his mouth was full of boasting.

“You don’t have to say this name.” "It's me."

?

"I am the ones who made her say that." “Peach, what are you talking about…”

"That day, what you heard, it was just one sentence from our conversation.”

“…”

“Actually, I asked P’Jeans to move aside so that I could try confessing my love with you."

"Ha!?"

“I think that I definitely have some hope. In any case, I am better than her. I am a man, a university sweetheart, a basketball player. Even other people like me. You are too good to be with someone like P'Jeans.”

“Not with us, Peach! We don’t like you like that!” I was so angry that my voice shook.

“Besides, how could you say that we’re a good match? We’re not that good. You’re the same. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have been so selfish asking Phi Jeans to step aside like you said.”

“…”

“No one in this world is as perfect as in the stories, Peach. The advantages that P’Jeans has, you don’t have either.”

“Yes, now I know it was a stupid idea. Sorry for being so confident.”

I just found out that a well-mannered, well-behaved man could make me this angry. I tried to control my anger, walked back to stand in front of him, and asked him in a voice that was a bit like he was looking for trouble, but believe me, I tried my best.

“What the hell did you say to Phi Jeans? Tell me everything.”

.

.

## 9:55 p.m.

**Luk Nai**: Praewa, I called you.

Luckily, my best friend was not asleep yet. After waiting for a short while, she answered the call with a sleepy voice.

[I'm so sleepy I'm about to go to bed. What's going on?] "You..."

My body, which was leaning against the door, slowly lowered itself to sit on the floor. I lifted my knees up to hug it.

"It's about Phi Jeans."

[Do you want to go drinking again?] "No"

[And?] heart.

"I miss that crazy girl."

I slowly told Praewa what happened on the rooftop in detail with a heavy feeling in my

Peach did that begged P’Jeans to let me go to him who thought he was better.

“Peach deserves a slap in the mouth. He said in front of P’Jeans that I don’t like women.”

"I told him that I don't like women. Why didn't you tell him everything. But I like P'Jeans."

“Finally, P’Jeans finally agreed to stop bothering me for real. Why did that evil person give up so easily over something like this? What kind of person is this? She’s so worthless, a coward, and gives way to others so easily?”

[Where? Should I go find you?]

"No need, I'm not crying, I'm not heartbroken, and I just feel like destroying the room and shaking the Peach's neck hard."

[Uh... I think I should go see you.]

“No, really. It’s just in my mind. In fact, Peach has entered the room. I pushed it a few times, but it’s too strong to fall.”

(Umm... Now that you know this, what are you going to do about P’Jeans?) "I'll try talking to her tomorrow..."

Someone said that words cannot express every feeling, so tomorrow when I have plenty of free time during the sports day, I will approach Phi Jeans again and tell her that I already know all of that.

And if she just said that it was really like that, I would be ready to go back to being in the same state as before.

The next day I woke up but it was no different from the first day of the sports festival, except a little later. My friends had made an appointment to eat at the cafeteria as usual.

I was in a better mood until Toey and Bew asked what had happened and which ghost had possessed me. Then Praewa gave a brief explanation to both of them.

"That means the one you're looking out for is waiting to catch her, right?" “Maybe,”

I replied to Bew with a smile.

We waited until almost eight o'clock, and the four people who usually sat acting like gangsters in the corner of the cafeteria not far from each other still refused to show their faces.

We finished eating until we were sitting down, each swiping through the screen. I forced myself not to text Phi Jeans because I wanted it to be a conversation where we could see each other's faces more.

But then I couldn't help but check out the other person's Facebook.

Empty... In the past few days since the day we ended our relationship, it's hard to explain.

Your feed is just as empty as mine. At least we're still the same. "Is that your Phi Jeans' car?"

Praewa nudged me. Hearing that, I quickly left. My gaze immediately looked up from the screen. The familiar jet-black car made me smile involuntarily. I stood up to the cheers of my friends. It was embarrassing, but I didn't have the mood to scold them one by one.

My heart beats with the rhythm of my feet as I walk towards the person who just opened the car door and got out. She still hasn't seen me yet. That makes it even more exciting if we can make eye contact at close range.

What should I say first?

Should I wait for her to say hi first? Or should I just tell the story without getting too excited?

## "Jeans!"

A familiar shout made me stop in my tracks as the owner of the voice walked over, smiling sweetly at the person she had called. The woman who made me feel, well, my heart was not well.

‘Phi Mel’

I just hope that Phi Jeans won't look back at you and smile at you. I'm protective of your smile... I'm afraid that the old flame will reignite during the time we're apart. If that's the case, what can I do to compete with Phi Mel?

No... P’Jeans slowly smiled and sent it to her "ex-girlfriend".

The two of them talked intimately. The conversation that I didn't hear made me think of all sorts of things. And yes... in the end P’Jeans raised her hand and pinched both cheeks of her beautiful ex-girlfriend.

I pursed my lips to hold back my bad feelings and turned away from the image of the person I saw. The more I looked, the more afraid I was that it would be as I thought.

"Hey, why don't you go see P’Jeans?" "Let it end like this. It's good."

I spoke to Toey, not caring that Praewa was protesting and disagreeing. I grabbed my shoulder bag and walked out of the cafeteria with a light heart.

My three friends sped up and caught up with me. None of them tried to say anything or protest because they knew that I was not in the right place to listen or respond at this time.

# 39.Think about kisses

## Part: All

“Jeans!”

Caramel put on a smile after calling out the name of the person who had just stepped out of the car door. Jeans turned to look at her friend who was walking towards her in a good mood. She could guess what the other person wanted.

“Can I borrow 1,000 first? I rented the outfit I’m going to wear for singing and paid half. The other half is left…"

Hearing this, the listener smiled before slowly shaking his head. “You still like to find expensive brands to use without changing.”

"Jeans, don't you remember how much that page of the university exposed you when you bought fake stuff?"

"Just use a brand that matches your financial status."

“Jeans is rich, so she can talk. Mel is poor. And don’t make me talk about taking credit. The day that Jeans’ car ran out of gas when we were freshmen and went on a trip, didn’t Mel help fill it up with money? So, let’s repay each other nicely.”

Jeans couldn't stand it anymore and pinched the other person's cheek hard, wanting her to shut up.

"Okay! I understand. Don't forget to return it. Don't make me ask for it again."

This time, Caramel's face was slightly irritated with her friend. Last time, Jeans had done something to hurt her when they met at the train station. She had finally gotten to go on a date with the man she had her eye on.

She had invested so much effort in the contest because she wanted to attract the attention of that man. But just as things were going well, he approached her and invited her to go see a movie. On her way back, she ran into the villain who humiliated her and demanded money back.

What could she do? At the end of the month, when her pocket money was almost gone, she sent a message on Facebook asking Caramel for it, but she didn't reply.

Sending a message in front of other people might be the only way to get the money back. Jeans didn't want to ask her parents for more money. She thought that her monthly salary, as a student, should be enough.

She didn't want anyone to find an excuse to work hard and say that they were doing it for her.

The narrow eyes glanced back at Luk Nai. The little one walked in front. The other three friends were leaving the faculty cafeteria. Praewa was the only one who turned to look at Jeans with an expression that was hard to swallow or spit out.

She understands. Anyone would feel that way, knowing in their hearts what she did that night when Luk Nai passed out drunk.

“What are you doing here? And how did you know that…?" "Didn’t you call and tell me?"

Jeans answered briefly, claiming that Nai was drunk and called to curse at her. Praewa believed her wholeheartedly.

You could say that she's still being mean, because when she and Praewa helped support a drunk person who was asleep and brought her back to her

room, before that she secretly left a kiss mark on her cheek that was hot from the effects of alcohol.

"And you don't have to tell her that I came to drop her off.” ‘Why’

“…”

“Then tell me, do you know Four?”

She mentioned the name of her best friend who was rumored to have a strong slap.

Praewa swallowed her saliva. She was drunk and promised not to tell about that night. Praewa has been doing what she said up until now.

The tall girl tried to stop herself from looking at the group of freshmen. The long legs in the dark jeans fit her legs perfectly. She walked over and sat down to wait for her friends. The other three who should be arriving at their usual place were waiting.

.

### Rrrr!

**Luk Mee**: Standing, are you doing Dr. Suphanni's homework yet?

**Jeans**: I'm in the cafeteria. I'm about to do it.

**Luk Mee**: Okay, I'll go down and copy it.

It's become common for them to meet up to copy homework or share stories. Or on a free day, they'll probably meet up with their close friends before going their separate ways.

Today is the last day of the sports day. She has an appointment to clean up the stands that the boss forced her to do during Student Day at 6 pm before going to the farewell party for the third year group that she worked with and

supervised. She doesn't really want to go. It would be more comfortable to just lie down and breathe at home.

Turn to the next page to write the answer in cursive handwriting. Continuing from the previous page, my eyes had to focus on the English letters, which were written in two different handwritings.

'LukNai ❤ Jeans'

It's no mistake. The handwriting with the heart symbol and her name on the back belongs to the first-year student who just walked out of the cafeteria not long ago, the same person she often pretended to ask to do her homework.

It was quite embarrassing that the other person happened to open it and find it. She fantasized about her so much that she had already written her name down, but it made Jeans think of something.

When she was really going to end her relationship with Nong Nai, did she just care about other people's feelings? Did she care about whether or not she had an image that dragged the other person down? Or did she really care about Nong Nai's deep feelings?

The answer is that she didn't even think about the last point, and even made Kaem Sai, who had grown up, cry again.

Not to mention the fact that she kept a secret because she didn't want it to be known that her good sister would grow up to be this bad. Herself, other people, or the person she should protect, whose feelings were she protecting?

Luk Nai will definitely be disappointed. What kind of crazy sister grew up to be, looking for trouble, speaking harshly, stealing exam papers, teasing people and laughing with satisfaction, no longer having any noble qualities, and still not being able to compare to that man named Peach, that guy is not good enough.

