

# Chapter 1 - Perfectly Wrong

In a prestigious university where everyone knows her name, Kunlaphat Thanaworanyoo, the Economics faculty's shining star, stands out not just for her looks and wealth, but also for her modesty and kindness. Yet, beneath her perfect exterior, she harbors a secret only a few close friends know:

Kunlaphat has never been interested in men—she likes women.

"Phat! Looks like someone's waiting for you outside the convenience store," Fahsai, Kunlaphat's close friend, teased with a laugh, pointing towards a girl in a student uniform typing on her phone. It was Irene.

"Fahsai! Can you stop teasing me about Irene already? I told you, we're just friends," Kunlaphat retorted.

"But I heard Irene likes girls," Fahsai quipped, undeterred.

"I don't know about that..." Kunlaphat replied evasively.

"Don't you live in the same condo? Haven't you seen her with other girls?" Fahsai prodded.

"If you're so curious, why don't you ask her yourself?" Kunlaphat cut the conversation short.

"Come on, who would dare ask that?" Fahsai pouted. "But you like girls too. If you're still single, why not give Irene a shot?"

Kunlaphat shot her friend a warning look. "Say that one more time, and

I'll secretly cut your bangs while you sleep."

Fahsai protectively patted her bangs. "If you cut them, I'll be mad at you for ten years!"

Kunlaphat chuckled, watching her friend's antics. "Alright, I'm going to see Mac now," Fahsai said, referring to her boyfriend. "And you, go have fun with your girlfriend." Fahsai's teasing lingered as Kunlaphat shook her head and headed towards Irene.

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Inside a quiet Japanese restaurant in downtown Bangkok, Kunlaphat and Irene sat across from each other in their student uniforms, drawing the attention of other patrons. But they paid no mind to the curious stares.

"I think it's time you told your family you like girls," Irene said, breaking the silence.

Irene Siriwatmongkol, Kunlaphat's close friend, had known her since their families were acquainted. But it wasn't until Irene returned from high school in Australia and enrolled at the same university that they became friends. From their first meeting, Irene felt her heart race for Kunlaphat, though she kept her feelings hidden, knowing Kunlaphat saw her as just a friend.

Kunlaphat fell silent for a moment. "I'm not ready," she finally replied, her voice softening.

"Phat, there's no point in hiding it. Your parents love you. You don't have to be afraid," Irene encouraged.

"What if they don't accept it?" Kunlaphat argued. "I don't want to disappoint them."

"Disappoint? Phat, the world has changed. What's there to worry about?" Irene continued.

Kunlaphat bit her lip, her worries etched on her face. "I know," she said quietly, "but I still can't accept myself."

Irene looked at her friend with compassion, gently taking her hand. "It's okay," she said warmly. "Take your time. I'll be by your side, no matter what."

Kunlaphat met Irene's gaze, feeling a bit lighter. Though she knew of Irene's feelings, Kunlaphat had never seen her as more than a friend, because in her heart, there was only one person: her first love, Lalin, whose memory still haunted her.

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After a meal, Kunlaphat and Irene found themselves in line at a popular dessert shop. The sweet scent of freshly baked waffles filled the air. As they waited, Kunlaphat remembered something.

"Weren't you going to introduce me to your new girlfriend today?" Kunlaphat asked, curious about the first person Irene had started seeing since returning to Thailand.

"She had a class this afternoon," Irene said, glancing at her phone. "But she just texted that she's here."

Just then, a cute girl approached them. As Kunlaphat saw her face, it felt like the world stopped. Her heart raced, and she whispered the name softly.

"Lalin..." Standing before her was her first love, the one who had turned Kunlaphat's first taste of love into a painful mistake.

A flood of emotions hit Kunlaphat—shock, confusion, and the resurfacing pain from a past she thought she had buried. She never expected to see Lalin again, especially like this.

Irene introduced them. "This is Lalin."

Lalin and Kunlaphat's eyes met, both frozen in disbelief. They hadn't expected to meet here, like this, with the air heavy with unspoken words.

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Memories of the past surged in Kunlaphat's mind.

At her condo, Kunlaphat and Lalin had just returned from a tense dinner. Lately, they had been arguing a lot due to Lalin's family's disapproval of their relationship. Kunlaphat tried to mend things, pulling Lalin close on the bed, hoping the intimacy would bring them back together.

Kunlaphat kissed Lalin's neck, her fingers lightly tracing her skin. The gentle touches grew more fervent as she moved towards Lalin's lips, hoping to rekindle the flame that once burned brightly.

But Lalin turned away slightly, her eyes distant. Kunlaphat felt the change but tried to ignore it, whispering with hope, "Let's not fight anymore, Lalin."

Kunlaphat's hand moved to unbutton Lalin's shirt, but Lalin stopped her, looking conflicted.

"Phat, I'm tired," Lalin whispered, avoiding Kunlaphat's gaze.

Kunlaphat sensed the shift, but she didn't give up. She kissed Lalin passionately, her fingers exploring, hoping to ignite Lalin's feelings. Lalin tried to pull away, but Kunlaphat held her tighter.

"I love you, Lalin," Kunlaphat murmured, trying to stir Lalin's emotions once more. But Lalin remained silent, her gaze empty, even as she allowed Kunlaphat's advances.

Suddenly, Lalin's phone rang. She quickly pulled away and answered the call, moving away so Kunlaphat couldn't hear. The distance between them grew, as did Kunlaphat's unease. She felt like their relationship was under threat from something she couldn't understand.

And soon, the truth would reveal itself—a truth Kunlaphat feared but couldn't ignore: Lalin was unfaithful.

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# Chapter 2 - I Was Never There

Inside the dessert shop, the sweet aroma of freshly baked waffles and creamy ice cream filled the air, but the atmosphere at the table was starkly different. A heavy silence hung over them like a thick fog. Lalin and Irene exchanged awkward glances while Kunlaphat sat quietly, her eyes fixed on the dessert before her. Her mind was a whirl of emotions—shock, sadness, and anger—at the realization that her ex, Lalin, whom she had broken up with over two years ago, was now the person her best friend was seeing.

Irene could sense the tension in the air and struggled to start a conversation, her eyes darting to Kunlaphat from time to time. Yet, Kunlaphat remained silent, refusing to even look up.

"Uh... Phat?" Irene spoke softly, but Kunlaphat stayed unresponsive.

The silence dragged on, making Irene increasingly uncomfortable. She wasn't sure what was happening, but she sensed something was amiss. While Irene tried to navigate the awkwardness, Lalin watched Kunlaphat with mixed feelings, not expecting to see her again.

Kunlaphat was lost in her thoughts, trying to make sense of everything, struggling to suppress the emotions that were bubbling up inside her. The cheerful atmosphere of the dessert shop had turned into one of discomfort and tension, leaving everyone unsure of how to move forward.

In the end, someone had to retreat first.

"I just remembered I have a project meeting with my group,"

Kunlaphat said, breaking the silence. "I should get going."

She gave Irene a smile, then turned to Lalin, forcing a polite expression.

"It was nice meeting you, Lalin."

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The sound of splashing water echoed from the large pool inside a luxury condo. Kunlaphat, in a black swimsuit, sank to the bottom, the cold water of a Bangkok winter night failing to soothe the ache in her heart. "Lalin,"

she murmured, thinking of their past relationship and the day Lalin

decided that Kunlaphat no longer had a place in her life. Kunlaphat wondered how Lalin felt now that she had achieved her dreams in the entertainment industry, standing in a place so far out of reach.

Memories of her first encounter with Lalin resurfaced in Kunlaphat's mind...

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That day, Kunlaphat had gone to an audition for a host position at the invitation of her senior. While waiting for the crew to prepare, she noticed a high school girl standing in the corner, reciting lines to herself. When Lalin looked up, their eyes met, and she gave Kunlaphat a small smile—a simple gesture that unexpectedly made Kunlaphat's heart race.

When it was Lalin's turn, she confidently stood in front of the camera, speaking with a clear and natural tone. Kunlaphat watched her through the monitor, captivated by Lalin's charm and talent, even though she was just a high school student.

After the audition, they were introduced through their seniors, exchanged contacts, and began talking regularly. Within a month, they decided to start dating, just as Lalin was about to enter university.

What seemed like a smooth relationship soon hit bumps along the way...

"If people find out about us, that I dated a girl, how do you think they'll react? And my parents..." Lalin's voice trailed off with concern.

Kunlaphat's voice wavered as she responded, "Do you really have to break up just because you're entering the industry? And you said your parents wouldn't accept it—why didn't you tell me that when we started dating?"

Lalin sighed, "I didn't think we'd get this far."

That phrase cut deeply, as if Lalin had never truly envisioned a future with her. Kunlaphat wanted to cover her ears, unable to bear hearing those words from her lover.

"Enough, Lalin. I don't want to talk anymore," Kunlaphat said softly, turning away, leaving Lalin sobbing alone in silence. Shortly after that argument, Kunlaphat discovered the painful truth: Lalin had been seeing someone else behind her back. Whether Lalin's reasons were about the industry, her parents, or another woman, Kunlaphat could no longer tell what was real.

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"How long have you been talking to Tiwa?" Kunlaphat asked, her voice calm but her eyes filled with hurt.

"Why did you do this, Lalin?"

Lalin's response was cold. "I have nothing to say, Phat. Now that you know, why don't you just leave me?"

"Do you really like her that much?" Kunlaphat's voice was faint, her heart shattering. She loved Lalin so deeply that she couldn't fathom letting her go, even after learning the truth.

"If I ask you to stay with me and stop seeing her, can you do that, Lalin?" Kunlaphat pleaded, something she had never done before, but Lalin was the only one who made her willing to do anything.

"I think it's best if we just end everything here," Lalin replied, her words devoid of any warmth or hesitation, leaving Kunlaphat to grapple with the unavoidable pain.

And on that day, Lalin walked out of her life without looking back. ---

# Chapter 3 - Hurts, can’t heals

Lalin spent the night at Irene's condo for the first time. Although their relationship had reached the level of being 'girlfriends,' they trusted each other enough to visit and stay over without crossing any boundaries. Despite the early morning grogginess, Irene quickly got up from bed to see Lalin off at the parking lot. The soft morning sunlight bathed the usually quiet space in a warm glow.

"I wish your condo was closer to my university," Lalin murmured with a small smile, ruffling Irene's messy hair.

Irene laughed lightly. "Then I'd have to transfer to your university," she joked before shifting the conversation to something they discussed the night before.

"By the way, if you change your mind about modeling for my brand tomorrow, just let me know," Irene added, still hoping Lalin would reconsider being a model for her clothing line. Lalin had declined, saying she had gained weight, even though Irene thought her waist was still incredibly small. She couldn't help but feel a twinge of disappointment that Lalin wouldn't accept her offer.

"No way, I'm still too fat," Lalin refused again.

"Fat? Where? You're practically tiny!" Irene protested.

"Nope, I think you'd look better modeling your own clothes," Lalin teased, making Irene pout in frustration.

"But I want you to be the model," Irene insisted, sulking.

Lalin laughed and pinched Irene's nose playfully. "Nope, but I'll help out behind the scenes tomorrow, okay?" Lalin smiled one last time before getting in her car and driving off.

Though their morning conversation was brief, it was filled with warmth and a budding affection between the two. Irene watched as Lalin's car disappeared from sight, then turned back towards her condo, fully aware that this relationship wouldn't be easy. Deep down, her heart still belonged to Kunlaphat, and she could only hope that starting anew with someone else might finally help her move on from her close friend.

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As soon as Lalin's car left the condo, the smile on her face gradually faded. The cheerful expression she wore turned into a tight line as she drove, not towards the university as she had told Irene, but to a different location where she had arranged to meet someone—Kunlaphat, the person she needed to settle her unfinished past with.

At an upscale restaurant in a bustling Bangkok mall, Lalin sat waiting in a corner, her mind restless at the thought of the upcoming confrontation. When Kunlaphat finally arrived, Lalin's nerves only grew more frazzled.

"What's so important that we have to meet face-to-face?" Kunlaphat asked coolly, sitting across from Lalin. Her exterior seemed calm, but inside, she was a whirlwind of confusion and pain. Lalin's request for a meeting could only mean one thing—it was about Irene.

Lalin still looked as charming as ever, with her sharp, cat-like eyes and bright smile that made her seem innocent and radiant. But Kunlaphat knew that smile was no longer hers.

"I wanted to talk about Irene," Lalin began.

"What's the matter? Are you afraid she'll find out we used to date?" Kunlaphat replied, her tone flat but her eyes betraying the pain and the unspoken questions she had kept hidden.

Lalin looked away from Kunlaphat's piercing gaze. "That's all in the past now," she said, her voice even. But her words cut deep, like a knife reopening old wounds.

"I just want you to forgive everything that happened, and please don't tell Irene about us," Lalin pleaded.

Kunlaphat closed her eyes for a moment, memories of her time with Lalin flooding back along with the pain of betrayal. What was once a beautiful love had turned into thorns piercing her heart.

"Don't you think you're being a bit selfish?" Kunlaphat's voice was icy, bitterness seeping through her words. "Do you really think it's that easy to forgive and forget?"

Lalin looked down, tears falling onto the table. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I know I hurt you deeply."

Kunlaphat turned her face away, tears stinging her eyes, her heart aching. She wanted to ask Lalin if she would have apologized had Irene not been involved. Lalin had left her to drown in her tears and struggle through the pain of betrayal, without so much as an apology until now.

"Do you still love me, Phat?" Lalin's voice wavered, asking the one question Kunlaphat didn't want to hear.

Kunlaphat didn't answer, instead releasing her frustration. "Have you broken up with Tiwa, or are you still dealing with your family's disapproval of dating women?"

Her tone was filled with bitterness and sarcasm, unaware that she was pushing Lalin's buttons. Lalin's gaze hardened as Kunlaphat's words hit a sore spot about her family.

Lalin clenched her fists. "Things can change, Phat. I've grown up," she replied firmly, her voice shaking slightly from anger and hurt. "Including the situation with my family."

Kunlaphat laughed mockingly, the sound laced with bitterness and an attempt to hide her pain. "Grown-ups don't go around announcing it to everyone," she sneered. "That's what kids do."

Lalin glared at her, offended. "You still can't forget me, can you?" Lalin's quiet words hit Kunlaphat right where it hurt.

Kunlaphat froze as if slapped in the face. She glared at Lalin before abruptly standing and storming out of the restaurant, leaving Lalin alone.

Lalin watched Kunlaphat's retreating figure, her emotions a mix of anger, sadness, and disappointment. Kunlaphat's spiteful words echoed in her mind, and although she knew she was at fault for hurting Kunlaphat, she couldn't help but feel slighted by how much Kunlaphat still despised her.

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A gentle breeze blew across the small pond at the university, brushing against Irene's face as she swung her legs back and forth on an old wooden bench. She playfully stole Kunlaphat's drink, taking a sip before asking,

"What's wrong, Phat? You look more sour than spoiled milk."

Kunlaphat crossed her arms tightly, as if trying to contain the storm of emotions brewing inside after her secret meeting with Lalin. Bitterness gnawed at her heart. She tried to brush it off, but her eyes betrayed everything.

"Nothing, I'm fine," she snapped, her voice curt as she avoided Irene's gaze.

Irene raised an eyebrow, studying her friend before setting the cup back on the wooden table. "I'm asking because I care, you know," she said sincerely, her eyes hinting at something more than friendship.

Kunlaphat looked at Irene, her gaze filled with mixed emotions—guilt, pain, and lingering affection. "How are things with you and Lalin?" Kunlaphat asked evenly, trying to mask her hurt with a calm demeanor.

"It's going well. She's taking me to meet her mom tomorrow," Irene replied with a bright smile, unaware of how deeply her words pierced Kunlaphat's heart.

Kunlaphat's eyes widened. "What?" she asked, her voice trembling in disbelief.

Irene frowned. "Why are you so surprised? She told me she's never introduced anyone to her mom before—I'm the first."

