

# Chapter : Introduction

**"I can't live without you, too. I really can't."**

The image of her twin sister appeared in her dream. **Sadanan** could see herself standing on a rooftop somewhere. It was vast, stretching as far as the eye could see, and so high up that it felt like she was floating in mid-air.

The other version of herself was standing not far away, as if she were looking at herself in a mirror, facing a person who looked just like her.

Sadanan found herself trapped in this dream. The image made her feel tight in her chest, filled with fear of losing something precious, causing her hands and feet to go cold.

"No, please, come to me,"

She said, reaching out, trying to grab the other version of herself. But that person only smiled at her and turned away, walking off. Sadanan tried to run after her, but the figure seemed to move further and further away no matter how hard she tried.

In the bedroom, simply decorated but radiating warmth, soft orange light from the bedside lamp spread out, gentle on the eyes.

But the figure lying on the bed seemed restless, her sharp and beautiful features glistening with beads of sweat, even though the room's temperature was cold enough to feel chill. Meanwhile, the owner of the room was lost deep in a dream she didn’t want to experience. The dream shifted.

She felt as though she was walking on a path, covered with gravel in a large garden at night. It was quiet, freezing cold, and thick fog surrounded her, making it difficult to see anything beyond a short distance.

"Sao, this way."

The voice of a woman calling her name made the feelings of discomfort and heaviness vanish in an instant when she heard that sweet, gentle tone. It seemed that the voice was not far, but no matter how much she searched, she couldn’t find its owner.

"Who is it? Is it Ploy?"

She wondered, thinking it might be a junior at work, as only one person called her like that.

"Sao, over here."

The voice, familiar in her memory, came from behind her, growing closer. The woman quickly turned around and saw that the person walking through the fog was not her junior after all.

It was a tall woman in a hospital gown, who looked Thai. Sadanan felt that she had never met this woman before, but there was a strange sense of familiarity, making her feel safe without any caution.

"What is it? And what's that?"

She asked, looking down at what the woman was carrying. It was something that confused her—a doll, or something else?

"Our baby," the woman answered.

"What!?"

The woman gasped in surprise, and at that moment, she forgot all about the previous dream.

"Why do you look so confused? Come and see our baby. Isn’t she cute? This is our little one, and here is our second baby girl, the daughter we have together."

The other person walked through the smoke and fog, getting closer, until finally, it became clear that what she was holding was a pair of twin girls wrapped in white cloth. Their bodies were red as if they had just been born.

The poor child in her arms looked up at her and smiled. It was a smile just like her mother's. The sight was surreal, yet it made her smile involuntarily.

The young woman reached out to hold the little babies, but...

"Is this our child? Impossible."

"....."

"Wait... no, no! Take it out! Don’t bring them in!"

Sadanan retreated slowly, feeling anxious about the red-faced babies in the woman's arms. But the small woman in front of her kept stepping forward with the babies in her arms. It was a sight more chilling than a dream where a ghost licks the back of your neck.

"Disgusted? This is our child..."

**"No! I will never love anyone. I will never love you. I will never marry, and I will never have children!"**

Before she could finish speaking, a loud, sweet voice interrupted, making the two babies cry out "Uhwah!" loudly, making her ears hurt.

And this made the mother look displeased, as if she were upset that her child was crying, even though she had just smiled sweetly, like honey. "How could it not be ours? Here’s the proof. This is our child! How could this not be ours?"

"No! If you gave birth to them, they are your children, not mine."

"No, these are both your children too! You must take them!"

***Gasp!***

The tall figure lying on the bed opened her eyes, heart pounding like a drum. The room was so silent she could hear her own rapid heartbeat. She slowly gathered her thoughts, and once she realized it had only been a dream, she let out a sigh of relief.

She reached out to pet the calico cat curled up beside her on the bed, trying to wash away the lingering fear and panic from moments before.

But what was that creepy, hair-raising dream all about?

***Our child?***

Ruean? Rai? Are those supposed to be names? What kind of mother names her child that? As if the atmosphere in the dream wasn’t unsettling enough, the people in it also said things that sent chills down her spine.

“Oh! What a crazy dream!”

The young woman sat up abruptly, holding her head in frustration. She glanced at the clock by her bedside and saw that it was past eleven. She must have dozed off for a few minutes while talking with a woman earlier —probably exhausted from her evening workout, which led to such a bizarre dream.

Unlucky to have dreamed of some stranger—but lucky that she couldn’t remember the haunting face. Otherwise, it would’ve haunted her for a long time.

Just as the message notification came in, the young woman picked up her phone to check it. It turned out to be from the pretty girl she had been chatting with earlier about their important Friday night deal.

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**PP2001:**

**I'll bring the detailed health check-up documents when we meet.**

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It was a timely reply from the other party, so the woman quickly typed back.

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**S2S:**

**And what about the place, pretty girl? Where are you comfortable meeting**?

**PP2001:**

**At the Saint Che Hotel at 9 PM is fine. We can split the cost of the room.**

**S2S:**

**I’ll pay for it. Wear something pretty like in your picture, okay? I like it.**

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Sadanun volunteered herself. Setting up a one-night stand with a woman on a Friday evening had become a way to unwind. This time, the woman she was meeting seemed like a refined young lady—youthful and vibrant, unlike the previous ones who were often sultry and more mature.

The owner of the charmingly beautiful face leaned back against the headboard, scrolling slowly through her phone. Her sharp eyes looked at the picture sent by the other party, her lips curling into a slight smile.

It showed a slender figure in a short, fitted spaghetti strap dress with a small floral print—sexy yet sweet like a pampered girl. Her curves exuded intense femininity, her youthful face radiant, and her skin glowing like freshly picked fruit.

She slowly slid her finger across the screen as if studying the girl in the photo, letting out a faint smile, realizing she might be in for a challenge. This one was clearly a rare gem among jewels.

Sadanun started to doubt whether she could restrain herself. But one thing was certain—someone this beautiful was definitely going to be hard to handle.

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# Chapter 01: Be Patient Until I'm Satisfied

The sound of high heels echoed rhythmically as she stepped out of the luxury car her chauffeur had dropped her off in. ***Piangrawin***, a 24-year-old woman with a strikingly beautiful and slightly bold appearance, and brown wavy hair, walked confidently toward the entrance of the luxury hotel where she had arranged to meet another woman.

Because she was in search of true love while also exploring romantic experiences, she had come here today for a **one-night stand** with a woman —someone whose name she didn’t even know—in order to deeply understand the art of intimacy. As for her appearance, Piangrawin had tried peeking at her several times, but never managed to see her face.

The woman she arranged to meet went by an account with a meaningless name and a profile picture of a calico cat. Her timeline contained nothing but beautifully plated food and more pictures of the same cat—likely her pet.

What made Piangrawin feel the woman might be quite attractive was a hand —the only human part visible in the food photos. Even then, she wasn't sure if the photos were even taken by the woman herself.

All she knew was that the woman she was meeting was 28 years old and, like her, identified as sapphic. They connected when the older woman messaged her after Piangrawin posted looking for a sapphic partner for a spicy meetup. Normally, aside from searching for true love, she never arranged hookups with random people. This was her first time doing something like this.

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**9:00 PM**

**PP2001:**

**I'm in front of the Saint Che Hotel now. Where are you?**

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The owner of the account, whose username only gave away the first letter of her name and her birth year, messaged the person she had arranged to meet. Before this, they had already agreed via a certain app that they would have a sexual experience together. And the condition the other woman had proposed was.

They agreed to meet only once. There would be no second time, and absolutely no emotions allowed. She had made it clear—she didn’t want a girlfriend, didn’t want love, and didn’t want anyone chasing after her. She was deeply committed to her work.

Piangrawin agreed, thinking the same—there was no way she’d fall for someone she hadn’t even seen the face of.

But whatever. Since they’d already arranged it, it didn’t matter whether the woman was pretty or not. They were just here to have sex, and then go their separate ways.

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**S2S:**

**Come into the lobby. I’ve already picked up the keycard. I’m wearing a black blazer, sitting alone.**

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A few seconds later, the stranger with the mysterious account sent back a reply. Piangrawin, who stood at 164 cm tall, quickly tucked her phone away and made her way inside, her flowy dress fluttering with her steps.

She scanned the lobby for the woman in the black blazer and locked eyes with her at just the right moment. She walked over, slightly unsure, and asked from behind,

“Are you the owner of the S2S account—the one with the calico cat profile picture?”

“Yes.”

And the moment the woman stood and turned around, Piangrawin was instantly stunned. She wasn’t some ugly duckling—she was a masterpiece crafted by the gods. Piangrawin was amazed, her heart pounding wildly with excitement and disbelief that she was about to be intimate with someone this stunning.

With specs like that, she has been searching for true love for so long and God never sent someone like her—only to meet under circumstances like this? She’s too beautiful. So beautiful that it’s hard not to be suspicious just because she’s a stranger.

How beautiful is he? It might sound a bit crude, but honestly, just seeing her face was enough to stir up sexual desire in her. That’s how good-looking she is.

Piangrawin went silent for several seconds, her eyes scanning every detail of the other person’s face. Straight, long jet-black hair. Naturally high nose that matched the shape of her face. Sharp eyes that somehow looked warm and cold at the same time. Perfectly shaped eyebrows. Her facial frame was symmetrical and balanced. Even her ears were beautiful.

As for her figure, just by a rough glance, she was probably about ten centimeters taller than her. Her body had curves in all the right places—firm but not too muscular. She looked clean and fresh, like someone who showered all the time. If someone told her he was a model or an actor, she’d believe it without question.

She was so stunning it made her want to become a nun just to deal with it. “Do you have any questions? Or have you changed your mind?”

Even her voice was polite and gentle, complete with honorifics. The tall, model-like figure in front of her raised her eyebrows slightly and asked in a calm voice. Piengrawin suddenly felt a strange wave of heat rush through her body. She was just asking a simple question, but why did her tone and demeanor feel so seductive?

How did the women who had slept with her before manage to survive only one night with her? Didn’t she go crazy from the sheer pull of her attraction?

“N-no, here’s the health certificate you asked for.”

Because she suggested that before doing anything, they should each provide a detailed health certificate from within the last six months, to ensure safety from sexually transmitted diseases, Piangrawin handed over the paper she got from the hospital.

"This is mine," she said.

She handed her over as well. Both results came back normal—safe for the both of them.

"Shall we go up to the room now? No need to waste time,"

The petite woman asked shyly, not bothering to hide her nervousness.

"Sure. You've already showered, right?"

She turned away while gently taking her hand, as if the gesture was meant to help them feel a bit more comfortable with each other before getting into it. Still overwhelmed by her looks, she obediently followed, her nerves showing just a little.

"Of course, freshly clean,"

Piangrawin smiled the whole way to the room they had booked. It was a suite on the fortieth-something floor, offering a clear view of the city. The interior was tastefully luxurious, with warm-toned lighting that wasn’t too bright.

Not knowing exactly how to act during her first spicy hookup, Piangrawin took off her shoes, set her bag down on the sofa, and went to wash her hands to prepare for what was coming.

But just a few seconds in, her whole body jolted as if struck by a small wave of electricity—because the tall man had come up behind her, wrapping her arms around her body to wash her hands alongside her.

This was a suite with two sinks, and yet she chose to use hers—standing so close, so intimately pressed against her. She couldn't tell if she was trying to give her a heart attack right there in the bathroom.

"You smell so nice. You must be a little princess?"

The beautiful older woman said as she pumped some liquid soap and gently held her hands, lathering them again. The soft, slippery sensation on her hands and the tender voice whispering near her ear made her feel dizzy, almost as if she were dreaming.

“J-just a little, I guess. But... we didn’t even exchange names when we arranged this, did we? What’s your name?”

Piangrawin turned her head to look at the other woman, her sweet voice trembling with nervousness. Her heart was pounding so hard in her chest that she wanted to scold it for not behaving. If it kept this up, she might end up in the hospital instead of having a once-in-a-lifetime experience with this gorgeous woman.

“There’s no need to know, is there? We’re just going to enjoy one night together, right?”

Since the other woman didn’t want to reveal her name, Piangrawin couldn’t force her. Just feeling safe from her touch was enough.

“My name is **Piang**,” she said.

“Even if you don’t want to tell me yours, I wanted to share mine.”

“I already know your pretty name from our chat,”

The woman replied with a teasing smile.

“But you understand, right? I’ve clearly drawn the line for what this relationship is.”

“Just this one night. A physical relationship only, then we go our separate ways. I remember,”

Piangrawin said, trying to play along sweetly, even though she didn’t truly want to follow those rules. Still, she planned to find a way to build something more—how could anyone not like someone so beautiful inside and out?

“Good girl. It's much easier to take care of someone all night when they behave,”

The woman said. As soon as she finished rinsing off the soap, she grabbed a towel and dried Piangrawin’s hands, then gently held her slim waist and turned her around, lifting her up onto the bathroom counter. Now, they were almost the same height.

The person Piangrawin had arranged to have a temporary physical relationship with was:

**Sadanun Warakit,** or **Song** — a woman standing 175 cm tall. With her flawless figure and stunning looks, she was both a fashion model and a rising star food researcher in the company. She had also won the “*Outstanding Researcher*” award three years in a row. She was brilliant in every way—so much so that it was nearly impossible to find a single flaw in her.

Her body was curvy and feminine like any other woman’s. She had a slender face with defined jawlines, thick eyebrows, and sharp, piercing eyes like a black cat. Despite her cool, distant appearance that made her seem unapproachable, she exuded a charm that attracted mostly women.

Sadanun’s facial features were the envy of many women. However, she had no interest in love or romantic relationships. Her whole heart belonged solely to her research in food science. But late at night, like anyone else, her body still craved pleasure. And her idea of pleasure was sending countless women to cloud nine—and this sweet, delicate girl was just one more among them.

“Let’s get started, shall we?”

Sadanun said, setting the pace. They had already discussed the boundaries and expectations via chat beforehand.

She leaned in to gently offer a kiss. When she noticed the girl was fairly skilled at kissing, she placed her hands around that slim waist and moved in a little closer, pressing their lips together in a rhythm that grew more heated but not overly rushed. The other woman raised her hands to gently cradle Sadanun’s face, kissing back with practiced ease.

A warm, slender tongue teased along the edges of her upper and lower lips, nibbling and pressing softly without letting teeth touch. The moment their tongues began to move in rhythm, she started to feel an intense urge to devour this woman whole.

So fragrant... Her mouth carried a cool, pleasant scent of some kind of mouthwash. That little tongue was soft like cotton candy. They kissed for minutes, warm palms caressing her back unconsciously. Sadanun felt she was kissing this woman more passionately than ever before, drawn in by her gentleness.

She kissed until she sensed the woman couldn't take it anymore—when she heard soft moans deep in her throat and her breathing became labored— then slowly pulled away, letting her lips trail down to her neck instead.

Her beautiful lips kissed the slender neck, her prominent nose dragging lightly along the soft skin that still carried a hint of mild soap. Then she moved down to her smooth, rounded shoulder.

Sadanun used her mouth to tug loose the single bow-tied strap at the woman's shoulder until it slipped down, then she kissed it, trailing lower, toward the upper swell of the breasts peeking out from the dress.

The woman's small hands gripped her shoulders. Even without seeing anything private, her delicate body exuded a sexiness that was more provocative than anything else.

She supported the woman’s back, leaning her down slightly, raining kisses on her beautiful chest, lost in the ecstasy of her body, eliciting soft, pleasant sounds as she gently bit and sucked. Meanwhile, her hand slid along the smooth leg, lifting the hem of the dress up to the top of her thigh.

She really was a proper rich girl—her skin was so soft and delicate, the kind you could only get from meticulous self-care. This woman was more innocent than anyone she'd ever met.

She was like a baby lamb or a young rabbit just stepping out of its burrow to explore the world, making her want to tease her just to see that flustered face. That’s why this woman aroused her raw desire more than anyone else —so much so that she couldn’t stop herself.

"Hmmm..."

Piangrawin closed her eyes with a peaceful expression, letting out a soft moan in pleasure at the gentle yet intense sensations. She willingly let the other woman explore her chest, the heat in her body spreading downward just from the soft touch of the older woman’s mouth.

The kiss from earlier still lingered in her memory, leaving her yearning for more. Her heart was pounding erratically at the thought of what might happen next.

No one had ever touched her like this before—at most, just a kiss. And even then, those kisses were always shallow. Never had she been kissed so deeply, to the point she could barely breathe.

"I told you before, Piang, I’m intense when I 'eat.' You remember that, right?"

Sadanun lifted her face from the woman's chest, moving up and whispering in her ear before gently nibbling on her earlobe, watching the goosebumps rise along her neck.

"Yes..."

Seeing the dreamy, dazed look in her eyes and hearing her trembling voice made Sadanun smile faintly with satisfaction. All women ended up like this eventually.

"It might be a bit much, but try to endure it, okay?"

She whispered again in a low, sultry tone, leaning close to the woman’s ear. **"Be patient… until I’m satisfied."**

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# Chapter 02: The Chairman's Daughter

At the gymnasium in the sports center near a prestigious university, a company sports day event was being held for *126 Food*. It was scheduled for a Friday, heading into the weekend. All departments were mixed into color-coded teams and sent representatives to compete in simple activities like tug-of-war, dodgeball, basketball, and badminton.

By 4 PM that day, it was time for the final round of the badminton doubles match, with a cash prize up for grabs from the company executives. The finalist?

Sadanun, the company’s hotshot female researcher. Her long, sleek black hair was tied loosely behind her head. With a tall, model-like frame, she stepped onto the court holding her badminton racket. Turning slightly, she gave a faint smile toward the cheering crowd. That moment made her the center of attention among the female spectators, sparking a wave of squeals.

*“So beautiful!”*

*“She’s such a hot nerd. I wanna transfer to the research department now!”*

*“The top player has arrived.”*

Many people took photos and posted them to their stories, tagging the event and adding captions praising how incredibly attractive she was. If Sadanun had been in university, she’d easily be the campus queen voted by all the girls.

As excitement buzzed around the gym due to her undeniable charm, a newcomer arrived—Piengrawin Chatpimuk—wearing a stylish dress that didn’t quite match the athletic atmosphere.

She glanced around, looking for her sister, the CEO of the company, before spotting her sitting in the bleachers alongside her personal secretary and other high-ranking company officials. Piengrawin herself was also one of the company’s shareholders.

“Pieng, over here!”

**Matika**, the 34-year-old CEO, raised her hand to call over her younger sister, who had arrived just as the event was winding down. Dressed smartly in a formal suit, she sat up straight with the poise and authority expected of someone in her position.

But the younger sibling, Piengrawin, walked right over and plopped down next to her excitedly, practically bouncing with energy. Despite being raised by the same strict grandmother, the two sisters couldn’t be more different. Matika was calm, composed, and refined—traits instilled in her through relentless discipline.

Piengrawin, ten years younger, was cheerful, playful, and sometimes a little too carefree for their grandmother’s standards.

“P’Matmee, is this really just a company sports day? Why does it look so serious?”

The girl with a bold yet sweet face scanned the gym with wide eyes, surprised. Everything about the scene—cheering squads, loud fans—felt more like a national sports competition than a casual company event.

“Song is our top food researcher,”

Matika explained with a faint smile to her younger sister.

“It’s never this lively when other teams compete. But once our researcher takes the court, it always turns into this.”

As her older sister shifted her gaze toward the person she was talking about, Piengrawin followed her eyes—and suddenly, it was like the whole world stopped spinning for a moment. The person in her view stood out so brightly, so magnificently, that she felt it deep in her chest—this must be the one sent by fate. And just like that, she tripped and fell head-first into love.

But wait a second! That’s... that hot girl from before, isn’t it? The one behind the S2S account—the one who swept her off her feet for a passionate night and vanished the next morning.

It has to be fate. That’s why they met again like this.

“P’Matmee... that one! The one with the gorgeous face and bold eyebrows!”

Piengrawin shook her sister’s arm, eyes locked on the tall, strikingly athletic figure on the court, not blinking for a second.

“Why?”

“Who is she?”

Matika glanced sideways at her sister, instantly recognizing the telltale signs—those wide, starstruck eyes and pure excitement.

She knew exactly what was going on.

Here we go again.

Her little sister must’ve found another “soulmate.” Since graduating, Piengrawin had been on a constant quest for love, like someone making up for lost time. And no wonder—their strict grandmother had banned her from dating until she finished school.

Now, it was like she had to catch up, while their grandmother kept trying to set her up with eligible dates every other day.