During the recent sports festival, she was busy with her third year's work and secretly looked at Luk Nai on Facebook, but the other person didn't post or make any changes. She didn't even know how far along her relationship with that male friend was, so she didn't...

After this, if we walk past each other, we will probably just be distant seniors and juniors.

Just smiling at each other might be more than enough. Is that okay...?

Luk Nai’s smile won't be the special smile I have for you?

*No, the relationship can't end so terribly like that!*

**Jeans**: Four, Fang, Lukmee, I'm not at the cafeteria anymore. I'll be right back.

Jeans quickly puts the stuff in her bag and hurries to put it in her car before running as fast as she did at the train station. Her destination is the basketball court. She has something she needs to talk to Peach about.

.

.

## At the basketball court

The tall owner took a breath and looked for the handsome man with the striking face that he had talked to before. However, today was a match between the red and green teams that had made it to the next round. The management team had lost yesterday. There were a lot of people. Jeans was annoyed with himself that he would probably…

It was harder to track down Peach. As I was about to pick up my phone to type for my friend to help me find it, my eyes caught sight of him sitting alone watching the match. A blank expression on his face.

"Peach!"

A stern voice called out, panting as she approached. The owner of the name, Peach, looked up from the basketball game to look at the senior.

"Are you going to scold me again?" "What are you scolding me about?"

Actually, I just wanted to clear up some issues about Luk Nai. I might scold him a little if he made me angry. But Jeans was more suspicious of the tone and words of his junior.

"Who scolded you?" “Luk Nai?”

Hearing this name makes my heart pump. “What are you insulting about?”

“The selfish thing is that I asked you to stop your relationship with her,” The speaker let out a long breath, avoiding Jeans’s gaze in embarrassment.

"What’s going on between you and Luk Nai? Congratulations. She said that there are no good people in this world, just like in the novels. Now that I think about it, it’s true. Even Professor Wicha, Jariyawacha, a moralist who watches basketball, lost to a team he didn’t support.”

“…”

"You're quiet. What's wrong?"

"Go die, Peach. You didn't have to come and make things difficult in the first place. It's over."

If you can't coax Luk Nai, you'll meet the power of Four...

She added to her heart after that sentence.

**Jeans**: Where?

**Jeans**: Since we already know everything from Peach, why don't you reply to the chat?

Please, please.

**Jeans**: And where is this?

**Luk Nai**: You should stay with P’Mel.

The word "Oh" almost slipped out of her mouth. Her beautiful face shook back and forth at the seemingly insignificant matter that the other person had happened to see. Shouldn't she have remembered what she had said, that Caramel would only approach her nicely when she borrowed money?

Her slender fingers were about to type an explanation when she borrowed money, but she happened to remember something first. She changed the subject and pressed the call button to call her mother. She wasn't sure if the other person was working at the moment.

If the on-hold sound had rung three times and she still hadn't picked up, she would probably hang up.

“Hello, are you free?” [Just finished the meeting.]

"Then the Jeans won't bother you."

[Don't act like a spoiled child. We can talk. I'm telling you that we just finished a meeting.]

“Then…”

Jeans couldn’t say anything, couldn’t express her feelings, and used her hand to brush her hair that had fallen in front of her face from her bowing.

“Has Mom ever been mad at Dad for something ridiculous? And how did Dad make up with Mom?”

[Never]

Is that possible? ... Jeans thought. [Only Dad is mad at Mom, jealous for nothing.

Whenever he sees her talking to a guy, he always gets angry.] She listened to what her mother said in an amused tone and was a bit stunned.

(How does that relate to the phone call to her mother?)

"Jeans... made someone... I don't know if that's right. It's just that Jeans just wants to try to make up with her, but I don't know how to do it."

[I've never told my mom about my love.] Caramel always claimed that she was a friend.

Jeans didn't know if she would be angry if she told her mom directly, but her tone of voice…

Now it's not that strong.

[Back then, the most romantic thing was probably the jokes in the soap operas. They said it was a soap opera, but it worked for my mother. When we had a really big argument... I played the piano for my father to listen to.]

"Mom really played the piano to appease Dad?"

[Yes, that's why I feel attached to it. That's why I've taught my children to play it since they were little.]

“…”

[Before, there was no Facebook or Line, so the songs were the most romantic. The atmosphere in the evening or at night was even more emotional. But oh well, it's probably old- fashioned for kids these days.]

“It’s not that old-fashioned… Thank you, Mom. If I succeed in trying to make up with you, can Jeans take that person home for dinner?”

[Of course, no problem. But what kind of man is he?] "She’s a girl, Mom."

[Ha?]

“She’s a curious but also cute person. See you tonight.” [...]

Not sure if her mother thought she was just annoying, Jeans hung up the phone in a good mood, her lips curling into a smile as she walked back to the faculty cafeteria where her friends were waiting. Fang frowned, noticing her friend's strange behavior, so she quickly asked.

"Did a ghost come in?"

"No, I just want to take Luk Nai to eat at home." "I heard you two had a fight,"

Said Luk Mee, looking up from her homework. “When did you make up?”

“Not yet. I’m going to ask for forgiveness this evening.” "Is she that easy?"

Four blurted out, not caring that it would make Jeans look sad.

However, everyone in the group secretly thought the same thing as her. "What are you going to do? Go in and say, 'Excuse me, Chubby Cheeks, if we don't make up, I'll punish you.' Or something like that?"

“No.”

The fingers of the person who said no trembled nervously. Tonight, I can play the piano beautifully for Nong Kaem Sai to listen to until the end like when I played alone at home?

She told them what her plan was, causing her three friends to burst out laughing in a classic fairytale-like way. Jeans knocked on their heads one by one, with Lukmee being the softest, as she had just been discharged from the hospital.

“Shut up, you guys.”

“You dare hurt Luk Mee! Think about it a little bit. If any of your younger siblings hate you, what will you do next?”

"I probably..." “…”

"I'll keep trying to make up with my sister."

.

.

## @Water Hall in the university.

"Wow, look at that!"

Praewa shouted in a loud voice, nudging her only friend, Luk Nai, to look at it with her own pointing.

"Nai it’s so cute." "Shut up, Praewa."

The reaction of Nong Nai was unexpected. She was irritated because what her friend pointed out was something that reminded her of "that person", the same woman that made her feel depressed this morning. Jeans often called her "duckling".

Luk Nai came back to sit next to Toey and Bew who were lowering their heads to compete in a Monopoly game on their phone, while picking up their own to see if there were any chats back.

“Oh my gosh, I already told you that I wasn’t happy about P’Mel. If it wasn’t what you thought, why didn’t you quickly type a denial?

"The reason you didn't go to P’Jeans when you came in was because of P’Mel, right?"

"Praewa, it would be better if you kept your mouth shut."

"If I told you that I had something to tell you, would you sit down and listen?"

The speaker sat down next to her best friend since high school. “What the hell is this?”

“The night you were upset about P’Jeans and I invited you to get drunk...” Luk Nai looks at her close friend? She listens attentively.

"The person who went to pick you up was P’Jeans." “Are you kidding me?”

Praewa rolled her eyes before saying in an annoyed tone,

“I’m telling the truth. P’Jeans herself said that even if you call and curse at her, once you let it out about where you are, she’ll still come to pick you up. Besides, now that you know the truth, she wasn’t just messing around. You should clear things up, okay? Why are you wasting your time being so sweet that your friends are jealous?”

“Listen, I didn’t call her. I – didn’t – call her. I don’t have her number yet.” “If you don’t believe it, that’s up to you,”

She said as she walked out of the pavilion in the middle of the water to buy something cold to drink around here. But the talkative person still turned to leave a comment,

“Oh, the kiss mark on your cheek isn’t mine. You remembered wrong. I didn’t wear red lipstick that night. That’s P’Jeans’s lips."

*Hot!?*

*.*

## 6:09 p.m.

In fact, they should have waited to close the event with a warm atmosphere, but everyone's reasons held their own weight. Toey had a boyfriend who came to pick her up at around four o'clock before anyone else. Bew had a soccer player courting her since two days ago who just invited her to a sushi restaurant today. No need to guess whether she would go or not.

Phi Som sent a chat to invite her to a party after the sports day, but Luk Nai refused?

"Praewa, are you telling the truth about what happened this afternoon?" [Oh, use your brain and think if it's true. You're the one who called.] "That day, I didn't call P'Jeans at all, Praewa. I checked the call history,"

Luk Nai replied in an anxious tone to her best friend. By now, Praewa must have returned home. It was quite a long time since she had returned to the dorm and taken a shower and got dressed before evening.

[Go clear things up yourselves.]

“What are you clearing up about? That girl Jeans hasn’t replied to my chat yet.”

[Call]

"I said I don't have a number..."

[What is crazy about loving each other?]

“I asked her before, but she refused. What do you want me to do? This is why I don’t believe I called her. I’m still confused about what the hell you’re talking about,”

The speaker sighed.

“Never mind. Let’s talk on Monday.”

After hanging up, Luk Nai threw herself on the bed in boredom, even though it was the last day of the sports day. Other than being free, there was nothing else that made her tired.

That month finally ended. The purple stand didn't win, the 12 o'clock band also missed out on an award, and the behind-the-scenes work on the parade day that Phi Som asked me to help with was quite difficult.

It's impossible. She didn't call Jeans that night She insisted to herself in her mind. She picked up her phone and checked the history again. There was only one number. There was no word Jeans or Jeans. She didn't accidentally call her in the chat.

Wait....

## ‘elder sister’

At first, her eyes had overlooked the name because she was only looking for Jeans' name or a strange number. Now, she had to sit up in a more confused state than before, since that day and time It could be said that it coincided with the time when she was drunk and had a head full of water.

### Rrrr!

**Jeans**: What about the email? You know that when that girl comes and does good things to you, why is that?

The jeans took hours to reply, making the already irritated heart even unhappy.

Luk Nai came to her senses. It's hard to explain the relationship between the two of them.

You're happy that your lover has returned, but you still don't know what to call each other. What's wrong?