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# Chapter 4 - Playing mind games

Irene frowned. "Why are you so surprised? She told me she's never introduced anyone to her mom before—I'm the first."

Irene said proudly, but Kunlaphat felt like her world was collapsing.

Lalin had never taken her to meet her mom, and now she was taking Irene. It was a painful reminder that she had never been someone Lalin had truly intended to be serious with.

Kunlaphat bit her lip hard, forcing a smile for her friend, though inside, she was falling apart. Irene was blissfully unaware of how much her words were hurting Kunlaphat.

When Kulaphat and Lalin were together, Lalin never did anything like this. She always talked about being scared her parents would find out and kept saying she wanted to break up. These bitter thoughts kept swirling in Kulaphat's mind.

"Hey, Phat..."

Irene's voice interrupted, pulling Kunlaphat's gaze away from the water in front of them.

"Hmm?" Kunlaphat responded curtly, trying to hide her pain.

"Are you free tomorrow?" Irene asked in a sweet, pleading tone.

Kunlaphat looked at her friend, knowing she wanted something. "What do you want? Just tell me."

"Could you model some clothes for my brand? I still haven't found anyone," Irene asked sheepishly.

"I don't want to ask Joy again. I feel bad. And I'm sick of seeing my own face in the pictures. Please, Phat," Irene begged, her expression desperate. Kunlaphat sighed softly. She knew she couldn't say no.

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"You didn't tell me Kunlaphat would be modeling today,"

Lalin said softly, her voice tinged with jealousy and worry. She had just arrived at Irene's condo to help out behind the scenes, only to find Kunlaphat there, the last person she wanted to see.

While Irene busied herself checking the camera setup, she failed to notice the anxious look in Lalin's eyes.

"I only asked her yesterday because you refused to model for me," Irene explained, still focused on her camera, not catching the concern on Lalin's face.

"If it's too much trouble for Kunlaphat, I'll model instead," Lalin offered quietly. She didn't want Kunlaphat getting too close to Irene. Irene looked up and smiled at her.

"Maybe next time. It's too late to change now," Irene said kindly.

Lalin thought hard. She wanted to keep Kunlaphat away from Irene, to distance them as much as possible, but she didn't know how.

"What's wrong, little one?" Irene teased, trying to lighten the tense atmosphere.

Lalin frowned. "Do you have feelings for Kunlaphat?" she asked, feigning jealousy in hopes it would create some distance between Irene and Kunlaphat.

"Just friends, Lalin. Don't overthink it," Irene reassured her sweetly, though her eyes briefly flickered with a hint of pain.

"Who knows? Kunlaphat is beautiful. Maybe you'll fall for her without realizing it," Lalin continued, trying to sound playful, but the thought made her uneasy. Irene's expression faltered, Lalin's words hitting closer to home than she intended.

"Lalin, don't be jealous of me and Phat. The very thought is creepy," Irene joked, trying to mask her true feelings with a laugh, unaware that Kunlaphat was standing at the doorway, listening to every word.

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Kunlaphat stood still, knowing all too well that Irene had a crush on her. She had always pretended not to notice, keeping her distance to avoid losing a friend. But she also knew that Irene had been trying to move on from her for a long time. A sudden thought crossed her mind: if Lalin knew about Irene's feelings, it would be a perfect way to hurt her former lover.

"I'm here! Oh... Lalin, you're helping Irene too?" Kunlaphat greeted them with a calm voice, flashing a sweet smile at Lalin as Irene opened the door.

Kunlaphat moved closer to Irene deliberately, leaning in. "Whose perfume is this? It smells amazing," she murmured, her nose hovering near Irene's neck, catching her friend off guard. Kunlaphat had never acted this way before.

"What perfume are you wearing, Irene? It's so nice," Kunlaphat asked with a sly smile.

Irene turned to her friend, confused by her behavior. "It's the same one

I always wear. I've been using it for a long time."

"I've never noticed before. We've been so close all the time, and I've never smelled it," Kulaphat teased, her suggestive tone making Lalin visibly uncomfortable. Lalin shot Kulaphat a displeased look.

Irene quickly tried to diffuse the situation, misunderstanding Kunlaphat's intent. "Phat! Stop messing around, or Lalin might get the wrong idea."

Kunlaphat laughed. "Lalin isn't the type to overthink things, right?" she said sweetly, looking directly at Lalin.

"Right," Lalin replied quietly. "I can see that Kunlaphat is just playful."

She said it even though she knew deep down that Kunlaphat was provoking her on purpose. Lalin's gaze lingered on her former lover, filled with irritation, but Kunlaphat remained indifferent.

Inside, Lalin felt conflicted. She wasn't sure if the jealousy bubbling up was directed towards Irene or Kunlaphat.

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The photo shoot for Irene's brand went smoothly. Irene and Kunlaphat seemed to enjoy themselves, laughing amidst the flashes and clicks of the camera. Kunlaphat kept up the act, staying close to Irene, whispering into her ear, and slinging her arm around her shoulder, actions that Lalin, watching from behind the scenes, found increasingly hard to bear.

What is Kunlaphat trying to do? Lalin asked herself, her frustration and jealousy growing despite her attempts to suppress them. She knew Kunlaphat was messing with her—whether to test her jealousy or to get closer to Irene and provoke her further. Either way, it was too much.

That night, unable to hold back anymore, Lalin sent a message to Kunlaphat.

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**Chat Conversation:**

**LaLin:** Why did you act like that today? It wasn't funny.

**Phat-Kunlaphat:** What did I do?

**LaLin:** Are you messing with me?

**Phat-Kunlaphat:** Think what you want.

**LaLin:** Kunlaphat, I'm serious. Why did you do that? Do you want me to be jealous?

**Phat-Kunlaphat:** If you're going to send messages like this, I'll just unfriend you like before.

**LaLin:** Can you stop pretending you don't know anything?

**Phat-Kunlaphat:** You're imagining things.

**LaLin:** What do you want, Kunlaphat? Just tell me.

**LaLin:** .........

**LaLin:** Kunlaphat.

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Lalin stared at her phone, anxious and frustrated. She couldn't understand what Kunlaphat wanted. Meanwhile, Kunlaphat sat still, letting her phone buzz repeatedly with notifications, but she didn't even glance at it.

Lalin was likely bombarding her with messages, but Kunlaphat chose to ignore them. Her expression was blank as she gazed out of the window, her eyes reflecting self-loathing.

What was she doing? Was she really trying to mess with Lalin using her own friend?

Kunlaphat's eyes revealed the contempt she felt for herself, hating the person she had become.

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# Chapter 5 - Love Brings Pain (NC17)

Kulaphat walked into her usual coffee shop last night, unable to sleep as thoughts of Lalin swirled endlessly in her mind. She sat down, staring blankly at the hot green tea in front of her, feeling overwhelmed by confusion.

"Why are you sitting alone?" A familiar sweet voice called from behind.

Kulaphat turned to see Lalin standing there. Without asking, Lalin sat down across from her. This coffee shop used to be their regular place.

"It's my business," Kulaphat replied coolly, trying to hide her turbulent emotions.

Lalin glanced at the green tea in front of Kulaphat. "You still drink only green tea," she remarked in a seemingly casual tone, though her eyes hinted at something more. Kulaphat, a person who disliked change, knew exactly what Lalin was implying... Was she saying she still liked the person in front of her just as before?

"But maybe I've already changed," Kulaphat responded calmly, concealing her inner turmoil. She picked up the hot green tea and poured it into the trash can right in front of Lalin, showing no concern. Then, she slammed the empty cup down in front of Lalin and walked away. Lalin managed to grab her wrist in time.

"We should talk things out, Phat," Lalin said seriously.

Kulaphat glared, her eyes filled with fury. "We broke up already. What more do you want?" she snapped, pulling her hand away from Lalin's grip. It was unbearable for Kulaphat. Lalin looked at Kulaphat with pain in her eyes.

"You still love me, don't you?" she asked with a trembling voice.

Kulaphat laughed coldly. "Why even say that? It's over, so let it be."

"But you act like you still want me to be jealous," Lalin tried to justify herself.

"Ridiculous," Kulaphat replied harshly.

"Then forgive me, Phat. Let's be friends again," Lalin pleaded. The word "friends" felt like a sharp knife cutting deep into Kulaphat's heart. She moved closer to Lalin, so close she could feel her breath on her face, her body trembling with suppressed anger and pain.

"If you wanted forgiveness, why only say it now?" she asked, her voice cold and bitter. "Or are you just afraid that Irene will find out what you did to me? Just say it straight, then."

Lalin hesitated, and Kulaphat laughed mockingly. "You're afraid of Irene finding out, aren't you?" she taunted, her voice dripping with scorn.

Lalin's anger flared. She had never seen Kulaphat be this cruel before. "This isn't like you, Phat. What would it take for you to forgive me?" Lalin's voice trembled, tears welling up in her eyes.

"Never," Kulaphat said firmly, her voice reflecting her inner pain.

"What do you want me to do, die? Would that satisfy you?" Lalin asked hopelessly. Kulaphat paused and turned back, a bitter smile on her face.

"In such a hurry to die? It's more fun for the three of us to stay like this," Kulaphat replied with a mocking tone, a sneer curling her lips, but inside, she felt as if her heart was being torn apart.

Lalin's patience snapped. Her usually gentle hand swung up swiftly.

\*Slap!\* The sound of the slap echoed throughout the coffee shop. Kulaphat's beautiful face turned with the force of the blow, a red mark appearing on her fair skin.

Before Lalin could react, Kulaphat dragged her into the shop's bathroom. No one could intervene in time. Kulaphat locked the door as soon as they were inside, her hands gripping Lalin's shoulders tightly as if to control her every move.

Lalin could feel her heart pounding from fear and anger. She struggled, but Kulaphat pushed her against the cold bathroom wall. Kulaphat's hands tightened on her shoulders, and the softness of Lalin's body, trembling under the assault, only made Kulaphat grip harder.

"Let me go, Phat!" Lalin shouted, but Kulaphat ignored her. Her eyes still burned with an anger that wouldn't fade. She leaned down and kissed

Lalin again, this time not just with fierce intensity but with a burning desire.

The kiss crushed Lalin's lips with violent passion. Her breathing became labored, but she couldn't escape. Kulaphat's body blocked her every movement, her lips moving all over Lalin's face.

Then, Kulaphat's hand slowly caressed down Lalin's neck, along her jawline, and further to her shoulder. The softness of her touch, coupled with the pressure filled with desire, made Lalin feel the restrained intensity of it all.

"Phat... stop," Lalin murmured, her voice hoarse from the turmoil inside her. She could feel the desire hidden within her own body, making her even more confused.

Kulaphat didn't respond. She simply pressed her lips against Lalin's shoulder and bit gently, creating a mix of pain and pleasure. Lalin's body trembled uncontrollably.

Her hands tried to push Kulaphat away, but they were firmly held.

Kulaphat moved closer until their bodies were pressed against each other. Her hands roamed over Lalin's body, touching every place that had once made Lalin feel loved, but now it was full of pressure that had never been there before.

Kulaphat finally pulled away when she sensed that Lalin was weakening. She stared at Lalin's face, wet with sweat and tears. Lalin's eyes were filled with confusion and fear, but also with something deeper that made Kulaphat smirk before leaning in to whisper softly in her ear...

"Let's hurt together, Lalin," her voice rasped. "I won't be the only one hurting this time."

Kulaphat stepped away from Lalin, leaving the bathroom. She left

Lalin standing there, lost in her feelings. But once out of sight, the tears Kulaphat had held back finally streamed down her cheeks. She sat down, feeling pain coursing through her heart. Kulaphat knew that Lalin no longer loved her, but why did her heart still yearn for love from that person, who had never truly loved her, not even for a moment?

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Lalin sat on the sofa, lost in thought. The events from yesterday at the coffee shop replayed over and over in her mind—the intense kiss and Kulaphat's hurtful words lingering like an unwelcome echo.

Irene, noticing Lalin's unusually tense expression since early morning, chose not to pry too much. Instead, she decided to cook breakfast, hoping it might help lift Lalin's spirits. She carried the plate of homemade food over to the sofa, surprising Lalin, as it was usually Lalin who took care of her. "Why are you being so sweet today? " Lalin complimented, trying to hide the guilt gnawing at her insides.

"You've done so much for me, Lalin. I wanted to do something for you for a change," Irene replied with a warm smile.

"Does this mean I have to eat it all?" Lalin asked with a small, forced smile, trying her best to act normal.

"Yes, you must eat it all and get those cheeks even chubbier," Irene teased, watching Lalin take a bite and chew with puffed cheeks. But then, Irene's smile faded slightly when she noticed the sadness in Lalin's eyes. She knew something wasn't right.

"Lalin?"

"Yes?"

"If there's something bothering you, you can tell me," Irene said softly, her voice gentle and sincere.

Lalin looked up at Irene, her eyes filled with guilt and hesitation. "I just want us to talk things through reasonably, no matter what happens," Lalin requested, her voice shaky. She didn't know when the secrets of her past would come out or how the person in front of her would react. But if it was going to end, she at least wanted the chance to explain.

Irene gazed at Lalin with love and affection. She could sense Lalin's discomfort, but she still believed in her.

"Yes," Irene replied with a warm smile, "No matter what happens, I will always listen to you."

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By evening, Lalin reluctantly had to return home because she had a dinner appointment with her family. Even though she didn't want to leave Irene alone with Kulaphat, she repeatedly told Irene that she would video call right after dinner and that Irene should stay close to her phone at all times.

However, while Lalin was away, Kulaphat suddenly suggested they go for a swim.

"We haven't gone swimming together in ages. What made you want to do it tonight?" Irene asked as she watched Kulaphat, who was standing by the pool, smoking.

In truth, Kulaphat wasn't someone who smoked, but ever since she broke up with her old lover—the one Irene didn't even know the name or face of—the only thing that seemed to help her unwind was a cold mintflavored cigarette.

"I can't sleep," Kulaphat replied.

"What's bothering you?" Irene squinted her eyes at her friend.

"Nothing, just feeling bored," Kulaphat dismissed her question.

Something seemed off about Kulaphat... Irene thought. She knew her well enough to sense that her friend was hiding something.

"And... How are things with Lalin?" Kulaphat asked, causing Irene to feel surprised that her best friend seemed unusually interested in her relationship with Lalin.

"It's good... I think," Irene answered hesitantly.

"Why? What's up?" she decided to ask directly.

Kulaphat hesitated for a moment before brushing it off. "Nothing, just curious."

She seemed deep in thought for a while until she finally spoke. "Irene, if I told you that I liked you more than a friend... what would you do?"

Irene was taken aback by the question, her heart skipping a beat. She stared at Kulaphat, trying to read her expression, but all she saw was a mix of sincerity and pain.

"Stop messing with me like this, it's not funny," Irene said seriously. ---

# Chapter 6 - Toxic love (NC-17)

"Irene, if I told you that I liked you more than a friend... what would you do?"

Irene was taken aback by the question, her heart skipping a beat. She stared at Kulaphat, trying to read her expression, but all she saw was a mix of sincerity and pain.

"Stop messing with me like this, it's not funny," Irene said seriously.

Kulaphat smiled. "I've liked you for a long time. Didn't you notice?"

Kulaphat's straightforward confession pulled Irene into a whirlpool of thoughts. She had never expected Kulaphat to say something like this.

When they first became close, Irene had a small crush on Kulaphat. When she found out that Kulaphat liked women, she had foolishly hoped there might be a chance. But that hope faded more and more each time Kulaphat mentioned her ex. A Kulaphat's ex-girlfriend who Irene had never met, didn't even know the name or face of.

A heavy silence filled the space between them. Irene felt uncomfortable, unable to meet the eyes of her best friend, who chose to confess her feelings now, when she was already talking to someone else.

"I don't think this is fair, Phat," Irene finally whispered. "You must have known how I felt about you all this time. And now, when I'm about to start with someone new, you come out with this?"

Irene let out a frustrated sigh, feeling like Kulaphat was playing with her emotions. Kulaphat could only listen quietly.