“That’s **Song**. She’s the outstanding researcher I was talking about."

*Song...?*

The young woman smiled shyly, staring at her stunning older sister until her eyes almost dried out in their sockets. Finally, Phiengrawin had learned her nickname—Song. That means she must have an older sibling named Neung (One). The second child and the second child. They were born to be together.

At the same time, someone dancing enthusiastically by the edge of the court, cheering wildly for her senior teammate, Phakjira, noticed someone sitting on the opposite side of the court. The 23-year-old woman turned to ask her senior colleague, Phi Namphraw, since she had only just started working and didn’t know who that person—who looked like the boss—was. "Who’s that sitting next to the boss, Phi Namphraw?"

"Oh, that’s Khun Pieng, the chairman’s youngest daughter. She doesn’t have any responsibilities in the company, so she doesn’t come here often. Only during big events with the shareholders, maybe once a year,"

The mid-forties researcher squinted and replied.

"Why not? She’s the boss’s sister. Or does the chairman not love his kids equally?"

"It’s not like that. Even though she doesn’t have a role in the company,

Khun Pieng holds shares—probably about the same as the boss, from what I’ve heard. I also heard she owns a café. Her family’s incredibly wealthy, so she doesn’t need to work seriously."

Phakjira nodded slowly in understanding. She had considered herself the best intelligence-gatherer on the team, but she still couldn’t compare to Phi Namphraw. Quiet people who know a lot are really scary.

"Oh, looks like Phi Song finished the first set already."

The whistle blew long once again. The person who had just gone out and fought hard to win for her team—**Sadanun**—walked off the court, wiping sweat from her face. The youngest member of the team, Phakjira, stood by offering her a towel, acting as the sidelines assistant.

"You were amazing, Song! A complete win this time. One of the higher-ups even said that if you win again this year, they’ll treat everyone to ice cream in the canteen on Monday,"

Phi Namphraw praised her with a cheerful face. Sadanan gave a small, indifferent smile. She didn’t even see this as a competition, even though she was the reason their team won every year.

"I wasn’t trying to win or anything. Just playing for fun," she said.

Being complimented so sincerely, Sadanun accepted it with a relaxed smile. She was very different after work compared to when she was at the office. Aware that many girls secretly had their eyes on her, she kept a cold and aloof demeanor at the company, trying to seem unapproachable.

It worked—on some, at least. But others, like the group of girls sitting courtside right now, still playfully teased her now and then. She never paid them any mind. Love was something she no longer wanted to touch, and she had sworn never to go near it again.

"Wow, and this is you just playing for fun? If you got serious, they’d probably put you straight on the national team! Ploy's sister is seriously good at everything!"

The youngest team member raised both thumbs up. Sadanun smiled and accepted the compliment again before heading back into the set as usual. This time, she felt that easing up earlier had dragged the game out too long and made it less fun. So, she focused harder and played full throttle—so much so that her team’s score soared far ahead of the opponent's.

Cheers erupted across the court, mostly from the women in other departments. Sadanun was well-liked and admired in many sections— except, of course, by the other food research teams who were always in competition with hers.

And most importantly, today’s rival.

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***Beeeep...***

The whistle blew long and sharp at the final second, just as Sadanun scored the winning point. She walked over to shake hands with the opponent, but Sarut—a representative from one of the food research teams—only gave her a half-hearted slap of a handshake. His eyes clearly showed how upset he was with the outcome of the match. She already knew he didn’t like her much to begin with.

Maybe it was also because the match had been between her, a woman, and him, a man. Her opponent looked back at her with deep displeasure and clear frustration at being defeated. But Sadanun didn’t really care. Once the game was over, they’d all return to their own jobs. It wasn’t like they had to keep dealing with each other.

"You’re so talented... how about finding a partner to play doubles with for life, Phi Song?"

The girls from the accounting department—nicknamed the "angel gang"— shouted down from the bleachers, teasing the star of the court. Their loud flirting made Phakjira frown and turn to glare at them. Those women didn’t seem like they were worthy of Sadanun at all—not even close to being her dream sister-in-law.

“Excuse me, please don’t flirt with Song. I don’t approve,”

She said firmly. As soon as those words left her mouth, the petite new hire was met with a raised eyebrow from one of the older girls and a scolding from one of the senior members of her own team.

“You shouldn’t say things like that. You’ll make enemies without even realizing it.”

Namphrao warned the younger girl while shaking her head in exasperation at her. At first, she thought the girl had a romantic interest in Sadanun, but it turned out the girl was acting like some sort of soulmate scanner— constantly matching people with Sadanun, cheering for this one, endorsing that one, and even going around claiming that Sadanun was her older sister, while clinging to her like a leech.

“But those people aren’t right for P’Song. The one who seems right is Khun Pieng, the boss’s younger sister.”

The younger girl gestured with her mouth toward a third person. The older woman glanced over and sighed. Everyone knew that Sadanun was never serious about love and didn’t plan to be. No matter how well-matched someone looked, it was impossible to cheer them on with any hope.

As the match ended and the teams congratulated each other, someone watching from afar—Piangrawin—kept her eyes fixed on the tall figure. The hot-nerdy-big-sister aura was overwhelming.

Even just watching her gulp water from a bottle was enough to make her swallow hard, thinking of those soft lips and the passionate kiss from that night. She actually wanted to be that bottle of water in Sadanun's hand.

Piangrawin quickly raised her phone and zoomed in to take a photo. Her heart pounded wildly, and she could barely contain herself. She even wanted to go say hi right then. Her heart was screaming,

*“This is the woman of my future!”*

Even though their last meeting ended badly and she’d been blocked afterward, fate still brought them together again.

And just as her finger was tapping the button to take rapid shots, the person in the frame did something completely unexpected—she turned her back to the audience on that side and lifted her shirt to wipe sweat off her face, revealing her sharply defined abs glistening with sweat.

That unconscious act of just a few seconds triggered a wave of shrieks. Even Piangrawin, who saw it through her phone screen, had to cover her mouth in shock.

“Great abs.....very good job.”

“Were you just talking to me?”

Said Matika, who hadn’t been paying attention and was in the middle of a conversation with some elders. She turned to look at her younger sister, realizing what she was up to. Not that she ever managed to stop her anyway.

“No… P’Matmee, this researcher is amazing. Can I have her?”

Because she instantly knew—this was the one. She needed to get to know her beyond just that night. That’s why Piangrawin pleaded with her sister to tell her everything she needed to know about her.

“She’s not just good at sports. She’s won the Outstanding Researcher Award three years in a row, even though she’s only been working here for five years. She’s good at everything. The higher-ups really like her. Many of our top-selling products—Song wrote the proposals for them. And most of the time, she only needs one pitch to make them interested. She’s meticulous and always well-prepared.”

“Really? She’s that accomplished and I’ve never seen her before? Did I seriously miss out on something this amazing?”

Hearing that, Piangrawin felt like her heart was shattering. If she had known such a rare gem existed right here in their own company, she wouldn’t have wasted time searching for true love in lesbian bars or dating apps.

“Well, haven’t you only been here a handful of times? I have to go present the award now.”

Her elegant older sister made a move to get up, but Piangrawin quickly grabbed her arm and asked to do it herself—even though she held no official position in their father’s company.

“Can I be the one to present it? Please? P’Matmee, I’m begging you—just this once.”

“Alright, go ahead.”

Matika didn’t think much of it. She sat back down and asked her personal secretary to take Piangrawin up to present the award on her behalf, in her role as a shareholder.

A cash prize and free coffee coupons at the company café for all four team colors for six months — that was the winner's reward. The tall, striking winner was invited to receive the prize directly from the female CEO.

But when Sadanun saw the face of the person presenting the award, she froze. The sweet smile from the other woman… this wasn’t Boss Matmee.

It was… that Holland Lop bunny girl. The one who had dared to confess her feelings, and even shamelessly asked to pursue a relationship with her.

“Congratulations, Phi Song. You did really well.”

Sadanun felt her heart racing in a way it absolutely shouldn’t as she came face-to-face with the woman she had once slept with — for the second time.

She looked at the beautiful, delicate face now flushed with embarrassment before glancing toward the opposite bleachers, where the real boss was still clapping — despite the fact that she should’ve been the one giving out the award.

Her brain quickly began analyzing the situation and came to the conclusion that the boss look-alike could be a younger sister or some relative. Because if there were no relation at all, she wouldn’t be presenting the prize like this.

Even so, Sadanun didn’t really care. No matter who gave her the prize, she was planning to share it with the rest of her team anyway.

The only thing that bugged her was… this woman just called her “Phi Song.” When did they get that close?! The boss must’ve told her stories about her, right?

“Thank you,”

She said, stepping closer to the smaller woman whose body was surrounded by the scent of a luxury perfume — the exact same scent from that night.

She reached out to take the large bouquet offered to her amid the applause and cheers of congratulations.

But along with the bouquet, something else was slipped into her hand — a business card that the woman discreetly tucked in. Sadanun glanced down at what she now held, then met the other woman’s smoldering gaze — a gaze that made it crystal clear just how interested she was.

“Nice to see you again. If you change your mind and want to meet up again, don’t hesitate to contact me.”

"....."

Piengrawin gave one last sweet smile — her signature charm that worked on just about anyone. And she was confident it would work on this brilliant researcher too. She’d bet anything that by tonight, Sadanun would call her.

After all, they’d already slept together. That had to stir something. Maybe, just maybe, she’d regret storming out that night.

Despite the turmoil churning inside her, Sadanun tried not to show a thing.

She just stared silently at the woman until she turned and walked away. Once she was out of sight, Sadanun slipped the card into her pocket, gathered her things, and got ready to head home — her mind still circling around one question: how did that woman manage to show up in her life again?

Today, everyone else planned to go out to party, but she didn't go because Sadanun considered Friday evening to Sunday night to be a valuable time to relax for her, and the best relaxation is not having to go out to party with people who work as an employee.

The young woman said her goodbyes to both her juniors and seniors on the team, as well as the respected elders at the event. She then made her way straight to her pickup truck—only to suddenly stop in her tracks when her hand, while digging into her pocket, brushed against a business card she had just received.

She pulled out the card and read it. *“Piangrawin Chatpimuk,”* owner of Zenzu Garden, a Japanese-style café she herself had visited before. So she really was Boss Matmee’s younger sister. The tall woman felt a sudden wave of migraine hit her. The girl she once had a spicy rendezvous with wasn’t just any random stranger—it was the chairman’s daughter.

*“I thought we agreed on what it was, but I can’t control my feelings anymore. You made me fall for you at first sight. I love everything about you… I really, truly like you.”*

As soon as she recalled the girl’s face, that cringe-worthy line from that night echoed in her ears again. It was the very thing that made her abruptly end everything and leave the girl alone at the hotel. Sure, the world was small, but she never expected it to be *this* small.

'*Ah… the chairman’s youngest daughter'.*

Her composed demeanor shattered the moment she was alone. Sadanun leaned her forehead against the car window, filled with frustration. She normally avoided hooking up with anyone she knew—or even might know —to prevent any future complications.

But this time, it turned out to be the boss’s sister. The chairman’s daughter. She’d really messed up this time.

But whatever. She’d heard the boss’s little sister didn’t hold any official position in the company. She’d already been blocked on social media, and if the girl hadn’t approached her today, they probably would’ve never crossed paths again.

With a sigh, someone who never cared about love or women tossed the card onto the ground with complete indifference. She got into her truck and drove home, not sparing it another thought.

Because that gaze, and Piangrawin’s flirty tone from earlier…

It's just as ridiculous as that night.

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# Chapter 03: Wang Worakit Charuwong

Inside a moderately sized bedroom, the air was cool, thanks to the air conditioner left running by the room’s owner. The room was neatly organized, mostly filled with books that Sadanun kept for reading and research to expand her knowledge during her free time—typical of someone more invested in self-improvement than in frivolous fun. There was also a small amount of exercise equipment.

The alarm clock rang precisely at 5 AM. A model-like figure stirred, opened her eyes, and reached for her phone to silence the noise, returning the room to quiet. She stared up at the ceiling, softly lit with a warm orange glow from the downlights she always left on through the night.

Her beloved calico cat, Moo Krob (Crispy Pork), her little girl, was curled under the blanket next to her. She gently reached over and patted the cat’s head, soothing it after the sudden alarm.

Normally, she would dream of her older sister and often wake up startled, calming herself afterward by stroking Moo Krob’s head. But strangely, this time, she had a long, uninterrupted dream—one that brought back the face of the woman who had given her a business card yesterday.

She dreamt of that repeated, enchanting smile... and that night of theirs— the night she left the woman in bed and walked away, irritated.

Her beautiful face turned toward the bedside table, where she reached for the business card she had thrown away once already. Sadanun didn’t understand why she had circled back with her car to retrieve it, especially when she had no desire to see that woman again.

She knew that woman had been flirting with her, clearly wanting her, but Sadanun didn’t want a relationship, didn’t want love. No matter how sweetly or seductively the woman smiled or looked at her, she wouldn’t be swayed. So, she abruptly sat up and shook her head to chase the lingering thoughts from her mind.

Those two sisters looked so much alike. She had been in several meetings with Matmee and never once dreamed of that pretty face—so why now?

That damn smile... just thinking about it gave her goosebumps every time.

“Must’ve just been too tired yesterday,”

She muttered to herself.

Once she had found a reason to calm the turbulent feelings within her, the woman with the captivating face reached for her glasses and slipped them on. Then she picked up a towel and headed for the shower to get ready for the day.

Her plan, prepare a quality breakfast for the whole household—something she usually did on weekends. If she wasn’t cooking for her family, she’d be exercising as part of her routine.

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**The Wang Worakit Charuwong** **Residence** was quite an old estate, but it had been renovated and redecorated to match the modern era. There was one large main house for the rest of the family and a separate smaller house that belonged to Sadanun.

Her home was a modern tropical-style dwelling nestled in a lush garden, resembling the kind of cozy café she loved.

Sadanun was now the only remaining granddaughter in the family. Her twin sister had passed away before they’d even finished their studies, so she was now the sole cherished grandchild of their grandmother, carrying the role and memory of “**Nueng**,” her late sister.

Sadanun’s great-grandfather, who had already passed, was a peaceful prince (*Mom Chao*). He rarely involved himself with royal matters and left all his

wealth and property to his descendants—along with the noble surname “**Wang Worakit Charuwong**.”

Sadanun, however, was the only one who didn’t use the full family name, due to her elders’ beliefs regarding life, death, and her fate.

Sadanun’s expression clouded over, just like it always did when she spoke of her sister. Her mother, **Anong**, also felt a quiet sadness stir within her, even though many years had passed.

Honestly, her great-grandfather was never really well-known, since he came from a distant branch of the royal family that most people didn’t pay attention to. Plus, his mother was a commoner. That’s why their family looks pretty ordinary to outsiders, and not many people know much about their background.

Even though they have a housekeeper to help out—because the house is pretty big and she also helps take care of grandma. Sadanun, who loves cooking, still gets up to make breakfast sometimes. She just wants to show she cares about everyone in the house.

Sadanun had been busy in the kitchen since early morning, and by the time the food was ready and on the table, everyone else was starting to come down to eat. The first one to arrive was **Mom Rajawongse Salika**, her grandmother, who was being helped into the room by her mother, as usual.

“I told you I can walk by myself, Anong, but you never listen.”

“Oh, Mom, if you slipped and fell, it wouldn’t be worth it.”

“Yes, Grandma, it's better to let Mom help you. Even though you’re still strong, it doesn’t mean you can’t lose your balance,”

Said Sadanun, who stepped in to support her grandma instead of her mom —because even though her grandma was still healthy, she just wanted to help.

“Alright, alright, both of you. I’ll give in. It’s not like I want to end up stuck in bed when I’m older.”

“And where’s Dad?”

Sadanun, the youngest in the house, asked her mother.

“Same as always. He’s out by the garden watching the fish. Don’t worry about him.”

Sadanun nodded in understanding. Her dad was always like this. On weekends, he’d get up early, go out to check the koi pond, then come back in for a late breakfast while watching the news—just like any family-loving man. But on weekdays, he’d usually eat with everyone before heading out to manage the hotel, the gold shop, and the other family businesses.

He had invited her many times to help out at the gold shop or to study business management so she could eventually help run things. The pay would definitely be better than being a researcher. But she always turned him down. She loved her work too much to walk away from it.

“How old is Song this year?”

Grandma Salika asked suddenly.

“She’s 28 now, Grandma. Why do you ask?”

“Any signs of a boyfriend yet?”

The young woman set down her fork and spoon and glanced at her mom.

She had been asked this question many times already.

“No, not yet. I’m not interested in having a boyfriend right now,”

She replied.

Grandma Salika let out a sigh. She knew the reason her granddaughter had a hard time trusting people—and didn't want to date—probably had a lot to do with what had happened to her older sibling years ago.

“Is it because of what happened to Nueng?” Grandma asked directly.

“No… it has nothing to do with Nueng.”

Sadanun looked away for a few seconds before turning her eyes back to her grandmother, a flicker of uncertainty showing in her expression.

“Then why don’t you want to have a partner?”

“Because I’m not ready yet,”

Sadanun replied softly.

“Some people get hurt once in love and then swear it off for good, thinking that was their one and only chance. But don’t you want to at least try—open your heart, give yourself a chance to be with someone?”

“I really just don’t want one,” she insisted.

“Then when will Grandma ever get to hold a great-grandchild? Do you know how lonely it is being an old woman stuck at home? Just get married and give Grandma one or two great-grandkids—doesn’t matter who you’re with, I won’t mind.”

Even though it was no secret that both of her twin granddaughters had always been attracted to women, Khun Ying Salika never pressured or forced them into marriage with any man. She understood the values of this generation well.

Still, she longed to raise a child one more time before she passed on. And she knew that nowadays, two women could raise a child together—even if that child wasn’t 100% biologically related to either one.

So, she held on to the hope that her one remaining granddaughter would bring home a child for her to love—whether the child was her own flesh and blood or her partner’s.

“Grandma, you have Mom Anong, don’t you? You’re not lonely,”

Sadanun said gently, placing her hand over her grandmother’s, trying to cheer her up. Though Khun Ying Salika truly adored her daughter-in-law— just as much as she had loved her own son—what she wanted wasn’t adult affection.

“I want to hold a great-grandchild, not you.”

Hearing that response, Sadanun let out a slight laugh before her face returned to its calm seriousness, reaffirming her determined intention.

"I truly don't want to date anyone. I'm happy with my work, and I'd rather dedicate myself to it than to love,"

The young woman replied as she served food onto her grandmother's plate, just as she always had.

"But you go out at night often, don't you? Don't think I don't know."

Sadanun knew her grandmother was aware, even though she had moved into a small house of her own since she started working. And she was glad that her family was like this—everyone gave her freedom.

They knew she often went out and sometimes didn't come home at night, but no one tried to stop her. They simply reminded her to be careful, and that was it.

"I just... seek a bit of physical pleasure. It's natural, right?"

"And have you never met anyone more special than that? Someone who’s interested in you, and you’re interested in them too?"

Her hand holding the spoon and fork froze.

*Someone more special?*

The girls she had dealt with were all just one-night stands. None of them were truly interested in her, even though she looked great. She always chose carefully—only people who wouldn’t cause her any emotional trouble afterward. And the only one who had shown a bit more interest in her than usual had said:

*"Nice seeing you again. If you change your mind and want to meet again, just let me know."*

Even though there were quite a few women at the company who admired her—some even openly expressing their feelings—Sadanun found herself thinking instead of the elegant woman who looked soft and gentle like a rabbit, with that lingering scent of expensive perfume.

Because she didn’t want to think about her, she let out a quiet sigh and replied indifferently,

"No, there's no one. Maybe I’m just heartless… maybe I don’t even know how to love."

"Sigh… well, alright. But if one day you meet someone who feels right, try to open your heart a little, okay? You don’t need to overwork yourself. Our family already has a business, and we’re wealthy enough that you could go without working your entire life if you wanted to."

"I’ll think about it later. But for now, please eat, Grandma. Talking while eating might make you choke,"

She said, ending the conversation as she served food to both her grandmother and mother—knowing that this topic would never truly end until her grandmother finally got to hold a great-grandchild like she dreamed.

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# Chapter 04: Arranged Marriage

At the Chatpimuk household, things were lively because it was almost breakfast time. The maids were rushing around, getting all the food ready for the family. This house was home to **Duangpamorn**, the head of the family who had the most influence over everyone, her son **Tul**, his wife **Ranee**, and their two daughters—**Matika** and **Piangrawin**.