**Luk Nai**: Why are you telling me this? I'm not in a relationship with you.

**Jeans**: K

*“It’s that simple!?”*

.

### Rrrrrrr!

Luk Nai's eyes widened, just thinking about that older sister a few minutes ago, the number called strangely. Usually, the other party would be quite busy or would hang up abruptly. She pressed and held the screen to decide whether to accept or hang up.

Should I clear things up with Jeans first and then call you back? Or should I just pick up?

She chose option two, because she thought it was very rare to have a chance to talk, especially after seeing Jeans' short answer. This time, she would ask the other person's name correctly.

## “Hello, big sister. Are you free now?”

# 40.When She Smiles (End)

## Part: LukNai

“Hello, big sister. Are you free now?” [Um, I’m free.]

This sound is.....

In the past, my sister's voice had a soft tone, similar to mine, which I pretend to do when talking to strangers on the phone. But now, my sister's voice had changed, as if she was speaking in a full voice. It wasn't a bad thing, but it was just too familiar, so familiar that I could immediately identify who her voice sounded like.

[What is Nong Kaem Sai doing? Are you free too? It's even more similar.] "I'm free."

[I'm here.]

"Huh?"

I answered in surprise, forgetting the fact that the voice sounded like that of a person.

"Where are you?"

[Always stay close to Kaem Sai]

My sister said something strange. My heart was beating so fast that I had to raise my hand and hold it. A crazy thought flashed through me. It was very

unlikely to be real.

[Big sister called to make up with you because you were mad. I called to play a song to you at the same piano in room 661]

That room is.....

[Thank you for choosing to fall in love with me falling in love with this bad girl, just like I fell in love with your bright smile.]

[And then. it's a new request to court you. Please forget about that bad person first. I promise to try my best to be worthy of that smile.]

The first piano note came up on the strings, opening a familiar rhythm that someone had once hummed softly while watching the sky. I raised my hand to cover my mouth, as I had been shy many times before. My feelings were all mixed up now: confusion, shock, excitement, unexpectedness, and finally overwhelmed.

And as soon as the song ends.. [I'll go wait behind the stand.]

What conflicting reason could I have for not getting up, running out of the room in a hurry, turning around to pick up the key to unlock the bicycle chain lock? My heart was still swollen with the ballad melody that "she" was playing over the phone line.

I rode my bike out, thinking back to every line I had heard on the line a moment ago.

That voice of hers...

.

I don't know how many flowers she had to grow up in to have such a beautiful smile.

Made me unable to love anyone else. The moment you met me, it made... my loneliness disappear. Because I found something worthy.

I thank you and promise to keep it.

I don't need anyone else, all the stars in the sky are sad, and nothing is beautiful anymore, as long as there are people like you in this world, and I am the lucky one.

When I read the meaning of every word of the poem, none of them are as beautiful as the others.

As long as your name is in this world, please let me be the last one. You will be the one I give my heart to, keep it, keep it for you alone.

.

How many more times will we have to meet by chance? How many more times will we have to pass each other?

Even though there are billions of people, it seems unreasonable that we keep meeting each other.

Those eyes that I fell into... Thank you, my heart, for choosing to love this person.

My feet accelerating on a bicycle that used to seem fast, why are they slow now? My heart seems to be there already. The dim sky is not the focus when people leave their hearts behind the cheering stands that are probably cleaning up.

Just wait, just a moment. ‘Elder sister’

I flipped the kickstand to park the thing that had brought me here. I was tired.

I was so hurried that I stopped walking to find the person in the last group. The third- years were busy packing up their equipment because the sports day had completely ended. I walked, lost in the crowd, looking for someone. I couldn't imagine what it would be like to meet that person face to face.

My heart was pounding nonstop. I should have stopped being tired. “So you’re going to celebrate with us?”

Phi Som came and nudged me until I was happy at first. When I saw who it was, I slowly put on a normal face and smiled faintly.

"No."

“Oh, then why are you here? There’s nothing I can help you with. It’s almost finished. The only thing left is for the university’s regular workers to come and dismantle the stand steel frame tomorrow.”

"Yes..."

"Therefore, if any of you don't want to go to the party with us, go back to the dorm. You see, people are starting to get numb. They're even going to have knives."

Phi Som said in closing before running to her friend who was waiting on his motorbike, looking bored.

The sky is getting dark really fast, but because I'm still standing here looking around, looking for someone I want to meet, hurry up...

The sound of footsteps on the grass could be heard faintly from a short distance behind. At this time, when everyone had left the field and gathered on the sidewalk, it was probably not too much hope that person was her, right?

.

### Rrrr!

Jeans: [Send picture]

My phone vibrated, indicating that someone had sent me a picture. I opened it with a sense of excitement.

It's a photograph from a camera that shows this place, and it was taken from behind me, standing with my back turned.

I slowly turned around. The first thing I saw as I lowered my head and scanned my eyes, was blue sneakers, dark pants, a long-sleeved white shirt, and a beautiful face with a familiar, gentle smile.

"Sai Cheeks"

## It's really you, P'Jeans.

We were standing just an arm's length apart, and even though I had guessed from the second the woman in front of me stopped using her falsetto on the phone who she was, standing here, I heard with my own ears what she called me.

What Praewa said was that I called P'Jeans that night, but the history showed that it was her sister's number. I understand now...

My throat feels better, but there's something stuck in it. It's hard to swallow. It's like I feel like I'm about to cry, but I'm not feeling sad.

The tall figure smiled in a charming manner, raising both arms in front of her to open as if waiting to embrace something. I pursed my lips tightly, hesitating whether our body language would be understood in the same way.

Never mind, I want to hug you.

I ran to my senior, who even now is still shocked that she is the same person as my sister. Her warm arms responded when I hugged her with all my strength like a child hugging a teddy bear. At this point, I could no longer hold back the tears, and sobs were also heard.

“Excuse me, did that make you upset that person was me?” “No,”

I buried my face in P’Jeans’ left shoulder, and replied in a muffled voice. “I’m glad, you idiot.”

Her shoulders shook as if she was chuckling.

“Since when did you know? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I was suspicious from the first call, but I was sure when I saw it clearly at the walking street market.”

“…”

“And then I fell in love. Whenever you smiled… I fell in love all the time.”

She answered the question I had been wondering for a long time. The warm touch of her hands supporting my back reminded me that this was no dream. A cheerful voice, like she was talking to herself, rang out.

"But what can I do to make you stop being mad at me about Mel?" “Can you hold me tighter?...

“Of course.”

I pressed my face on her left shoulder, knowing that she was hugging me. A soft, fond laugh rested her chin on my shoulder. We didn't care that we should leave because everyone else had already left. It took me minutes before I finally let go of the hug. It was so embarrassing to cry like this now.

"Nai is angry about the caramel?" "Not anymore..."

"Hmm"

"…”

## "Then let's date. I don't want to be just your sister anymore."

This time I laughed through the tears and sobs that were lingering, raising my hand to wipe them away, trying to squeeze the words out, but I couldn't. I was so happy and blissful that I couldn't describe it.

"Smile"

I could only respond loudly and nod with a smile.

The woman's eyes in front of me softened even more as they looked at each other. I'm so crazy. It took me a long time to regain my voice and sanity.

P’Jeans had a question first.

"Do you still want to go eat at my house?" "I want it, P'Jeans."

She let me out. It's funny that I just said it now.

Phi Jeans walked over and took my hand and placed it over her own gently. Her touch was warm. We held hands. The pretty girl smiled faintly when she saw me bowing my head, looking embarrassed by myself.

"Let's go."

Whether it's the karma I once blamed myself for or fate that brought us together again, it all makes me smell the scent of a new beginning, a relationship that's no longer hard to explain. It's such a coincidence, too much of a coincidence, really...

You're not just my sister anymore... but she will be everything instead. And now I have another motto for living my life, another way of living.

*The first time I thought to myself that we'd just met,*

*Sometimes that might not always be the first time.*

.

## -----THE END----

# Follow the lives of famous people

## Part: LukNai 14 Year Old

“Why do you want to transfer from the Home Economics Club to the Magazine Club? Didn’t you already transfer from the Snake Club once in the first year of high school?”

"Because I... think that this place is more suitable for me,”

I answered the question of the club leader, Mathayom 5, with a wry smile on my face. It was a bit strange to have been in this school until Mathayom 2, almost the middle of the semester, and just now realized that I liked cooking, even though I wasn’t that good (and my father didn’t support me that much).

But the point was that I liked learning about local people more. The magazine club that published a magazine every month with all kinds of news was really interesting. I invited Praewa to join, but she was stuck in the snake club because the leader absolutely wouldn’t let her transfer to another person.

"What do you think is right for you?" "I..."

I want to know more about other people than myself. Is it wrong to answer like this?

"You know that if you're in this club, you have to write a column in the magazine, right?"

"Yes, I do."

The interviewer turned to whisper to his friend before concluding,

“Let’s do this. Even though I’m the club president, I still can’t decide anything. You should try finding some news, write it on an A4 sheet of paper, and send it to me first. If it’s okay, I’ll accept you into the club. Oh… I want it to be real news. With pictures, that would be even better.”

"Yes, sister. Thank you for giving me this opportunity. I'll bring it to you tomorrow."

"Hmm"

And yes, that was the big problem.

School was out at 4pm, so where was I going to find any good news to write about? This club earns a monthly income that sold magazines, and I was one of the few people who bought them. They had high standards, and if I had written something stupid, they would have been shaken in the face.

Oh my gosh, why did I leave the home economics club and let myself be lost?

"Milkshake is ready.”

The drink I ordered was served with the restaurant bill next to it. It's not often that I go to a branded restaurant, it's expensive, but once a month with some delicious milk is worth it.

'PK Paranut is live now.'

I kept scrolling until it notified me that the school idol I follow who knows everything is now doing a live broadcast. The camera is shaking all the time. He is running but his voice is clear and he can't help but talk.