"Come on, Irene, don't make it a big deal," Kulaphat said lightly. "If you still wanna be with Lalin, we can just keep things on the down-low, talk behind her back or something. Or, just break up with her and come to me. I'll wait."

---

'Phat, you're such a jerk.'

Irene's harsh words kept echoing in Kulaphat's mind. She was heavily drunk after Irene slapped her hard and said all kinds of things out of disappointment when she had suggested being the "other woman" while Irene was still seeing Lalin—or, if Irene wanted to break up with Lalin, Kulaphat would wait for her.

Irene's face showed the deepest disappointment, and Kulaphat knew that what she had done was unforgivable. The guilt gnawed at her so much that she decided to go out and drink heavily.

And as the alcohol kicked in, the first person she thought of was Lalin, the only woman who was her first and only love.

Barely holding herself together, she called a taxi to take her to Lalin's condo. She then kept calling Lalin over and over, begging her to come down and get her.

---

Kulaphat's body was so unsteady that Lalin had a hard time helping her up to the room. Her heart was racing with worry and concern. She had never seen Kulaphat like this—not when they were together and not even after they broke up.

Lalin managed to get Kulaphat to the sofa. The smell of alcohol was strong, and Kulaphat was unusually quiet.

"Why did you get so drunk?" Lalin asked softly.

"Lalin..." Kulaphat's hoarse voice called her name. "Why did you do this to me?"

Her words of accusation left Lalin silent for a while.

"I'm sorry, Phat," she finally said, her eyes welling with tears.

Silence fell between them again, broken only by their quiet breathing. Lalin decided to break the tension.

"Phat," she tried to steady her voice. "Let me drive you home. Do you want me to take you back to your home or your condo?"

But instead of answering, Kulaphat lunged forward, pushing Lalin's petite body onto the soft sofa. Her sharp eyes locked onto Lalin's wide ones.

Silence filled the air again, but this time it was charged with tension.

Kulaphat leaned in, pressing her lips against Lalin's soft ones.

The kiss was familiar yet strangely new, mixed with the faint scent of alcohol and Kulaphat's unique fragrance. It left Lalin breathless. She tried to pull away, but her body refused to obey. The touch that she had once adored now made her resistance melt away slowly.

The familiar sensation of Kulaphat's gentle touch and the undeniable attraction made Lalin feel desires she had tried to suppress. Kulaphat was still fiery and overpowering.

Her soft hands moved along Lalin's slim back, and Lalin's body began to relax, responding to the touch unconsciously.

"Phat..." Lalin murmured in weak protest, but her lips instinctively responded to the kiss.

Kulaphat sensed the conflict within Lalin. Her graceful hands moved slowly along Lalin's back, her touch heated and confident. Piece by piece, Lalin's uniform was undone.

"I've missed you so much..." Kulaphat whispered to her ex, her voice thick with longing. Her warm lips brushed along Lalin's delicate neck, gentle but with intent.

Lalin felt the heat from Kulaphat's lips, sparking the desire she had tried to avoid. Kulaphat's lips moved to Lalin's earlobe, lightly tracing over it, slowly breaking down every barrier in Lalin's heart.

She opened herself up to the intensity of Kulaphat's touch, even as conflicting feelings surged through her mind. The long-hidden desire in her heart awakened powerfully.

Lalin began to let herself go, the heat of her ex's lips and tongue sending waves of sensation through her body.

At this moment, Lalin chose to let everything go because she realized that every touch from Kulaphat was something she could never do without and had always longed for, even though she didn't want to admit it.

---

The morning sun streamed into the bedroom. Kulaphat slowly opened her eyes, the first feeling was confusion and dizziness. When she saw herself lying naked on the bed next to Lalin, she quickly sat up, her heart racing. The events of last night started coming back in flashes.

"Phat," Lalin's soft voice called out. She rubbed her eyes sleepily. "Are you awake?"

Kulaphat didn't answer. She just looked down at herself, feeling a deep sense of guilt. She hurriedly grabbed her clothes and put them on roughly before rushing to the bathroom.

Lalin could only watch as her ex-lover turned away, feeling a mix of confusion and pain. She tried to make sense of what had happened last night.

Soon, Kulaphat came out of the bathroom, her face expressionless. She avoided Lalin's gaze.

"Phat," Lalin called out to her, "we need to talk."

"There's nothing to talk about," Kulaphat replied coldly. "I was drunk last night."

"Drunk?" Lalin's voice trembled. "No matter how drunk you were, if you had sex with someone, you had to know what you were doing."

Kulaphat went silent for a moment, as if struggling with something inside. Then she looked up at Lalin, her eyes filled with cold detachment.

"So what? We just slept together for one night. It's not like you didn't cheat on me and sleep with someone else before," she said.

Her words cut like a knife into Lalin's heart. She stared at Kulaphat, her eyes filled with hurt and disappointment.

"Phat," Lalin cried out, her voice shaking. Tears she had tried to hold back began to fill her eyes. "How can you say that?"

Kulaphat kept her face expressionless, even though she was hurting inside. She turned to Lalin with a look that tried to stay cold.

"Forget about last night," she said, emphasizing the word 'forget.'

"And don't let Irene find out about this."

With that, Kulaphat turned and walked out of the room, leaving Lalin standing there alone. She sank to the floor, feeling like she was falling back into a pit of despair.

---

Lalin sat on the bed, hugging her knees. Thoughts of Kulaphat still lingered in her mind. She wanted to clear things up with her, but the guilt she felt towards Irene, the person she was currently seeing, overwhelmed her.

Right now, she was cheating on her. This thought weighed heavily on Lalin's heart.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Lalin looked up with a flicker of hope. Maybe... maybe Kulaphat had come back to talk things through.

But her hope was shattered when she saw that the person standing at the door was not who she had wished for.

"Irene," she whispered softly, trying to hide her disappointment.

"Why do you look like that?" Irene asked quietly, her sweet face showing signs of hurt.

"It's nothing," Lalin replied in a low voice, forcing a smile.

"I tried to video call you last night, but you didn't pick up," Irene said.

Last night... Lalin's face turned pale. She quickly thought of an excuse.

"Um... I fell asleep," she stammered.

Irene entered the room with a big bag. "I might stay at your place for a week."

"What?" Lalin's eyes widened in shock. No way...

Irene raised an eyebrow. "Is that a problem?"

"N-No, not at all, Irene," Lalin stuttered, trying to hide her discomfort.

Then, her eyes caught sight of Kulaphat's wallet lying beside the sofa.

Her heart almost stopped. If Irene saw it...

She quickly ran to the sofa, trying to use her foot to nudge the wallet under it before Irene could get closer.

"What's up?" Irene asked, suspicious.

"Nothing."

Lalin replied, trying to act normal, but inside, she was burning with anxiety. She had never lied to Irene before, and now she was hiding every mistake she had made.

# Chapter 7 - Wrong Direction (NC-17)

"Alright, we'll end today's class here," the young professor announced, wrapping up the lecture. The students, who had already started packing up ten minutes earlier, rushed out of the room. Kulaphat left the room with Fahsai, her close friend.

"Strange... your best friend isn't waiting for you after class today," Fahsai said in a slightly teasing voice, her eyes filled with mischief.

Kulaphat immediately knew that by "best friend," Fahsai meant Irene.

"Irene doesn't have morning classes," Kulaphat replied flatly. That was true, but what was truer was that they had argued the night before. And last night, she and Lalin had...

Just then, a message notification popped up on Kulaphat's phone again. It was from Lalin... again. This must be the hundredth time today. Fahsai glanced at the screen, seeing the name "Lalin" flashing, but Kulaphat didn't open it.

"Who's that? Why aren't you replying?" Fahsai asked quietly, but before Kulaphat could answer, a familiar sweet voice called from behind.

"Phat..."

Kulaphat turned at the sound of her name. Lalin was walking toward her, her usually bright and cheerful face now looking unusually tense. She stopped right in front of Kulaphat.

"Phat... we need to talk."

---

Lalin and Kulaphat stood facing each other in a corner of the building. Lalin crossed her arms tightly, staring at Kulaphat with a look of frustration, her lips pressed into a thin line. Meanwhile, Kulaphat leaned against the wall, casually playing with her phone, as if nothing had happened the night before.

"I want to talk about last night," Lalin said firmly, trying to keep her emotions in check.

Kulaphat raised an eyebrow slightly. "I've got a lot of homework today," she said, trying to change the subject, her eyes still glued to the phone screen.

"Phat!" Lalin shouted, her patience running out. She stepped forward and snatched the phone from Kulaphat's hand. "Don't treat me like this!"

Kulaphat flinched slightly, looking up to meet Lalin's eyes, which were filled with anger and hurt.

"So, what do you want me to do?" Kulaphat asked calmly, trying to hide the turmoil inside her.

Lalin kept staring at her, unyielding. "I want to know what you think about last night," she said, her voice shaking. "Do you still love me, Phat?" Kulaphat laughed, a dry, bitter laugh. "How can you even ask me that, Lalin?" she replied mockingly. "How can you ask me that while you're still dating my friend?"

Lalin felt like she had been slapped in the face. Anger and disappointment surged through her, and she slapped Kulaphat hard across the cheek, leaving a red mark on her fair skin.

Kulaphat turned to face her with a fierce look in her eyes. Suddenly, she grabbed Lalin's wrist and pulled her into the women's restroom in the building, locking the door and pushing Lalin against the wall.

"What are you doing?" Lalin demanded.

Kulaphat didn't answer. She just stared at the girl in front of her, remembering every detail of Lalin's touch. The memories from the previous night still lingered in her mind. Kulaphat both loved and hated Lalin. Lalin had left her without a second thought, yet Kulaphat still longed for her. She stared deeply into Lalin's eyes before quickly leaning in and pressing her lips against Lalin's.

Lalin flinched slightly, the familiar feeling she thought she had forgotten coming rushing back. Then, Kulaphat pulled away and looked at her former lover, while Lalin could only avoid Kulaphat's piercing gaze.

Kulaphat grabbed Lalin's chin, forcing her to look up. "Look at me," she ordered sternly.

Lalin had no choice but to meet Kulaphat's eyes, which were dark with anger and desire.

"Do you know that I hate you?" Kulaphat whispered in her ear.

Then, she kissed Lalin again, and this time Lalin responded willingly. She wrapped her arms around Kulaphat's neck, pulling her closer. Kulaphat pushed Lalin up against the wall, her hands lightly tracing the curves of Lalin's body.

Lalin let out a soft moan, feeling the heat spread throughout her body.

"Phat..."

Kulaphat slowly removed Lalin's uniform, revealing her soft, delicate skin hidden beneath the fabric. Lalin closed her eyes, not resisting. Kulaphat kissed the curve of her neck, making Lalin moan loudly. But then, suddenly, Kulaphat stopped and made an offer before things went too far, like the night before.

"Tell me to stop, and I won't go any further," Kulaphat challenged.

Lalin looked at her, knowing that she was about to betray Irene for the second time, but the deep desire she couldn't control overtook her.

In the end, Lalin chose not to say anything. She reached out, unbuttoned Kulaphat's shirt, and pulled her closer, letting her do whatever she wanted.

---

After the heated moment in the restroom, Lalin drove Kulaphat back to her condo. On one hand, she was anxious about possibly running into Irene, the person she was currently seeing, since Kulaphat and Irene lived in the same building, right next to each other. But on the other hand, she needed answers from Kulaphat about where they stood.

As soon as the car came to a stop at the lobby, Lalin decided to start the conversation.

"I want to know what you're going to do about us, Phat."

Kulaphat replied in a teasing tone, "Why do I have to do anything?" "Phat," Lalin said, trying to control her emotions.

"I asked you if you wanted me to stop, remember?" Kulaphat continued, "And you didn't say anything."

Lalin couldn't hold back any longer. She shoved Kulaphat hard inside the car. Kulaphat blocked the push, quickly opened the door, and ran into the building. Furious, Lalin honked the horn loudly to get Kulaphat's attention.

The horn blared through the area, drawing stares from everyone around. Kulaphat stopped in her tracks, feeling both embarrassed and angry.

She clenched her fists and walked back.

"What the hell are you doing?" Kulaphat shouted.

Lalin lifted her chin defiantly. "I want an answer from you, Phat."

Kulaphat sighed in frustration. She slammed the car door shut in Lalin's face and tried to walk away again. Lalin shouted after her, "If you don't talk to me, Phat, I'll keep honking until you do!"

She threatened, then pressed the horn repeatedly, the sound echoing all around.

Kulaphat couldn't take it anymore. She knew Lalin wouldn't give up easily. She opened the car door and got back in.

"Drive up to my parking spot, and we'll talk in my room," she ordered calmly. Lalin glared at her but followed the instruction.

---

Inside Kulaphat's luxury condo, Lalin walked around carefully, her eyes scanning every piece of furniture. The place still had a similar look to the old condo they had shared when they were together. She checked if there were any signs of another person living there but couldn't hide the worry in her eyes.

Kulaphat noticed Lalin's behavior and spoke in a steady voice. "No need to look around. I live alone."

Lalin couldn't help but smile with relief but kept her face serious.

They both sat down on the familiar sofa. Silence fell over them for a moment before Kulaphat spoke up. "Let's clear this up. What do you want from me, Lalin?"

Kulaphat started the conversation, but her question annoyed Lalin.

"Well, you never give me a straight answer, Phat. What do you want from us? I've asked you so many times already."

"I've given you a clear answer since that night," Kulaphat replied calmly.

"But now, it's the second time! You can't keep doing this, Phat!" Lalin shouted, her voice filled with confusion.

"We both did it, so don't just blame me," Kulaphat raised her voice in response. "Just go home, Lalin. If Irene finds out, it won't be good."

---

Kulaphat's words were the worst... Lalin couldn't take it anymore. She was furious at Kulaphat and her ex's indifferent attitude. She grabbed Kulaphat's face, turned it toward her, and quickly kissed her. The anger flowing through Lalin made her feel like this kiss was a release of all the feelings she had kept hidden inside.

Lalin's lips pressed hard against Kulaphat's, filled with a mix of anger and desire. Every move Lalin made reflected the deep, hidden needs within her. She slipped her tongue into Kulaphat's mouth without hesitation, her small hands moving along her ex's face and neck, adding a sense of love and burning passion.

Kulaphat tried to push Lalin away, but Lalin's stubbornness only intensified the heat of the kiss. Lalin continued to kiss her without stopping. The kiss, which had begun in anger, slowly transformed into passion once again. Every touch from Lalin only increased the kiss, which had begun in anger, slowly transformed into passion once again. Every touch from Lalin only increased the hidden desire between them. Kulaphat began to surrender to the familiar, fiery touch of Lalin. Her hands slid along the curves of Lalin's body, feeling her skin warm and soft under her fingers.

Lalin undid her own uniform, revealing the body hidden beneath the fabric. Slowly, she began to unbutton Kulaphat's shirt, her lips never leaving Kulaphat's for a moment. Every movement between them was a response to the mixed feelings of anger and love that had been hidden deep inside.

Lalin knew she was breaking all the rules, but she felt too addicted to Kulaphat. The desire she couldn't resist led her down a path she knew could only bring pain. She took Kulaphat's hand, guiding it to her slender waist, where she knew Kulaphat loved to touch, before leaning down to kiss her neck.

Kulaphat let out a soft moan of satisfaction. Her hands moved to unhook Lalin's bra, then she flipped Lalin over, pinning her down.

"Is this what you want, Lalin?" Kulaphat asked challengingly.

"And will you do it, Phat?" Lalin shot back with a daring look. "I will. You started it, Lalin."

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# Chapter 8 - Ex ‐ Girlfriend (NC-17)

The morning sunlight shone into the luxurious condo. Lalin woke up before Kulaphat because she had a class in the afternoon and wanted to get ready early. As she finished dressing in the university uniform from the day before, Kulaphat woke up and noticed.

Kulaphat frowned immediately when she saw how wrinkled Lalin's uniform was. "Your shirt is all wrinkled," she said, walking closer.