Usually, Piangrawin never woke up before 7 a.m. She owned a Japanesestyle café not far from the house. So every day, she’d wake up around 8:30 or even later, get dressed and do her makeup, then go to the café to check the accounts. But today was different.

This morning, she wasn’t in her pajamas. She had already showered, dressed up, and done her makeup. She kept walking back and forth on the balcony in front of her room, eyes glued to her phone, almost popping out of her head while waiting for someone to contact her.

“Geez… why hasn't she called yet? Maybe she really doesn’t like me?”

She mumbled to herself, frowning, wondering why her dream guy still hadn’t reached out. She had even given her her business card with all her contact info.

Just then, the door to the next bedroom opened. Her older sister, Matika, stepped out in casual Saturday clothes with her long straight hair down. She looked at her little sister's back and frowned, then glanced at her watch, thinking she might be seeing things.

It was exactly 7 a.m.—the usual time the rest of the family came down for breakfast, except for her little sister. The clock wasn’t broken, and she hadn’t woken up at the wrong time. Her sleepyhead sister was actually up before 7 a.m. It was such a rare sight that she felt like announcing it to the whole house and throwing a parade to celebrate.

“Piang, why are you up so early today?”

Matika walked over to her sister. Piangrawin turned around, her eyes looking tired and dazed—more like she hadn’t slept at all.

“I didn’t sleep at all, actually.”

*There it is,* Matika thought. *I knew it.*

“Piang, if Grandma finds out…”

Matika started, ready to scold her younger sister. But before she could finish, Piangrawin, who was about the same size as her, quickly raised her hand like a traffic officer stopping someone.

“Stop right there. No lectures allowed right now. And don’t let Grandma know either, okay? Do you really want her yelling at me?”

Matika gave her a pointed look.

“Then why didn’t you sleep?”

Piangrawin gave her a sheepish smile and told the truth, a little shy but honest—just like she always did with her sister. She trusted Matika more than anyone and always shared everything with her. They were like two halves of the same whole.

“I tried to sleep, but I just couldn’t stop thinking about that researcher you introduced me to. Can you help me somehow?”

“You want me to help you flirt with Song?”

Matika raised an eyebrow.

“From what I’ve heard, she’s super serious about her work. She’s not interested in love. Lots of girls in the company tried to flirt with her, but she ignored them all. The only thing she seems to care about is work and nothing else. I think you should move on and find someone else. I’m tired of being your heartbreak support team.”

“Wow, you know a lot about her. Don’t tell me you like her too?” Piangrawin narrowed her eyes, giving her sister a suspicious look.

Matika playfully slapped her arm.

“Don’t be silly! My assistant tried to flirt with her, that’s all.”

That answer made Piangrawin feel relieved. She didn’t want to compete for love with her own sister. She knew Matika liked both girls and guys sometimes—they talked about everything, after all.

“Well, whatever! You have to help me, okay? Please?”

The younger sister grabbed onto Matika’s arm and leaned her head against it, using her best puppy-dog eyes—her signature move. And it looked like it was working.

“Okay, okay… what do you want me to do?”

“Help me do a special feature on P’Song for the company’s media channel. I want to get to know her more. I want to make her stand out, make her popular… because I really, *really* like her.”

Since she had shares in the company, was the daughter of the chairman, and the CEO’s little sister, it wouldn’t be hard to give Sadanun a little spotlight. This was just step one in her plan to win her heart. Plus, she could learn more about her through the interview too.

Matika tilted her head.

“Hmm… I’m curious about something.”

“What is it?” Piangrawin asked.

“You’re saying… you saw her face for just a few seconds and already like her that much?”

Matika raised an eyebrow. Normally, her sister only dated girls she met through dating apps or at her favorite lesbian club. None of them had ever made Piang fall head over heels like this before. But this girl? She’d barely even met her. Had they even talked yet? It was seriously weird.

“Well… there’s actually more to it,”

Piangrawin admitted.

“What do you mean, more? Have you met her before?”

“Well, me and P’Song…”

She glanced left and right, then leaned in close to whisper to her sister. She told her about that night—though she skipped the embarrassing part where she got left behind. What she did say was that she was exactly her type in every way, and from that night alone, she felt like she knew enough about her to really like her.

“Wait, are you serious, Piang?!”

Matika’s eyes widened in shock.

If Grandma ever found out about this, Piang would definitely get smacked so hard the cane would snap in two. What was she thinking, going out and doing that with someone she barely knew—and not telling anyone?

Sure, it turned out to be Sadanun, the researcher Matika worked with, but still! What if it had been someone else? Someone dangerous? What would she have done if something bad had happened?

"Well, I'm a grown-up now, okay? Please just help me a little. This one's the real deal—like, seriously real. She’s definitely going to be your sister-inlaw, P’Matmee. She’s going to be my wife. If I can be with her, I promise I’ll try to be a better person. I’ll wake up before 7 a.m. and actually work hard too."

“Did you like her just because you slept with her?”

“Yes. I knew it the moment I saw her. I’ve always felt deep down that she’s the one for me.”

“Hmm, if your gut feeling is that strong, I guess I’ll help. But please, don’t go randomly meeting up with strangers anymore. It’s dangerous, okay?” “Got it, sis.”

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She keeps falling for people who don’t even want love in the first place, and then ends up heartbroken and crying her eyes out. Matika crossed her arms and watched her little sister obsess over someone again, letting out a deep sigh and shaking her head in frustration.

It’s always like this.

Her little sister is always falling hard for other women like this. And she’s never once had a real relationship that actually worked out. Maybe she’s just unlucky in love. Who knows? But this time, it’s starting to look like the same cycle all over again.

It seems like the only way for Piangrawin to avoid another heartbreak is to go along with Grandma’s plan—date and marry someone she picks. Because the people Grandma chooses all want to be connected with a rich, well-known family like ours.

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After the conversation, the two sisters walked down to the dining room. Their house is pretty big because of their status, so everything’s clearly separated into different areas. The dining room is quite fancy since their grandmother loves high society and showing off.

They often have little parties with all the fancy ladies, and Grandma’s favorite activity is picking someone for her granddaughters to marry—since everyone wants to marry into a wealthy family like them.

“Oh my, Miss Piang! Has the world turned upside down today? You actually made it down to breakfast at 7 AM,”

Her grandmother remarked as soon as she appeared at the dining table, where everyone else was already seated. It was clearly sarcasm—normally she never ate with the family. In the past, her grandmother used to scold her for waking up late, but lately, she’d grown weary and just let it be. “Oh Grandma, don’t be so sarcastic. I can wake up early too, you know,” Pieng replied.

“Well, good then—because today, **Namkhing** is off duty. Go on a date with her for Grandma, won’t you?”

Before Piangrawin could even shut her mouth, her grandmother was already trying to arrange another matchmaking date. And besides, if that happened, she’d just end up making an enemy out of the lady doctor too—just like the general’s son she embarrassed in public to make him hate her and avoid dating her.

“A date with a heart surgeon right after she gets off her shift? Grandma, come on. She’d definitely end up hating me. Who knows how many days she’s been on duty? Just let her rest, please.”

“That’s right, Mom,” her father added.

“Namkhing works hard. I don’t think she’d be up for dating your granddaughter right now.”

Piangrawin nodded enthusiastically in agreement.

“Today’s not okay, and then no day ever is. If you’re not making excuses, you’re scheming to make them dislike you. Am I ever going to get to hold a great-grandchild in this lifetime? Back then, Matmee was about to marry a good man, but in the end, they broke up. I try to set up dates, and neither of you want to go. Who can I even hope for anymore, between the two of you?”

Duangpamorn grumbled, throwing shade at the younger while clearly referencing the older. It was obvious which granddaughter took after whom —Piengrawin inherited her mother’s personality 100%.

As for Matika, the older sister, she took after their father. Though she seemed well-mannered and obedient, she was actually quite cunning underneath. No one understood the lonely elder who just wanted a greatgrandchild to care for—not a single person.

“Oh, Mom! Piang and Matmee are beautiful thanks to you. You don’t need to arrange a marriage for them—your granddaughters can find partners on their own.”

In this house, Ranee was the only one who dared talk back to the matriarch. Her bright red lips curled into a cheerful smile at her two daughters, even though the conversation seemed a bit heated.

“Yes, Mom. And right now, Piang already has someone in mind.”

“Who?”

Asked the grandmother, setting down her knife and fork with a frown.

“The outstanding food researcher at our company. Dad probably knows her too.”

This time, Piangrawin shot a pleading look at her father, hoping he would help present her crush's perfection to Grandma.

“Researcher Sadanun?”

“Yes, that’s her.”

“Oh, this researcher is very talented, Mom. Our company’s top-selling products all came from her ideas. She’s hardworking, disciplined, and goodlooking too. I think she’s not a bad choice at all,”

Her father added.

Hearing that, Piangrawin almost wanted to slap her own knee in joy because the comment pleased her so much.

For her, work wasn’t important—it was all about looks and skills. As for financial status, she didn’t care at all. From what she could see, she probably wasn’t struggling, judging from her sense of style and the perfection that came from good self-care.

Even though a researcher's salary at their company wasn’t exactly high in her eyes, it was still decent for someone with that level of experience. Even if her family background wasn’t great, she didn’t think she’d be in any real hardship. And even if she was, she didn’t mind—she was very rich and ready to take care of the person she loved.

“What’s that girl’s last name?” “Is that really necessary, Mom?”

Ranee interjected in disapproval.

“Don’t butt in, Ranee.”

“Worakit,”

Matika answered this time, since she knew the researcher well. And once Duangpamorn was certain that the surname didn’t belong to someone she recognized from high society, she curled her lip in disdain, her expression and eyes filled with arrogance.

“Never heard of it. Must be just an ordinary family. What were you thinking, falling for some low-level food researcher with a salary of just a few tens of thousands? I went out of my way to find skilled doctors from rich families for you, and you refused to go on a date with any of them. The daughter of a general—you turned her down. The owner of a top international school—you weren’t interested. Not only are you picky, you have poor taste too. If it were someone from a famous family, I wouldn’t say a word.”

The more they talked about this, the more Piangrawin felt like the dinner table was about to burst into flames—no need to reheat the curry at all. She felt upset that her grandmother spoke about P’Song like that, but there was nothing she could do.

Maybe she was like a diamond in the rough—wrapped in plain cloth but worth more than any of the polished gems her grandmother had lined up for her.

Even though she was almost forced into an arranged marriage, she was lucky that her grandma didn’t push too hard and still gave her a choice. Most importantly, her grandma didn’t hurt her feelings by setting her up with random guys—because she had already made it clear a long time ago that she likes girls. Only beautiful women deserve her little heart. “Oh Grandma, just because I like girls doesn’t mean I like every girl,” She said playfully.

“Grandma, stop trying to set me up. I’m going to confess to P’Song. Get ready to welcome your new daughter-in-law! She’s gorgeous—you’ll definitely love her.”

Even though she knew her grandma probably wouldn’t approve, Piangrawin didn’t give up. She was going to flirt and win Sadanun over, for real this time.

“The older one doesn’t listen to me, and now the younger one’s just as stubborn. Just like their mother. No doubt these two came straight from Ranee’s womb,”

Grandma grumbled.

“You mean their beauty, right Mom?”

Ranee, always siding with her daughters, teased her mother-in-law with a cheerful smile, as usual.

“I meant their stubbornness!”

Grandma snapped. Ranee and her youngest daughter, who clearly inherited her personality, just giggled together, enjoying teasing someone who got irritated so easily. Duly smiled warmly at the loving chaos in the family.

Sometimes it looked like everyone was arguing with Grandma, but really, this was just how they talked to each other. And she wasn’t actually mean. Even Matika, the calm and obedient one who always pleased Grandma, secretly smiled at all this.

There was only one person who genuinely got annoyed when things didn’t go her way—Duangpamorn.

A prideful person like Duangpamorn would never accept a daughter-in-law who didn’t have the right status.

She believed only someone from a wealthy, upper-class background deserved to join their family.

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# Chapter 05: Song Has Her Own Cow Now

On a weekend afternoon, Sadanun had a side job as a clothing model. She looked at the time-it was already 8 PM. After finishing work, she called her only close friend, "Pijika" or "Ple." They had been close since college.

They became friends because Ple first tried to hit on her, but once Ple realized Sadanun wasn't her type, they ended up as best girlfriends instead. Their similar sexual preferences helped them talk openly about anything.

"Ple, do you have plans tonight?"

She asked, tossing her bag into the car and holding her phone to her ear with the other hand.

"Why? You wanna go somewhere? Out drinking or flirting with some girls?"

Pijika knew her friend well. After sunset, Sadanun always turned into a different person-like a vampire. By day, she was a serious food researcher, quiet and buried in work. But once the sun went down, she'd transform into a charming vampire girl out hunting for a good time.

Well... maybe not just anyone. Sadanun had a deep scar from love-so deep most people wouldn't guess. She only went after women who clearly weren't interested in love either. She didn't want her looks to cause drama and bring unnecessary people into her life. Yeah, she was a bit much sometimes.

"You talk like I'm you! You know I never flirt with girls. I just want to grab a drink-no getting drunk. I just got off work and feel a bit meh."

"You had work on Saturday?"

"Photoshoot. Just one job today. I just finished."

Sadanun dropped into the driver's seat and started the car. It might sound weird-being a serious food researcher and also doing modeling-but she didn't do it for herself. It was for someone else.

"Alright. Same bar as always? I'm already out, so I'll head there."

"Cool, see you at our usual table. And don't bring any girls with you, okay? I don't want drama because your girl can't stop looking at me."

"Oh please, Miss Gorgeous."

Hearing her friend brag again, Pijika rolled her eyes. Sure, Sadanun had that cool, hot-girl look going on-but she was full of herself too.

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"You really can't come, huh?"

As soon as Piangrawin flopped down on her bed, she looked upset. Her best friend had just called to cancel their plans at the last minute. Earlier, her friend had invited her to hang out at a lesbian bar, even though she wasn't a lesbian herself.

That place was cool because it welcomed both straight and sapphic women. They even gave out glow-in-the-dark wristbands to tell the two groups apart, just to make everyone feel comfortable.

They usually went there every week because her friend was always looking for true love. It had kind of become their regular spot. But today, her friend suddenly had to work, leaving Piangrawin-who was all ready to have funfeeling disappointed.

"My job's been super busy lately, girl. I have to finish a news feature. Can we go another day?"

Her friend said.

"So now I'm supposed to go drink alone? It's such a big place-how can I sit there by myself? I'll be so lonely I'll probably die from it. Death is gonna laugh at me for dying so sad and alone,"

Piangrawin whined, though she wasn't really mad at her friend. They had planned this in advance, but today just wasn't her day-her crush didn't call, and now her friend bailed.

"Oh come on, Piang, you're not gonna die. How about this... why don't you try somewhere new? Not a bar-it's always so loud. Sitting alone there would just feel more lonely."

"So where am I supposed to go then?"

She asked, a little curious. It sounded kind of interesting, but she honestly didn't know any places where she could go alone and not feel awkward.

"If you really wanna have a drink, let me suggest a new spot: *The Velvet Room*. It's a bar just for women, located in a hotel. Super classy and peaceful. It's kinda secret-only a few people go because it's really upscale. Most of the guests are regulars. But it's super private. Trust me, you won't feel lonely there."

"Really?"

"Yes... Plus-they have cats you can play with. I'll send you the location."

Hearing that, Piangrawin-already dressed up in a cute dress-sprang up from the bed. She'd just wanted to have a fun night out with her friend, but now that she heard about a chill bar with cats, the cat-lover in her got excited.

"Send me the location right now!"

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Not long after, the girl with the sweet-yet-sassy face arrived at the hotel her friend mentioned. She stepped out of the car just before it drove off. This was typical-Piangrawin always used her family's driver whenever she went out drinking.

She walked into the hotel lobby, looking for this ladies-only bar her friend had told her about. Just like her friend said, the place was super fancy. She had to crane her neck just to see the top floor-it almost gave her a neck cramp.

Seeing it brought back memories of the day she once met a beautiful woman here... her first love at first sight. She never even got that woman's name.

When she reached the floor where the bar was, Piangrawin immediately decided to bookmark this place as one of her new favorites. The whole floor was decorated in a classy, minimal style-but everything had a very feminine vibe.

From the books on the shelves, the music playing, the art and sculptureseverything gave off such a gentle, feminine feel. Even the drink menu on the bar was filled with names that just felt soft and girly. It was all so cute.

And most importantly-there were several ragdoll cats, each one with a cute pink bow around its neck. They were super clean and looked like spoiled princess cats. She picked a table where a fluffy white one was lounging.

The bar had several tables like that, where women were chilling out with cats. There was even a little cat corner just for the kitties.

"Hi there, are you little Lily? What a cute name! Mind if I sit with you?" She flipped the pink name tag that indicated the cat's gender and greeted her in a much better mood than when she got stood up.

The young woman picked up the menu to choose a drink and raised her hand to call a staff member, before noticing that a woman sitting not too far away, with her back turned, looked oddly familiar.

Even though she could only see her from behind, that straight, jet-black hair, that fashion style-it all reminded her of the first time she met the owner of the S2S account. That day, she also walked up to her and greeted her from behind, just like this.

*"Hold on, isn't that P'Song? And who's that woman sitting with her... Don't tell me she's on another date with a woman again."*

Piangrawin's heart suddenly started pounding hard. She quickly raised the menu to cover most of her face and sneakily observed the two, playing amateur detective so intently that the waitress waiting for her order stared in confusion.

"Excuse me, which drinks would you like to order?"

Realizing she was the one who had called the staff over, she randomly ordered two or three drinks, more interested in Sadanun than the menu. But before the waitress walked away, something occurred to her, and she asked about the pair at the other table.

"Excuse me, can I ask-does that woman at the other table come here often?"

"I'm very sorry, but we can't disclose information about other customers."

"It's fine. Thank you so much."

She gave a tight smile. Once the waitress left, Piangrawin continued to sneak glances at them. The two were toasting their drinks, looking relaxed. And that smile-the woman had a breathtakingly beautiful smile.

Just imagining it made her wonder how Sadanun's face must look right now.

Even just seeing her back, she could already picture the happy smile she once showed her that night.

Come to think of it, this place is really upscale. As far as she knew, Sadanun was a food researcher at her father's company, and her salary probably wasn't that high. She dressed in simple clothes, but with good taste.

And that woman? She looked like a mafia princess-absolutely perfect in every way.

Or could it be... is this one of those stories? A spicy mafia princess and the cold, stoic bodyguard?

Piangrawin raised her hand to cover her mouth, imagination running wild. She no longer cared about cute little Lily-something far juicier had caught her interest.

*"Don't tell me... is P'Song, her woman?"*

Her sweet voice trembled as if she were about to cry. She always said she didn't want a relationship, didn't believe in love-and yet here she was, already taken.

Piangrawin looked longingly at their table, like a puppy watching its food bowl being given to someone else. That woman was gorgeous, bold, and clearly wealthy.

She had curves in all the right places, wore clothes that screamed seductionlike a walking bowl of *tom saep*, spicy to the core, with three limes squeezed in and a handful of fiery chilies thrown on top.

She looked just like Piangrawin's own mother-and it was that very charm that made her father fall head over heels to this day. So what about Sadanun? How much had she fallen for this woman already? Was she completely head over heels, stuck in so deep she couldn't even crawl out?

These playgirls are all the same. They already have their own dairy cow, but they still want to play with other cows. But never mind. Even though the image she saw made her think of that kind of thing, she had to find out what exactly happened to that dairy cow meant to Sadanun.

*Are you really going to keep chasing the farm owner? Don't care about any of the cows anymore?*

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Just like always, 7 a.m. wasn't usually the time when Piangrawin got up. But today, she was already dressed up in a neat and classy dress, with her hair curled nicely and her makeup looking fresh and pretty for her age.

She was about 165 cm tall, spinning in front of the mirror with a smile, clearly happy with how good she looked from every angle.

*"Time to go find my heart,"*

She said to herself, grabbing her fancy designer bag and leaving her bedroom in a cheerful mood. She planned to have breakfast with everyone, then head to the office to see Sadanun first thing in the morning.

She wasn't sure if she'd be happy to see her, but she was always happy to do this kind of thing.