[Everyone! PK is currently chasing after our school's student council president, who is currently having a problem with a kid from another school. Oh my! Our current student council president is currently slapping a

kid from an international school with tuition fees approaching a million, everyone!]

[What are you filming for?!]

That shrill voice of our student council president is definitely not wrong. I can't see his face clearly in the clip. PK should buy a new internet package from now on. And what's that? The road is not far from here.

Really?

This is the real news that I will write to the club. Okay, let's go. "Sister, please check the bill."

"PK, where's the live streaming!?"

He scratched his head when he saw me running up to him. "Brother... umm, the chairman knocked my phone over and broke it." “Oh, brother! Why don’t you have a better secret-taking technique?”

I criticized my senior, a senior in 10th grade, who was standing there staring at his phone. All I could say was, “Spread it out!”

“Where’s the chairman!?”

"Dragging international children into an alley..."

“It’s okay, I’ll follow you after this. In the meantime, you can call someone to stop you.”

After I offered to be the next person, I grabbed my phone and turned on the video recording but didn't broadcast it live. I left my school bag with P'PK and ran towards the alley she pointed at.

It's not that I don't want to stop them, but I'll just order the two people to stop. I think they'll choose to drag me in first.

So before someone tries to stop them, let me take a picture.

…..

Oh my gosh!

When I turned around, I was met with silence and only one woman standing there, her phone on, her jaw-dropping international school uniform on. She was … tall and had long legs.

"Yeah, she thought I was the first to glare at her. I forgot when I met her, but she ran away now."

The narrow eyes of the person whose hair was messy from her past actions happened to catch sight of me.

“That’s all for now, Four. I’ll clean up in a sec.” You're already calling me trash!

My eyes widened. The girl turned around with a serious expression. She looked like she was in high school.

Senior = Your slap is definitely more painful than mine. Then I ran back to P'PK to get my bag back.

"Hurry up, P'. We're in trouble!" "Ha?"

Even the chairman ran away. How could a Mathayom 2 student like me not be afraid? I hid my head and ran for my life without thinking about anything. But something heartbreaking happened.

My height at that time had a huge effect on my running. When I looked behind me... that girl who slapped me ran past PK without any concern. She had a determined look in her eyes that she wanted to catch me.

Hey, You... You shouldn't interfere in other people's business.

!!!

“Hey!”

The force of my arm made me unable to run any further. I had to turn around to face the taller person whose greeting sounded really fierce. When I was pulled to make eye contact with the brutal person up close, not only did the hair on my arms stand up, I also felt like I forgot to breathe for a moment.

"Give me your phone, put it on your neck!"

Neck? She looked fierce, you mean my junior high school uniform, right? "You're so busy. Delete the clip."

“It's me...”

## "Tell - Give - Delete"

It's scary... My heart will stop beating along with the atmosphere around me that seems to have stopped.

The left corner of her mouth was oozing blood, her right cheek was red and bruised, her hair looked like it had been pulled and messed up, but in reality, and her skin was as smooth as a young lady's. She had gone crazy.

Just now, her heart felt like it had stopped, but now it was beating rapidly like she had just finished exercising. It was understandable because she had run over, but no matter what the other party was saying with her angry eyes.

I didn't hear anything. It was like a bomb had just landed next to me and there was a long banging sound covering it up.

My senior from the international school snatched the phone from my hand and angrily deleted the clip. I don't know which nerve made everything seem so slow, and I just stood there, watching it.

She said something with a displeased expression on her face, stuffed the phone back into my hand, gave me a light push, and then turned around and walked away.

Oh...my face is numb. "Sibling!"

The force of the hit on my arm brought me back to my senses. I turned to look at P'PK, who looked just as shocked. When did she come standing here?

“What did he say!?” "No... I don't know."

"How could I not know? I even heard in passing that... What? Don't meddle in other people's business too much. Is that right?"

“…”

“Never mind, there’s still a clip that I did live. It’s not clear, but I can tell who it is.”

“…”

I went home in a daze because P'PK told me not to walk around here anymore. I came to my senses again when I remembered that I had to write a column to submit to the club.

To test it out, I got a good idea that the story of our student council president and her beautiful sister was the most interesting thing of the day.

Neck! Ouch! Why does the voice keep echoing in my head? This beautiful woman is really scary.

But she's a woman...how can she be influential?

The next day, I took what I had written to my seniors in the magazine club. The attached picture was a screenshot from PK's live broadcast. The headmaster sighed after reading it, with a look of displeasure on his face.

“I will never publish this kind of thing in a magazine. The student council president has the ultimate power. Not only will he seize our income, he will also cut the budget and dissolve the club. Everyone has seen the clip from PK the choosy one yesterday. If anyone drags it into it, they will definitely face a cold war.”

“…”

"But I like it. I'll create a column at the end of the book for you to write about famous people in school."

"Really!?"

“Sure,” she replied.

“But don’t mention the student council president. Absolutely not.”

“Okay, I understand. Thank you very much for accepting me into the club.”

I can't believe that they're really giving me a chance. From now on, I'll be able to follow the news and be like my mother. My mother is a very good reporter. Just saying her name and surname, everyone will know.

After school, I asked Praewa to go to my favorite coffee shop, but she said her father would pick her up right on time. I had to walk alone like usual.

I wanted to reward myself for transferring clubs so I went straight there and ordered a milkshake and a couple of snacks to enjoy.

If we are not fat, we can eat whatever we want.

The unexpected thing is that suddenly it rains like the sky is leaking. Many people walk into the shop to order plain water, coffee, cookies, or anything that will give them a place to sit and wait for the rain to stop. If it is like this, it is better to have dad come to pick us up.

“Shit Korean star."

A man's exclamation made me look up from my food before my eyes met a familiar tall figure in a school uniform that I had just seen yesterday, now soaked in the rain. Her hair, which had been messy last time, was now straight and wet and long.

There was no way I could see her in her normal state. Even so, Phi Nanachat still couldn't escape the definition of being beautiful.

"A glass of cocoa."

“The tables are all full. Can we sit at the same table?”

The waitress gestured towards my table, where the chair opposite was empty. As soon as those eyes met my gaze, I had to quickly hide as if I hadn’t seen anything. She must have known that the girl called yesterday was here.

“It’s okay. I can wait.”

She picked up the phone to call someone to pick up the phone. She took the cocoa and stood there, sipping on it, crossing her arms and looking out the window of the shop. The advantage of that girl not sitting with me was that I didn't have to tense up. The disadvantage was that it felt strange, like being hated.

Now that I've come this far, I don't understand myself either, why I have to turn to look at that unfriendly woman, staring at the wet school shirt that clings to her body, and my mouth hanging open until she frowns when she catches a glimpse of my expression from the corner of her eyes.

Oh no, my beautiful sister is walking towards me. My heart is beating faster than the sound of the rain outside.

“What are you looking at?” "Are you...?"

“You didn’t recover the clip, did you?”

She didn’t ask with a good expression, but rather, she was always ready to fight.

“Can we do that too?”

“The pretty owner sighed and rolled her eyes, pulling out a chair opposite me to sit down. Wow! She’s stopped being disgusted."

“It’s not enough to just be very free. You also have to be a grown-up who keeps your nose out of other people’s business.”

"Are you scolding me?"

I pointed my finger at myself. “Yes.”

After looking closely, the left corner of her mouth was still not healed. “Why are you following me?”

"I'm not following you. The person I'm following is the student council president of the school."

The listener's face looked a little upset, but she still maintained her firm tone.

"But it's stuck in my face." "Well... there's no clip anymore." "That's because I deleted it again."

"Even if you don't delete it, if there's no student council president in it, I won't keep it. Okay?”

“This kid!”

“Are you interested in the star cupcake menu, girls?”

.

.

The appearance of the waitress introducing the menu made the beautiful but fierce and aggressive lady like a bee suddenly stop. I turned to smile and nodded in acceptance of the menu with a strange name, but it must be delicious.

Soon, pastel-colored cupcakes surrounded by star-shaped cereal were served. They looked so yummy. I love the white cereal mixed with the chocolate color.

“Half each person?” “No,”

The beautiful lady refused, crossing her arms and looking out of the shop boredom.

“The stars are so beautiful, aren’t they? Actually, I’ve observed the stars many times. They don’t look like the stars we draw. But they’re still beautiful. Oh, but I guess there aren’t any stars as beautiful as the ones at the sea. I once read in a novel that the stars at the sea are the most beautiful.”

“Nonsense…”

She said without even looking at me. "I'm talking nonsense."

"I said it casually too." "..."

I was silent. Normally, if I talk to someone for a while, I'll be the one who likes to chat until I'm almost close to them. But with this person in front of me, the more I chat, the more dangerous it seems. Even though the strange heartbeat has gone away, but oh well...

A jet-black car stopped just a short distance from the shop. The pretty lady saw it, grabbed a cup of cocoa and the bill and went to pay without me saying anything. Then I knew that the car was there to pick her up because a man walking down with an umbrella stood in front of the shop holding it.

She's really a rich kid.

I wonder if she can even take a bus in this condition.

After that day, I never saw her again. It must have been because of many reasons, such as the world being too big, the coffee shop that made the delicious milkshakes moved to another place, and I didn't go to that area anymore. I hardly went anywhere because finding out about joining the club was much more exciting.

And I forgot that beautiful lady, so beautiful that my heart almost stopped beating. Maybe because I'm still a kid in Mathayom 2, I probably just threw a tantrum when I saw you.

Anyway, I hope that one day we'll pass each other again, my fierce and beautiful sister.

# She's my duckling, I'm your duckling

## Part: Jeans

What is the ‘duckling’ phenomenon?

It's the definition I use to describe when I'm being followed by a child. It's stupid, annoying, and extremely irritating. Ducklings tend to follow something, and they swim along like they're tied to their mother in the pool.

It's funny to look at, but then again! In the end, I became another duckling.

I'll tell you about the first time. It was the second night at the beach. I should be watching a show in front of the hotel's living room, but I got up to use the bathroom. The two people walking by in the first year caught my attention.