"You can wear mine instead," she offered. "Just pin your university badge on it, and no one will know it's mine."

Lalin looked at Kulaphat, confused. Their relationship had crossed the line three times now, but Kulaphat still acted like nothing had happened.

Lalin felt lost and unsure of what Kulaphat was really thinking.

"Phat," Lalin called softly, pulling Kulaphat's hand to sit her down on the bed. "We need to figure this out, like, what we're doing... and tell Irene about this before she finds out on her own. It'll be a lot worse if she does."

Before Kulaphat could respond, Lalin's phone rang. She glanced at the screen and saw Irene's name. Lalin quickly stood up and moved to the balcony to take the call.

Watching Lalin trying to hide from Irene made Kulaphat feel a surge of anger and frustration. She followed Lalin onto the balcony and hugged her from behind.

Kulaphat began to nuzzle Lalin's neck playfully, her warm breath against Lalin's skin making her feel conflicted and tense. Kulaphat seemed determined to provoke some kind of reaction from her.

"Why didn't you come back to the condo last night?" Irene's voice came through the phone.

Lalin tried to pull away from Kulaphat's embrace, but her movement only made Kulaphat nuzzle her even more. Lalin could feel the heat from Kulaphat's lips and tongue moving against her skin.

"I had a group project at the university, so I stayed over at a friend's place. I texted you, but it probably didn't go through. Must be Line acting up again," Lalin lied, right in front of Irene... and in front of Kulaphat.

Kulaphat couldn't stand it. She expressed her anger by biting Lalin's shoulder lightly. Lalin shot a sharp look at Kulaphat while trying to continue the conversation with Irene.

"So, what are you doing now?" Irene asked.

"I'm heading to the university. I'll see you this evening, okay?" Lalin replied, her voice tense. She quickly ended the call because Kulaphat was pushing her boundaries too much.

As soon as she hung up, Lalin turned to glare at Kulaphat, but Kulaphat just smirked as usual.

Lalin didn't know how to handle someone like Kulaphat. She grabbed her bag, ready to leave, but Kulaphat glanced at the clock and decided to grab her hand.

"What time is your class?" Kulaphat asked.

"Afternoon," Lalin replied, still not understanding.

"It only takes about an hour to drive from here to your campus, right?" Kulaphat continued.

"Yes," Lalin answered, still confused.

Kulaphat pulled Lalin into a tight hug and whispered in her ear, "You just lied to Irene, didn't you? Just like you used to lie to me when we were together."

Lalin tried to push her away. "Phat, don't talk to me like that again," she said, her voice trembling, but her eyes showed anger. She was starting to get mad at Kulaphat for picking a fight again.

Kulaphat ignored Lalin's words. She couldn't understand her own feelings either—anger, hatred, and, deep down, possessiveness. She pulled Lalin closer, pressing kisses onto the back of her neck. The more Lalin struggled, the more Kulaphat kissed her.

"Don't touch me, Phat!" Lalin demanded.

"I hate liars like you." Kulaphat said, pushing Lalin back into the bedroom, toward the bed. Lalin tried to get away, but Kulaphat pinned her down and leaned in to kiss her.

This time, the kiss was hard and aggressive. Kulaphat crushed her lips against Lalin's with a stubborn intensity. Lalin tried to push her away again, but the more she resisted, the more Kulaphat pushed back.

"Phat... stop..." Lalin moaned in protest, but her voice faded as Kulaphat kissed her again. Kulaphat's hand grabbed both of Lalin's wrists, pinning them above her head.

"You're disgusting," Kulaphat said, her hot breath brushing against

Lalin's face. "How did I ever love someone like you?"

Kulaphat's lips moved along the contours of Lalin's face before stopping at her mouth. This time, the kiss was different—intense, forceful, and full of need. Her hand moved over the curves of Lalin's body through the thin fabric.

"Phat..." Lalin's voice quivered.

Kulaphat paused, looking down at her, and saw that Lalin was crying.

Tears were streaming down from her wide eyes.

"Lalin..." she called softly, and the girl in front of her began to sob.

Lalin's tears made Kulaphat freeze. She let go of Lalin's hands and walked away, going to the balcony to smoke, feeling overwhelmed by guilt for what she had just done to Lalin.

A sense of guilt rose in Kulaphat's chest, feeling as heavy as a stone weighing her down. Unable to cope with what she had done, she decided to call Irene to meet her at a lakeside pavilion on campus to talk about Lalin.

Kulaphat lit a cigarette, as usual, the gray smoke curling up from the tip. She took a deep drag, as if trying to drown the guilt gnawing at her from within.

---

After class, Irene sat on a bench in the campus park. It wasn't long before Kulaphat showed up, her face tense and her eyes filled with guilt. Irene was still upset about the time Kulaphat had confessed her love and suggested they secretly date while she was still talking with Lalin.

When Irene saw Kulaphat, she immediately asked, "I think we should stay apart for a while. What do you want now?"

Kulaphat looked at her friend, pressing her lips tightly together, trying to hold back the lump in her throat. "I need to clear something up," she started.

Irene assumed it was about Kulaphat's suggestion to date both her and Lalin. She quickly cut her off, "What now? I already told you clearly the other day, Phat. I'm not going to date two people at once, and I'm not breaking up with Lalin either, no matter how long you say you'll wait."

Irene paused briefly before continuing, sincerely, "But I think we can still be friends. Just give it some space and don't do something like that again."

The words "we can still be friends" made Kulaphat look up at her best friend, feeling more guilty than ever. She shifted uncomfortably on the wooden bench.

"Do you really think we can still be friends?" Kulaphat asked quietly.

Irene frowned, not understanding. "What do you mean?"

Kulaphat stood up, taking a deep breath before looking Irene in the eye. In the midst of the silence, she felt the tremor in her chest. Her hands were cold.

"I'm sorry, but the truth is, I never liked you... not like that, Irene," Kulaphat said, her voice shaky but trying to sound firm.

"I've only ever seen you as a friend, just a friend," she continued, closing her eyes, unable to meet her friend's gaze.

Irene's eyes widened in shock. She stepped back, as if she had been pushed. "What the hell, Phat? Then why did you tell me you liked me? Was it fun for you? This isn't funny at all!"

Irene's voice trembled with anger and disappointment.

Kulaphat looked down, feeling a lump in her throat. A tear rolled down her cheek. She never thought she would become the kind of person she had always hated. She had always criticized Lalin, but she had done something just as terrible.

Kulaphat was silent for a moment, trying to gather what little courage she had left. She looked up at Irene again, her eyes full of guilt and pain.

"There's something I should be honest about," she said, her lips quivering as she tried to speak.

"I... I slept with Lalin."

As soon as the words left her mouth, she saw Irene's expression change quickly. The anger and disappointment were replaced by pain and shock.

Irene slapped Kulaphat hard across the face. Kulaphat is not fighting back.

"Phat, what the hell did you do? Are you crazy? This can't be real.

you're joking, right?" Irene shouted, her voice breaking as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Kulaphat looked at her friend, who was crying uncontrollably, guilt tearing her up inside. She had no excuse.

"I'm sorry... but it's the truth. I slept with Lalin... and she's my ex," Kulaphat confessed, her voice is a whisper, yet every word stabs Irene's heart, breaking her from the inside.

---

# Chapter 9 - Blurred Lines (NC-17)

Irene stormed into Lalin's condo, her face flushed with anger. She shoved the door open, and Lalin, sitting nervously on the couch, looked small and fragile compared to the fiery rage burning in Irene's chest. Lalin jumped slightly, her eyes wide with worry as she saw the cold, unfamiliar look in Irene's eyes.

"Lalin..." Irene started, her voice hoarse. "We need to talk."

Lalin knew immediately what this was about. She didn't have to ask. The tension in the air told her everything.

---

"I know everything," Irene said in a calm, quiet tone, but each word hit

Lalin like a blade slicing deep. "I know about you and Phat. All of it." Tears streamed down Lalin's face instantly.

"I'm so sorry, Irene... I..." Lalin's words caught in her throat, guilt and regret overwhelming her.

Irene stepped forward and sank onto the couch across from Lalin, her eyes filled with hurt.

"Why didn't you tell me from the start? Why hide it from me?" Irene's voice trembled with pain.

"I was scared," Lalin sobbed. "I was scared you'd leave me."

Irene closed her eyes slowly, trying to suppress the emotions building up inside her.

"And what about the stuff you've been doing behind my back? How are you gonna explain that?" Irene struggled to ask, not wanting to even say the words aloud.

Lalin looked down, her face flushed with shame.

"I'm sorry... I still love her. I haven't been able to forget Phat." Lalin confessed, her voice barely above a whisper.

The silence in the room grew heavy. Irene's heart felt like it was being squeezed painfully in her chest. She looked up, her eyes red but dry, no tears left to shed.

"l try to tell myself it's okay and forgive you." Irene said softly, surprising Lalin, who looked up at her in disbelief. "Because the truth is... I still have feelings for Phat too."

Lalin's eyes widened in shock, her guilt mixing with confusion. She never imagined the situation could be this complicated.

"I need to apologize too," Irene continued, her voice bitter. "I only started talking to you because I wanted to forget about Phat."

Irene's confession hit Lalin hard. The tangled mess of emotions between the three of them was too much to process.

"I thought maybe Phat would come around, open her heart to me... but she never did. She never forgot her ex," Irene added. "And I never knew her ex was you."

There was a pause, and Irene took a deep breath before continuing.

"I know it's selfish... but I used you to try and get over Phat. I'm really sorry," Irene said, tears finally slipping down her cheeks.

"I just wanna ask you, Lalin. If we break up, would you get back with Phat?" Irene asked, her eyes locked on Lalin, desperate for an answer she didn't want but needed to hear.

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The next morning, after officially breaking things off with Irene, Lalin hurried to Kulaphat's condo, hoping to sort things out with her ex. But when she walked inside, the place was a mess, with empty beer cans and bottles scattered everywhere. The air reeked of alcohol.

Kulaphat was slumped on the couch, clearly drunk, her hair a tangled mess, looking nothing like the polished star of the economics department.

In her hand, she gripped a half-empty beer can.

Lalin's heart sank when she saw the state Kulaphat was in.

"Phat!" Lalin rushed over and took the bottle from her hand. "Why are you drinking like this? You've had way too much." Kulaphat looked up at her, dazed and confused.

"Why are you here?" she slurred.

"I just... I wanted to check on you," Lalin stammered, unsure where to start.

"You're here to see me like this, right?" Kulaphat scoffed, her voice trembling. "I'm a mess, Lalin. I play with people's feelings."

Tears welled up in Kulaphat's eyes as she buried her face in her hands.

"I don't have anyone left. Not even my best friend," she mumbled before staggering toward the fridge for another beer. She turned and offered it to Lalin.

"So why are you here, Lalin? You want to sleep with me again, don't you?"

Lalin smacked Kulaphat hard across the face.

Kulaphat stood there, stunned for a moment, as Lalin's eyes filled with tears. Without warning, driven by the sting of the slap and the rush of emotions, Kulaphat grabbed Lalin and kissed her forcefully. Lalin tried to resist, but Kulaphat's drunken strength overpowered her. She pushed Lalin onto the floor, pinning her down.

Kulaphat's lips crushed against Lalin's, suffocating her with the intensity of the kiss. Lalin fought back with all her strength, trying to push Kulaphat away, but Kulaphat only pushed harder, her grip tightening. Lalin's breath came in ragged gasps, her face flushed with a mix of anger and overwhelming emotion.

"Phat, stop..." Lalin gasped, but her voice was drowned out by

Kulaphat's relentless advances. Kulaphat's lips moved feverishly over Lalin's face and neck, her breath hot against her skin, her hands wandering hungrily.

Lalin struggled beneath her, but each attempt to escape only made Kulaphat more aggressive. Her wrists were pinned to the floor, leaving her powerless.

"You came here for this, didn't you?" Kulaphat whispered harshly, her lips trailing down Lalin's skin, leaving burning kisses in their wake.

"We've been through this before," Kulaphat muttered, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Phat... please..." Lalin tried to speak, her voice weak and broken, but

Kulaphat silenced her with another kiss. The heat of their embrace, the way Kulaphat kissed her, made Lalin's heart race, pulling her deeper into a desire she couldn't escape.

"With Irene, you were this easy too, weren't you?" Kulaphat's words cut deep, filled with spite. Her fingers traced Lalin's jaw, then moved down her neck and shoulders.

Lalin hit Kulaphat's shoulder, but she was too drunk and too heated to stop. Lalin loved her, even through the pain, even when she knew she should resist. She loved her too much to push her away.

Lalin closed her eyes and let Kulaphat lead her into the depths of desire that she didn't want to remember. Every encounter was filled with anger, bitterness, and a desire to hurt. It was never about love, only the raw emotions of a past they couldn't escape.

---

Hours later, Kulaphat lay asleep on the wide bed, while Lalin, still naked, lay beside her under the same blanket. Her eyes lingered on Kulaphat's face, her heart filled with so many emotions she couldn't put into words.

She gently reached out and touched Kulaphat's smooth cheek, memories of their past flooding her mind. Tears welled up in her eyes again. No matter how much time passed, her feelings for Kulaphat had never faded. But seeing Kulaphat drowning in her own pain and resentment, the pain that Lalin had caused, only made her love more painful.

At that time, Lalin was about to fully step into the entertainment industry, a dream she had been chasing for so long. But the uncertainty of the future and the fear of her sexual orientation being exposed led her to make a terrible mistake. Her family found out about her relationship with Kulaphat and strictly ordered her to break up with her, no matter what.

So, Lalin pushed Kulaphat away, even though it shattered her heart. She fabricated a lie, making up a new person named "Tiva" to make Kulaphat believe she had moved on, hoping it would push her to walk away. Lalin did everything she could to protect Kulaphat, even if it meant hurting herself in the process.

There were many times she thought about going back to Kulaphat, but she felt too ashamed to ask for another chance. She never saw anyone new until she finally decided to open her heart to Irene, hoping it would help her forget her past love.

But fate played a cruel joke on her, because Irene turned out to be Kulaphat's best friend. Lalin could only blame herself for letting her love repeatedly hurt Kulaphat.

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"Lalin..."

The soft, sleepy voice of Kulaphat pulled her back to reality.

Kulaphat, still half-asleep, reached for her again. Her face nuzzled into Lalin's neck possessively, her hands sliding over Lalin's smooth skin. Her once sweet lips were now the source of the deepest desires, awakening something buried inside Lalin.

But Lalin felt nothing but emptiness. She lay still, letting Kulaphat do as she pleased. The guilt that weighed heavily on Lalin's heart kept her from pushing Kulaphat away. She wanted to make up for the wrong she had done, even though it was too late.

"I'm sorry about earlier... I didn't mean to say those things. I was drunk," Kulaphat whispered, her voice soft. But her apology only made Lalin feel worse, because she knew that no amount of "sorry" could change anything. Her feelings hadn't changed; the love she still had for Kulaphat hadn't gone anywhere.

But every time she heard an apology, it felt like a reminder that it was just an excuse for Kulaphat to get close to her again.

Kulaphat's hand slid lower, her hot breath brushing against Lalin's skin. Lalin could feel her moving in closer, the sweet lips she once knew now full of uncontrollable desire.

"Come sit on my lap," Kulaphat whispered hoarsely, her hands pulling Lalin onto her lap.

Lalin's body felt heavy, drained of all life, but she obeyed silently, indifferent to everything around her. Kulaphat's breathing grew heavier as she watched Lalin move with a blank expression.

"Move... like I like it," Kulaphat murmured, her voice dripping with need.

Lalin moved slowly, guided by Kulaphat's fingertips. Her mind was consumed by an emptiness that had taken hold of her. Every movement seemed to please Kulaphat, but inside, Lalin felt nothing.

Kulaphat closed her eyes, letting her body savor the moment. She didn't notice that the love that once shone in Lalin's eyes had vanished completely.

Lalin moved as Kulaphat instructed, but her heart felt empty. Her body might be responding to Kulaphat's touch, but her heart seemed to have lost all feeling for her.