When she reached the dining room, everyone was already seated at the table. She walked over to give her mom and dad a quick kiss on the cheek to say hello, not really paying attention to her grandmother who was sitting at the head of the table.

"Wow, our little lady is having breakfast with us again today. I wonder what got into her to make her change so suddenly!"

Her grandmother, Duangpamorn, said as a first greeting when she saw her granddaughter walk into the room.

Piangrawin pouted a little at the comment, then gave a playful, unbothered smile before walking over and sitting next to her older sister, her dress swishing as she moved.

"Oh, Grandma, you're teasing me too much! I'm just trying to wake up earlier and better myself. I'm going to the company with Dad and P'Matmee today. I want to see what's interesting there-maybe I'll want to work there in the future. Or maybe I'll help out P'Matmee," she said.

Her dad, Tul, who always hoped his two daughters would have a good place in the company, smiled warmly when he heard that.

"Really? That's great, sweetie! You can ride with me or drive your own carwhatever you prefer. I'm just happy you're taking an interest in our company,"

Her dad said with a smile.

Piangrawin gave him her sweetest, most adorable smile to melt his heart. And things would've stayed cheerful... if Grandma hadn't seen right through her.

"Hmph... isn't it just an excuse to go see that researcher girl you're so obsessed with?"

"You're too sharp, Grandma,"

Piangrawin pouted again, not even trying to deny it.

Her dad and older sister stayed quietly focused on their food like the calm, composed people they were. Meanwhile, her mom kept serving food to her husband with a cheerful smile, clearly enjoying the role-Piangrawin definitely got that trait from her.

"To be honest," Grandma said,

"I don't like that researcher you've got your eye on. She's too plain. Go on a date with someone I pick. Get married and give me a great-grandchild. If you do, I'll give you some of my assets as a gift for the baby. That goes for Matmee too-whoever gives me a great-grandchild first gets the money."

This time, everyone at the table paused and looked around at each other. They all knew Grandma had built her wealth on her own back in the day, and she wasn't bluffing. But Piangrawin wasn't the type to give in that easily-especially not for money. She already had more than she could spend anyway.

"Grandma, do you remember what you used to say when I hadn't finished school yet?"

"What?"

Realizing she had the upper hand, Piangrawin placed her spoon and fork down, crossed her arms and legs, and tucked her hair behind her ear like someone who held the winning card. She gave a slight smile-an unruly child in the eyes of the elders.

"You told me I wasn't allowed to have a girlfriend until I graduated. After that, I could, and you even said I could choose her myself. You said if I got older and still couldn't find anyone, you'd help me. Don't you remember? But right now, I'm still young. And even if P'Song isn't the right person, I still have plenty of time to find the right one. So you don't have the right to pick someone for me right now."

"But I don't like people without a proper background. All the people I pick are good ones. Choosing from one of them would be so much easier,"

Grandma snapped, glaring at her youngest granddaughter. Seeing the old woman sulking in silence while listening to her daughter express herself, Ranee finally added her piece:

"Oh, Mom, do you remember that you were the one who picked me for your own son? And in the end, you didn't even like me for who I really am. Just because someone comes from a prominent family doesn't mean they're always good. That researcher might turn out to be a diamond in the rough.

Let the kids get to know each other slowly-it's not a bad thing. If you meddle too much, and it backfires again, don't say I didn't warn you."

Being called out by her daughter-in-law again only irritated Duangpamorn more. She thought she had thoroughly vetted her son's bride. Ranee had always seemed obedient and domestic, just the type she wanted.

But right after the wedding, she turned into her true self. Tul fell deeply for her, and to this day, he still is. It seemed the strong personality had been passed down to the youngest granddaughter too.

"You two really annoy me,"

The elder woman grumbled. Seeing the elder completely defeated, Piangrawin and her mother burst into laughter, causing Matika to gently tap her sister's hand in warning.

The youngest in the house then tried to console the elder by kneeling beside her and resting her cheek on her lap with a sweet, affectionate expression, just the way she liked.

"Please, Grandma... just this once, let me choose something for myself."

When the elder woman fell silent as though deep in thought, the young woman looked up with soft, pleading eyes-like a baby rabbit-hoping to win her sympathy.

"If P'Song really isn't the right one, I promise I'll step back myself, and I'll even go on dates with the person you choose without any complaints at all."

Duangpamorn paused in thought. If she couldn't control her granddaughter, then she'd just have to deal with that researcher's mother instead. The old woman smirked faintly, a plan already forming, though she masked her cunning expression as she pretended to agree.

Her wrinkled hand gently stroked her youngest granddaughter's head, hiding her scheming behind a soft touch.

"Alright... but I have a condition."

"What is it?"

"You can court whoever you like. But in the meantime, you also have to go on dates with Phi Namkhing for me. At the very least, show some consideration to that side. I was the one who asked for their daughter-if we just toss her aside now, it wouldn't look good."

After hearing that reason, Piangrawin immediately objected, because she felt that doing such a thing would be no different from hurting Dr. Namkhing.

"Wait a minute. If I go on a date and P'Namkhing ends up being swayed by my beauty, and I successfully woo P'Song, then we get married, have children for Grandma to enjoy, and it causes P'Namkhing to be heartbroken because she was only a backup option for me - how could that be called being considerate? P'Namkhing would definitely feel inferior and cry her heart out. A cardiologist can't cure her own heart."

She explained at length while glancing at her parents and older sister, who all seemed to agree with her point.

"Alright, once you successfully win over your girl, I'll take care of the rest," Grandma said.

Strange - though it all sounded odd and pointless, Piangrawin had to accept the conditions. Even if she didn't want to do it, she had always obeyed her grandmother since she was a child. Now wasn't the time to suddenly rebel.

At the very least, she could preserve her grandmother's feelings by doing what made her happy. Besides, she was confident she could win Sadanun's heart anyway.

The person who would become the youngest daughter-in-law of the Chatpimuk household had to be Sadanun - not Doctor Namkhing.

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**Note:**

* **The doctor's gender is still unclear... in the previous chapter, they were referred to as male, but in this chapter, they're female. For now, I'll assume she's a woman-let's see what gender she turns out to be in the next chapter...**
* **This book has 45 chapters and 6 SC... it will take some time to work on this...I want to focus on finishing this one first... so please be patient with the other books..**

# Chapter 06: The One Who Stole Her Heart

Piangrawin drove herself to the company, not because she really wanted to check out the work, but because she just wanted to see that beautiful, bold researcher. That was it. And if that person ended up kicking her out again, at least she could go home and cry in peace.

After parking her car, she followed her older sister closely. The company building was modern and beautifully designed. It was the headquarters of a big instant food brand that everyone dreamed of working for. The walls were made entirely of glass, letting in lots of natural light.

The inside was so well-decorated it made you envy the employees. And the benefits weren’t bad either—maybe even better than other companies.

When they reached the main lobby, her sister, Matika, scanned her access card to get past the waist-high security gates, then used it again to open the gate for her. There were many of these gates lined up, so employees didn’t have to wait in line to get in.

Piangrawin glanced past all the busy workers, who looked like ants to her— just part of the background.

She looked left and right, hoping to spot the person she wanted to see. She imagined how striking that woman must look when walking in with her tall frame and confident stride, her long arms scanning her card at the gate, with that calm but dangerously charming face. She was probably the center of attention everywhere she went.

“You won’t see her. Song is probably already in her lab,”

Matika said, knowing exactly what her little sister was thinking. The boss lady nodded in response to her staff’s greetings and grabbed her sister’s wrist, leading her straight to her own office.

Once they arrived at her office, Matika told her secretary to bring some snacks for her sister. But she didn’t stay with her. There was a board meeting in half an hour, so for now, Piangrawin was left to entertain herself.

"Dad and I have a meeting,"

Matika said.

"You can stay in my office if you want. Do whatever you like, but don’t mess with the computer."

She knew her little sister loved tinkering with electronics, so she raised a finger to give her a little warning. The younger woman just smiled sweetly and nodded.

"I won’t touch it, promise. I know how much you love your computer. But I’m not staying here,"

Piangrawin said.

"I’m going to the food research department."

She lowered her voice into a whisper just as her sister’s secretary came in with some snacks. Matika didn’t respond right away, not until the secretary had walked back out.

"Just… don’t bother her too much, okay?" Matika said seriously.

"Song really guards her work time. If you get too close or interrupt her too much, she might end up hating you."

She remembered clearly when her own secretary had once sat crying at her desk, mascara running down her cheeks, after getting snapped at by the same researcher.

The poor girl had a crush on Sadanun too, but she made the mistake of disturbing her during work hours and got shut down hard. After that, she never went near the research department again—unless she absolutely had to.

"Hmm… I can’t promise that,"

Piangrawin replied with a cheeky grin,

"but I’ll try. I’m off! Good luck with your meeting, sis!"

She smiled brightly, leaned in to give her sister a loud kiss on the cheek, then skipped out of the room happily. Matika crossed her arms and shook her head, amused by her mischievous little sister.

She honestly didn’t know what would happen first—her sister coming home in tears after getting ignored, or the researcher giving in to the charm.

*Her heart breaks or she dies — which one will happen first?*

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***Knock, knock, knock***

The sound of someone knocking on the research team's office door echoed a couple of times. Namphrao, the eldest and the team leader, gave permission to enter without even looking up, assuming it was someone from another team or the cleaning staff.

"Come in."

"Hello."

But it wasn’t who she expected. The sweet voice that greeted them came from someone familiar — though not someone she knew very well. "Oh? Khun Piang? What are you doing here?"

Namphrao asked in surprise, recognizing the boss’s younger sister. She was puzzled to see the young woman here. Sadanun also looked up upon hearing the name. Her eyelids twitched slightly when she saw Piangrawin's face again — and it seemed like she had come here because of her.

"I'm here to see someone. Someone who stole my heart."

The gentle, soft-spoken woman eased herself into the empty chair next to the beautiful young researcher, who was busily working at her computer. Their shoulders were nearly touching.

Phakjira, the youngest member of the team, quietly observed everything. She stored the details in that powerful storage unit called a "brain" and instantly understood why the boss’s little sister was here.

She had seen that look and demeanor before — ever since the sports day event. Now it was absolutely clear to her, this delicate little bunny had come to offer her tiny heart… to the wolf that is Sadanun.

"The one who stole her heart" — it must be her.

"Hey, who gave you permission to sit here? Move, I'm working,"

Sadanun frowned at the person beside her, who had suddenly sat down far too close, completely ignoring any sense of propriety while she was trying to work. But the woman didn’t seem to care — she even crossed her legs, shrugged, and put on a nonchalant face.

"Why? Can’t I sit here too? This is my father's company, and this chair belongs to the company too. What’s the big deal?"

Since she couldn't deal with her directly, the female researcher turned to her team leader for help, hoping she would handle the situation — after all, the research office isn’t a place people can just walk into as they please, especially while they’re working.

"Phi Namphrao."

"Um... well, the thing is, Song doesn’t like being disturbed while working, Khun Piang. Would you mind waiting in the lounge outside? If there’s any dish you’d like to try, I’ll bring it out for you,"

The oldest one tried to gently reason and mediate, but the other party clearly acted like she hadn’t heard a word.

"No, thanks. So… are you brainstorming a new menu right now?"

The young woman suddenly stood up and began pacing around the room, glancing at one person’s work and then another’s. Her behavior caught the attention of Sadanun, who was the most serious about work, and she cast a displeased look in her direction.

The other two women on the team started to sense a shift in the energy. Phakjira, who was best at diffusing tense situations, spoke up in hopes of easing the atmosphere in the room.

“Yes, it’s a fish dish, and we’ve already finalized it. If you just want to taste it, Ploy will have Phi Song bring it to you. Phi Song is just about to head to the kitchen,”

She said, and her age-mate, Piangrawin, felt it was the perfect way out.

“Your name’s Ploy? Nice to meet you. Are we around the same age?”

“I just turned 23. I’m a new employee, but I’ve been here since I was an intern. I assist Phi Namphrao and I’m also Phi Song’s younger sister— hoping my sister meets someone good,”

She added with a playful wink, making Piangrawin feel momentarily confused before realizing what she meant.

“Oh my!”

Piangrawin raised her hand dramatically to her lips, delighted to have made a new friend her age—and one who seemed to be trying to set her up with Sadanun. She beamed with joy, feeling an instant connection with the younger woman from their very first conversation.

“We’re only a year apart then. I’ll trust you, Ploy. I’ll wait in the lounge and look forward to tasting Phi Song’s fish dish.”

She addressed the first part to the new girl, but her next sentence was directed toward the side profile of a serious-looking beauty who hadn't glanced her way once. Look at those furrowed dark brows. If they weren’t just colleagues, she’d kiss her until the tension melted away—never mind who was watching.

“Then, can I call you Phi Piang? Since you’ll be coming by often, we can get to know each other better.”

“Of course,”

Piangrawin replied with a warm smile at Phakjira, before casually sitting down on a chair that clearly didn’t belong to her—again—then turned to speak to the stern-faced woman who was fixated on her computer screen.

With a sweet and slightly sassy smile, she leaned in closer to her ear and spoke with a flirtatious tone.

"Don't forget, okay? Piang is waiting to taste your new dish—give it your all, Outstanding Researcher."

Sadanun accidentally locked eyes with the other woman and caught a determined gleam in them. Just that was enough to tell her she was serious.

Then the petite woman stood up and sashayed away with a cheerful expression—completely opposite to how Sadanun was feeling, heat rising in her chest and now burning all the way up to her head.

“Ploy, why did you say that? Why didn’t you just shoo her away?”

As soon as the stubborn woman left, Sadanun furrowed her brow and grumbled half-heartedly at Phakjira. She had tried to raise her properly, but somehow the girl had followed her here. Who knew what karmic bond tied them together? And now the youngest one had even openly paved the way for flirtation. Phakjira was always like this.

“Come on, Phi Song. Phi Piang is super sweet. You're heading to the kitchen anyway—what's the harm in letting the chairman’s daughter have a taste?”

Since there was nothing more to be done, the tall woman finally stood up at her full height, grabbing her food prep chart with a sigh and wearing a face full of exasperation. If it wasn’t enough being annoyed by that offbeat woman, now this too.

*Sigh!*

“Fine. I’m heading to the kitchen... and I’ll make it taste the worst I possibly can.”

Once the scowling woman stormed off, Namphrao poked the youngest team member hard enough to make her sway. She knew exactly what the girl was up to. It was the same old thing Phakjira always did—trying to play matchmaker for Sadanun.

No one could figure out what made her so devoted to Sadanun that she took on the role of an overbearing little sister. Luckily, Sadanun was fond of her, or she’d have been hated by now.

“You really went in strong. You know full well Song doesn’t want a relationship, yet you’re still trying to push someone on her. Be careful or you’ll end up being hated instead of adored.”

“No way,” Phakjira replied.

“Phi Song’s never hated me. But really, why doesn’t she want to fall in love? What’s so bad about it? Having a beautiful girlfriend like Phi Piang would be amazing. She’s rich, she’s gorgeous, and super sweet and cheerful.”

Phakjira was genuinely curious. She had worked with Sadanun long enough to know the woman wasn’t heartless—she could feel, she could get angry, she could laugh like anyone else. But when it came to love, it was like a locked door. Every time someone asked her about it, she’d either avoid answering or deflect the question entirely.

"That, I don’t really know. It’s her personal matter. I’d better just focus on our own work. Maybe someday you'll become an outstanding researcher like her too."

"Oh... Ploy wouldn't dare. Her spirits are so strong, who would dare try to take her place?"

Phakjira quickly shook her head in refusal because she knew just how much Sadanun cherished the title of Outstanding Researcher. She was so committed to her work and guarded her time so fiercely—all just to maintain his *126 Mega Excellence* award.

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Sadanan put on her researcher's lab coat and spent a good while in the kitchen, working on a newly invented fish recipe designed to cut costs. Her thoughts drifted to the young woman waiting in the executive lounge—a room typically reserved for the CEO or other high-ranking officials to sample dishes from the department.

A faint wisp of steam from the boiling sauce in the pan rose and met her nose. She inhaled lightly, seemingly indifferent, yet the intoxicating aroma made the kitchen feel far too warm for someone trying not to think about a certain someone.

As the white fish cooked to perfection, soaked in glistening sauce that made one’s mouth water, Sadanun couldn’t help but recall the moistness of that particular someone on that night. The woman hadn’t been as indifferent as she pretended to be—acting that way was just her method of shaking off feelings she didn’t want.

Why was it that instead of forgetting her from that very moment, she could still vividly remember the touch and the entire story? Her slender hand lifted, sharp eyes staring at it for several seconds while memories from that night resurfaced, reminding her of everything that had happened between her and the chairman’s daughter.

This very hand had once touched that body. She remembered the delicate skin, soft as rose petals, smooth and fragrant like fresh herbs. Just thinking about that night stirred a heat inside her like never before. It wasn’t that she hadn’t regretted walking away that night—but she truly couldn’t let her feelings be toyed with like that, even in such an intimate moment.

*You could say she has a bit of an ego, and it wouldn’t be wrong.*

“Jeez… stop thinking nonsense,”

Sadanun muttered to herself and tried to focus on her work. The faster she finished, the sooner that stubborn little bunny could go back home.

The waiting room was simply decorated with wooden furniture, but Piangrawin didn’t care about any of that. Her eyes stayed fixed on the tightly closed door. Every time she heard a sound from outside, her heart skipped a beat.

She had been waiting a while, but no matter how long it took, she never complained or felt bored. Just seeing the face of that brilliant researcher was enough to make her willing to wait all day and night.

“Are you done?”

Piangrawin quickly asked as soon as the door connecting the lab and the small lounge opened. But honestly, there was no need to wait for an answer —just the smell in the air was enough to make her stomach growl.

*Wow... what smells so good?*

Sadanun kept a straight face. She placed the special dish down, took off her lab coat, unbuttoned a few buttons to cool down, then leaned against the table with her arms crossed, watching the other woman get ready to eat.

But instead of looking at the food, Piangrawin was staring at her—from head to toe. Her gaze eventually stopped at Sadanun’s delicate fingers resting on her upper arm, and she even visibly swallowed. Sadanun quickly pulled her hand back and frowned, clearly warning her not to let her mind wander.

“What are you looking at? The food’s ready—just eat.”

Snapping back to her senses after being so captivated, Piangrawin smiled brightly at the beautifully plated dish in front of her. She trusted that it would taste amazing—and she was right. Even though she’d overheard Sadanun earlier saying she’d try to make it taste terrible.

*Guess she couldn’t bring herself to be mean after all. I mean, come on… who could purposely make bad food for someone this cute?*

Honestly, she really lived up to the title of “Outstanding Food Researcher.” The dish didn’t just taste great—it had the texture and finesse of something straight from a high-end restaurant.

Piangrawin was starting to feel jealous of all the people who’d had the chance to try products from their company before. She wondered which ones Sadanun had created.

“Wow.... this is so good! I’ve never actually tasted our products before, so I had no idea they were this delicious. By the way, what kind of fish is this?”

Hearing such heartfelt praise, and seeing the sparkle in her eyes, Sadanun couldn’t help but smile a little and relax. But then she caught herself—*No, don’t let her get too comfortable*—and quickly put her serious face back on.

“Tongue sole.”

Just hearing that made Piangrawin look up at her, confused. And it seemed like Sadanun saw the perfect chance to tease.

“Dog,”

She added, leaning in just a bit, her playful eyes twinkling as she repeated the name of the fish.

Piangrawin frowned slightly, clearly suspicious now.

"Are you secretly insulting me or what?"

"Of course not. Why would I do that?"

Sadanun replied coolly, still keeping that serious look and crossing her arms like always. It was frustrating—just enough to make Piangrawin purse her lips and hold back a bit of annoyance from being looked down on. But whatever. She was too pretty to stay mad at.

"Oh, don’t be so cold to me,"

Piangrawin said, leaning in slightly.

"I’m just following my heart. When you love someone, you go to them. And I love you, P'Song. You probably have no idea what was going through my head on the way here... I didn’t want to fall for someone this hard, but I can’t help it anymore. I’ve found my soulmate—and she’s standing right in front of me."

Her bright, cheerful smile showed no signs of embarrassment, and it left the researcher feeling like her legs had gone weak. Honestly, she wanted to raise her hand and rub her temples.

"You sure have a wild imagination, huh?"

Sadanun still kept her icy cool like she had a heart made of snow.