Praewa and the duckling, whose name is Luk Nai. You can tell right away that it's not against the rules of the boss. They're walking in front of the hotel with money like that.

"Phi Jeans,"

A voice called out as I was walking, keeping my distance from the two people. Chompoo was the new faculty star. Her face was as serious as her tone.

"I already told you who bought the liquor. Why couldn't you catch which group it was?"

"Because I really found the bottle in the trash can. What do you want me to do?"

I lied pitifully. I heard that Sister Sa said that she would punish the whole class to be ashamed as an example.

"Then why don't you search each child's room? I believe that there must be cigarettes or something left as evidence. I saw it at the convenience store.”

"Why did you come out of the room?" "Phi Jeans... "

"Didn't you hear the announcement that freshmen must stay in the room?" “…”

“I’ll pretend I didn’t see anything. You… should do the same,”

I said calmly before walking past the person who was pointing the finger like a kid. The last time I complained to a teacher about a friend was probably in first grade. After that, anyone could do whatever they wanted, except for making clay for their friends to eat. That’s why I’m warning people who are being tricked.

Huh? Or should I sue for everything? Even though I am known as a good person in society.

While I was thinking happily, I followed them until I saw the two of them secretly ordering pizza. I could only shake my head at their ignorance.

.

.

The second time Nai opened, she came to buy some snacks as if she was going to stock up on them in the bomb shelter. I didn't intend to follow her. I really didn't intend to. I was just hungry so I stopped by the mall to get dinner.

I happened to see her after I had finished eating so I took a walk to digest my food. Now that I didn't know what to look at, she unconsciously became my guide.

Hmm, eating only snacks is why the fat accumulates in her cheeks and makes them puffy.

“Heh!”

I chuckled to myself. It’s funny. Right now, a person like me is following a nosy freshman pointing at the intrusive child, while she is walking into the children’s play area and putting the forest animal into the cart.

Oh, come to think of it, I wanted to buy it too, if it weren't for the embarrassment of paying at the checkout.

When the little one finished shopping and walked in to talk to Teacher Panwad, the sentence that popped into my mind was,

"Do you know each other?"

What a coincidence, because I know the teacher too, the one who teaches piano and sends me to competitions often. I've known the news for quite some time about the teacher's accident. I've visited before, but it was at the old shop.

And I don't know what made her sit and wait for so long, But the annoyance came after that.

Think about it, what normal person would stand there after shopping and let the rain pour down on them? If it were me, I would hide inside the mall.

Especially with heavy stuff that I didn't even dare to put in my car. Are you crazy enough to buy a keyboard right now? Plus, you don't have a phone, money, or an internet connection to call for help or something?

…

Oh my gosh, I was actually annoyed with myself for running out to buy a new umbrella just to casually walk over and open it for her when I

happened to see her.

"P’Jeans, the exam is coming up. Aren't you stressed out at all?"

Back to the present, I and the little one are sitting by the artificial waterfall. The university here has good air, reminding me of the past before we met.

We are lovers now, but I don't dare tell you about those things. I used to follow you like a wild child.

"Why are you stressed? If you're too stressed, you won't be able to do the test,"

I replied.

She was busy reading her lecture notes. "What was your highest grade?"

"A"

“And the lowest?” "A"

Which notebook in her hand fell out of shock? The cute girl looked up in disbelief.

"Phi, you're cheating, right!?"

"How can we do this in the final exam room?"

What kind of person does the chubby cheeked one think I am? "What about the one who stole the exam papers?"

“I just want the whole group to pass the test,”

She was stunned for a moment before blurting out, “Phi Jeans!”

"Oh, what's up, Kaem Sai?" “Please tutor me~”

She made a pouty face and begged with sparkling eyes, earning sympathy points.

"If I help you, what will you give me in return?"

"You're so cruel. You need something in return for helping me."

‘Little sister’ this new word to refer to myself hit me so hard that I almost couldn’t continue. Not to mention the younger sibling’s sullen face, who thought I was cruel. I was just joking. Who wouldn’t feel sorry for a chubby-cheeked, black-eyed child waiting for help?

"Let's just say I'll treat you to every meal. If you pass the exam, I'll treat you to a barbecue too."

“No way.”

Have some pity on the money in your pocket, you greedy little girl. "What do you want?"

“Can I make a dessert that has a type of fruit in it?” “Is that really all? By the way, But what is that fruit?” “Luk Nai?”

"Yes?"

## “Which one do you want to eat?”

Because her name is a fruit, the cute girl couldn't hold back her shyness. It was a success to see her cheek-pinching reaction.

.

.

"No... I don't think it tastes good." "Because I want to eat."

"..."

Nong was silent again, but then,

"That crazy older sister has bad habits..." I'm speechless now.

I'm not a very diligent reader, but I usually just listen to the teacher's lectures and read them all at once a day or two before the exam. So, if I'm going to tutor a freshman who doesn't know how much the curriculum has changed, I'll have to try reading your book first.

I picked it up, skimmed through the table of contents, and flipped through the middle pages. Okay, it's the same one I've studied before. The exam is next week.

“Calm down, I'll tutor you."

"Really? Then if I doesn't pass, I'll blame you." “It's too insulting.”

“I don’t know. I’m not sure which one I’ll buy to make a dessert for someone. Is it a Kinnari? That person might be good at studying. But it's okay to teach badly."

“Your mouth is so cruel.”

She's a good cook. I'm surprised she told me that her father forbade her to do so because she once baked eggs until they exploded. She seemed like a naughty child who had been boiling since she was little. I used to bake cookies, and that seemed to be the only thing I could do.

.

.

8:21 p.m.

“Jeans, Mom, I want to talk to you for a moment. "What's wrong?"

I shouldn't have walked past the living room because it was near the stairs. In fact, after the day that Nai came to eat with me, my mother and I hadn't seen each other again because she had to go abroad for work. She probably just got back today.

“Did you break up with that girl?” “Why do you think that?

"Mom thinks you're just having a casual date." The speaker's expression was quite serious.

“Did Mom think like this when you first started dating Dad? "Well...yes."

Life is over. How can we compare now?

“Jeans feels good when she’s with her. Why would Jeans have to break up with her? It’s no joke, Mom. Jeans is 21 years old.”

"Jeans is only 20."

“21. Jeans’ birthday is the day my parents announced the curfew.” “Oh…”

I definitely didn’t expect to give me a special gift.

“I’m sorry I was so busy with something else that I forgot. How about we celebrate it outside tomorrow?”

"Jeans has a tutoring appointment for Luk Nai?"

“Do you think other people are more important than family time?” “When Jeans needed it, why didn’t that moment ever come?

“…”

Our conversation should end here. I turned around and walked to my room. Mom should finally accept the fact that her daughter loves someone. She shouldn't be negative and think that it's just a casual relationship. The world has changed. Anything can happen. Mom even courted Dad first.

Taking a bath can help you relax a bit, but it's not as relaxing as talking on the phone with someone. Just hearing their voice makes me smile.

[I have an afternoon class tomorrow. I'm so jealous...]“ Why? Don’t you like studying in the morning?”

[I have to wake up early in the morning. Who would like that? Do you like it or not?]

“But in the afternoon, I’m free. I can go anywhere. The sports day is over already.

.

### Knock, knock, knock.

"Wait a minute. I'll call you back."

[Oh... Don't forget to tell me where you’ve been.]

No need to guess who it is that knocked on the door and called for Mom. There are only two possibilities: either they came to scold me softly because they were afraid that I would run away from home, or they said something to make me think more.

When the door opened, I was met with worried expressions from the people outside.

"Are you still not sleeping, Mom?" "The same goes for me."

“…”

“Mom was talking to Dad about you earlier.” “…”

“It’s hard to accept. I only have one daughter, and she ends up… liking women.”

“…”

“My mother spent a lot of time thinking about what kind of man she wanted her daughter to marry, at what age, and for her to change her surname to ours.”

“What are you trying to convey?”

“It seems like Mom is overthinking it,”

I thought Mom would make a definitive announcement. Everything was unexpected.

“This kind of thing really can’t be forced. Dad also warned Mom like that. He told her to think about the day he was in love and how painful it would be if someone else forced or forbade her from dating the person she thought was right for her.”

"Mother"

"Bring her to eat at our house again."

It was the best news I had ever heard from my mother. I asked her again, "Isn't it a joke?"

When I saw my mother shaking her head with a smile, I hugged her happily like a child.

"Thank you." “Yes”

"Jeans thought that she was being forced to get engaged."

Mom laughed at my trembling voice and raised her hand to pat my back lightly.

“Don’t worry about it. What is this? Is it an open-backed nightgown? I’ve never worn anything like this before.”

This time it was me who laughed before breaking away from our hug and looking down at the white and yellow striped shirt I had accidentally bought to wear as a nightgown. Mom must have been surprised from the moment the door opened. Normally I would wear a white tank top or a loose, plain

T-shirt to sleep. "I think it's cute."

“Do you like cute things too?” "Why did Mom say that?"

Any child is one of the cutest things... [Where have you been?]

"I was talking to my mom."

[You looked like you were in a hurry just now. Don't lie to me. Hey! Or are you at a pub?]

“What kind of pub is this quiet? I’m really talking to my mom. If you don’t believe me, do you want me to follow her?”

[...]

Nong Nai might be puffing out her cheeks or frowning. [I believe it]

Luk Nai complained about homework when exam time was approaching? I never thought that I would have to sit and listen to someone talk and smile at that sweet voice like this. She complained and chatted with me from time to time until I became sleepy first.

"If you’re sleepy, go to bed. Tomorrow we have to go to school during the break."

[Goodnight, P’Jeans.]

"Um, good night to you too."

In the dimly lit room, with only the light from the bedside lamp, the silence returned again.

If you come home after school break as you said you would, we will only talk via phone and chat. Thinking about it makes me feel strangely uncomfortable.

Can you think about it in advance? That's nonsense. I should sleep.