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# Chapter 10 - Payback from the Past (NC-17) Part 1

Kulaphat woke with a start in her own bed. The warmth of another body, once pressed against hers, was replaced by an aching emptiness. Lalin was gone.

"Lalin..." she whispered, the name barely audible.

Confusion and guilt churned in her stomach. She remembered fragments of the previous night, how badly she had treated Lalin, the cruel words that had tumbled out of her mouth.

"Where are you, Lalin?"

Kulaphat tried to push away the negative thoughts. She grabbed her phone and tried to call Lalin, but there was no answer. The line was either busy or went straight to voicemail.

Worry began to gnaw at her. Lalin had never disappeared like this before. She tried to tell herself that Lalin probably just needed some time alone, but deep down, she couldn't help but feel anxious.

With a heavy heart, Kulaphat headed to the university. She wandered aimlessly through the hallways, lost in thought.

"Phat!"

The familiar voice made her stop in her tracks. Irene, her best friend, stood before her. Kulaphat avoided her gaze, guilt washing over her at having to face Irene after what had happened.

"We need to talk," Irene said, her voice firm. She took Kulaphat's arm and led her to a quiet corner of the university.

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"I broke up with Lalin," Irene said, her voice strained with emotion.

"I'm stepping aside for you."

Kulaphat was speechless. She could only lower her head, guilt washing over her once again. Irene had given Lalin up for her, even after she had treated Irene so poorly. And now, Irene had to endure the pain of a broken heart.

"I'm so sorry," Kulaphat mumbled, feeling terrible for what she had put her friend through. She had used Irene's feelings, manipulating her to get back at Lalin, without any regard for Irene's own happiness.

Irene looked at her, her expression unreadable. She knew Kulaphat was remorseful, but the wound was still fresh.

"I'm transferring to another university."

"What?" Kulaphat asked, shocked. "Because of me?"

Irene gave a faint smile, but her eyes were filled with sadness.

"If I said yes, would you just torture yourself with guilt?"

Kulaphat fell silent. She knew the answer was yes. She had destroyed Irene's happiness, shattered their friendship. There was no denying her culpability.

Irene stood up, turning her back on Kulaphat.

"Take care, Phat," Irene said her goodbye. Kulaphat watched her friend go.

"Can you... ever forgive me?" Kulaphat asked softly.

Irene stopped walking but didn't turn around.

"I can forgive you... but not today. Just give me some time."

And with that, Irene walked away, leaving Kulaphat alone with her guilt and regret. She knew she had hurt both Lalin and Irene.

And now, she had to face the consequences of her actions, no matter how painful they might be. She had destroyed everything, leaving only an emptiness that served as a constant reminder of her grave mistake.

...

Kulaphat stood in the lobby of Lalin's condo, her phone clutched tightly in her hand. The messages she had sent to Lalin remained unanswered. Anxiety and guilt gnawed at her. She knew she had messed up, and now she had to try to fix it. She wanted to apologize to Lalin, to explain everything, to tell her how sorry she was.

Suddenly, a familiar figure appeared. Lalin walked into the lobby, her eyes widening in surprise when she saw Kulaphat waiting there. She stopped in her tracks, then quickly turned to leave.

"Lalin!" Kulaphat called out, her voice echoing through the lobby. She hurried after Lalin, grabbing her wrist.

Lalin wrenched her hand free.

"Leave me alone," she said, her voice trembling, tears welling up in her eyes.

"I know you broke up with Irene," Kulaphat said softly but firmly. She knew this might make Lalin even angrier, but she had to say it.

"Can we please talk? I want to talk about us."

Lalin hesitated. She wanted to run away, but deep down, she still wanted to hear what Kulaphat had to say. She still loved Kulaphat, despite the pain she had caused.

"Fine... but make it quick," Lalin replied quietly.

Kulaphat breathed a sigh of relief. She knew this was her last chance to make things right. She wouldn't let Lalin slip away again. She would do everything in her power to win her back. She would prove to Lalin how much she loved her and that she would never make the same mistake again.

...

The air in Lalin's room was thick with tension. She sat curled up on the sofa, hugging her knees, her gaze averted. Kulaphat sat across from her, watching with longing, wanting desperately to ask for forgiveness, but her words caught in her throat.

Lalin glanced up reluctantly, her expression hard.

"So, what is it you want to talk about, Phat?" she asked, her tone sharp. Her patience was running thin, irritated by Kulaphat's hesitance to get to the point.

Kulaphat's face clouded with worry. She wanted to apologize, but the words just wouldn't come. Instead, she deflected.

"Lalin... what's wrong? Why are you avoiding me?"

Lalin shot back, her anger simmering just below the surface.

"What's wrong? Do you really have the nerve to ask me that, Phat?" She felt the frustration boiling over. "Maybe I should be the one asking what's wrong with you. It's always me you take it out on—am I just some

toy to you, a target for your anger, or a way to get even?"

Kulaphat reached for Lalin's hand, but Lalin jerked away.

"I'm sorry," Kulaphat murmured, her voice barely a whisper. She reached out to touch Lalin's hand again, only to have Lalin push her away even harder.

"If that's all you have to say, you might as well leave." Kulaphat's gaze softened, but she didn't back down.

"Lalin, can you stop acting like I'm the only one at fault here? When we were together, you betrayed me too."

Lalin had had enough. She had never betrayed Kulaphat, and now, hearing her accuse her of such a thing sent a rush of anger through her veins.

"Get out! Get out of my room now!"

Kulaphat sat still, unmoving, as Lalin began to push her, each shove landing with growing force, and still, she didn't resist. Kulaphat's eyes were filled with pain and regret.

"Just go!" Lalin's voice was raw. She stopped pushing and collapsed to the floor, breathing heavily.

"Lalin, I'm so sorry. Do whatever you want to me, but please... please forgive me," Kulaphat's voice trembled as she reached out gently, her hand brushing Lalin's. But again, Lalin pulled away.

"Lalin..." Kulaphat whispered, her voice breaking, but Lalin only looked at her with a mix of hurt and anger.

"Then maybe it's time for you to know what it feels like to be used as an outlet for someone else's pain."

Before Kulaphat could react, Lalin stood abruptly, her face twisted with fury as she pushed Kulaphat down onto the sofa. This wasn't the love and forgiveness Kulaphat had hoped for—she was now face to face with Lalin's pent-up resentment.

Lalin's hands moved swiftly, discarding Kulaphat's clothes with a force that left Kulaphat stunned. She didn't resist; her body was motionless, a lifeless object in Lalin's hands, though inside, a dull ache began to spread through her heart.

"Lalin... do whatever you want. Just please, don't leave me," Kulaphat whispered, her voice heavy with sorrow and guilt. But Lalin ignored her plea.

She looked down at Kulaphat, her face unreadable as her emotions churned. Then, in a rush of anger, she pressed her lips to Kulaphat's, the kiss hard and filled with all the pain she had bottled up.

Kulaphat didn't resist. She accepted the fierce touch, her body trembling under the weight of Lalin's fury. Closing her eyes, she surrendered, bracing herself for whatever was to come.

Lalin's kisses trailed across Kulaphat's skin, her anger mingling with a heat that simmered beneath. Their breaths mingled, the room thickening with intensity, Lalin's harsh touch betraying no hint of easing. Kulaphat could feel that this was revenge—a way for Lalin to make her feel the pain she had endured herself.

"And how does it feel?" Lalin whispered harshly in Kulaphat's ear, her voice trembling with a blend of bitterness and sorrow. Kulaphat felt the sting of that question, the truth settling painfully within her as she now lay on the receiving end of that anguish.

Kulaphat accepted everything without protest, letting Lalin's anger run its course, willing to endure it all if it meant she might find forgiveness by the end.

But as the silence settled, she realized the painful reality: forgiveness might be more elusive than she had ever imagined.

...

When it was over, Kulaphat held Lalin close beneath the thin sheet. The familiar warmth of the embrace felt strangely painful to Lalin. She wanted to push Kulaphat away, but her body refused to obey.

"Lalin..." Kulaphat whispered in her ear. "Are you still angry with me?"

Lalin closed her eyes, a single tear escaping and tracing a path down her cheek.

"Is it that easy?" she said, her voice laced with bitterness. She turned to face Kulaphat.

"Did you think this meant nothing to me, when we broke up?" Her voice shook with emotion.

Kulaphat fell silent, a sharp pang of guilt piercing her heart. She had never imagined Lalin's pain ran so deep.

"I never cheated on you, phat," Lalin continued. "My parents really did want us to break up. But the story about Tiwa... I made that up. To make it easier for you to let go."

Kulaphat felt as if the world had stopped spinning. She had never considered this possibility. She had hurt Lalin without even realizing it, destroying their love with her own misguided assumptions.

"I never had anyone else," Lalin said, her voice trembling. "Irene was the first person I opened up to after we broke up. And nothing ever happened between us."

Kulaphat released Lalin, feeling herself falling into a deep abyss. What had she done? She had hurt Lalin, hurt Irene, destroyed everything with her own stupidity.

"I'm so sorry... I didn't know," she whispered, tears welling up in her eyes.

"Since we met again, you never even bothered to ask me," Lalin said bitterly. "You just blamed me, kept hurting me."

"Please, Lalin, give me another chance." Kulaphat reached for Lalin's hand, but Lalin pulled away.

"Are you satisfied now, phat? Have you had your revenge?" Lalin asked, her voice cold.

"If you are, then consider us even."

Lalin got out of bed and quickly dressed, not once looking back at Kulaphat.

"We can finally go our separate ways," she said firmly, before walking out of the room.

Kulaphat was left alone on the bed, overwhelmed by guilt and regret. She had destroyed their love with her own hands, and this time, she didn't know if she could ever fix it.

...

# Chapter 10 - Payback from the Past (NC-17) Part 2

When talking things out in the room led nowhere, Lalin decided to escape.

She quickly climbed into her luxury car, trying to shut the door as fast as possible, as if hoping to leave everything behind. But Kulaphat was quicker. She opened the other door and slipped into the passenger seat beside Lalin. The worry in Kulaphat's eyes said it all. Though her question was spoken in a steady voice, Lalin could sense the underlying fear.

"Where are you going, Lalin?"

Kulaphat's voice broke the silence, but Lalin gave no answer. She started the car, pressing down on the accelerator immediately, as though desperate to escape from what she could no longer bear. Silence filled the car, but inside Lalin's mind, there was no peace—just a relentless voice urging her to drive far away from this woman, from a pain she could no longer endure.

Kulaphat understood. She knew Lalin was trying to run from her, but she couldn't let that happen. If she allowed Lalin to leave now, she might lose her forever.

Kulaphat turned to look out the window as familiar cityscapes sped past, giving way to the open highway stretching out of town. The silence between them transformed into an intense pressure, weighing heavily on Kulaphat's heart.

...

"I'm not getting out of this car until you calm down." Kulaphat spoke firmly, though she could feel the tremor of doubt within her own heart. Lalin, biting her lip as if wrestling with her thoughts, slammed the brakes, bringing the car to a sudden halt at the roadside. Her patience had reached its breaking point.

"If you won't get out, then I will!" Lalin shouted, her voice filled with the pain she was trying so hard to hide. She threw the door open and stepped out without looking back, striding down the shoulder of the road as if trying to flee from all the hurt she could no longer bear.

Without hesitation, Kulaphat jumped out after her, catching hold of Lalin's arm. But Lalin yanked her hand away, determined to avoid even the slightest touch.

“Let me go!" she yelled. Kulaphat refused. Instead, she wrapped her arms around Lalin from behind, holding her tightly as Lalin struggled to break free.

"Let me go, Phat!" Lalin shouted again, her voice trembling with fury, but Kulaphat held her ground, terrified that if she let go now, Lalin would slip away forever.

Kulaphat didn't know how else to make Lalin stay. Her heart was pounding with the fear of truly losing her. So, desperate, she leaned in and pressed her lips against Lalin's. The kiss was fierce, a testament to her fear and desperation, her tongue slipping in, trying to convey the depth of her love and desire.

Lalin tried to turn away, but rather than soften her, Kulaphat's kiss only intensified her urge to escape. She felt trapped, suffocated by this relationship, by the overwhelming sense that she couldn't bear it any longer.

She continued to struggle, but the harder she fought to break free, the more forcefully Kulaphat kissed her. The intensity of the kiss filled Lalin with both pain and confusion. She couldn't understand why Kulaphat wouldn't just let her go, why she insisted on keeping her here with such force.

"If you don't let me go... I'll slap you." Lalin's voice wavered as she issued her threat, but Kulaphat remained undeterred.

"Go ahead," Kulaphat challenged, unwilling to back down. "For every slap, I'll kiss you right back."

Without hesitation, Lalin slapped her, the sound of her hand striking Kulaphat's cheek echoing in the silence of the empty road. But instead of pulling away, Kulaphat drew her closer, kissing her again, a kiss laden with pain and a desperate desire to hold onto her.

Lalin slapped her again, and once more, Kulaphat kissed her. Their exchange spiraled into an endless cycle of force, a clash of conflicting desires—one needing to leave, the other refusing to let go.

...

Kulaphat felt cornered, unsure of how else to keep Lalin by her side. Her love for Lalin and the fear of losing her were pushing her toward a last, desperate choice—she was willing to use intimacy as her final plea.

She pulled Lalin into the backseat, trapping her in the confined space, as if trying to keep her from escaping. Her kisses and touches were laced with desperation, but instead of bringing them closer, it only made Lalin want to flee even more.

Lalin felt the walls closing in around her, a suffocating sense of entrapment that made it hard to breathe. The pressure to stay in this situation, unable to break free, made her chest tighten with pain that was quickly becoming unbearable.

Kulaphat leaned forward, pressing hot kisses along Lalin's neck, her hands slipping beneath Lalin's shirt, caressing her soft skin in a search for the connection they once shared. Yet with each touch, Kulaphat felt that bond slipping further away, like trying to hold onto something that was already lost.

Tears started streaming down Lalin's cheeks. The feeling of being forced, of being pushed into reliving a pain she'd tried to leave behind, left her feeling vulnerable and confused.

"Phat!" Lalin cried, her voice trembling with anguish as more tears fell, releasing all the emotions she had held back for so long.

"Please, Phat... don't do this." Her voice was a broken plea, as she felt a painful betrayal hidden within the love they once shared. She couldn't bear to see herself hurt by the same love that had once brought her warmth.

Seeing Lalin's tears, Kulaphat stopped abruptly, the weight of her actions crashing down on her. Guilt consumed her, making her heart feel as though it would shatter. She realized, too late, what she had done. Her desperate attempt to keep Lalin with her had only caused pain—pain she couldn't bear to witness.

"I'm sorry..." Kulaphat whispered, her voice faint, filled with despair and regret. She knew she might have lost Lalin for good, and that there was nothing left she could do to change it.

...

Kulaphat drove Lalin back to her condo. Once there, Lalin stood by the car, gazing at Kulaphat, who sat silently behind the wheel, her face an unreadable mask. Lalin looked directly at her before delivering words that cut deep.

"From now on... please don't get involved with me anymore."

The words struck Kulaphat like a bolt of lightning straight to her heart. It felt as if her entire world was collapsing before her eyes. Lalin's calm tone held no anger, only a coldness that severed all feelings between them.

Kulaphat bit her lip, struggling to swallow the lump of sorrow rising in her throat. She couldn't find any words to respond; only an oppressive silence filled the car. She nodded quietly to Lalin's request, her heart breaking into pieces, before slipping out of the car without a sound.

Lalin watched Kulaphat's retreating figure. The anger she felt was impossible to control, yet it was mixed with sorrow and pain, gnawing away at her heart. Her eyes filled with tears, but she forced herself not to let them fall.

Kulaphat walked until she reached a corner of the parking lot, unable to go any farther. Overwhelmed by grief and guilt, she sank down to the ground, her body trembling with emotions too strong to contain. The tears she had held back since Lalin's final words now flowed freely. Kulaphat wept in despair, letting the tears streak down her face, caring nothing for who might see.