Piangrawin started to feel like if this kept going, she’d be nothing more than a forgettable moment in her day. So, determined to make an impression and maybe shake her feelings a little, she threw out a bold, unexpected, and very cheeky line:

"By the way, we’re having kids. Yup, I even picked the name already. Since I’m so good at imagining things, I figured I’d plan ahead. Let’s have babies together."

She said it with a sweet voice, a bright smile, and eyes full of playful mischief.

“What did you just say?”

Sadanun froze. Her brows pulled together so tightly they could’ve formed one line. She stared sharply at the other girl, needing confirmation—was she being serious, or just messing around?

Who just casually talks about having kids with someone they like? That’s insane. What even causes someone to jump this far out of the normal?

**“Little Ruan and Little Rai. Our future kids’ names.”** That answer made Sadanun’s sharp eyes widen for a moment.

*Wait… Ruan and Rai?*

She suddenly remembered that dream that had been haunting her—it sent a chill down her spine. Why does she talk exactly like the woman in that dream? It’s freaky, like she walked right out of it.

“What?!”

Sadanun blurted out in shock, while the other girl just giggled like she was having the time of her life teasing her.

“I’m kidding! Their names would be Nirin and Nira—twin daughters. Cute, right? I thought of the names ages ago and I really love them. Just in case one day you change your mind and fall for me, we’ll already have the names ready. Then we can get married, have kids, and live a warm, happy life together.”

She was still smiling like she was floating in a romantic dream—as if Sadanun had just confessed her love.

Honestly, it was strange. Totally bizarre. This girl was Boss Madmee’s little sister, and they couldn’t be more opposite.

And what made Sadanun's heart skip a beat was that… in her dream, they were twins. And those weird names—Ruan and Rai—they were in the dream too.

Ugh... whatever. It’s probably just some weird coincidence.

“Are you delusional or something? Quit rambling already. When did I ever say I liked you?”

“Didn’t you like it? That night you were devouring like there was no tomorrow,”

Piangrawin teased directly. She was a straightforward person, not one to be overly polite.

She might have misspoken, but she didn’t care to fix it.

“Didn’t like it. Annoying.”

Well, there it was. But if asked whether she liked it or not, her scowling face and raised chin, as if trying to stare down Mars, said it all. If she pushed that question a little further, she might just slap her with a yam and send her off to a physiotherapist instead.

“Have you ever thought that maybe one day you might actually start to like me? Maybe try being nice to each other a bit, just in case? Because what if one day you end up falling for me and I’ve already moved on—then you’ll be the one crying like a mess, don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“Ridiculous. Didn’t anyone ever tell you how silly you're?”

Her words struck like a slap, and the once confident face seemed to shrink a couple of inches. But it wasn’t enough to dampen her spirit or stop her from pressing on.

“Aw, don’t be so harsh on me. I just like you, that’s all. Let’s date. I swear, everyone will be jealous that you’re with someone as gorgeous and rich as me.”

“No. I already told you, I don’t like you. Do you have a hearing problem?”

Ouch. Brutal! Piangrawin blinked rapidly, but instead of feeling embarrassed, she just shrugged like it was no big deal. Using a soft, playful tone, she replied:

“You say you don’t like me, but why did you let me get this close today then?”

He cast her a side glance and answered coolly:

“Because I have manners. Something you clearly don’t.”

That line almost knocked her off her feet, but Piangrawin wasn’t disheartened. She lived by the motto:

*Look stunning… never sulk.*

“If you don’t like me, then how about we be FWB? Just hook up every now and then, have some fun like that night. I know you enjoyed that night too.”

“No.”

“Come on, just give us a chance. We’re such a good match. I’ve got skills too, you know—skills that go really well with you,”

Piangrawin said with a sparkle in her eye.

“What kind of skills?”

“Like staying up all night while you work in the lab,”

She said with a wink.

The female researcher rolled her eyes in irritation and gave the same reply as before:

“No.”

“But Piang just wanted to—”

Before she could say anything more, the taller woman—looking every bit like a model—slowly stood up straight and walked over. She placed one hand on the table, the other on the back of the chair, leaning in to block her in.

Her expression turned serious, and she furrowed her brows, lowering her voice like she was trying to intimidate her.

“The door’s that way.”

She pointed with one long finger, making sure Piangrawin looked in that direction.

“You’ve eaten, now leave. I’ve got work to do. And don’t come here bothering me again—

This office doesn’t allow pets.”

Her words were sharp and clearly meant to threaten. Then she added in a cold, firm tone:

“If you don’t leave, I’ll call security and have them throw you out. I don’t care who you are. Got it? You’re really annoying.”

She waved a warning finger, turned on her heel, and walked off with that same stormy expression.

Piangrawin pouted and watched her leave, her heart sinking. Ugh, she’s impossible.

Flirting with her is harder than learning traditional Thai dance at age fifty.

Always that annoyed look on her face—can she even smile in this lifetime?

But what really stuck with her was:

*“This office doesn’t allow pets.”*

What the heck did she mean by that? Does she think I’m a worm or something? A centipede? What kind of animal was that supposed to be? The more she thought about it, the more offended she felt. She puffed her cheeks out, letting out a frustrated sigh.

**Still… the more she got rejected, the more she wanted to win her heart.**

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# Chapter 07 : You're the Only One Who Will Marry Me

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The morning was disturbed by the younger sister, and in the afternoon, she had to attend a meeting with the older sister. Sadanun took off her white lab coat, which she wore in the laboratory, hung it up, grabbed her phone, and headed straight to the executive office.

Their company has a fairly large structure. They produce ready-to-eat food for both domestic and international markets. So, besides the company president, Khun Tul, they also need a CEO — Matika — who happens to be the person she works with most often on the management side.

Her steady footsteps came to a halt in front of the CEO's office. The young researcher knocked a few times and then entered as she usually did.

"I'm here, boss."

"Please, have a seat, Song,"

The boss said. As soon as she was invited, the young woman glanced around the room. Not seeing that little rabbit appear like some kind of tumor, she relaxed and politely took a seat across the owner of the room.

"Is there something important, boss? You asked to meet me outside of regular meeting hours."

Matika smiled slightly, thinking about her younger sister’s request. Honestly, it wasn’t strictly necessary, but from her point of view, this kind of thing could be quite beneficial. Even if Piangrawin was only doing it because she had a crush on her researcher, it had led them in the right direction.

"I'm going to do a special feature on our company’s outstanding researchers, along with some business news. I think if the outside world knew how high-quality our food researchers are, it would build more credibility for our products. Don’t you agree?"

“Do you mean a second interview?”

Sadanun raised her brows at Matika. It wasn't that she wasn't happy about doing something like that, but since she started working here and had won the Outstanding Researcher Award three years in a row, no one had ever come to seriously interview her. She had always worked quietly, like living in a cave.

“Song, on Friday morning, a news channel will come to do an interview. The general topic will probably be about your work. But I want to ask if you're okay with it first. Are you comfortable with it?”

Even though she had the authority to command in the company, Matika still cared about her employees’ comfort.

“That’s fine. If it benefits the company, I’m willing to do it.”

“Thanks a lot. By the way, has my younger sister been bothering you?”

The owner of the office quickly changed the topic, causing Sadanun to pause. That’s right, they’re siblings — of course one would know what the other is up to.

“I know that Piang is trying to court you. I can’t stop her. But if it ever becomes too much, you can tell me. I’ll try to warn her, though I can’t really control her.”

“It’s okay. I can handle it,”

Sadanun gave a faint smile to ease the other’s concern. Who could keep putting up with being ignored like that? If she wasn’t interested, that little Holland Lop bunny would surely scurry off to find a new partner soon enough.

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Because only Piangrawin had a friend who was a columnist, she arranged to meet her today at Zenzu Garden—her own business born out of boredom, approved by her mother even though her grandmother didn’t quite agree with it. The young woman personally brought a refreshing drink to serve her friend and then sat down across from her with a bright smile.

“So, who exactly do you want me to interview for a feature?”

Moon asked, pulling out a notebook and pen to jot down the details.

Piangrawin picked up her tablet and showed her a candid photo of Sadanun (she had secretly taken it), along with some rough details and a cute little drawing she had edited in—complete with dog ears and a cartoon-style angry fireball to show her obsession.

“This one right here. I want to know her story. Plus, she stands out so much that I can’t let her stay stuck quietly in the research department. She needs to shine. She needs to make use of her aura.”

Seeing the picture, Moon raised her eyebrows in surprise at the playful doodles added to the photo. But it wasn’t all that surprising—Piangrawin always did that when she liked someone.

So… she has a crush on this woman? And judging from the drawing, this person must be pretty fiery and quick-tempered.

“Hey, that’s Khun Song! She’s a clothing model, and sometimes even a hand model. I’ve met her a few times during my internship. Wait—so she works at your sister’s company?”

Piangrawin’s eyes widened at that. If her best friend had told her earlier that someone this perfect existed, she would’ve tried to meet her long ago.

“You knew her before?! Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Well, how was I supposed to know I needed to? You never asked.”

Piangrawin almost banged her head on the table. Her friend knew exactly what kind of women she liked—like Sadanun—and still didn’t share such precious intel.

“Ugh, whatever. Honestly? I want this one.”

There it is. Moon rolled her eyes at her friend of many years and sighed. Back in high school, even though her grandmother forbade her from dating, her self-confident mother let her flirt away.

She used to secretly crush on this girl, admire that one, and always said she'd pursue them after graduation. Now that she had graduated, she was still on the hunt for her “true love” as if the world was ending tomorrow.

Although many women seemed interested in her, none of them ever turned into something real—for many reasons.

It had been quiet lately… until now. She had found her type again.

“Piang, you’ve gotta chill with this habit of wanting every woman who’s your type. I swear, you want all of them—doesn’t matter if you’re bi or not.”

Piangrawin just crossed her legs and shrugged, totally unbothered. When her heart calls, she listens. Whatever happens afterward… she’ll deal with it then.

"This time I'm serious. She's the one — my future wife. I'm going to ask her to make twin daughters with me right after we get married. But for now, I need to win her heart first."

"Wait, you've already set your sights on her? This isn't just another casual crush like the others?"

This time, her friend seemed more serious and deeply invested than ever before, and it was hard not to be intrigued.

"Yes, she's the one — my true love, the one I've been looking for, and she's more special than anyone I've ever met. I like P'Song. P'Song is the only one I want to marry. No one else stands a chance."

"You sound serious, but still kind of dreamy. You don’t even really know her yet."

"Oh, come on. Anyway, I already talked to P’Matmee about the scoop. She’s going to take care of everything. The company will get in touch with you about the details. You have to interview P'Song for me, okay? And here — these are the questions I want you to ask. Please, ask them for me."

Piangrawin handed her friend a piece of paper to cut the conversation short. She chose her friend for this task because she could trust her to ask the personal questions she wanted answers to. If it had been anyone else, they might have objected and ruined her mood.

No matter what, her Sadanun had to shine — because in her future, he was definitely going to be her wife.

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At 126 Food Company, the number of employees walking around during midday was a bit less than in the morning, but it was still lively due to the size and structure of the company.

But today, Piangrawin didn’t have to walk into this big company alone and feel lonely—she was walking behind her father and his secretary. Everyone who passed by smiled and greeted them, making her feel far from isolated. “So, what do you think? Want to come see the factory with Dad again next time?”

Tul asked his youngest daughter after they returned to the office around eleven. Normally, his daughter didn’t go out much. After graduation, she had just been running a Japanese-style café as a hobby. This was the first time she had shown any interest in tagging along to inspect the production plant—from mid-morning until noon.

But judging by the look on her face, he didn’t even need to ask—she looked more wilted than water-deprived morning glory.

“No thank you, Dad. It was way too hot. If I have to come again, I’d rather just come see P'Song at the office instead,”

Piangrawin nearly looked like she was going to cry at the mere mention of that kind of place again. But as soon as they reached the large, airconditioned employee lounge, she felt better.

She regretted going with her father just to understand the company more— especially since she already knew from Matika that Sadanun would be in the kitchen adjusting recipes for her older sister to taste that morning. So she chose to go elsewhere first.

“But your P'Song goes to inspect the factory pretty often, you know. Researchers have to monitor the production process regularly.”

“Really? My P'Song has to endure that kind of heat?”

Piangrawin looked genuinely sympathetic.

“Poor her… I want to marry her soon and stay home with her all day and night. I’ll take care of her myself so she won’t have to go through any hardship. Or, if P'Song’s okay with it, she can come help me take care of the café too,"

The young woman paused, dreaming aloud about the future she had planned.

Her father laughed in delight at how openly his daughter was expressing her feelings for that researcher. He admired how she had the courage to speak her mind without hiding anything, like a modern woman—very unlike his own wife.

"Do you like this researcher that much? I’ve met her a few times. She seems like a good girl."

"I really like her," she replied.

"If P’Song accepts my feelings, I’ll date her until we eventually get married."

Her father nodded in understanding.

"Your mom and I are fine with whoever you like. But when that day comes, your P’Song will have to win over your grandmother’s heart too. She won’t be happy if you marry someone she didn’t choose for you."

Piangrawin frowned at her father’s words.

Of course, the biggest obstacle would be her grandmother. She had already tried to set her up with wealthy, well-bred women. If one day she managed to win P’Song’s heart—even if they had no official right to be together under the current arrangement—her grandmother still wouldn’t accept her.

"Let’s leave that for later. Right now, I need to make P’Song like me back first!"

"Alright, I’m heading up to my office. If you want to go see her, go ahead," Tul gave her a few pats on the head before walking off.

Piangrawin glanced at her watch. It was almost noon, though not quite yet. She had heard from Matika that Sadanun was very punctual and took her work seriously. So, she figured that if it wasn’t exactly noon yet, she probably wouldn’t be heading out for lunch.

Thinking that, she quickly made her way to the elevator and pressed the button to the research department floor.

When she arrived at the area outside Sadanun's office, she saw the door had been left ajar, so she hurried her steps and walked straight in—

***Thump***

“Oops!”

The beautiful woman in a peach-colored off-shoulder dress bumped into someone just as she was hurrying into the Research Team Three’s office. She squeezed her eyes shut, stumbling backward, thinking she was definitely going to fall flat on her butt.

But luckily, a pair of strong arms caught her around the waist. A firm hand supported her back steadily, causing her face to crash into the other person’s chest instead.

When Piangrawin opened her eyes and looked up at the tall figure who had just saved her from falling, she realized it was none other than the woman who held her heart.

“P’Song…”

Even though the position they were in now seemed kind of romantic, the smell of dried fish lingering on her shirt was no joke. She could believe she’d been really busy with work that morning.

“Clumsy,”

Came a flat voice of reproach.

The strong arms and hands withdrew from her body. She shoved them into her pockets and looked at her with a disapproving gaze, her finely shaped eyebrows furrowing slightly.

“Sorry,”

Said Piangrawin softly, with a pout. But wasn’t it the two of them who bumped into each other? Shouldn't the other person be the one to apologize and show concern, especially since she was the more delicate one? Instead, she accused her of being clumsy.

“Phi Piang, are you hurt?”

Phakjira, who was nearby, asked with concern in her voice.

“I’m fine. Just nearly broke my hip and got called clumsy on top of that.” Sadanun let out a long sigh before speaking firmly.

“If you’re not clumsy, then you should slow down. You saw the door wasn’t fully closed. Before entering, you should’ve paused and asked for permission. Don’t you know basic manners?”

After scolding her, the woman with a face as cold as if she had ice from the Arctic in her mouth strode off ahead. Her straight, jet-black hair swayed with her brisk steps. Wait—didn’t she just tell her to walk slower?

“We were about to have lunch. Would you like to join us, Khun Piang?”

The oldest in the group asked as they followed Sadanun toward the elevator hall, where others were already waiting to go down to the canteen.

“Can I?”

“Of course. This is your father’s company, and you’re one of the shareholders. You can eat in the canteen without needing to follow the employee benefit rules.”

Hearing that, Piangrawin smiled mischievously and trailed behind the tallest person in the group until she was walking right beside her.

“Can I sit with you at lunch, beautiful?”

“No. There are plenty of tables. If you want to eat, sit somewhere else. I don’t like clumsy people.”

As soon as she finished speaking, the elevator doors opened. Everyone began stepping in, but Piangrawin grabbed the woman’s arm.

“I just want to sit with you. So what if I’m clumsy?”

“Come on, the others are waiting,”

Namphrao called out, noticing that everyone inside the elevator was waiting only for Sadanun and the chairman’s daughter.

“Why do you want to sit with me? Go find another seat.”

The tall woman man shook her head and stepped into the elevator. Piangrawin followed, but the elevator was already full from picking people up on other floors. She was the extra weight, causing the elevator to beep from being overloaded.

But there was no way she was going to wait for the next elevator alone. At the last second, instead of stepping out herself, she grabbed the cold-faced researcher—who resembled an Arctic wolf—and pulled her out with her. She stumbled out, looking shocked and disgruntled.

“What the hell is wrong with you?!”

“Go ahead!”

Piangrawin shouted to the people in the elevator just as Sadanun was about to protest, and the doors shut tight. Now the two of them were left waiting for the next elevator—alone.

“You… You’re incredibly rude. Has no one ever taught you that what you just did is totally inappropriate? It’s annoying—do you even realize that? Are we even close enough for you to act like this?”

This time, Sadanun didn’t hold back. She pointed her finger at her face, scolding her even though they weren’t family and barely knew each other.

How did she end up with this kind of personality? But instead of responding with anger, the other woman calmly pushed her finger away from her face and smiled—a smile that was both adorable and infuriating. Her unfazed expression only added fuel to the fire.

“I don’t care,” Piangrawin said.

“I just want to be with you, even if it’s just during lunch.”

Sadanun was stunned. That sweet voice laced with stubbornness left her momentarily speechless. She sighed, finally losing her patience.

“You…”

She took a deep breath, trying to hold back the words that sat hot on her tongue. One hand went to her hip while the other rubbed her temple.

“Go stand over there—far away from me.”

She pointed toward the far corner of the hallway, clearly irritated, on the verge of losing it.

“You’re so mean. Don’t treat your future bride like that,”

Piangrawin said with a slight pout before flashing a sugary smile that could drive anyone insane.

“What... future bride?”

Sadanun’s brows furrowed deeply.

“Me, of course. We’ve already slept together—let’s date and get married.”

“You… Have you never heard of a one-night stand? Just because we slept together doesn’t mean we have to get married.”

Piangrawin simply shrugged.

“I already told you, you were my first. And I like you.”

“Well, I don’t like you. End of story. You can just go—leave the way you came,”

Sadanun snapped. She could feel herself getting heated. Whether it was because of the woman in front of her or because hellfire was licking at her brain, she didn’t know. But one thing was certain—Piangrawin had a powerful effect on her.

“And also… I don’t even remember that night.”

“Oh?”

“Because it didn’t mean anything to me. And I didn’t like it.”

The delicate, well-bred young woman glanced around. Seeing the security cameras weren’t pointing at them, she stepped closer to the cold-hearted researcher who pretended to forget as if nothing had happened. But she knew— that Sadanun remembered everything.

So she leaned in, her face just beside Sadanun’s ear, ready to remind her of exactly what happened that night.

“Then… should I help jog your memory? I’ll tell you what happened between us.”

Her sweet voice, laced with seduction, drifted into Sadanun’s ear. The warmth of her breath brushing lightly against her neck made the usually composed woman freeze. Sadanun shut her eyes, struggling to keep control. The faint scent of her perfume only intensified the memories—memories she had tried so hard to bury.

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# Chapter 08: That Night of Ours

"It might be a bit difficult, but but be patient,"

Sadanun whispered near the other's ear in a low voice.

"Be patient until....I'm satisfied?"

A gulp echoed in Piangrawin's ears. Just the kiss alone felt deep and soulstealing. She wasn't sure if she could handle going all the way-but she was determined. With someone this beautiful, she had to give it her all.

"Let's go to the bed. It's not that convenient here,"

Sadanun said, lifting her with all her strength and heading straight to the bed. Piangrawin quickly wrapped her arms around the other's neck to avoid falling. The strong, unwavering arms made her feel secure, as if Sadanun was incredibly strong.

Once they reached the bed, Piangrawin was gently laid down. Sadanun, taking the dominant role, began undoing her own clothes to breathe more freely, rolling up her sleeves and preparing herself.

She had multiple silver piercings on her ears, broad shoulders, a wellshaped collarbone, and smooth skin. Her body was well-proportioned-slim waist, curvy hips. Overall, she had such a "wife" energy that Piangrawin couldn't help but want to marry her on the spot and start a family.