Every night before I turn off my phone, I would go through the photos saved in my favorites. There was only one photo of me, and the person in the photo didn't even know that she was being photographed. Tonight, I stared at the photo and smiled alone, just like I always do.

## The photo of Luk Nai when she turned her little sideways, looking down on the bus.

**I took a photo of her from behind, and she still does not know until now.**

# Doing the same thing over and over again, but not the same

## Part: LukNai

During the school break, I planned to go back and leave my life in my bedroom at home. The problem was the first week when Phi Sa said that we would go to a meeting at the beach, but it was a beach further away than the last time, to have a complete welcoming party.

I asked Phi Som if this whole class thing wasn't over yet. She said that the third-years were just looking for fun. At first, I was annoyed when I heard that.

But when I found out that P'Jeans was going too.

“Dad, sign the permit for me again. It’s a form requesting permission from my parents to go outside during the school break.”

[Where are you going this time?] “The sea again,”

My voice was a little bored. “But Phi Jeans is going too.”

The name that came after me made me feel almost a hundred percent more refreshed. My mouth smiled even though I knew my father wouldn’t see it.

[Do you want to go?]

"Yes"

[Up to you]

"Then I'll take it to you this evening." [Okay]

Yes! I thought Dad would object because during the school break I told him in advance that I would be going back home. So he wanted me to go home soon because he missed me (or maybe he wanted to find someone to look after the house while he went golfing).

Another thing is that Dad knew about my relationship with Jeans. As I said, he was very happy about that he got more daughters-in-law than sons-in- law. The day my father saw P'Jean's face when I took him out to eat, the first thing he whispered in my ear was.

“How can she be prettier than my daughter?"

Well, I fell in love with you, Dad. Now, are you going to blame me for putting down your own daughter?

But that day went well, P’Jeans acted so nice in front of my father that even he couldn't tell that she was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

*Sigh...*

“That's all for now, Dad.” [Yes, dear.]

After hanging up the phone with my father, I slid my view up from the phone screen and saw the beautiful face of a woman sitting with her chin on her hand, staring at me on the other side of the narrow table. When I realized that I was being stared at like this, I felt embarrassed.

“Don’t you eat skewer? Are you full just looking at me?”

“I’m full,”

Phi Jeans replied, teasingly, not losing her old habit. The food that was served in front of her had not been touched for a minute, not even the knife and the fork.

“What do you mean? It looks like you don’t want to go to the beach.”

"It's boring. Actually, I'm bored with all the activities. It's because of you that I agreed to go."

The owner of the pretty face smiled and shrugged to please my thoughts. My hands picked up the fork and knife, preparing to eat the lunch on a holiday with only the two of us. I had the carbonara I ordered.

School was almost out, but that didn't mean my desire for late-night snacks would decrease. Today, P’Jeans happened to be free, so she drove me to buy some and store them.

I forgot to mention that her mother is as kind as the rector. On the last day of the sports day when we had dinner at her house, I was a bit tense because of the size of the dining table, which looked luxurious and spacious, befitting the status of the house. Yes, her house was very big.

Her mother was a businesswoman, a shareholder of a famous airport. Her father was also the rector. There was no need to investigate because I had met him before. However, they spoke to me very nicely, as if they already knew that I would come that night.

Before choosing snacks, I stopped by a bookstore first. We split up and walked to different sections. Of course, someone like Luk Nai would fall headlong into the novel section, and the gray bills disappeared in an instant.

At the counter, Phi Jeans was looking for a book on caring for heart disease patients, just like that time. She still cared about her close friend, Phi Luk Mee, the same as before.

This is what made me fall in love with this woman with a bad attitude but her actions are secretly pastel.

When it was time to go shopping for snacks, I grabbed the cart as if I was going to buy rice or something heavy. P’Jeans herself glanced at my footsteps, which increased when she realized that we were going to be surrounded by snacks, snacks, and more snacks!

“This is the only pack left.”

She took out her favorite purple package of cereal snacks from the shelf. I looked at her face and frowned, looking at her chest.

"How did you know I like that snack?"

.....

“…”

Silence. Is that the answer you're trying to convey?

"I've never told anyone. Even Praewa doesn't know. Besides, I bought it. Not often because it's expensive.”

"I... I like it too, so I picked it up." “Oh really?”

I put the bag of potato chips into the cart and walked towards the tall girl who answered me while avoiding eye contact. Before smiling, I knew what she was saying even though it was just a joke.

“I thought you had a crush on me before.” "I'm narcissistic."

"I'm more obsessed with you." "You little brat,"

Her thin lips couldn't hold back her smile anymore. She covered it up by raising her hand to ruffle my smooth hair to make it fluffy for fun. To make matters worse, she laughed. My face pouted. Every time I tried to attack, I would be blocked by the rising star.

Then the sly one told me to hurry up and buy some snacks. When I asked her back,

"Didn't you say you weren't in a hurry?"

She was silent and said she was going to look at some more chocolates. The tall one walked away, leaving me with a messy hair.

What a habit! But I can forgive her because she offered to pay for it when it was time to pay. This was okay.

We did not forget to stop by and say hello to Teacher Panwad on the first floor of the mall, even though she did not recognize us. Thank you to this music school that made me and P'Jeans get to know each other. Even though it was not at the same place, the name ‘Be A Stars’ magically connected us.

I forgot to mention that normally when she drops me off at the dorm, since we are already a couple, P'Jeans comes to my room regularly.

"I heard you like this stuff too. Do you want to eat it?"

When I got to the room, I picked up the bag of grains and asked, raising my eyebrows and smiling.

"Let's eat it."

She looked at my room strangely. It just happened that I had just rearranged it yesterday because I thought it was too cluttered. Many things that were not very big and I could move them were rearranged.

“Actually...any room is spacious, right? Two people can stay there.” "I'm too lazy to find a roommate. Praewa also wants to stay at home."

"I mean you.” “Huh?”

I stopped putting the chocolate and yogurt in the fridge. "Suppose you come here."

"But there's no parking space for your car..." “Then ride your bike.”

Just thinking about it makes me feel embarrassed. It's true that we're officially dating and everyone knows because of our celebrity status as P’Jeans. But imagine if we had to shower in the same room, sleep in the same bed, and look into each other's eyes more often than before.

"Are you lonely sleeping alone?" Her red lips curved into a smile.

"Do you know what would happen if we were in the same room?" "You're always going to tease me."

“Do I look like that kind of person?”

The young girl seemed to be interrupted by a sly smile. Of course I knew what she meant, but to turn around and say that I knew would be a bit shameless. I pretended to be busy with the things I bought to hide my burning face. Finally, the senior asked again,

"Is it okay or not?

"I'll tell you...when the semester starts. Anyway, after I come back from the sea, I'll probably be staying at home anyway."

“Okay, I’ll prepare to change clothes and wait.

Look at that confident expression. It’s so cute that I want to pinch it. I want to get up and take care of that pretty face. But it’s just my imagination.

Because in reality...

"Then I'll go home first, Kaem Sai."

Phi Jeans walked over and pinched my cheeks, both sides, like I was in the 5th grade again. If I get the chance to move in and live together, I'll show off my power as the owner of the room!

Hey... But if you move in with me, I might be the one who gets attacked by you.

.

.

## Beach day

“It’s so completely reversed. At that time, she snatched our food to eat. Now she bought it for us. The sweet love is all over our car.”

Praewa, who still chose to sit in the same position, spoke with a face full of bitterness. She couldn't stand it when she saw that Phi Jeans bought her some snacks. She even stopped by every now and then to check if I was carsick.

“Shut up, my friend. I know you’re jealous. Why? Are you thinking about Peach that took the other car?”

It worked. It was dead quiet. The victory was completely in my hands. This was another story that made me exclaim out loud when Praewa, who thought Peach was just so-so handsome (even though he was very handsome in other people's eyes), ended up with him unexpectedly.

The two of them happened to talk in the library. Then Praewa said that Peach was cute, referring to his attention to the little things that he walked

around looking for books for her. That's where it came from. Now, the two of them have been dating for a while.

They seem to be as sweet as me and Jeans. Peach apologized to my best friend that he never saw her in his eyes before. As for Praewa, she still doesn't know that she has a handsome man. She said,

"You are so lucky that I fell in love with you.” “You’re so quiet. Are you thinking about Peach?”

“It’s my business whether I think about it or not. You’ve been so obsessed with your girlfriend lately that your face is all red-faced. You still don’t realize that she’s been fattening you up.”

“So what if I’m fat? My girlfriend will love my chubby cheeks anyway.” Then we played a staring war to win instead.

"Want to go eat grilled shrimp with us tonight?"

I didn't think about his face for long before he suddenly appeared. A tall figure walked from behind and stopped to wait for an answer. However, Praewa, gave up on the staring game and interrupted.

“You don’t invite anyone else. You only invite one person. I’m not your junior. Remember that.”

“It’s up to you. Other people can go with you, but I’m the only one who can support you.”

“Ugh!”

"So why aren't you going?" I asked.

“Let’s go! I’ll ask Peach to come sit with me, okay?”

This activity is not mandatory at all. It can be called the ultimate freedom of a first-year.

She came to take a photo of herself jumping on the shore to use as a Facebook profile. Her ideology is really strong. Because of that, the juniors took over. The emptiness was full in their hands.

"You, that's the management star. Does she have anything else to do with this time?"

Bew pointed at "Chompoo", the management star whose name I just learned not long ago.

Chompoo saw that she was being gossiped about by us. She pouted her lips and looked up, waving her hand without caring or paying attention because right now, we didn't have anything to do with each other.

“Take a great shot. You can make a giant face. I’d better send it to the university page.”

"Are you crazy? Being ganged up on by Chompoo has nothing to do with me."

I could only warn Toey and hope that she wouldn't get vengeful like me. ‘Jeans ❤ LukNai’

The letters I wrote on the sand with my own hands made me smile. Many things were similar to when we first met. At that time, I remember writing my name before hers without meaning to. I wrote it out of annoyance, without realizing it, and then... never mind.

"Let's go play in the sea. Where?" "You guys go ahead. I'm here."