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# Chapter 11 - Bring Love Back (NC17)

Two weeks passed, and Kulaphat tried every way she could to win Lalin back. Her feelings were overwhelming; the thought of losing Lalin again was unbearable. Bouquets arrived at Lalin's condo every day. Some days they were accompanied by giant teddy bears or boxes of Lalin's favorite sweets. But all her efforts seemed to be in vain. Lalin wouldn't even acknowledge her.

Her indifference cut Kulaphat deeply, but she refused to give up.

One day, Kulaphat followed Lalin to her university, finding her in a large lecture hall. As Lalin sat through the class, she found herself bombarded with colorful sticky notes every five minutes. Each one held a sweet message from Kulaphat: "I'm sorry," "Come back to me," "I'll never be difficult again," and countless other heartfelt apologies. Kulaphat poured all her sincerity into those notes, hoping they would reach Lalin.

"What are you doing, Phat?" Lalin grumbled.

Despite trying to appear indifferent, she couldn't help but notice Kulaphat's efforts. Lalin picked up each note and read them carefully.

Happy memories of their time together came flooding back.

And so it went, day after day... Kulaphat persisted in her attempts to appease Lalin. She knew Lalin was still angry, but she clung to the hope that one day, Lalin would forgive her.

One evening, as Lalin sat reading in the university cafeteria with some friends, she heard the strumming of a guitar. Turning around, she saw Kulaphat standing there, playing a love song and singing to her.

"...I know I made a mistake, I truly want to apologize..." Kulaphat's voice carried across the room, a hopeful smile on her face. Lalin's friends started teasing her; Kulaphat had been there so often that everyone knew she was trying to win Lalin back.

Lalin looked at Kulaphat with a mix of emotions. Mostly, she felt... embarrassed. Her face flushed crimson. She felt like she was the center of attention in the entire cafeteria. But at the same time, she couldn't help but feel a warmth spread through her heart at Kulaphat's persistence. She knew Kulaphat was genuinely sorry.

And even though she wasn't ready to forgive her yet, Lalin couldn't deny that Kulaphat's efforts were making their way through her defenses.

...

And so it went, day after day... Kulaphat continued to come up with new ways to win Lalin back. Knowing Lalin's romantic nature, she hoped her grand gestures would soften Lalin's heart.

One night, as Lalin was working in her luxurious condo, she received a call from an unknown number. Answering it, she found Kulaphat on the other end.

"Hey! It's me, not a scammer," Kulaphat said playfully.

"What do you want?" Lalin replied curtly, feigning annoyance.

"Look out your window, Lalin," Kulaphat instructed.

Lalin did as she was told, and her jaw dropped at the sight before her.

"Is that...?" she gasped.

Outside her window, dozens of drones were forming a giant heart in the night sky. In the center of the heart, the word "LOVE" glowed brightly.

"Love you, Lalin! Let's make up," Kulaphat's voice echoed through the phone.

Lalin was stunned and impressed by Kulaphat's grand gesture. She never imagined Kulaphat would go to such lengths for her. But she still played it cool, hanging up the phone, even though deep down, Kulaphat's persistence was starting to chip away at her resolve.

...

The next day, a messenger arrived with a package for Lalin. The messenger explained it was from Kulaphat. Opening it, Lalin found a box filled with old movie tickets and a small note that read, "I kept every ticket from every movie we saw together, starting with our very first date."

Lalin picked up the tickets one by one, tears welling up in her eyes. Memories of their happy times together came flooding back. She remembered the special moments associated with each movie, the laughter, the smiles, and the joy they shared.

These memories made her question her own decisions. Had she been too harsh on Kulaphat?

That day, Lalin decided to volunteer at an animal shelter. Although she had never done it before, she and her friends from university were determined to help the animals. Suddenly, a large truck pulled up beside them. It was filled with cat food, dog food, and other pet supplies. Then, Kulaphat appeared, a bright smile on her face.

"What a coincidence, Lalin! I'm here to donate some pet supplies too," Kulaphat said with a grin. Lalin shot a look at her friends. Clearly, Kulaphat had bribed one of them to find out where she was and what she was doing.

Her friends avoided her gaze, feigning ignorance.

Lalin pretended to walk away from Kulaphat, but she couldn't help but feel impressed by her ex. She knew how much she loved animals, and Kulaphat's presence at the shelter showed that she truly knew and cared about Lalin's passions.

Despite trying to maintain her composure, Lalin felt touched and her heart softened a little.

...

It had been over a month, and Kulaphat had tried every way she could think of to win Lalin back. Despite Lalin's continued resistance, Kulaphat refused to give up. Every romantic gesture, every sweet message she could find on Google, Kulaphat tried them all. But the result was always the same... Lalin remained silent.

All her efforts seemed to be in vain, but Kulaphat clung to a sliver of hope that one day, Lalin would forgive her.

As she scrolled through articles on how to win back your girlfriend, her phone rang. Lalin's name flashed across the screen, and Kulaphat's heart skipped a beat. She answered the call with a surge of joy.

"Lalin?"

"Phat, can you come down to the lobby? I'm here at your condo." Confused as to why Lalin was at her condo, Kulaphat didn't hesitate.

She rushed down to the lobby, her heart pounding with excitement. Hope flickered within her. Could this be a good sign? Was Lalin finally ready to forgive her?

"Lalin! You came to see me?" Kulaphat exclaimed with a wide smile.

She tried to contain her excitement, but her eyes sparkled with hope.

Lalin didn't answer, only offering a small smile before stepping into the elevator. Even though Lalin remained silent, that small smile was enough to give Kulaphat hope. She felt a surge of encouragement and was ready to do anything to win Lalin back.

...

As she entered the room, Lalin quietly sat down on the sofa. Kulaphat watched her in silence, unsure of what was going on. Trying to be brave, she carefully asked, “Are you not angry with me anymore, Lalin?” Lalin didn’t answer directly. Instead, she returned a deep, intense gaze —not exactly forgiving, but layered with sweetness and a flood of emotion. Gradually, she leaned closer to Kulaphat, little by little, building a tension that was both soft and tantalizing.

Lalin’s fingertips brushed against Kulaphat’s arm, lightly caressing her skin as if drawing delicate patterns. The gentle touch sent a warmth radiating through Kulaphat’s body, dissolving her cautious worry that Lalin might still be upset, replacing it with a deeper, more profound feeling.

“What... what are you doing, Lalin?” Kulaphat’s voice was barely above a whisper, as if she feared breaking the fragile atmosphere building between them.

Lalin didn’t respond with words. Instead, she leaned in closer until her face was mere inches from Kulaphat’s. Her warm breath brushed against Kulaphat’s lips, stirring a feeling nearly impossible to resist.

Kulaphat felt the desire simmering in Lalin’s gaze—a silent invitation she couldn’t and didn’t want to refuse. Lalin’s hand moved slowly, resting on Kulaphat’s chest, a touch that was both tender and determined. Kulaphat felt a thrilling shiver spread through her, a sense of vulnerability overtaking her, leaving her unable to hold back.

Kulaphat lifted her hand, gently cupping Lalin’s face. Their eyes met, and Lalin responded by moving even closer, their lips finally meeting.

The kiss started slowly, filled with tenderness and a sense of longing.

Kulaphat felt the warmth and softness of Lalin’s lips, carrying a yearning that neither of them could deny.

Lalin’s fingers began unbuttoning Kulaphat’s shirt, one button at a time, her every touch filled with intention and allure. Her gaze remained fixed on Kulaphat’s, deepening the connection, leaving Kulaphat powerless to resist this overwhelming desire.

Kulaphat’s hands began to explore Lalin’s body with newfound confidence, responding to Lalin’s invitation. Now, she knew for sure that her Lalin had returned, with a heart brimming with love and passion.

“I missed you... missed you so much…”

Before Kulaphat could finish, Lalin silenced her with a kiss, more intense this time than before.

“No need to say anything else…” Lalin whispered softly, her hands trailing down Kulaphat’s back, her touch conveying a love and forgiveness that went deep.

“If you ever make me cry again, I won’t forgive you,” she warned, her tone both firm and tender.

Lalin’s hand moved up to cup Kulaphat’s face gently, her fingers tracing along Kulaphat’s jawline before slowly gliding to her lips. When her fingertips brushed against Kulaphat’s lips, a surge of warmth spread through her.

Lalin smiled, a hint of mischief in her eyes, and leaned close to murmur in Kulaphat’s ear, “Tonight, I’ll be the one in charge.” Her voice held a confident allure that was impossible to ignore.

She pulled back slightly, slipping off her jacket and letting it fall to the floor, her eyes never leaving Kulaphat’s. She stood, undoing each button on her shirt one by one, her gaze fixed steadily on Kulaphat.

Kulaphat watched, entranced, letting her eyes roam over Lalin as her body was gradually revealed. Lalin’s deliberate actions made Kulaphat’s heart race wildly; she couldn’t look away.

Lalin stepped closer, gently straddling Kulaphat’s lap, moving in until she could feel the warmth of her breath, trembling and heated. Her fingertips trailed down Kulaphat’s neck and slowly down her chest, a touch that seemed to test Kulaphat’s patience.

“Lalin…” Kulaphat whispered, her voice betraying the intensity of her feelings under Lalin’s touch.

Lalin said nothing, only leaning in closer, her gaze filled with an undeniable intent. Then she began to kiss Kulaphat, fiercely, passionately.

Lalin’s lips pressed deeply, firmly against Kulaphat’s, her mouth and tongue exploring every part of Kulaphat’s with skilled precision, igniting a heat within her that she had never felt before.

Lalin’s hands moved tenderly along Kulaphat’s back, slowly drifting down to her waist, her movements tantalizingly slow and suggestive. Each subtle shift of her body sent a surge of excitement through Kulaphat, making it nearly impossible to control the intensity building within her.

“Kulaphat... I need you...” Lalin whispered, her voice tinged with desire, her lips close to Kulaphat’s ear. Every word stoked the fire of Kulaphat’s longing even more.

Guiding Kulaphat’s hand, Lalin placed it on her own body, letting Kulaphat feel her exactly where she wanted to be touched.

That night was filled with an intensity beyond words. Their bodies came together, immersed in the flow of their shared passion. Nothing could hold back the desire they had for each other. They surrendered fully, lost in the depths of love and heat that would never be extinguished.

...

The morning sunlight streamed through the sheer curtains, gently illuminating the bedroom. Kulaphat slowly opened her eyes to find Lalin nestled in her arms. A soft smile spread across her lips as she tightened her embrace.

Lalin's warmth melted away all of Kulaphat's worries and past hurts. "Don't ever leave me again," she whispered, her voice filled with overflowing love and endless hope.

Lalin, who was already awake, chuckled softly. The sound was warm and filled with undeniable affection.

"Who would ever leave you, Phat? Unless you're not being a good girl, then maybe I'll consider it," Lalin teased, her voice laced with deep love.

Kulaphat looked up at Lalin, her eyes shining with hope and love as she awaited an answer.

"Oh, you're awake!" Kulaphat said, beaming. "So, does this mean we're back together?"

Lalin pretended to ponder for a moment before smiling at her own answer.

“After all this, what do you think, Phat?"

Kulaphat laughed with joy, leaning down to place a tender kiss on Lalin's forehead. Love and gratitude flowed through that kiss.

"Thank you for giving me another chance. I love you, Lalin," Kulaphat said, her voice overflowing with sincerity.

Lalin smiled sweetly, feeling a deep warmth spread through her.

"I love you too, Phat."

Their eyes met, filled with overflowing love and deep understanding. Kulaphat gently traced her fingers along Lalin's smooth cheek. The touch sent shivers down Lalin's spine.

"You were so sexy last night," Kulaphat whispered with love and adoration.

Lalin blushed slightly, Kulaphat's whisper making her heart flutter. "Phat..." Lalin murmured, her voice thick with love and longing.

Kulaphat pulled Lalin closer and kissed her softly. Lalin responded with passion, their kiss deepening. The air in the room crackled with indescribable love.

Lalin snuggled back into Kulaphat's embrace, her heart swelling with happiness. She could feel their love, renewed and stronger than ever.

They spent the entire morning in bed, lost in their own world of happiness, as if time had stopped just for them to savor this moment together.

# Chapter 12 - Better Days Ahead

Today was an important day for Kulaphat. She had graduated from university and was about to fully step into the working world. She decided to join her family’s export business, while Lalin continued both her studies and her career in the entertainment industry.

The two of them lived happily together in Kulaphat’s condo, and their relationship grew stronger over time. Kulaphat, once quick-tempered and impulsive, had learned to control her emotions and had become more mature. Lalin, too, had grown in her own way, and both of them had learned to approach each other with patience and understanding.

Soon, the day of Kulaphat’s graduation photo rehearsal arrived. She took Lalin along to introduce her to Fahsai, her close friend from her faculty. It was an official introduction, presenting Lalin as her partner.

Fahsai was a little surprised that Kulaphat had a girlfriend, but it didn’t really catch her off guard or make her uncomfortable. Kulaphat had never dated a man, and Fahsai had always suspected her friend might be into women.

“Fahsai, this is Lalin, my girlfriend,” Kulaphat introduced her with a smile.

“Hello, Lalin! It’s nice to finally meet you,” Fahsai greeted her warmly with a big smile. “I’m so glad to see you in person. You’re even prettier than I expected! Wow, my friend’s dating a celebrity!”

The three of them chatted and laughed, with Fahsai being her usual friendly self, clearly warming up to Lalin. Kulaphat felt pure happiness as she watched her best friend accept Lalin and treat their love as completely natural.

“No wonder Phat’s been MIA since she started working,” Fahsai teased, turning to Lalin. “If she ever gives you trouble, just let me know, okay? I’ll keep her in check!”

Lalin blushed and smiled shyly.

“Make sure to bring her around more often,” Fahsai added with a grin.

Kulaphat’s smile widened. She knew she was lucky to have a friend who not only understood her but fully accepted her and her love. She hoped that someday society would be just as open, embracing diversity so that everyone could find happiness in love the way she had.

As the three of them were taking pictures, a voice suddenly called out from behind.

“Phat!”

Kulaphat turned toward the voice and saw Irene, her former close friend, approaching. They had once had issues between them because of Lalin.

Kulaphat was a bit surprised to see Irene there. Lalin, too, felt a twinge of anxiety, uncertain of Irene’s intentions. Fahsai noticed the shift in Kulaphat’s expression. She knew Irene had once been her close friend, though she didn’t know what had happened between them.

Irene walked over, feeling a little nervous yet eager to show Kulaphat that she was doing well and held no resentment.

When the group photo session ended, Kulaphat excused herself from Fahsai and Lalin, saying she needed to speak with Irene. Lalin watched them walk off with a hint of worry but gave Kulaphat an encouraging smile.

Irene was the first to speak.

“Congratulations, Phat.”

“Thanks,” Kulaphat replied, smiling.

Irene glanced at Lalin, who was sitting off in the distance, then turned back to Kulaphat. “And I’m happy for you… about Lalin.”

Kulaphat paused for a moment, unsure of what to make of Irene’s tone.

“I know I might’ve acted foolishly back then,” Irene continued. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you when you needed me. Looking back, I realize I wasn’t fair to you. I kept talking to Lalin even though… I never really felt that way about her.”

Irene’s tone was warm and genuine, her eyes meeting Kulaphat’s with sincerity.

“I felt guilty about it, just like you. Especially when I suddenly decided to transfer to another university—I kept asking myself what I’d been thinking. Back then, we were still young and emotional. Now that I’m older, looking back, I realize I was probably too immature.”

“I regret the way I acted too,” Kulaphat replied sincerely. “I’m glad you forgave me, Irene. Thank you. I think we both did what we thought was best for ourselves at the time. But now that I’ve grown, I understand better what I should or shouldn’t do.”

Tears of relief welled up in Kulaphat’s eyes. She felt deeply grateful to Irene for her forgiveness. Irene smiled back with equal sincerity.