But the most perfect part of Sadanun's body might be her hands-long, elegant fingers like candle flames, with neatly trimmed nails and healthy pink nail beds, showing how well she took care of herself.

Piangrawin propped herself up on her elbows, staring at those hands, swallowing hard again. Why did she feel so irresistibly drawn to her?

Would Sadanun ever understand how painful it would be for Piangrawin not to be hers?

"What does that look in your eyes mean?"

Sadanun leaned down, kissing her chest and sliding down her dress, revealing her full figure. She removed the strapless bra to expose the soft, pink tips and gently touched them like game controls, causing Piangrawin to let out a soft sound.

"Can I say something honestly?"

"Yes."

"Just looking at you turns me on. Seeing your face alone is enough,"

The younger woman confessed shyly, her voice trembling from the sensation. She wasn't embarrassed to be naked in front of a stranger-she was excited. Soon, she'd finally experience what she had longed for.

"Everyone says that,"

Sadanun replied, kneeling on the bed and gently running her hand down the soft curves of Piangrawin's body.

"If you're in the mood, I'll help you."

Said the older person, then leaned down to kiss the mound of her breast and the edge, then grabbed the beautiful pink nipple that was standing out proudly.

The beautiful breasts arch to receive the gentle thrill. The warm tongue glides and licks, teasing the beautiful nipples again and again, alternating with gentle sucking, moving back and forth on both sides without missing a spot.

Piengrawin let out a soft moan, feeling a tingling sensation running down from her navel to her lower body. Her hands let go of her hair to relieve the stimulation.

The sound of Sadanun's beautiful lips kissing her breasts left faint red marks, then alternated to sucking her sweet nipples, causing her to hunch her shoulders and gasp.

It's so warm. Her mouth is so warm and soft that it sends shivers down to her core. She felt like she was going crazy. This room is very cold, but her whole body is hot, and sweat is dripping from her scalp. She is sucking on the top, but she feels the pleasure all the way down below.

At first, she didn't believe that an 18+ clip like this where you can suck here and finish would really exist. But now she understands what it's like.

"Um... Phi, just suck it. Just finish it off, the more the better. It feels good..."

The more she said that, the more it felt like a challenge. Piengrawin's dress was removed leisurely until only a small piece of the lower part remained. Sadanun's body gradually sank down until they were closely pressed against each other.

Her mouth took care of the sensitive part on her chest. The more their bodies rubbed against each other, the more the heat in the middle of her body rose due to the arousal. Piengrawin could feel the mass of heat being naturally expelled and the slight twitching there.

"Ugh,"

The sound of sucking on the sweet-colored nipple and then letting go made the petite person almost flinch. The beautiful, sharp face moved away from the plump breast and began kissing down the stomach. The further she kissed past the navel, the more Piangrawin bit her own lip. And when the little panty was taken off, her body didn't belong to her anymore.

"Hmmm.."

Her slender legs were pulled apart. The more she looked at that part of her and gently traced the pink crease with her finger, the more her heart felt a hollow sensation.

Piangrawin's hand reached out to cover that part, but it was caught by her, who was slowly lowering herself. The moment her beautiful one kissed her thigh, her whole body trembled with both excitement and nervousness.

"Ah... it feels so good,"

Piangrawin murmured as the tips of the fingers lightly brushed and kneaded her sensitive spots. The warmth flowed down to that area, as if the climax was just about to break through the door. Her core twitched every now and then, following the rhythm of the other person's touch.

The love canal was soaked with natural lubricant. As Piangrawin slender legs were slightly pulled apart, the charming face leaned down to repeatedly kiss the inner thighs.

The young woman bit her lip, closed her eyes, and tightly grasped the blanket, feeling both excited and tense at the same time. She was anxious about when that beautiful mouth would devour her little bit. She might lose her mind or be unable to control herself, but she imagined it would be incredibly good.

"Why are you so tense? Have you done it before?"

It felt like the other party was tense all over, as if it were their first time. Sadanun's dark eyebrows furrowed tightly, and then she nodded her head, asking the person with a slightly serious expression.

Since they had agreed beforehand that they could do it without worrying about whether it was their first time having intercourse, she didn't want to have to play the role of a kindergarten teacher, holding someone's hand.

Piangrawin then opened her eyes, pushed herself up, and looked at the face that was wedged between her legs, and told the truth.

"Um... I'm really sorry. This is actually my first time, but I really want to do it. I just want to try it with someone. Doing it alone isn't fun at all."

Being given a pleading look by a young lady with a sweet tone, Sadanun felt relented. Even though at first she felt a little annoyed having to meet someone inexperienced, but looking at it, this little rabbit shouldn't be that innocent.

"Will you be okay?"

"Okay, I can do my best. I am willing to accept anything, whether it's hard or easy. If you just crawl away, you can continue. Just crawl away because it feels too good."

"I told you,"

Said Sadanun's lips, twitching slightly. She wasn't sure if it was just her imagination, but she felt that no one had ever teased her so adorably before.

Or perhaps it was because all the women she had encountered were highly experienced, seducing her with their wild cat-like emotions, passionately from the very first moment. But with this woman, she teased her like a little rabbit trying to be so cute that it was endearing.

She stared into her eyes for a few seconds. Her cupid's bow lips kissed the outside of her sensitive part that still had the scent of soap, only the weak points, before leaning down to use her mouth in front of her until she fell down and twisted back and forth.

"Ugh.."

Piangrawin's heart raced intensely after those soft lips pressed against her sensitive spot and caressed it gently. Someone who had never experienced such feelings before was overwhelmed with emotions. It was both thrilling and tantalizing, making it impossible for her to control her body. It felt like a faint electric current running through her.

"Ahh... Phi..."

Both of her legs tensed up, trying to squeeze together at the moment when her warm tongue touched them. She licked her clitoris and sucked it lightly, but the other party held her up with stronger arms. Her tongue flicked and licked her little clitoris over and over again until she almost had a heart attack.

The sweet and slightly sour beautiful face was even sweating. The intense sensation of being pinched made Piangrawin feel tears of happiness welling up in her eyes. The young woman propped herself up to see what the other person was doing.

When she saw that the beautiful face that she had aroused just by looking at was crawling between her legs, flicking her tongue to lick her private area without any disgust. Just that, she felt so tingling that her legs were numb as if she had been electrocuted. She felt that her little clitoris was hardening and swelling up to fight with all her might. But the more she fought, the more pleasure she felt.

She can't take it anymore... The pleasure there spreads all the way to her feet. As Piangrawin lies down again, her toes curl, her hips slightly lift off the mattress to receive the gentle touch of the tongue.

She wanted to reach out and press her head down and press her little clitoris against her mouth until she was done, but she couldn't because she's shy.

So, she can only writhe here, moaning openly. The sounds of her pleasure fill the room, forgetting her embarrassment for a moment, and just a few seconds later, the climax arrives.

"It was so exciting....I'm about to finish...ugh!"

The small palm crumpled the bedspread. The intense tingling sensation at the sensitive spot made that part twitch, and the beautiful hips tensed momentarily. Piangrawin felt dazed by her extreme pleasure. The happiness seemed to stretch out in time.

The pleasure seemed to last for only a few seconds. The young woman even moved away from the other person's tongue and lay her legs crossed after climaxing this time. The person who did it had to crawl up to see how she was doing.

"Why are you crying?"

Seeing the young lady with tears welling up, Sadanun gently stroked her cheek, leaned down to kiss her temple to comfort her, and used her fingers to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear.

"Phi, it feels so intense. I've never felt this intense before."

One hand grasped the inner thigh, the other wiped away her own tears. Piangrawin spoke to the other person with a trembling voice because of the lingering feelings. She wasn't saying it to flatter her, but she truly felt that way.

The gentleness made her feel fulfilled in a way she adored, a feeling that was more intense than usual, and she liked it even more than before, wanting to feel that way for an hour.

"Nong Piang, you are so sensitive."

Sadanun is grateful that the other party has reached their dream destination so beautifully. Her sexual preference is to see women who can express how much pleasure they feel, and this woman is one of them.

She might not be the first, but she was another person who made her happy even though she didn't release herself even once.

Just seeing her finish made her feel like she had released herself. But just once wasn't enough.

"Well, I've just never had anyone use their mouth on me before. Your mouth is so soft."

Piangrawin responded without holding back at all. Her delicate hand grabbed her charming face and kissed her with a feeling of infatuation. This time, their kiss was hotter than before.

She could feel her heavy breath, but the kiss didn't evoke any bad feelings at all. It only brought warmth, heat, and stirred emotions. The older woman's kiss was passionate and sexy, making her want it to last longer.

Her hand was intertwined with one of her and pressed down on the soft mattress above her head. Before that face moved away and slid down to nuzzle her neck, stirring her emotions again, while her other warm palm was squeezing her waist as if she liked it.

The petite young lady tilted her head and let out a satisfied moan. To be honest, she wanted to say that she was her type, both in looks and in bed. She had captivated her from the very first time, and she wanted more and more.

"Then let's continue, shall we?"

Sadanun pulled her face away from her favorite spot. She placed her palm on the bed and dragged the other hand along the inner thigh before stopping at the entrance, which was now moist with slippery fluids. Then she tried to insert her well-trimmed and polished finger into that narrow passage.

"Ah!"

But it seems she doesn't really care about her own insides, or maybe she never has, even at this age. Inserting a finger without asking startled the person beneath her.

"Does it hurt?" She paused.

“I barely put my finger in. It hurts. I only used a short toy on the outside."

The other party made a face. Piangrawin tried to close her legs because it hurt, but reached out to grab her wrist as if she didn't want her to pull it out.

"I will in, right? Just endure it."

Having received confirmation, Sadanun leaned down to kiss the beautiful lips, gradually increasing the intensity to divert her attention. She wasn't the type to insist on seeing a woman in pain. Eventually, she took the opportunity when the woman inadvertently allowed her fingers to slip in completely and gently stimulated her sweet spot.

"Mmm ."

"Does it still hurt?"

She asked after pulling away from the kiss. The other party didn't show any signs of pain, but her eyes looked hazy, as if she was savoring the feeling.

"No, it feels good. It feels really good."

When everything started to settle down, Piangrawin no longer felt any pain or discomfort inside. However, she felt a tingling sensation that swept through her heart with every movement of the older woman's fingers. The more she did that, the more lubricant was released.

"I just started, don't finish yet, okay?"

The beautiful face leaned down to deal with the pink nipple that was being teased because they were aroused. The clear, tone of voice and the gentle yet passionate manner made her feel shy, her fair face blushing with a rosy hue.

She thought to herself how wonderful it would be to have this woman as her wife, to look at her face both before sleeping and when she woke up.

"Again, Phi..."

The husky voice called out to the other party. Her palm grabbed the pillow she was using and squeezed it to relieve the heat inside. The soles of her feet that were placed on the bed pressed in and out uncontrollably.

"You're just biting my finger."

Sadanun pulled her mouth away from the delectable part.

Sadanun's skilled right hand moved frequently to stimulate the other person's insides until the sound of flesh hitting the wet floor was heard along with her moans. Meanwhile, her left hand, which always held the the body firmly, caressed from the lower abdomen up to the bouncing breasts, then pinched the soft pink nipples.

Within just a few seconds, she could feel the tightening grip from within. This rhythm was what she liked, the rhythm that told her how much pleasure the other person was experiencing.

"Does it feel good?"

"Very much. I just can't take it anymore. It really feels so intense."

"I only did it for awhile, are you almost done?"

"It feels so good. Can you kiss me?"

After asking, Piangrawin closed her eyes, her face dreamy. Because the beautiful woman didn't lean down to kiss her lips, but instead bent down to suck on her pink nipples alternately, both actions so gentle that it felt like she was seeing heaven right in front of her.

The warm softness of the tongue and mouth, combined with the perfect suction, along with the gentle yet precise stimulation of the sensitive love channel, made Piangrawin feel like she was about to lose her mind. The middle finger stimulated the inside, while the thumb kneaded the outside until it hurt.

"Ahh..."

The young woman moaned incoherently, forgetting her shyness because the other party was too skilled at finding her sensitive spots.

"P'Song... I'm so excited, I'm going to die."

One hand of Piangrawin was gripping the bedspread until it was wrinkled, while the other dug into the other person's shoulder to release the pleasure on her body, not knowing if the older woman's skin would be bruised.

"Just a little more, I can't take it anymore! Ah! Phi.. I'm done, stop it now." The young woman moaned long and drawn out as her insides were stimulated to the peak. Her beautiful hips tensed and jerked until they were floating off the bed. Her insides were squeezing hard from the perfect orgasm.

Soft hairs stood on end all over her body. The scene before her blurred from tears of satisfaction welling at the corners of her eyes.

Piangrawin opened her mouth to take a breath until her chest shook. She let her body go naturally while Sadanun's slender fingers remained in place, allowing the soft, flexible muscles inside to squeeze and play.

"It's too exciting. When I did it myself, I didn't feel this intense."

"Wow, you're really intense. Look, you're twitching non-stop."

But that wasn't the end of it. Sadanun flipped the other person onto her stomach, making her crawl on her knees, spreading her legs wide, and pressing their upper body against the bed. This position revealed their smooth, white back. The older person then kissed that back and inserted her fingers into the warm love nest to stimulate the inner sensitive spot once again.

This time, Piangrawin felt as if she were floating. Her big round eyes slightly drooped. A tingling sensation, causing goosebumps, came over her again, making her dig her nails into the large pillow.

Unconsciously, she dug her feet into herself, thinking that tonight, the experience she had was incredibly worthwhile.

"Phi, it feels so exciting, so exciting, it's like my heart is going to burst."

"Do you like it?"

Sadanun asked while increasing her pace, until the other party's legs began to shorten, and the inside tightened, expelling a clear fluid that coated everything until it was shiny..

"I like it.. Ah, Phi, go a little slower. I'm about to cum again. I can't take it. This position is so exciting."

The smaller person shook her head, trying to move away.

But because she said herself that if she moved away, she could continue, Sadanun locked her waist and started thrusting her fingers rapidly until the smaller woman turned her face to look.

Then she collapsed again, pressing her face into the pillow and moaning muffled sounds. Hearing it made Sadanun feel the urge to release as well.

"Ah, Phi, I can't take it anymore. Sss... It's done. Please be gentler, It’s so exciting."

She asked for gentleness, and the other person eased up a bit. However, they continued moving until she felt a sharp sensation inside that wouldn't stop, her mind becoming hazy from the intoxication of overwhelming pleasure.

Even though her legs were trembling uncontrollably, the other person didn't stop her actions, causing a wave of emptiness to surge through her body, making her heart race like a drum.

"Feeling good? Just wait, I'll take care of it myself."

Saying that, did she expect her to feel a certain way? The deeper her voice, the more intense the thrill, making Piangrawin's heart race even more.

"Are you going to die?"

"...."

The older person leaned down and gently bit her back with her teeth, just enough to feel a thrill, while her hands continued to perform her duties. As pleasure approached once more, the young woman arched her hips willingly. Piangrawin's body was turning a rosy hue from the intoxication of emotions.

The girl's skin glistened with tiny beads of sweat that oozed out, making the scene even more erotic. It's just perfect. This older woman is incredibly hot and nerdy. On the outside, she looks like a neat and orderly girl, but on the bed, she becomes so captivating that it makes her want to ask for her hand in marriage.

Piangrawin can't take it anymore and tried to move away from the desire once again, her whole body tensed up. Suddenly, something unexpected happened.

"Don't run away, okay? If you act stubborn, you'll be punished."

The beautiful older woman pressed her head down onto the pillow. This is so hot. She had been dreaming for a long time with this position being pinned down like this. She never thought this nerdy girl would make her dream come true.

"Ah..! Phi, it feels so good..."

Her soft body stretched and tensed, and just like before, she reached her peak again with a shudder. Again and again, she was fed physical pleasure repeatedly until it was almost eleven o'clock. She was made to change positions this way and that, selfishly. But did she like it?

There isn't a single second when she doesn't feel pleasure. She gets so aroused that her eyes floated every time.

And the last time, the beautiful body twisted on the bed until the bed sheet was wrinkled and cold from being touched by both her fingers and mouth at the same time. The more she stimulated her, the faster the tingling feeling inside her developed.

It was a frequent and intense brush with ecstasy, just as she had mentioned in the chat before they actually met.

*S2S : I'm a fierce eater. You might need to be a little patient.*

Her current condition is almost unrecognizable. Her hair is disheveled, her face is covered in sweat, and her body is flushed from the intense emotions. Unlike Sadanun, she is still the same as before. Plus, she looks good without even a hair that is out of place. Are all the women with long hair and beautiful faces who speak politely like this?

Piangrawin raised her hand to cover her face, which was burning with the continuous arousal from the excitement and the unforgettable climax. In her mind, she could only think about how such great sex could happen to her in just one night.

Why did a premium like her only get to have sex once and it was over?

Why didn't they continue it more often? At least not a second or third time. Because if she let someone who made love to her specifications slip away, she would definitely regret it until she died.

"What's wrong? Why are you covering your face?"

After the other person had just climaxed for who knows how many times, Sadanun stopped her hand to let her take a breath.

"It's really good,"

Piangrawin replied, her face glistening with sweat, before deciding to ask about the other person's restrictions.

"Phi, can we meet more often?"

"Why? Just a few times and you're already hooked?"

The question sounded rude. The young woman bent down to kiss the beautiful eyelids, moist with tears of joy. Normally, she didn't do this with every woman; she only did it when the person was comforting.

"Yes, I’ve developed feelings for you. And if you don’t mind, I’d like to be more than just that. Can’t we take our relationship to the next level? I really like you. I liked you from the very first moment I saw you."

Piangrawin thought they had agreed on something casual, but she couldn’t stop herself. She had made Piangrawin fall for her at first sight. She liked everything about her. She truly liked her.

Her sweet, beautiful face smiled softly, but she froze for a few seconds and then her expression changed instantly when she heard those words.

“I’m not in the mood anymore. If you want to stay, go ahead. I’m going home.”

A sinking feeling rose from her stomach to her heart when she suddenly sighed, pulled away from her quickly, adjusted her clothes, and looked like she was about to leave.

“W-Wait… I’m sorry. I just—”

She looked shocked, quickly pulling a blanket to cover herself and reached out to hold her wrist. But she pulled her hand back sharply, as if she was truly upset.

“I told you—I don’t want love. I don’t want a girlfriend. If you’re thinking of anything more with me, then this is the end. And don’t contact me again. I don’t like people who go back on their word.”

The woman she admired turned to her with a cold look, completely different from before, grabbed her things, and walked away—leaving her alone on the bed. Just because she had feelings for her, she suddenly became distant? Where did the warmth from earlier go? Or was it just in her head? “Wait…!”

***Bang!***

She even slammed the door on her way out, clearly annoyed.

Piangrawin wanted to beat herself up for what she had done. Her one moment of happiness was now ruined. It was strange how she didn’t want love at all. Did she love her work that much that she couldn’t open her heart to anyone?

Well, someone like her—jobless and aimless—what would she understand about people like her?

With that thought, she laid back on the bed, staring blankly. She had never been on a date or made love only to be dumped like this afterward. Was this what it felt like to be used and thrown away?

But now that it was done, and she realized she had crossed a line, all she could do was lie there, sighing in frustration.

*Whatever...*

If she’s not the one, then maybe she’s just not meant to be her true love. Not ending up together wasn't really surprising after all.

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The young researcher’s dark eyebrows furrowed slightly as she recalled that night, the memory stirring irritation in her chest.

"It shouldn't have turned out like that. I chose carefully, picked a woman who seemed perfect. More than 99% of the time, they say what they mean and stick to it. But it just had to be that 1%—this very person—who turned out to be the problem. I thought everything would go smoothly, but she kept showing up, calling me nonstop. And now what? Are you saying I was the one at fault that night?"

How bold of her to make demands.

“So? Remember anything yet?”

"Listen..."

Sadanun crossed her arms and leaned in to speak coldly by the other woman’s ear.

"Thanks for the update, not that I ever wanted it."

But instead of backing down, the younger woman’s expression turned fierce —like a crazed rabbit—and she jabbed a finger into Sadanun’s chest before launching into a tirade.

"Do you even realize what you did that night? You nearly made it so I couldn’t walk! You shoved your fingers in, kissed me until my lips went numb, and practically devoured my breasts. And do you know what was worst of all? You left me. Just left me there. You made me feel worthless— like I meant nothing to you."