I told my best friend, nodded to my friends to go play in the water, as they pleased. What could I do when I couldn't swim? Even though I was told to

go play in the shallow area, I was still scared.

"Since we're all the way to the beach, how can I just sit here all the time?"

P’Jeans' voice rang out. I, who was sitting cross-legged with Sai, quickly looked up. I saw her smirk and look down at me.

"Well, I can't swim."

“Want to go sit by the hotel pool? “No, I like it here. The wind is cool.”

She nodded in understanding and walked over. She sat cross-legged next to me. Not only that, she moved closer to me, so I teased her.

“Are you lacking warmth?” "Smile."

Replied with a smile on her face and then nudged her shoulder even more. Really teasing.

"The first night we went to eat at a grilled shrimp restaurant. What should we secretly do on the second night?"

“I don’t know. Let’s order some pizza.” "Or have a drink."

This is called bringing up past events to slap you in the face. There's also a sly smile,

"I won't talk to you anymore. You're looking for trouble with me." "Sorry."

“What do you regret?”

"You only sleep in the same room as me. I asked for help from your friends. By now, Fang should have finished moving everything. I feel sorry for that chubby cheeked girl. She still doesn't know that she's been pickpocketed."

"You brat!"

"I’ll go see Sister Sa first. I'll pick you up in the evening."

You damn brat! You were lightning fast, kissed my cheek, got up, and ran away. I barely hnoad time to glare at you. The bad girl never lose their tiger stripes, but I like you like this...

I was able to secretly smile all alone.

.

.

In the evening, around six o'clock, I went back to the room to take a shower and change clothes. Phi Jeans' bag was really here. The owner had not returned to the room yet because she was with a group of people, Sister Sa.

In the meantime, I took a shower and got dressed, waited, and took out the clothes that were crowded in there and put them in the closet for her.

Red lipstick is her go-to item on any travel list. No wonder, Phi Jeans loves to wear red lipstick. There were only a few times I saw her without it, and her knickknacks were arranged by her nightstand and on her dressing table.

Maybe this is a simulation of us sharing a room in the dorm. It wouldn't be a bad idea to try it out for a couple of nights.

.

## 6:48 p.m.

The people who came to the grilled shrimp restaurant were many third-year students, all of P'Jean's group, me, Praewa, Peach, Bew, and Toey wanted to

sleep and talk with her boyfriend in the room. It's not like the other first- year students didn't come to the restaurant. They just went their separate ways and sat in their own corners.

“Do you have alcohol?” "Of course there must be."

Phi Fang answered my question on behalf of others. I think it doesn't make sense. If you're really going to be drunk, you should go get drunk in your room.

P’Jeans said not to worry too much. There were so many of us, we would definitely go back. Even so, I could only eat a little bit. It seemed like this recipe was too strong. It gave me a headache. The person sitting next to me, who was happily chatting with a friend, stopped immediately and turned to worry about my head-banging behavior.

“Are you okay? Have some with it.” "I'm dizzy."

"Then let's go back first."

"It's okay. You can continue eating."

She looked at me, who was half-closed-eyed and nearing her neck was bent, with a cool atmosphere that made her sleepy. Before she turned to say something to her friend, she turned to grab my arm.

“Let’s go back.”

I guessed that she was going to ask permission to go back first. “Is that okay…”

“Of course it is.”

A slender hand reached out and gently stroked my head.

“If you can’t handle it, take a break. Don’t be so stubborn.”

"You always say that about me, say that about me, say that about me!"

"You're always talking about me, you're so drunk that your face is all red and you can't speak clearly."

"You’re the one." “Where is that?”

The senior shook his head, too lazy to argue. We came back before anyone else. I could still walk, but P’Jeans held onto my arm firmly the whole way. When we reached the bed, I laid down and forgot to take off my shoes.

Ah... so comfortable. “Take off your shoes first.”

Who was making that sound? Acting serious!

I closed my eyes and sank into the drowsiness. My feet felt lighter as if someone had pulled my shoes off. Not long after, a figure sat down beside me.

I heard a sigh before that person came closer and whispered softly next to my ear.

“Goodnight, my drunkard girl.”

# The Sea of Sugar Can't Be Sweeter

In the morning, I woke up with a heavy feeling in my head. The first thing I noticed was that my hair that was tied up in a bun had been pulled off. My shoes were taken off, even though I remembered that I had worn them to sleep. The watch on my wrist had also been taken off. Luckily, my clothes were still there. When I tried to turn over, it became clear.

"Jeans...”

Now we are lying facing each other, and she has not woken up from her sleep. Her face is without makeup, no different from when I first stared at her in the hospital. But now her beautiful face is not pale or haggard, and she looks like a sweet girl.

I suddenly forgot about the heavy headache and moved my neck to prop up the pillow so that I could see her better.

So beautiful...I'm in love again. My girlfriend, whether she wears makeup or not, is still beautiful and charming.

Unknowingly, I took the liberty of tucking the hair that covered my pretty face. P’Jeans looked gentle and sweet, like a heroine in a series who is suitable for the fresh air when the flowers were light-colored and fluttering. It was funny.

What am I comparing? It was so ridiculous. On top of that, she was smiling alone in front of a woman who was sleeping and not knowing what was going on.

It's true.

"Take it back." Yes.

I let out a warning before I lightly kissed her soft left cheek. The other party almost wokeup but eventually fell back asleep. It was so cute.

I wish it could be like this every day.

“Last night, you went back to your room to continue your sweet time. Don’t think that your friends don’t know."

“So sweet. I fell asleep as soon as I entered the room.”

Maybe before Praewa teased me, she should let go of the hand that's holding Peach's first. This couple is so sweet that the sea is no longer salty. I smiled wryly at my best friend. We were sitting by the hotel's pool. Then Peach invited his girlfriend to go swimming. Of course, I said goodbye.

Whoever wants to go, go ahead.

"Wow. Don't you really want to learn how to swim, Nai?" “Definitely not now!”

"Then stay on land by yourself."

Okay, everyone get down. Good. I'll eat all the coconuts.

I turned to look at the group of seniors in their third year who were ordering grilled chicken to eat at the table above. The coconuts that the hotel had for decoration. P’Jeans had been staring at me from the beginning. She patted the empty seat next to me that seemed to have been left there on purpose, as if to suggest that I sit with her.

“In,”

I said in denial. What was she supposed to do in the circle? What about you guys? Besides, she should spend some time with her friends. It was a bit strange to be in the third-year area all the time. So I decided to scroll through my phone while waiting for lunch.

Oh!

Ek TKK is dating Caramel Pink Panther. What The Hell! Phi Ek and Phi Mel are dating!

These two are always biting each other. Phi Ek said himself that even if he was hired, he wouldn't do it. He would definitely make the other person his girlfriend. Plus, Phi Mel herself has been with some guy.

I don't know, but now these two have a photo of them pulling each other's cheeks together. The world is spinning so fast, so fast that I'm confused as to how they accidentally met.

In fact, my couple, Jeans and I, are not so different at all.

.

.

## 9:15 p.m.

"Phi Lukmee, where did Phi Jeans go?" "Maybe to the beach."

Huh?

“Thank you,”

I thanked the cute senior who was serving seafood buffet at the hotel. I walked around looking for P’Jeans. Why didn’t you tell me you were going to the beach? Why? Are you going without me? Or with someone else?

This isn’t funny.

That's it, I finally decided to walk to the beach where we had done our freestyle activity during the day on the first day. The music was faintly playing even though my feet couldn't reach it.

Once a year, many people would choose to sit in groups at the tables, some drinking, and some strumming guitars. My people weren't here to flirt or tease anyone, right?

Because I couldn't find it and was anxious, I picked up the phone in my hand and pressed the call button while looking for someone else.

Oh... no need to sit on the sand and take pictures of the night sky all by yourself.

"You're not going back to your room. Are you afraid of being bitten by rats?"

She looked away from raising her phone to take a picture and turned to look at me sitting next to her. She gave a small laugh.

“So what are we doing here?”

"I came to see you. What are you doing here?" “You…”

The person who spoke returned her attention to the sky.

“Someone once said that the stars at the sea are more beautiful than anywhere else. When I came here last time, I didn’t take any pictures. I went back and compared them with the stars in the city, so I came to see if it was true or not.”

"Who told you?"

"I don't remember anymore." "Then it must be P’Mel."

“Heh!”

The sound of her hitting me made me realize that it wasn’t Phi Mel. The atmosphere was quiet.

"P’Jeans, can I please ask you something seriously?" “What?”

She raised her eyebrows and asked without looking up.

“Why do you want to move in with me? The day I went to your house, it was… it was really big. It looked more comfortable. There was a maid. Your room was about the same size as two of my bedrooms. Have you made up your mind to come and sleep next to me?”

The listener's thin lips revealed a smile. She stopped concentrating, took a picture of the stars in the sky, and sighed in relief as she looked at the sea in front of her.

"I just thought it would be nice if I could sleep with Nai." “Eh?”

“I really like being with someone more than sleeping alone.” “…”

“But I’m not forcing you. If you’re not comfortable, you can tell me directly. Anything that you force yourself to do isn’t good, right? Just do what you want.”

“…”

Actually, I just feel a bit weird having someone else sleep in the same room as me. Normally, unless I’m on a camp or staying overnight for an activity, my father taught me to sleep alone since I was a child. That’s why I can stay in my own room, chill, and not have to care about anyone.

But it would be such a pity if I didn't take the opportunity to watch the harmless, evil P’Jeans sleep soundly.

"Then please give me some time to think about it." "Um, I hope I don't graduate before then."

“Damn, not that long.”

After I finished speaking, I pushed her shoulder once. She's such a foul- mouthed person. Who would take that long to make a decision? I was thinking for her. I was afraid that if it wasn't as good as your house, she would get tired of living together first.

“Do you want to take a picture? I’ll take it for you.” "You mean I'm the only one?"

“Yes.”