"I came here today to celebrate your graduation, but there’s something else I wanted to talk about too." Irene said. “I really want us to be friends again, like we used to be.”

Kulaphat smiled back, full of gratitude.

“And in two months, I’ll be graduating. Don’t forget to come to my ceremony! I’ll introduce you to my girlfriend too. And… make sure to bring

Lalin along.”

“Of course, I wouldn’t miss it,” Kulaphat replied with a broad smile.

“Thank you, Irene.”

The two friends exchanged a warm smile before heading back to their group, leaving only a sense of comfort and relief from clearing the air. Kulaphat felt as if a weight had been lifted from her chest. She was overjoyed to have her dear friend back and was determined to protect this friendship with all her heart.

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After a full day of taking photos in her graduation gown, Kulaphat and Lalin finally returned to the condo. Exhausted, Kulaphat sank into the couch, still wrapped in her black gown. Lalin approached her with a bright smile and gently helped her remove the gown.

“Are you tired, my love?” Lalin asked softly.

“How could I be tired? I have the best girlfriend taking care of me,” Kulaphat replied with a small smile and gave Lalin a playful kiss on the cheek.

“I saw you talking to Irene. What were you two talking about?” Lalin asked, curious.

Kulaphat explained how she and Irene had cleared the air between them and shared Irene’s invitation to her graduation, where she wanted to introduce them to her girlfriend.

“She said she’d introduce us to her new girlfriend.”

Lalin’s eyes sparkled with excitement.

“Really? I’m so happy Irene isn’t upset with you anymore.” She paused for a moment before continuing. “Oh, and I have a graduation gift for you!” Kulaphat looked up at her in surprise.

“Really? What is it?”

With a playful smile, Lalin stood up and walked to the bedroom.

“Wait right here.”

Moments later, Lalin returned with a large red heart-shaped balloon attached to a small gift box. She handed the balloon to Kulaphat.

“Here’s a graduation present for my brilliant graduate.”

Kulaphat took the balloon with excitement and slowly opened the gift box. Inside was a key.

“A key?” she asked, raising her eyebrows.

Lalin’s smile grew softer. “Yes, it’s the key to our new home.” Kulaphat’s eyes widened in surprise.

“I thought we’ve been in the condo long enough. I wanted us to have a place of our own where we can even have a dog if we want. So… I bought us a house.”

Lalin spoke with excitement, watching Kulaphat’s reaction eagerly, hoping her girlfriend would love the surprise.

Kulaphat looked at Lalin, feeling a wave of emotion as tears welled up in her eyes. She had never expected Lalin to do something like this for her. “Lalin…” She was at a loss for words, touched beyond measure but still teasing.

“You know, Lalin, you’re spoiling the daughter of a business owner,” she joked.

Lalin laughed.

“Well, I am a celebrity, after all,” she replied with a grin. “Let’s build a little family of our own.”

Lalin’s eyes were filled with love as she spoke, and Kulaphat pulled her into a tight embrace.

“Thank you, Lalin. Thank you so much. I love you more than anything.”

Tears of happiness rolled down Kulaphat’s cheeks. Lalin smiled and rested her head on Kulaphat’s shoulder, feeling warmth and safety in her embrace.

“I love you too, Phat,” she whispered softly.

The two held each other for a long time, their room filled with love and hope. They knew the road ahead might have its challenges, but as long as they had each other, they were ready to face anything together.

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Today was just another ordinary day, as Lalin woke up to prepare Kulaphat’s work outfit—a task she had always done willingly.

The morning sunlight streamed into the bedroom, and Kulaphat was still tucked under the thick blanket. Lalin woke up with a smile, feeling bright and cheerful as she slipped out of bed and walked to the large wardrobe. She opened it, taking out outfits one by one, carefully considering what would suit Kulaphat best that day, just like she did every morning.

Suddenly, Kulaphat’s arms wrapped around her waist from behind, pulling her close. Kulaphat hugged Lalin, warmth radiating through her, filled with the love she felt.

“What are you up to, my love?” came a gentle whisper by her ear. Lalin smiled sweetly.

“Getting your clothes ready for work, of course,” she replied.

Kulaphat laughed softly.

“Did you forget, Lalin? I’m off today.”

Lalin paused, realizing her mistake, and then laughed. “Oh, that’s right. I completely forgot.” She turned to face Kulaphat, their eyes meeting.

“So, what’s the plan today?” she asked curiously. Kulaphat was usually the one to plan their outings.

“No plans at all,” Kulaphat replied. “Just wanted to spend the day at home with my girlfriend.”

Lalin blushed deeply, and Kulaphat chuckled at her girlfriend’s adorable reaction.

“In that case, how about we shower together?” she suggested, pulling Lalin closer. "Let me help you with your shower. I’ll take good care of you."

Lalin nodded, heart pounding, knowing that “shower” with Kulaphat rarely meant just showering. She took Kulaphat’s hand, leading her to the bathroom, shutting the door behind them as if the world outside no longer existed.

Lalin stood in front of the mirror in the bathroom, the moist warmth from the shower enveloping the room. The sound of the water hitting the floor created a rhythm that matched the pounding of her heart. She looked up, sensing Kulaphat’s gaze.

Kulaphat stood there, watching her.

The look in her eyes made Lalin feel a heat rising from within.

“Come here, Lalin,” Kulaphat said softly.

Her voice was filled with a gentle, undeniable allure, her gaze shimmering with open desire. Lalin said nothing, stepping closer, letting the shower’s warm water cascade over their bare skin.

The water trickled down, like a witness to the passion building between them. Kulaphat raised her hand, gently caressing Lalin’s face before leaning in for a soft kiss.

What began as a tender touch quickly turned into something more intense. Their lips moved together with growing urgency each time they met.

“A day off… a little change of scenery is nice,” Kulaphat murmured playfully.

Her voice was tinged with a teasing edge, and Lalin found herself unable to resist, responding to each touch with a newfound intensity. Her hands traveled along Kulaphat’s back, and her passionate caress made Kulaphat let out a quiet moan.

The water from the shower cascaded over their bodies, intensifying the sensations they felt. Lalin’s body pressed against Kulaphat’s, and Kulaphat’s hands began to explore every sensitive spot with a delicate yet steady touch, igniting sensations that left Lalin breathless, her desire growing with each passing moment.

“Phat… don’t stop,” Lalin whispered, her voice thick with longing.

Their lips stayed locked, and their bodies seemed to melt together beneath the steady stream of water. The sound of the water became a mere background hum, like a whispered encouragement for the passion unfolding between them.

Kulaphat continued, her movements skilled yet filled with a tenderness that expressed the depth of her love. Lalin responded with equal intensity, each touch, each sigh, each movement a testament to the uncontainable desire they shared.

In that moment, they became one, releasing all the passion and love they held for each other under the flowing water. The sound of the water echoed around them, but its meaning faded in the face of what they felt. Their love was the only thing that mattered, and even after the flames of passion subsided, that love would remain, enduring through everything that lay ahead.

# Chapter 13 - A Love Refined

Finally, Lalin graduated, and on her rehearsal day, Kulaphat took on the role of a supportive girlfriend, volunteering to be the photographer for her beautiful partner.

The shutter clicked repeatedly, though Kulaphat barely heard it. She watched Lalin through the camera lens, her eyes filled with love and pride. Memories played vividly in her mind—moments when they laughed together, cried together, and overcame countless challenges side by side.

Lalin looked radiant in her graduation gown, like a princess, her face beaming with the pride of her achievement. Kulaphat felt as proud as if it were her own accomplishment.

“Lalin…” Kulaphat called softly.

Lalin turned to her with a smile. “What is it, Phat?”

Kulaphat stepped closer, setting the camera down beside her. She took Lalin’s hands in hers.

“My little orange cat graduated. I’m so proud of you,” she said, smiling. “You did amazing.”

Lalin’s smile widened, her eyes shining with joy. “Thank you, my dear.”

She leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on Kulaphat’s cheek. “Thank you for always being by my side.”

Kulaphat felt her heart melt as she wrapped her arms around Lalin, pulling her close and inhaling the soft scent of her hair.

“I love you, Lalin,” Kulaphat whispered near her ear. Lalin looked up to meet her gaze, and Kulaphat gently pressed her lips to her forehead. “I love you too, Phat,” Lalin replied softly, resting her head on Kulaphat’s shoulder.

Kulaphat stroked her hair gently. Time seemed to stop, leaving just the two of them in their own little world, surrounded by the noise of congratulations and the busyness of graduation day. It was their private bubble, filled with love and happiness.

Suddenly, a cheerful voice broke the moment.

“Um… sorry to interrupt, but… I’m still standing here, you know!”

Irene said with a big grin, and Fasai had also been watching for a while.

“Sweet enough to forget your friends, huh?” she teased.

Kulaphat and Lalin quickly pulled apart, and the four of them burst into laughter. The atmosphere was filled with joy and warmth.

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After graduating, Lalin officially stepped into the entertainment industry. She didn’t just take on acting roles; she also fulfilled a small dream by opening a cute little ice cream shop she had always wanted. Her relationship with Kulaphat continued to flourish.

Whenever Kulaphat had a day off from work, she would drive Lalin to her shoots. Lalin, in turn, didn’t hide their relationship from anyone, whether in the industry or with her fans. She lived her life openly and sincerely.

One day, at home, Lalin was sitting on the couch, scrolling through social media with a smile on her face. Kulaphat sat beside her, watching her beautiful girlfriend with affection.

“Look at this, Phat!” Lalin handed her phone to Kulaphat, showing her the comments under their latest photo together. Kulaphat took the phone and read through, her brow furrowing slightly at the fans’ playful gossip.

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***‘So, Lalin has a girlfriend? And she’s a girl! The daughter of an export company owner?’***

***‘Is it true? They’re both so gorgeous!’***

***‘Insider info says they’ve been secretly dating for a long time.’***

***‘They’ve actually been together since college.’***

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Kulaphat looked over at Lalin. “Your fans sure know a lot, huh? They’ve got all the details—down to us dating since college,” she joked, pretending to be a detective.

Lalin laughed. “Well, ever since we got back together, I haven’t hidden that I’m with a woman.” She shrugged. “But I didn’t think they’d know this much. Someone must be spilling the tea.”

Kulaphat chuckled. “Maybe we should make a secret account to confirm it ourselves. We could post a throwback photo from college for proof!” She teased, pretending to type on her phone.

Lalin laughed loudly. “No way, Phat! You’re such a show-off,” she replied, resting her head on Kulaphat’s shoulder. “But it’s nice that my fans understand and accept me.”

Kulaphat wrapped her arm around Lalin. “Of course. You’re so talented and lovable. Who wouldn’t love you?” She kissed Lalin’s hair gently. “And most importantly, I love you the most.”

Lalin looked up, smiling at Kulaphat, her eyes full of love.

“I love you the most too, Phat.”

Their eyes met, filled with love and mutual understanding.

---

Every Saturday, Lalin would take Kulaphat to have dinner with her family. Although her parents were initially surprised that their only daughter loved another woman—especially the same woman they had once asked her to stop seeing years ago—they gradually grew to accept her. They saw that Kulaphat was kind, caring, and made Lalin happy, which was all that mattered to them.

Laughter and warm conversation filled Lalin’s house. The delicious aroma of food wafted through the air, and the dining table was covered with appetizing dishes. Lalin sat with a wide smile next to Kulaphat, her beloved girlfriend, who was deep in conversation with Lalin’s father. The two seemed close, chatting as if they’d known each other forever.

“I think Lalin’s ice cream business has huge potential,” Kulaphat said confidently. “With the right marketing, I think we could expand to several more locations.”

Lalin’s father nodded in agreement. “I think so too. Lalin is lucky to have a good advisor like you, and the ice cream at her shop is fantastic.” He turned to Lalin with pride in his eyes. “But I worry about her work in entertainment. The hours can be grueling, filming from morning to morning. It seems exhausting.”

Lalin smiled at her father. “It’s okay, Dad. I love what I do,” she said, glancing over at Kulaphat. “And I have Phat look after for me.”

Kulaphat, sensing Lalin’s gaze, smiled back and held Lalin’s hand beneath the table.

Lalin’s mother watched the scene unfold with warmth in her heart. She had once worried about her daughter’s love life, thinking Lalin would marry a good man and start a family. But now, seeing the happiness in Lalin’s eyes and the sincerity in Kulaphat, who cared for Lalin as if she were her own, she gradually accepted that her daughter’s happiness was what truly mattered.

Phat," Lalin’s mother said, drawing everyone’s attention. “Thank you for taking such good care of Lalin.”

Kulaphat smiled. “It’s nothing, really. I love her,” she said with genuine sincerity. “I’ll take care of her the best I can.”

Lalin’s father grinned. “Good. I’m counting on you to look after my daughter.”

The room was filled with warmth and happiness. Lalin felt incredibly grateful that her family had accepted and loved Kulaphat. She knew it hadn’t been easy for them to open their hearts, but in the end, they chose to prioritize her happiness. She knew just how lucky she was to have such supportive people in her life.

The evening continued with laughter and joy, each of them savoring the beautiful moments together. Lalin looked over at Kulaphat, her eyes full of love. She knew she had found true love and vowed to hold onto it forever.

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After dinner with Lalin’s family, Kulaphat and Lalin returned home, snuggled up together on the couch, enjoying the warmth and relaxation following a wonderful evening. But a hint of worry lingered in Kulaphat’s heart. She sighed softly, then looked at Lalin, her eyes showing traces of hesitation.

“Lalin…” she began quietly. “I want to introduce you to my family too.”

Lalin clasped Kulaphat’s hand tightly. “Really?” she asked, her voice a mix of excitement and nervousness.

Kulaphat nodded. “Yes, but… I’m scared,” she admitted, lowering her gaze. “I’m afraid my parents won’t accept us.”

Lalin gently stroked Kulaphat’s hand in reassurance. “Don’t be afraid, Phat. I believe your parents will understand,” she said with confidence. “No matter what happens, I’ll be by your side.”

Kulaphat looked up at Lalin again, her eyes filled with gratitude. “Thank you, Lalin,” she said, her voice trembling slightly. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

Lalin smiled at her. “I’m lucky to have you too, Phat.” She wrapped her arms around Kulaphat, holding her close. “We’ll get through this together.”

Feeling the warmth of Lalin’s embrace, Kulaphat’s worries began to fade. She knew she wasn’t alone. Lalin would be there by her side, no matter what.

---

The day finally arrived when Kulaphat decided to introduce Lalin to her parents. The car slowly pulled into the large driveway, and it felt as if they were entering unfamiliar territory.

Kulaphat gripped the steering wheel tightly with one hand, her knuckles turning white, while the other hand was held securely by Lalin’s warm, reassuring grip. She took a deep breath, trying to calm the waves of anxiety that washed over her.

“It’ll be alright, Phat. I’m right here,” Lalin said, giving her hand a gentle squeeze and an encouraging smile, warm and steady.

Kulaphat nodded, gathering her courage. She turned off the engine and stepped out of the car, with Lalin close behind, her heart racing just as fast.

As soon as the front door opened, they were greeted by the warm smiles of Kulaphat’s parents.

“Welcome home, Phat,” her father said warmly. It was a familiar greeting for their only daughter, but to Lalin, she felt like a stranger in this house.

“Hello,” Lalin greeted, bowing respectfully to Kulaphat’s parents.

Kulaphat’s parents returned the greeting with smiles. Kulaphat took a deep breath, knowing how important this moment was, before she spoke with a slight tremor in her voice but absolute sincerity.

**“Mom, Dad…” she paused, mustering her courage. “This is**

**Lalin… my girlfriend.”**

Her words brought a moment of silence to the room. Kulaphat’s parents exchanged a glance before her father broke the silence, inviting both of them to sit down for dinner with a gentle smile.

During the meal, everything seemed normal, but Kulaphat’s heart was far from calm. She feared her parents wouldn’t accept her relationship with Lalin, but as she observed their expressions, her worries began to fade.