She’d been scolded many times before, but this time, Piangrawin stormed forward with a glare, unleashing a torrent of frustration so intense that Sadanun instinctively stepped back, swallowing hard.

"Why are you shouting? Someone might hear you."

"I want to shout!"

"Stop yelling!"

Sadanun grabbed her shoulders, trying to calm things down.

“When two people have sex, what do you expect me to do—Perform a ceremonial dance for you? And besides, weren’t you the one who broke the agreement?”

“But I really like you, P’Song. I only asked to date you. Why do you have to be so mean?”

With those words and that hurt expression, the younger woman once again looked downcast. She always wanted to win—just once—but she kept losing to Sadanun every time, because she liked her too much.

“Sigh... I’m too tired to argue. Stay if you want, but please be quiet. I need to concentrate,”

Sadanun stopped caring about the other party.

“Do you need to concentrate when eating?”

“Mind your business,”

Sadanun snapped, frowning at her until the smaller woman instinctively hunched her shoulders and shrank back a bit. When the elevator doors opened, Sadanun immediately stepped inside. But her annoying little shadow followed right behind, clinging to her like a persistent tick.

People around them glanced over, whispering. She didn’t even need to guess what they were saying—it was obvious the rumor about the chairman’s daughter chasing her around like a puppy would be all over the office in no time.

All this trouble from just one night. She practically threw the bait out and hooked herself—and now she couldn’t shake this clingy little tick off no matter what.

# Chapter 09: Acting Like an Old Lady

It was exactly 11 a.m. on Friday, the time Sadanun had an appointment to come to the employee lounge to meet with Mun and give an interview. Usually, every day around this time, Piangrawin would show up with some kind of dessert. But luckily today, the spoiled little rich girl didn’t come and mess things up.

Sadanun sat down and adjusted her clothes to look neat. The area was a large open space with tables, chairs, couches, and a small café inside the company. Employees were coming and going constantly.

This place was busiest during three times: before work, lunch break, and after work. But today, the whole area had a sign saying it was closed for use since the morning. It was being set up specially for filming the interview.

“Can you please check the questions one more time to make sure you're okay with them? If there’s anything you’re not okay with, I can remove it,” Mun said.

Sadanun, dressed in a light blue long-sleeved shirt and black pants, looked calmly at the paper in her hand. She had already read the questions beforehand. Some were about her love life, which seemed a bit unnecessary, but she didn’t mind.

She figured it was normal to include a few fun or juicy questions to make the interview more interesting, since most of them were quite serious. Otherwise, the audience might get bored.

“Hmm… it’s fine. No problem,” she replied.

After she confirmed, Mun did a final check. The cameraman gave the signal, and the script was ready.

“Okay, I’ll go ahead and start the interview now,” Mun said.

As the interview began, Piangrawin — who had been involved with planning this from the start — was secretly watching from the upper floor. She looked down at Sadanun with sparkling eyes.

She quietly took out her phone to snap a picture, because Sadanun was totally her type — the kind of sapphic woman she’d been searching for. This time, she wasn’t going to miss her chance.

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“I heard that 126 Food gives out an award for outstanding researchers every year. And in the past three years, you’ve won that award even though you’re still so young. Could you please introduce yourself formally again?”

“I’m Sadanun Warakit. I’m a food researcher at 126 Food, and I’ve received the 126 Mega Excellence Award three years in a row. I earned it because the research I worked very hard on has been developed further in many projects.”

“We’d love to know what you studied to become a food researcher here. It might help guide younger people who want to follow in your footsteps.”

“I studied Food Science. Basically, we learn about the chemical makeup of food, study the molecular structure of nutrients, food processing, quality control, and food safety. Anyone who enjoys chemistry or microbiology might really like it.”

She glanced across the rest area where a few researchers from other teams were watching. That was all she said. She avoided mentioning that she graduated with first-class honors because she didn’t want to make the other researchers feel annoyed or jealous.

After all, it wasn’t just her who wanted to win the Excellence Award— every researcher hoped for it. But not everyone gets to win the 126 Mega. “Oh, so that means you must be really good at cooking too, right?”

“I love cooking with all my heart. To say that I’m good at it wouldn’t be as good as the chef.”

“So… do you have a special someone to taste your food yet?”

The question made her smile slightly and politely and answered frankly.

"No, not yet. I don't have anyone, and I don't intend to."

With that answer, which her best friend had been eagerly waiting for, Mun went quiet. Now, she could easily say whether her friend, Piangrawin, would be successful in love this time or not.

"I love working more. I dedicate every second to researching food, improving taste and quality to match both the selling price and cost, so it’s worthwhile for both the consumer and the company. That’s why I’ve cut love out of my life."

The interviewer gave a tight-lipped smile, unsure of how far her friend was lost in daydreams by now.

"Is that why you win the 126 Mega Excellence Award every year, Ms. Sadanun?"

"That could be it. I really wanted this award, and I want to keep winning it for as long as I can. This award is proof that I love this job and have dedicated my heart to the company."

"They say food researchers often work hard, stuck in the lab. Do you have an ideal partner who could love you and still fit into your work-heavy lifestyle?"

Finally, the important question. Even though Sadanun had already decided in her heart that it would never happen — she would never fall in love or have a partner until she died alone — if she had to answer to keep the tone of the interview light, she was ready to give a more engaging reply.

The woman adjusted her posture to appear a bit more relaxed, offering a small, pleasant smile.

"If I really had to choose, it would probably be a quiet woman — someone rational, not dramatic, not attention-seeking, and not overly controlling. I love working so much. If I had to waste my work time on a partner who constantly nags or sulks because I didn’t reply to a chat or responded late because I was busy... then I wouldn’t be happy. If I had to deal with that, I’d rather stay single and marry my work until retirement."

That was the end of it… She gave the other person a calm smile.

Even though she said her type was a woman, the personality she described was the complete opposite of her friend Piangrawin. No need to even try flirting — it was obvious it wouldn't work out.

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The interview took quite a bit of time to finish.

After the first break with the question about love, there were several more questions delving into her work and career. Sadanun gathered her belongings and walked straight to the youngest team member, Phakjira, who was waiting in front of the coffee shop with a smile and two cups of coffee, clearly waiting for her.

As soon as she arrived, the younger woman immediately handed her one of the cups.

"You were so cool just now, P’Song. This coffee is from the badminton coupon you won. P'Namphrao gave it to me to get the drinks as a little congratulatory gesture — for you being the face of our team today."

"Thanks. Let’s head back to work."

The woman reached out to take the cup, then turned around, ready to head back to her office. But the younger woman quickly stepped in front of her, clearly not wanting her to leave yet, glancing at her watch.

"Wait a sec. It's only fifteen minutes until lunch break. Why don’t we go eat now? By the time we take the elevator and get to the office, it’ll already take about three minutes. Then there’ll only be twelve minutes left."

"Still, twelve minutes is plenty of time. I’ll get back to work first. Let’s go eat at exactly noon — you can go ahead without me."

The tall woman gave her reason and started walking toward the elevator, but the other kept pace with her, not giving up.

"Ploy has something to tell you. Just now…"

"What is it?"

"Ploy saw P'Piang too. She was standing on the mezzanine above, watching you. She's probably still around there. Should we call her over. Wanna grab a meal together?"

"No."

"But she is the boss's sister. Asking her to eat with us is like asking the boss to join us too. It's like a celebrate Phi Song's special event. Plus, I think you'd really enjoy it. Eating with a group is fun, right?"

Sadanun suddenly stopped walking. The tall figure turned to look at the youngest team member, making her shrink under his gaze.

"If we're going to eat, then we'll go. But stop messing around and poking your nose into things between me and Khun Phiang. If you keep this up, I won't talk to you anymore—or teach you anything. Got it?"

She leaned down slightly to talk to the much shorter junior, pointed a finger at her in warning, then casually slipped her hand back into her pocket and walked confidently into the elevator.

"Jeez... why so serious?"

Even though her voice was low and calm, it made Phakjira look down in defeat. She wasn’t upset because her idol scolded her—she was just bummed she turned down such a good chance. Seriously, who turns down an opportunity like that? It’s like a perfect diamond was handed to her, but she chose work instead.

"So, how’d it go, Nong Ploy?"

As soon as the stern-faced one left, Phiangrawin stepped out from her hiding spot. Earlier, she had run into Phakjira, who was secretly watching Sadanun during the scoop filming too, so they got to talk a bit.

Phakjira even offered to play Cupid so the two of them could spend more time together by inviting her to lunch. But it seemed like today she’d be eating on disappointment instead of food.

"The workaholic has gone back to work. That’s just how P’Song is. If it’s not yet the end of the workday, she won’t leave. And sometimes, even after work hours, she still doesn’t go anywhere. She’s stricter than a ruler!"

"Such a workaholic… acts like an old lady."

Piangrawin pouted, grumbling that her crush didn’t seem to have any sense of fun, even though she wasn’t even past her early twenties. She’s still young—why does she act like she’s forty already?

"But I think P’Piang just needs to help P’Song loosen up a bit when it comes to work. You just need to be a little patient and put some effort into pleasing her. Honestly, you’re the best match for her,"

Said Phakjira, someone close in age, delivering a line that struck right to the heart. The small bit of frustration she had been feeling suddenly disappeared. If someone who knew Sadanun better than she did said she was a good match, then it must be true. Maybe Sadanun just hadn’t realized yet that she was the real gem right in front of her.

"Thanks a lot. I’ll head off now. See you later!"

The young woman waved goodbye and walked off to follow her friend, who had told her she'd be waiting at the car. They came together today because they wanted to talk about love.

"Come on, Mun. Let’s go eat at our usual place. I’m absolutely starving."

As soon as she got in the already-started car and closed the door, Piangrawin spoke up. If earlier, Phakjira had invited Sadanun and she agreed, she’d probably be off eating with her right now and sending Sadanun back to her company afterward. Too bad she wasn’t ready to go start a mental war with that grumpy-faced girl just yet—she was way too hungry to deal with that.

"I sent you the footage from today’s interview. Watch it and see if her answers match what you were hoping for."

Her friend sent the video and started driving straight to their regular restaurant. Piangrawin stared at the video for a moment. After finishing it, she dropped her phone back into her bag, crossed her arms, and sighed in disappointment.

"So? Happy with her interview answers?"

"So happy I could bow down to her. Her type is nothing like me—not even close,"

She replied sarcastically. Her answers were like signs closing off every possible route to her. Her type clearly matched someone like Matika— completely opposite of her, like the sky and the sea.

“Exactly. You’re hopeless now. Go ahead and find your next love.”

“No way.”

“What? You’re still not giving up?”

“I’ll never give up. I’m going to pursue P'Song. It has to be her and only her. Because I live by the motto ‘Only those who buy can rule the world.’”

The young woman crossed her arms and raised her chin indifferently. So what if she wasn’t Sadanun's type today? And even if she was tired of love and wanted to stay single—she would make her beg for her love one day. And she has to be the only one who has that solid heart.

That icy wolf would have to bow down to a little bunny like her.

“But if it doesn’t work, she'll get annoyed.”

Mun Duean warned her friend out of genuine concern. But whether her friend would actually listen… well, that was another story. Piangrawin had never done things half-heartedly.

“Even if she gets annoyed, I’ll be stubborn. I don’t care. I’ll do everything I can until she becomes my wife. Because P'Song is my soulmate—the one heaven sent to me. I knew it the very second I saw her face. She’s my wife.”

“I’m telling you, it’s not going to work,”

Mun said seriously. She actually sympathized with Sadanun because she knew what kind of person Piangrawin was. From working on a few shoots together, it was obvious she was extremely focused on her work and didn’t care about anyone—no matter how angelically beautiful they were.

She showed absolutely no signs of being into someone like Piangrawin, and she clearly found overly clingy people annoying. Mun was worried her friend would just end up being a burden in her life.

“It’ll work. It has to work. I’ve already secretly named our future twins.”

“What are their names, Miss Delusional?”

“Nong Nirin and Nong Nira. If we get married, I’ll give birth to cute twin girls. I’ve imagined the scene of P'Song helping me warm up milk while taking care of our kids. That image is just too adorable. And once the kids grow up a bit, I might even have a third one—maybe a baby boy. Just imagining it makes me feel giddy, Mun!”

Piangrawin covered her blushing face with her hands, completely unashamed of her fantasy. She was so giddy she even reached out and playfully pushed Mun’s arm—while Mun was driving—almost making the car swerve.

“Alright, whatever makes you happy…”

Seeing her friend fantasize so vividly despite having zero chance made Mun roll her eyes and sigh at her friend’s stubborn ambition.

But oh well, she knew exactly how Piangrawin was. If she didn’t succeed in winning her over, she’d just move on and search for another love in her usual lesbian bar anyway. Someone like Piangrawin never got hung up on one person for long.

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# Chapter 10: (Not) a Coincidence

During the day, she was filming at the stupa. In the afternoon, she had a meeting for a new project. After work, she had a two-hour clothing shoot for a Thai fashion brand. Even though her schedule was packed, Sadanun never felt tired because it was work she genuinely enjoyed and felt okay doing.

In truth, she never really wanted to be a model herself—but she took the job because she wanted to do it in place of her twin sister. If Nueng were still around, she would have become the model just like she always dreamed.

Today was more special than usual because she brought Phakjira along.

Since they had just discussed a new project during the afternoon meeting, Phakjira asked to tag along to the shoot so Sadanun could continue mentoring her. Luckily, the shoot didn’t take long since she didn’t need to get a new makeup look for the camera.

“We’re done now. Would you be free to have dinner with us?”

A crew member asked, as they often did after a shoot. But, as always, she never accepted the invitation.

“Thanks for the invite, but it’s okay. I already have plans.”

Once everything was wrapped up, she changed back into her own clothes and led her tagalong companion to the car.

While Phakjira stood jotting down the tips her senior had just shared, Sadanun picked up her phone to call her mother. She figured after dropping the overly eager kid off, she’d go grab a drink with her friend Apple—since now, she no longer made Friday, Saturday, or Sunday plans with her girls for casual sexual encounters.

She wasn’t exactly sure why—maybe because the whole one-night stand thing with Piangrawin had left her feeling too emotionally drained to bother finding someone new for now.

“Yes, Mom. Tell Dad and Grandma too that I’m going out with Apple. I might go back to the apartment after, or if I get drunk, I’ll crash at her place like usual.”

After hanging up, she glanced at the younger woman to check if she was still doing okay with this “extra class.” Phakjira was still very new, and it would take time before she could become a skilled food researcher. "Let's see… looking pretty good now. You're a quick learner."

Receiving such a direct compliment made the younger woman smile brightly with satisfaction. And because Phakjira had overheard earlier that

Sadanun was heading out for the night, a clever idea popped into her head.

"Can I come along too?"

"Why aren’t you heading home? I’m going out with a friend."

"I want to come too! I can keep learning from you. If I go home and I have questions, texting you might not be convenient. Please let me come, I won’t be a bother."

She raised three fingers as a pledge, swearing she’d behave—but the older woman gently pushed her hand down, clearly not wanting her to go that far.

"Fine. You can come. But it might get late."

Phakjira beamed and hopped into the car, clearly pleased. As soon as they hit the road, she casually asked which bar they were headed to and what it was called. Once she got the name, this little self-appointed Cupid immediately fired off the location to Piangrawin. Luckily, they had exchanged contact info earlier.

If Sadanun was ever going to find love in this lifetime—and if it wasn’t going to be with their highly respected boss Matika—then Phakjira's top pick was Piangrawin.

It didn’t take long for them to arrive at the bar. Sadanun had already told her friend to meet her there. All the elegant "pet cats" of the place were playing their roles well, and the moment they arrived, little Phakjira found a furry companion—perfect for an animal lover like her.

"Ploy, this is my friend Apple. Apple, this is Ploy, the youngest on my team."

When they got to the table, Sadanun introduced the two women to each other.

And the moment Phakjira looked up from the cat in her arms and made eye contact—she froze. Her face flushed red in an instant.

A light blush crept up her face because the woman sitting before her was so beautiful and charming it made her heart flutter. Her large round eyes involuntarily scanned from head to toe. The woman in front of her was in her late twenties, with a slender figure clad in a sexy dress slit high enough to reveal her thighs.

Her light brown wavy hair highlighted her radiant face, and her beautiful, friendly smile felt so inviting—as if she wanted to get closer and become familiar.

She had never looked at anyone who made her heartbeat quicken like this. The younger woman swallowed hard as she examined the stunning woman in detail, just before the other greeted her and snapped her out of her daze.

"Hello, Ploy. You're so cute. Do you love animals too?"

“Uh… yes. Hello. You're very beautiful too.”

“Would you like to sit closer to me? This seat is still available. And so is my heart.”

Phakjira let the kitten down. After such a direct invitation, she felt flustered, overwhelmed by the woman’s beauty to the point of almost fainting. Especially after that last sentence and the interested gaze. But as if luck was still on her side, the person who had invited her here suddenly appeared like a lifesaver right on cue.

“P’Piang,”

The young woman called to the newcomer. Everyone turned to look in the same direction—toward the owner of a sweet yet bold face, dressed in a youthful and cheerful dress, walking toward them with a bright smile.

“Oh! What a coincidence to see you here,”

Said Piangrawin excitedly as she rushed over, standing close as if it was a chance encounter—even though she had hurried over right after reading Phakjira's message.

“Ploy, did you tell her we’d be here?”

Sadanun didn’t believe it was a coincidence. The alluring woman looked at the uninvited guest, then turned to her junior companion, whose stammering response only made things more suspicious.

“N-no, it’s not like that. I didn’t say anything,”

Phakjira stammered, even though she had gone to sit beside Phichika despite only just meeting her. Who knew if she even realized what she was doing.

Sadanun narrowed her eyes at the younger girl. Phakjira hunched her shoulders and lowered her head in a way that only made her look more suspicious, enough for Phichika to chuckle knowingly.

So it really was true. It wasn’t a coincidence at all. She was convinced that meddlesome little Phakjira had been the one to tell that Holland Lop bunny girl to come, pretending to be a coincidence.

“With so many seats around, why are you squeezing in here?”

Sadanun dropped into a seat opposite her close friend and quickly raised her hand to stop Piangrawin, who looked like she was about to sit down right next to her—without an ounce of manners.

“Absolutely not. You're not sitting here. We didn’t come together, so don’t sit near me. Go find your own table,”

She said, pointing at her like scolding a puppy. Piangrawin pouted, clearly annoyed.

“Oh, you’re guarding yourself like you’re a monk who can’t be near women.”

“There’s no reason you need to sit with me. We’re not close.”

“Then why does this person get to sit next to you?” “My name’s Apple,” the woman said.

“I’ve been friends with Song since we were in school.”

“Oh… friends, huh?”

Piangrawin nodded slowly. Finally, she had her answer. The woman who was with Sadanun that day wasn’t some secret lover—just a friend.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Piang, daughter of the president of the company P'Song works at. And I’d really like to get closer to her.”

“Nice greeting. Now please go find your own table.”

Since she clearly wasn’t welcome to sit with them, Piangrawin gave up. She looked left, then right, and picked the nearest table instead—just so she could still watch the person she liked most.

"Then I'll sit right here. If you change your mind and want someone sitting next to you, just say the word."

Piangrawin gave her a doe-eyed look. Sadanun rolled her eyes and looked away. She had no interest in sitting near someone who would keep ogling her like that—but even if she moved tables, this shameless princess would probably just follow her anyway.

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While the three of them ordered drinks—opting for light alcohol since they'd be driving home—Piangrawin, sitting close by, sipped something mildly bitter and occasionally glanced over at Sadanun, careful not to make her uncomfortable, while also eavesdropping a bit on the conversation.

"How old are you, Ploy? You seem so focused. Even on a night out, you're still working!"

Phakjira had pulled out her notebook and was scribbling down notes, planning to ask Sadanun to review her work later. Phichika, curious about the cute junior from her friend’s team, started with a casual question to get to know her better.

"I'm twenty-three. I want to be as good at this as P’Song, so I'm trying to learn as much as I can."

Phichika flicked her gaze toward her friend across the table, who was eyeing her suspiciously. She smirked playfully, then threw in a sly question about love—because from the moment she saw Ploy, she was intrigued.

She never expected Sadanun's team to have such a charming junior who was exactly her type. Sure, Phichika had plenty of spicy FWB situations and was known for her boldness in the bedroom, but she still had an ideal type when it came to women—unlike Sadanun, who had shut her heart away for the past eight years.