“No way,”

The person who was trying to pick up the phone immediately snorted. I hadn’t even finished speaking.

“Let’s take a photo together.”

P’Jeans smiled again, nodded and changed to taking a photo with the front camera. I tilted my neck to rest my head on the warm shoulder of my lover. Our faces appeared on the phone screen. A split second before my slender fingers pressed the photo, something raging in my blood made me want to leave a big kiss on that smooth cheek.

“Ah!”

And I actually did it until the picture on my phone turned into P’Jeans' face, shocked and unprepared.

“Don’t forget to send me the picture. And if you delete it, I’ll be mad.”

The pretty face was sulking.

“Then promise me first that you won’t post it anywhere.” "Why"

"Phi looks stupid."

Even though she only has a handful of friends on Facebook, she has thousands of followers on Facebook like a university star. She has few friends because she is arrogant and doesn't accept or add anyone first. Isn't it strange that she wanted to be friends with me at that time? Sometimes I think that she started to be interested in me from the beginning. Doesn't it seem too confident?

"Let's say I posted the picture just now on Facebook, on Instagram, on Twitter, what would you do?"

"They will punish us for being stubborn with each other." "I'm not afraid."

I shrugged my shoulders and got up to leave, but my speed was no match for P’Jeans, the fierce tiger that she had grabbed with both arms. The pretty girl had the upper hand because of my slowness. Her right eyebrow raised, waiting for me to see what I would do next.

"Are you afraid of me now?"

“Phi really dares to punish Kaem Sai...” "Dare."

"Really?-“

“Don’t try to act cute. I won’t show any mercy.” “So cruel...”

Finally, her dominant gaze softened, her lips curled into a smile. When our gazes met, she raised her hand and pinched my cheek with a fierce expression. Again, my crazy girlfriend. This is such a cute punishment.

The last time I went to the sea, it was confusing, lingering, and tickling my heart. But this time... I couldn't believe that we were doing something similar to the old one, but with a different feeling. P’Jeans, who used to be mad at me, became the one who reached out to hold my hand and warm my heart.

“Phi Jeans.”

"What's up, Kaem Sai?"

Ah... flirting like this makes me feel a bit shy deep down. "Thank you for falling in love with my smile.”

Because P’Jeans once thanked me for falling in love with a bad person like you that day. And I was so focused on other things that I didn't tell you what was on my mind. Even though it's been a while, I still wanted to tell you.

The listener smiled in response. “As well.”

The two of us sat watching the waves and enjoying the breeze until almost 10 pm, when Phi Jeans invited us to return to the hotel.

Tonight we'll be sleeping together for the first time. I mean...consciously. I was drunk yesterday.

The one who had just taken a shower walked out wearing casual pajamas, her thin lips naturally colored, and I stared at her without taking my eyes off her. It wasn't often that I saw her face without makeup. I looked at her for a long time until she had to ask me something teasing.

“What are you looking at? Are you trying to pick a fight with me?” “No, just looking at pretty girl…”

I said with a sweet smile. The result was beyond my expectations.

P’Jeans’ face was stunned, not knowing what to do. The hand that was combing her hair slowed down. Look at her mouth. It was pursed tightly and she was smiling, not daring to look me in the eye.

She's so cute and shy. The bad girl was knocked down by her opening move again after she didn't know she had been in this situation for a long time.

It seems like P’Jeans could read my proud eyes. "Don't be too cocky. I'll give in."

"You're so weak, you're such a loser." "Go take a shower,"

Her beautiful eyes tried to suppress her sternness, her face serious, while I happily walked over to grab a towel and secretly giggled. The more I was with her, the more my heart felt well.

The shower water was warmer than before. I was cold enough with the air in the bedroom and when I went out to sit on the beach just now.

“Ah!”

But then I flinched when someone’s hand touched my waist, warm arms wrapped around me tightly, not letting me turn around or even escape. The chin of the person behind me rested on my left shoulder. The faint scent of shampoo from P’Jeans’ body seemed to tease me that I was under her control.

Damn it! I should have locked the bathroom door.

Look at the sparkling eyes of the bad girl. She tilted her head to look at each other and felt that I was at a disadvantage.

“But thinking again, I’d rather not give in.”

"What are you going to do..."

"That's right. What should I do with you, little cheeks?" The chuckle in her throat came out as if she was teasing me.

"Last night, you were so drunk. I let you sleep soundly. Today, you call me a loser. I guess I have to..."

“What do you need!?”

“I think I need to warm up before taking a shower.” "I’ll, ahh!"

The next sentence was cut off by a cry. The crazy girl played a prank by biting my neck. It wasn't painful, but rather tingling and embarrassing at the same time. In my life, I've never been in a relationship with anyone.

Furthermore, no one has come close to my weak point like this. My close friends have never had any skinship at all.

The hands of the idiot were extremely agile, unbuttoning my shirt without me noticing. Before I knew it, it had been taken off, leaving me in only a white bra. Her hot mouth moved to nibble on my earlobe.

Damn it, I wasn't prepared for this. P’Jeans didn't care that she had already showered. She reached out to turn on the shower, letting the warm water hit our bodies. The soft sound of "Hmm" automatically escaped my throat.

This could be called a warm-up feeling, before the evil girl unexpectedly inserted her hand into the front of my pants.

"P’Jeans..."

It was already embarrassing to have only a few clothes left. Her voice was also a little raspy when she spoke to me.

"Is it okay to do it here?"

"And where would you like to do it, Kaem Sai?"

"I don't know."

Speaking in a harsh tone is not cute at all. "I...I don't know, P’Jeans."

Her slender fingers had already reached that spot. My voice stuttered as I turned my head to look at the other person's face. It turned out that everything happened too fast for me to imagine. P’Jeans took this opportunity to press her lips together with her tongue, warm as if it was the effect of her alcohol.

"Uh...

I couldn't tell whether I was humming softly because of the kiss or because of the fingers below that were moving slightly, teasing me. I had just a little more freedom from loosening my hold on her waist, so I turned to face the taller body.

The heat in my chest spread and stimulated my subconscious because my body was touching hers in front of me. The clothes that clung to Jeans made me feel like I was incredibly sexy. It was crazy.

“It's yours.”

I swallowed hard. You're really asking me to show off your chest like this? "I've been yours for a long time."

P’Jeans was just waiting to see if this cheeky girl would agree or not. As soon as she finished her sentence, her vicious lips left a kiss mark on my shoulder like someone who was very possessive once again. I guess I'll have to find a thick shirt to wear to cover it up tomorrow.

“P’Jeans, please be a little more gentle.”

Just say it softly, and the suction on my neck will decrease as requested. See, I'm taking control of the game without you even realizing it.

After being satisfied with the arousal that made me hug her waist tightly with love, the other party proceeded to take off the clothes that she had just

put on not long ago. Finally, I was lost in my thoughts when I saw her.

The infatuation made me reach out and touch the white smooth body from the shoulder to the thin waist of my beloved senior. It was beautiful like an imagination that could never happen. Especially the sensitive point of the nerves that was prominent and made me feel hot when I stared at it.

When I was in this situation, I hardly knew what ordered me to lower my head and kiss the other person's chest. I could say that at this moment, I was aroused and agreed if we did anything according to the villain's wishes.

P’Jeans got her payback by reaching out to touch my chest with a sly smile mixed with teasing. At one point, the taller one reached out to turn down the force of the water to be softer. Our chests rubbed together, making me almost unable to control my madness. Before she sat down and balanced on both knees, her face level with... my lower half. My evil girlfriend slowly and unhurriedly pulled down my pants.

Do you know how my heart beats so fast when you reveal everything? The water from the shower running over my skin doesn't help me feel any less embarrassed.

My kind girlfriend who tied a white bow that day... not only was she the first person to see me undress, besides my parents, she was also the one who gave me my first time and happiness that night.

…

## After returning from a sea trip.

I dragged my bag into the room, exhausted. It's true that I didn't play in the water like my friends, but sitting for an hour on the way back made me tired and have back pain. The bed is like the seventh heaven right now. As soon as I arrived, I lay down on my stomach, leaving my bag beside me.

Ah...so soft.

Phi Jeans is the craziest. She laughed with satisfaction at my red shoulders and neck, making me want to cover it with my shirt collar. Praewa is also very observant. She teased me from the beach until I arrived in Bangkok. Her mouth was empty, teasing me. If Phi Jeans heard it, she would smile and make it worse.

Here we go again.

Who would want someone with such a vicious personality to be their roommate?

It's only noon, and it seems like I'm feeling lazy and I'm already thinking of punishing my girlfriend, the good girl. Dad will come pick me up and take me home this evening. From tomorrow on, this room will not be used until the university starts.

Actually, I'm going to leave it messy like this. However, when I look up and look at the cabinet and the things that are not very organized, I suddenly think of something.

It would be nice if I could sleep with you.

That sentence made me forget how much I wanted to sleep right now. Being alone was good, but if the pe

It would be nice if I could sleep with you.

That sentence made me forget how much I wanted to sleep right now. Being alone was good, but if the person who was going to be sharing the room with me was Phi Jeans, my life that used to be so-so would definitely change a lot when I returned to my room.

This time, it was an unexpectedly exciting thing. I was going to be sharing a room with my sister, or to be more precise, my evil girlfriend.

Even though it was a bit painful... but after last night's hot affair in the bathroom, it was over. I was so happy when we fell asleep in each other's arms.

I slowly pushed myself up and stretched, using my eyes to scan the first spot to clean. I may not be the best at cleaning rooms, and I've never enjoyed having to move things around by myself. Strangely enough, this time I was humming a tune as if it wasn't a big deal, and I felt better every time the space in the room was cleared up.

I stared at my newly arranged room for a moment before I took out my phone to take a photo and text it to someone who wanted to be my roommate.

**Luk Nai**: [Send a picture]

**Luk Nai**: I tried cleaning the room. It seems so big that I really need a roommate.

**Luk Nai**: When the semester starts, let's meet, P’Jeans.

.

## -----END OF SPECIAL CHAPTERS----