Partway through the meal, Kulaphat’s father asked. “Lalin, your work sounds fascinating. What's it like being an actress?"

The question seemed casual, but to Kulaphat, it was a signal of acceptance she hadn’t dared to expect. Her parents had likely known all along, since she was young, that she liked women, though they’d never brought it up until now.

After dinner, Kulaphat’s parents invited them to chat in the living room, the atmosphere relaxed and warm.

“How’s work at the company going?” Kulaphat’s mother asked as she sipped her tea.

“It’s going well, Mom,” Kulaphat replied. “I have a new project coming up, but it’s going to be pretty demanding.”

Kulaphat’s father nodded, but he wanted to know more about his girlfriend's daughter. He turned back to ask Lalin, “I heard you’re also running an ice cream business, as well as being an actress?”

Lalin smiled politely before replying. “Yes, it’s a small ice cream shop with three locations in malls so far. We’re considering expanding in the future.”

Kulaphat’s mother smiled at Lalin warmly. “That’s wonderful, dear. If there’s anything we can help with, just let us know.”

Kulaphat felt as if a huge weight had been lifted off her chest. She smiled with relief and held Lalin’s hand tightly. Lalin returned the smile, her heart filled with love and warmth.

As they said their goodbyes that evening, Kulaphat looked back at her parents standing in the doorway, smiling at her with eyes full of love and care. She knew she had gained her family’s true acceptance and support.

# Chapter 14 - Ending

Usually, whenever Lalin had free time, she would stop by her ice cream shop in a popular mall to check in. She couldn’t always stay long, but she was diligent about making sure everything was running smoothly. Today was different, though—it was special, as Kulaphat had time to join her at the shop.

The shop was buzzing with life and color, filled with balloons and bright promotional signs. The cheerful laughter of customers filled the air. Lalin and Kulaphat, each in cute aprons, stood behind the counter—Lalin in pink and Kulaphat in blue.

“Next in line, please!” Lalin’s voice rang out brightly as she scooped a fan’s favorite flavor. She moved gracefully, smiling wide as she handed over the order, while Kulaphat rang up sales with a warm, friendly smile.

One young fan, clutching a camera, waited eagerly at the counter, her eyes shining with excitement.

“Lalin, could I get a picture with you and your girlfriend?” she asked shyly.

“Of course!” Lalin replied warmly. She reached for Kulaphat’s hand, who came over eagerly despite being mid-task. The three of them posed for a fun photo, smiling and holding hands.

After snapping the photo, the young fan grinned and said sweetly, “I hope you two will stay together forever! You should get married!”

Both women blushed, and Lalin looked down, flustered, while Kulaphat chuckled, gazing at Lalin with adoration.

“Thank you,” Lalin replied bashfully, still holding Kulaphat’s hand.

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After closing the shop, the two of them returned home, feeling tired but happy. They sat on the sofa, Kulaphat wrapping her arm around Lalin’s shoulders. Lalin rested her head on Kulaphat’s shoulder, soaking in the warmth and security.

“Today was so much fun,” Lalin said, closing her eyes and relaxing.

“It was,” Kulaphat agreed warmly, her tone playful. “So... when are we getting married?”

Lalin looked up in surprise, her eyes sparkling. “Are you proposing, Phat? That’s hardly romantic!” she teased.

Kulaphat laughed softly, smiling. “Well, your fan practically proposed for us! I just thought I’d ask.”

“Well, if you’re serious…” Lalin trailed off, her voice sweet. “How could I not marry someone as wonderful as you?”

Grinning, Kulaphat pulled Lalin into a hug. “Then give me some time to plan something truly romantic for my lovely Lalin.”

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On a quiet evening at the beach, with the sun setting against a golden and orange sky, Kulaphat and Lalin walked slowly along the familiar shore. Their bare feet pressed into the soft sand, with the gentle waves crashing as a soothing backdrop. The cool breeze made their hair sway as they walked hand in hand.

Lalin smiled at the memories they shared here as she looked up at the sky’s changing colors. “Phat, do you remember the first time we came here?” she asked, her voice filled with warmth.

Kulaphat stopped walking and looked at Lalin with a deep, tender gaze.

“Our first time here? Of course. It was when we’d just started dating.”

“That’s right. We watched the sunset together, and now here we are again,” Lalin said, smiling as she took in the beautiful sky. Kulaphat gently held her hand, guiding her to sit down on the sand beside her.

“Do you know why I brought you here today?” Kulaphat asked softly.

Lalin furrowed her brow, curious. “Why?” she asked, though part of her wondered if this was the moment she’d been sensing. Since they’d last talked about marriage, Kulaphat had been acting a little secretive, as if preparing something special. Despite trying to hide her excitement, Lalin suspected that tonight could be the night. She kept her hopes in check, wanting to let Kulaphat surprise her in her own way.

Kulaphat’s soft smile deepened as she looked at Lalin with loving intent. “Because I have an important question to ask.”

Lalin’s heart raced, feeling her suspicions come to life.

Slowly, Kulaphat reached into her pocket, pulling out a small box and opening it to reveal a sparkling diamond ring. The sunset’s glow reflected off the ring, making it gleam like a promise for their future together.

“Lalin,” Kulaphat began softly, her voice full of love. “You were my first love, my one and only. I want to spend my life with you. Will you marry me?”

Lalin’s eyes widened as tears of joy filled them. She never imagined this day would come, a day where her dreams would come true.

“Phat, I… I don’t know what to say. I’m so happy,” she replied, her voice trembling with emotion. Kulaphat smiled, slipping the ring onto her finger with a gentle, slightly nervous touch.

“Just say yes,” Kulaphat whispered.

“Yes, Phat,” Lalin replied, her voice steady with love.

Kulaphat pulled her into a tight embrace, placing a gentle kiss on her forehead. They felt like the world had stopped just for them as the sun completed its descent. The warmth of the night and the sound of the waves were witnesses to a moment they would cherish forever.

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The entrance to a chic boutique opened, with the subtle fragrance of the store’s signature scent welcoming them inside. Lalin and Kulaphat walked in, bright smiles and excitement evident in their eyes. At a nearby table, Irene was busy with paperwork. She looked up and, seeing them, her eyes widened with surprise and joy.

“Phat, Lalin! What a surprise! It’s been ages—I missed you both so much!”

Irene got up and rushed over to give them both a big hug, her eyes shining with happiness and warmth.

“We missed you too, Irene,” Lalin replied, embracing her friend. Her gaze reflected love and gratitude.

“Lalin and I have some big news to share with you,” Kulaphat said, her smile brimming with excitement. Holding Lalin’s hand tightly, she handed Irene a cream-colored wedding invitation. Irene opened it, her eyes widening further, her expression brimming with excitement.

“A wedding?! Really?! Oh my goodness, congratulations to you both!”

Irene exclaimed, practically squealing with joy. Her smile was so big, she could barely contain it.

“Thank you, Irene!” Lalin said, glowing with happiness.

“I hope you’ll be one of my bridesmaids,” Kulaphat added with a smile, glancing at Irene.

“Of course! I’d be thrilled!” Irene laughed, her excitement shining through. “Oh, I’m so happy I can’t even express it. It’s like I’m the one getting married…except I’m single right now,” she joked, laughing in good spirits.

“Come on, Irene!” Lalin chuckled.

“Maybe you’ll catch the bouquet when I toss it!” Kulaphat teased.

“Well then, I’m calling dibs on a front-row spot. That bouquet is mine,” Irene replied with playful determination.

“I’ll aim it right at you!” Lalin laughed, joining in the fun.

The three of them laughed together, sharing in the joyful moment. Irene looked at her two friends with genuine happiness, knowing how deeply they loved each other. She was truly delighted to see them building a life together.

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Finally, the day of Kulaphat and Lalin’s wedding had arrived…

A soft, warm sunset bathed the vast flower garden, which had been transformed into a dreamy, elegant wedding venue. The garden was filled with vibrant blooms of various flowers, carefully arranged to perfection, while twinkling lights adorned the area, creating an enchanting, fairy-tale atmosphere. Soft love songs played in the background, adding a touch of romance to the air filled with joy and love.

Guests, comprised of close family and friends, smiled warmly, their eyes fixed on the couple as they prepared to embrace one of the most important moments of their lives.

Lalin, radiant in a pure white wedding dress, looked like a princess as she walked arm-in-arm with Kulaphat, equally stunning in her own elegant white suit, toward the ceremony. The scent of countless flowers filled the air as all eyes followed the couple making their way toward the gateway to happiness. Their excitement and joy were palpable to everyone present.

On the beautifully adorned stage, surrounded by delicate floral arrangements, Lalin stood beside Kulaphat. Their eyes met in a gaze filled with deep, pure love, radiating warmth and happiness to all around them.

"Today is one of the happiest days of my life," Lalin began, her voice slightly shaky with emotion yet sincere. Her eyes glistened with tears of love and gratitude.

"I want to thank you, Phat, for loving me and always taking such good care of me," she said, looking at Kulaphat with deep affection. Her hand held tightly onto Kulaphat’s, a symbol of their unbreakable bond.

"Thank you for believing in me, for standing by my side through everything, and for showing me what true love is."

"Lalin…" Kulaphat’s voice wavered as she took Lalin’s hand in hers, feeling the depth of the love they had shared throughout every chapter of their lives together.

"No, it’s me who should thank you, Lalin, for coming into my life and completing it."

Kulaphat looked at Lalin with eyes full of love and gratitude, overcome with joy to have her by her side on this monumental day.

"Lalin, you are my first love, my only love, and you will be the last woman I ever love. I promise to cherish our love forever."

Applause erupted around them as family and friends celebrated their love. The joy and happiness shared by everyone filled the air, making the wedding a true celebration of love.

Lalin and Kulaphat exchanged a look of pure joy and contentment, knowing that from this day forward, they were each other’s other half.

**- The End -**

# Chapter 15 - Special EP

The Northern Lights danced across the night sky above a cozy lodge in Lapland, Finland. The air was filled with the sweet aroma of hot chocolate as Kulaphat held Lalin from behind, both sipping their warm drinks by the crackling fireplace.

“It’s beautiful.” Lalin murmured, resting her head on Kulaphat’s shoulder, her gaze fixed on the green lights swirling above.

“It’s like a dream honeymoon,” Kulaphat replied, pulling her closer.

“I’m so glad I get to experience this with you, Lalin.”

Lalin turned to meet Kulaphat’s gaze, her smile warm and loving. “Me too. I wouldn’t want to be here with anyone else.”

Kulaphat smiled, leaning down to place a gentle kiss on Lalin’s forehead. “I love you, Lalin.”

Lalin closed her eyes, savoring the warmth of the moment. “I love you too, Phat.”

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The next morning, soft sunlight streamed in through the window, waking them gently. Kulaphat rose and opened the balcony doors, revealing a breathtaking view of snow-covered pine trees and a frozen lake stretching out as far as the eye could see.

“Wow!” Lalin exclaimed, rushing to the balcony and flashing a big smile at Kulaphat. “It’s so beautiful, Phat.”

Kulaphat wrapped her arms around Lalin from behind. “I wish you could feel this happy every day, Lalin.”

Lalin nestled her head against Kulaphat’s shoulder. “I’m happy just having you by my side, Phat.”

That afternoon, the two strolled through the pine forest, light snowflakes drifting down and creating a fairytale-like atmosphere. Kulaphat held Lalin’s hand tightly as they walked along a narrow path surrounded by towering trees.

“Phat?” Lalin called softly.

“Yes?” Kulaphat responded, her tone gentle.

Lalin stopped, turning to face her. She gazed deeply into Kulaphat’s eyes before speaking. “Thank you...for making me so happy.”

Kulaphat chuckled, a look of adoration in her eyes. “You thanked me just last night.”

Lalin laughed, and Kulaphat leaned down to plant a tender kiss on her lips, the quiet forest surrounding them as their breaths synchronized, hearts beating as one.

Afterward, Lalin took out her phone. “Phat, let’s take a picture. I want to show off my husband.”

“Just your ‘husband’?” Kulaphat teased with a raised eyebrow.

Lalin giggled. “My beautiful husband.”

They both smiled, and Lalin held her phone up to capture the moment as snowflakes gently landed on their faces and hair. Their laughter echoed through the forest, creating yet another cherished memory filled with pure, simple love.

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After their honeymoon, Kulaphat and Lalin returned to their everyday life together. Saturdays were spent sharing meals with Lalin’s family, and Sundays involved checking in on the new ice cream store Lalin was opening. On weekdays, if Lalin didn’t have filming obligations, she would often visit Kulaphat at her office.

Everyone at Kulaphat’s company knew that this beautiful woman was none other than the beloved wife of the company’s owner.

When a long meeting finally wrapped up, Kulaphat emerged from the conference room to find Lalin waiting for her on a guest sofa, her face lighting up in a warm smile. Kulaphat approached and gently took her hand.

“Sorry to keep you waiting,” she said softly.

“It’s okay; I understand,” Lalin replied as she stood up. “Are you tired,

Phat? Shall we order in?”

Kulaphat shook her head. “No, let’s go to our usual spot.”

They left the office, with Kulaphat driving them to their favorite restaurant. The familiar staff greeted them warmly.

“Good evening.” one of the staff members greeted with a friendly smile. “What can we get you today?”

The two ordered their favorite dishes, chatting happily as they waited, the atmosphere warm and comforting.

Shortly after, their food arrived, along with...a bouquet of flowers! Lalin’s eyes widened in surprise, and she looked at Kulaphat, who was smiling warmly beside her.

“For my beautiful wife,” Kulaphat said, handing her the bouquet.

“What’s the occasion?” Lalin asked, beaming with happiness.

“The occasion is that you’re my wonderful, sweet wife, making every day special,” Kulaphat replied with a playful smile.

Lalin took the bouquet, her heart full of gratitude for the thoughtful gesture.

“Thank you, Phat. I love it,” she said, her voice soft with emotion.

Kulaphat gently brushed a hand through Lalin’s hair. “I’m glad you do.”

They enjoyed their meal together, the bouquet on the table adding a romantic touch. Lalin gazed at Kulaphat, filled with love and gratitude, knowing how lucky she was to have this amazing woman by her side. She knew she would never forget this sweet surprise.

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Early morning sunlight poured into their bedroom. Lalin woke up first, finding herself still nestled in Kulaphat’s embrace. She couldn’t help but gaze at Kulaphat’s serene, beautiful face as she slept. Her love had never faded, even after all these years.

Each morning that she awoke beside Kulaphat, she felt grateful for this woman by her side. Lalin quietly got out of bed, walked over to her desk, and grabbed a pink note to write a little message in her neat, cheerful handwriting:

“Good morning, love. Don’t forget to check the kitchen when you wake up! A little surprise is waiting for you. ♡ Love you always, Lalin.”

She placed the note beside Kulaphat’s pillow before slipping out to prepare breakfast, her heart warm and full.

When Kulaphat awoke, she reached out for her wife, only to find Lalin missing. Spotting the pink note, she read it with a loving smile before quickly getting out of bed and heading to the kitchen, excitement bubbling up.

When she entered the kitchen, Kulaphat let out a soft gasp, delight spreading across her face. A beautifully set breakfast awaited her: fresh fruit, warm pastries, and a steaming cup of coffee, all arranged with loving care. The air in the kitchen felt filled with love.

Lalin stood nearby, smiling warmly. Kulaphat walked over and wrapped her arms around her from behind.

“This surprise is amazing. Thank you,” Kulaphat whispered.

“I’m so happy you like it, Phat. I tried making breakfast for the first time. Even if it doesn’t taste good, you’ll have to eat it for the rest of your life now,” Lalin joked sweetly.

Years went by, yet Kulaphat and Lalin’s love remained steady and beautiful. Together, they learned to grow as life partners, embracing each new adventure. Each year was a testament to the strength of their love.

Their love had transcended romance, becoming a bond woven with understanding, mutual support, and countless shared memories. Over time, they discovered that true love wasn’t just a feeling; it was a journey, a shared path of growth, and the creation of cherished memories together.

**- The Happy Ending -**