"Someone as cute as you, I bet your partner must be super protective. I'm surprised you're out here with just two of your seniors."

"I don’t have a partner, actually. And besides, P’Song is just like a real sister to me."

That answer made the sly one in Sadanun's eyes smirk slightly at the corner of her lips.

"But going out this late… your parents must worry a lot, right?"

Phichika asked casually.

The other girl just gave a faint smile and lowered her head to continue writing. Seeing this, Sadanun leaned forward, propped her elbow on the table, and whispered in her best friend's ear—a quiet warning to stop steering the conversation toward family matters.

“Ploy has been an orphan since birth. Don’t ask her too much about it, or she might cry.”

Hearing that, the beautiful and bold woman softened her expression a bit and tried to change the subject.

“Ploy already has Song as a big sister, right? So maybe you can have one more. I’m single and I’ve got plenty of time for you. But just so you know, I’m not really the ‘big sister’ type.”

That question made Phakjira blink in surprise. She put her pen down and looked at the beautiful woman in front of her. When the woman gave her a charming smile and leaned in a little—close enough that she could smell her sexy perfume—Phakjira didn’t know how to react.

Her face started to feel hot, and her heart was beating fast, though she didn’t understand why.

It wasn’t that the woman was being too aggressive—it was just that Phakjira couldn’t handle how flustered she felt.

“Um… P-Ploy’s going to the bathroom real quick, okay? Can you check the work for me, P'Song? I’ll be right back,”

She said awkwardly, pushing her notebook over to the other side of the table. She glanced between the two women nervously, then stood up stiffly and walked away.

Once the youngest girl had stepped away, Sadanun leaned over to whisper to her friend with a frown, knowing exactly what the woman was trying to do.

Even though Phakjira wasn’t her real sister and could be a bit nosy when it came to her love life, she still cared for her like a younger sibling. And it looked like Phakjira was about to fall into a trap—hard—because she was so innocent and naive.

“Apple, why are you flirting with her like that? Don’t you feel guilty, having flings with tons of girls?”

But Phichika just covered her mouth and giggled playfully.

“Oh please, don’t worry about my FWB stuff. Sure, I’ve got a few girls right now, but if I ever meet the right one, I’ll stop. Actually, I’ve been looking for someone who could make me stop. And I think I just found her.”

"I still haven’t seen any sign of it,"

She interrupted. The person sitting across from her just smiled and shook their head lightly.

"Maybe I already have, but it’s just not the right time to prove it yet."

That mysterious comment made Sadanun raise an eyebrow, clearly curious about what her best friend meant.

"Wait, are you into Ploy? You’ve only just met her, like, less than an hour ago."

"People can fall in love in just one second, you know? Like that girl—I saw the way she looked at you just now. One second was enough to see what she feels for you."

Sadanun followed her friend’s gaze toward the girl sitting nearby. She noticed how the girl was obviously pretending not to look their way— acting oddly suspicious. Phichika was probably right, but she didn’t care.

"Whatever. But you better not make Ploy your FWB. She’s been through enough already. Let her find something good in life."

"Wow, protective much? You act like she’s your real little sister."

Pitchika almost said she wished she had a younger sister because she missed having siblings, but stopped herself—it felt like it would ruin the mood.

"She’s just a good kid who works hard. Anyone would feel protective of her."

"Okay, then I’ll go after her. And I’m telling you because you’re like her sister."

"Do what you want, I’m not stopping you. Just treat her well, that’s all I ask."

"Hmm… but look at you. You keep staring at her like that—if looks could eat someone, she’d be gone by now,"

Pitchika teased as she glanced again at the girl nearby, who had been secretly watching her friend every time she thought no one noticed. "That girl? She wouldn’t know how to make a move on anyone."

Sadanun lowered her voice, glancing at the third person in their conversation. Look at her—eavesdropping like that. Where’d her manners go?

"Wouldn’t know how to make a move?"

"Yeah,"

She replied calmly, grabbing her drink and sipping it, crossing her legs like she had nothing to worry about. Pitchika pointed a finger at her suspiciously.

“How do you know that? Don’t tell me you’ve eaten it before.”

"What the—Apple! Did a ghost possess you or something?"

But when her best friend came right out and asked like that, Sadanun choked on her drink and frowned deeply, annoyed that she was the cause of this mess.

She seriously wanted to smack her a little for that. Still, Pitchika just smiled knowingly like she already figured everything out, then scooted over like she always did whenever she was ready to gossip about something big.

“So it’s true, right? Did you eat her?”

"....."

"Ah, that explains it... I was wondering why Ploy was stuck to you like glue. Looks like you messed up this time, girl. You got someone who’s actually catching feelings—and it seems like she’s serious, too."

Pitchika already knew Sadanun’s type.

Sadanun glanced at the girl sitting not too far away. She was pretending not to look again—acting suspicious just like before. That gave Sadanun an idea—something that might get the girl to leave so she could finally breathe a bit.

"Apple, since we’ve been friends since college, can you do me a favor?"

"Depends. Tell me what it is, and if I can help, I will."

"Can you kiss me? Just to make that girl over there jealous."

Sadanun leaned in and whispered it close to her ear so only the two of them could hear.

"You serious?"

Pitchika raised her eyebrows.

"Sure, help me out. I want that woman to get away from us. I’ve told her many times that I don’t want a girlfriend, but she still follows me. She’s been following me for a while now. And since she's the boss's sister, she can follow me all the time,"

She firmly stated her intention, right before seeing her friend’s red lipstickcovered lips smirk. She knew immediately that was her answer.

"If you ask for it, I can do it. It's a piece of cake."

Seeing that customers at other tables wouldn’t notice them due to the privacy of the seating, Phichika dared to do something bold — even if it looked indecent.

With a slight arch of her beautiful brows, the sexy woman stood up and moved to sit on her friend's lap. She took her hand and placed it on her own waist, then lifted her friend’s chin and suddenly kissed her without a care in the world, shocking her wide-eyed.

Phichika pressed her soft lips against the small ones passionately, tasting the sweet flavor of the drink still lingering in her mouth. The vivid red lipstick smeared all over their lips. Even though the other girl stiffened slightly, she managed to keep control of the situation. When she asked for help, she never did anything half-heartedly.

*Gasp!*

Because she had been watching the whole time, Piangrawin saw the scene unfold crystal clear. The young woman covered her mouth in shock, eyes wide, stunned by the heart-wrenching sight before her. Her Sadanun was kissing the one who claimed to be "just a friend" more intensely than she had ever kissed her. Or... was that "friend" just a fake title?

*What kind of friends kiss like that?!*

Not only was the image painful to look at, but the erotic sounds of their kiss stung her heart even more. A ringing began in her ears, heat rising in her body. Unable to bear it any longer, she quickly stood up and fled to hide in another corner, hand pressed to her thudding chest.

*"They said they were just friends. So why are they kissing like that?"*

Piangrawin wanted to cry. And this was happening in a semi-public place — what if they went somewhere private and things went further? No, she couldn't let that happen. Otherwise, her love would be doomed.

Wait... could the kiss have been a setup to trick her? What reason could they have to suddenly kiss like that? Piangrawin suddenly had a realization. Her slightly red lips curled into a knowing smile. So they think this would make her stop caring?

If that’s the case, it’s time for a surprise counterattack!

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# Chapter 11: Drunk Without Drinking

Sadanun gave her friend a few light slaps on the waist to snap her out of it. She could tell the sweet little bunny was mentally checked out. When those warm lips finally pulled away and that hand let go of her face, she gasped for air, frowning in confusion.

"Well? How was that? Smooth, right? Looked totally real, not even a little fake."

"I just asked you to pretend to kiss me. Do you even know what pretend means? You didn’t have to go all in with the tongue!"

She complained, making a face. Never in her life had she imagined kissing her own friend. Now that she had, she just wanted to dunk her face in an ice bucket to shock herself back to reality.

"I don’t know how to fake it. A kiss is a kiss. If you wanna fool that girl, you better not act so shy, Miss Popular. Didn’t you see her eyes? She’s totally into you. If you mess this up, you’ll be walking out of here in a relationship."

Phichika poked her friend in the chest and then strutted back to her seat, crossing her legs with flair. Just a little peck? No way that would’ve convinced that girl. One look in her eyes and it was clear — she was seriously into Sadanun.

"And another thing — that kiss? It proves wolves and hyenas just don’t mix. Some people can make it work, but not me."

As she spoke, she reached over with a tissue to wipe her lipstick off her friend's lips. Phichika had once had a crush on her back in school — Sadanun was seriously pretty. But they quickly realized their chemistry was just off. No spark. Even though Phichika was totally her type, it was like trying to love a fancy steak when all she really craved was soft tuna sashimi — like that sweet kid.

"Yeah, well... thanks. You think she bought it?"

"She walked out looking totally heartbroken. Pretty sure she believed it. She’s probably halfway home crying her eyes out by now."

Hearing that, Sadanun let out a deep breath and leaned back in her seat, finally feeling relieved. Her slender fingers brushed her hair back without thinking. Honestly, it was all her face’s fault — always getting her into these messy situations.

At the office, that women stared at her. Now even at a bar, she had followed her here. Sometimes, she was just so annoyed that her looks made life more complicated.

"Sigh… it’s all because I’m too pretty. That’s why the world has been shaken."

"Oh wow, okay Miss Gorgeous! You’re so pretty, Dr. Charms-and-Talents,” Phichika teased.

“But seriously, I’m only helping you this once. After this, I’m gonna behave and start trying to win over someone I actually like. I’ve been single long enough — it’s time for a new love story."

The sharp-eyed researcher gave her friend a tired look. With that comment, it was clear Phichika had set her sights on flirting with that girl, Phakjira. But Sadanun didn’t care anymore who her friend flirted with. Right now, all she cared about was getting Piangrawin out of her life once and for all.

After Phakjira came back from the restroom, the three of them sat down, sipping light drinks and chatting casually. Meanwhile, Piangrawin had returned to her seat acting strangely cold and distant. She kept ordering drinks one after another — and not just anything, she even ordered a whole bottle of tequila and downed it like she was trying to drown her sorrows.

Phichika, who noticed what was going on more clearly than anyone, nudged her friend to look.

“Song, I think she’s drinking way too much. Drinking that much is dangerous,”

Phichika said quietly to Sadanun.

Phakjira, confused by their comments, glanced at the woman sitting not far from them, then asked the girls sitting together.

“Why is she so heartbroken? Did something happen while Ploy was away? Why is P’Piang acting like that? And why is she drinking so much?”

“It’s nothing, don’t overthink. Maybe she just usually drinks like that,”

Sadanun replied flatly, sounding uninterested. The girl who asked looked even more confused, so Sadanun added to keep her from worrying too much—even though she was a bit concerned herself, seeing Piangrawin drink that much. She cared because she was Boss Matmee’s little sister, after all.

“Let’s not get involved in other people’s business. It’s late—we should probably head back now.”

While the three of them were chatting and getting ready to leave, the messy-haired girl sitting alone at her table smiled quietly to herself.

Piangrawin sipped her oolong tea—which she had swapped for tequila— and pretended to be very drunk.

She sat there giggling by herself, then suddenly stood up, acting like she was wasted, and went straight to sit on the lap of the woman she liked.

“P’Song…”

“Hey! What’s going on?”

Sadanun was shocked when the “drunk” girl just plopped down on her lap with no warning. Her dreamy eyes looked up, arms wrapped around her neck, face resting against her chest—right as Sadanun was about to stand up and leave. Talk about bad timing.

“I like P’Song. Stay with me, okay?”

She mumbled into Sadanun’s neck, making her whole body feel warm for a moment. Warm hands gently held her waist as memories from that night flashed back in her mind.

Her soft body lay on her lap, smelling sweetly of women’s perfume with no trace of alcohol at all—even though she was speaking right at her neck. Why did she seem so delicate and precious like this?

The young woman felt her body warm up slightly as she got close to this big bunny-like girl. But before she could let her imagination run wild,

Sadanun quickly closed her eyes and shook her head to clear her thoughts.

"Hey, are you even conscious? Get up already."

Her voice had softened, and her slender hand patted the other’s waist, trying to snap her out of it—but the girl seemed to have fallen asleep. The drunk woman’s body went limp, forcing her to support her with her arms. Both Phichika and Phakjira looked at each other with worried expressions that matched exactly how she felt right now.

“I think this is serious, Song. She saw us kiss like that. This is classic heartbreak behavior. I’d be sad too.”

The owner of the sexy figure crossed her arms and shared her opinion. She hadn’t planned on letting Phakjira know about this—only for Phichika to slip up and spill the beans herself.

When she realized what she’d said, she widened her eyes and quickly slapped her hand over her mouth, freezing in place from her own carelessness. The girl she had been trying to flirt with turned sharply to look at her, then at her best friend, eyes wide with surprise.

“What! You two kissed? Why did you kiss?”

Seeing the younger girl’s shocked reaction, Phichika quickly waved her hands to explain and prevent any further misunderstanding.

“It’s not like that. I only kissed her to fool that pretty girl into leaving Song alone. Song asked me for help, so I just did it as a favor. There was no romantic feeling behind it at all,”

Phichika stammered, afraid the girl might get the wrong idea.

Even though she felt it had been inappropriate, Phakjira was more concerned about the woman who had passed out drunk here. She was Boss’s younger sister. If it had been a stranger, maybe she wouldn’t care so much—but not in this case.

While the three of them were flustered, only Piangrawin remained calm and collected, secretly smiling even though she was pretending to sleep. That fake kiss... so they really did it, huh? Now that she knew for sure, it made her trust her own instincts even more.

“What should we do, Song? We can’t just leave her like this. She’s Boss’s little sister. If her big sister finds out she’s in this state, she’ll be worried.”

“I’ll call Boss myself.”

Since those who had worked closely with Boss all had a way to contact her, Sadanun took out her phone to call her boss, though she felt a little bad about doing it so late. Still, after waiting until the call rang out with no answer, she considered calling again but feeling so hesitant.

“Not picking up—maybe the boss went to bed early.”

Because she'd worked closely with the boss for many years, Sadanun knew well enough that her boss was quite health-conscious. That household was probably already asleep. But it was the younger one who was the problem —limp and passed out on her lap, and she had no idea where to take her.

She didn’t even know where her house was. The girl had no awareness at all. How could she drink to the point of blacking out?

“So what should we do? Should we take her back to your place?”

Phichika suggested a solution. But Sadanun, who had always tried to keep her home life private, wasn’t about to let someone know where she lived that easily. Even her closest colleagues didn’t know what her house looked like, or anything about her family.

“Not a good idea. I’ll handle this myself... Ploy, can you make it back on your own?”

“Is your place far, Nong Ploy?”

Before Phakjira could even answer, someone eager to deepen the acquaintance quickly jumped in with a question.

“Oh, my condo’s about fifteen minutes from here.”

“Then let me take you. I really want to get to know you better.”

With the stark height difference between them—like a vampire towering over Little Red Riding Hood—when the beautiful face leaned in close, Phakjira could feel the blood rushing through her veins, heating her up.

The younger girl turned away, trying to stifle a smile, nose flaring slightly. She was clearly flustered from being flirted with all night.

*“Ploy, don’t be desperate. Just turn her down,”*

She told herself silently before turning back to reply.

“Alright, thank you—sorry to trouble you.”

Sadanun, who had been looking down at the warm body sleeping on her lap, glanced up quickly at that response, surprise flashing in her eyes. So easy to fall into a trap like that? But then again, she couldn’t judge—this time, the girl had willingly walked into that trap herself, fully aware of what it was.

“I’ll take Nong Ploy home. Don’t worry about it. Take good care of her— and make up for what you did to get her into this state. As for the drinks, you can cover it for now, and I’ll pay you back later.”

Here's a simple daily English version of your text:

"Hold on."

When her friend smiled and grabbed Phakjira's arm to link it with hers, Sadanun just replied with a lazy sound and let them go. After the two disappeared from view, she waved over a staff member to settle the drink bills—both her table's and Piangrawin's. But Piangrawin's bill was already paid in advance.

Sadanun might seem like just an ordinary food researcher with a company salary, but in truth, Sadanun also held shares in this hotel. Because of that, she came to this bar often—so often it became her favorite spot.

She gently woke the girl who was lying on her lap until she could walk on her own. Then, she supported her to get a nice room to rest in for the night. She figured the girl wouldn’t be able to go home, and she didn’t even know where her house was. Taking her to her own place wasn’t an option either.

“Mmm… Where are we going?”

Piangrawin mumbled as she was helped into the elevator and through the hallway of the high-end hotel floor.

Sadanun didn’t answer. Piangrawin closed her eyes and leaned her head against Sadanun's shoulder. Even though she looked half-asleep, she still heard the sound of the keycard unlocking a door.

Then she felt herself being gently guided into the room. The soft scent of air freshener filled her nose as Sadanun laid her down on the bed and tucked her in, as if she was going to leave her there.

“Hmmm... P’Song,”

Piangrawin called out softly, pretending to whine to get her attention.

Sadanun put her purse on the bedside table and spoke to the half-dazed girl looking up at her. There was no way she’d sober up anytime soon, not after drinking that much. Honestly, it was a miracle she wasn’t passed out cold.

“Just sleep here. I’m going now. When you wake up, find your own way home, okay?”

She said it casually, ready to leave. But somehow, her tone made Phiangrawin felt like being abandoned. Her lips pressed together slightly before she finally spoke up.

“P’Song…”

But as soon as she turned her back, the sweet voice of the girl lying on the bed rang out again. Sadanun quickly turned around—and what she saw made her freeze. Piangrawin was sitting up, grinning brightly, her eyes completely clear—like she wasn’t drunk at all.

“You… why did you sober up so fast?”

She asked, confused and serious. But the other girl just chuckled softly and gave her a playful smile.

“There wasn’t really any alcohol in that bottle. Did you smell any when you were helping me back here?”

Sadanun frowned a bit and gave her a closer look. That’s right—she’d helped her all the way from the bar and hadn’t smelled any alcohol on her, even though she saw her drink quite a lot. So it was all just an act to trick her. How sneaky.

“So you were pretending to be drunk just to fool me?”

“Come on, don’t be mad. If I hadn’t done that, would we even be here together right now?”

Piangrawin quickly got up and held onto Sadanun’s arm, looking at her with puppy-dog eyes. But Sadanun pulled her arm away, clearly annoyed.

“What do you really want from me? Why are you doing this? Do you think this is fun?”

“I just really like you, P’Song. Can’t you open your heart to me, just a little?”

“I’m really poor, you know. I’m not good enough for you. Just paying for your drinks and this hotel has almost made me go broke. Why would you even want to be with someone like me?”

Sadanun sighed and lied about her financial situation again—when in reality, she was super rich and didn’t even need to work. But because of a painful first love from her school days, she’d sworn off relationships. No matter who it was, no one could win her heart—not even someone as perfect as Piangrawin.

But her words didn’t faze Piangrawin one bit. She just gave a knowing smile, pulled out her phone, opened her banking app, and deliberately showed it to Sadanun—just to make it clear how rich she was. Even if Sadanun had nothing, she would never have to worry about money.

“Then take a look at this.”

“And why are you showing it to me?”

Sadanun glanced at the phone that the show-off girl was holding, then turned away. She had already said she wasn’t good enough, yet Piangrawin was still being so stubborn. Why was she like this?

“Piang is rich. But I’m not trying to be with someone just so they can take care of me. I already have money and everything I want. The only thing I don’t have is a good partner. And I think you could be that person, P’Song. I like you.”

“That’s nonsense. I’m going home…”

The taller woman turned her back again, but the smaller girl suddenly wrapped her arms around her from behind, uninvited but desperate. This kind of chance didn’t come often. Even if Sadanun wouldn’t open her heart, at least she could open something else.

It’s Friday night after all—why rush home?

“How about we get spicy one more time? I promise you’ll fall for me after.”

“No. Just seeing your face already kills the mood,”

Sadanun said as she pulled the girl’s arms off and turned around, raising a mocking eyebrow.

“Watching porn and doing it myself at home would probably be more satisfying.”

That brutally honest reply hit Piangrawin like a dagger to the chest. Her smile faded for a second. How could someone so beautiful get words like that thrown at her? But fine—once she got this woman to fall for her, she’d make her beg. Just like that first night they shared.

“With a mouth that mean… why don’t we test it? Let’s see if you really lose all desire when you see my face.”

“When I say I’m done, I mean it.”

Sadanun repeated firmly and turned her back again.

“I just want to be FWB.”

That sudden comment from behind made the taller woman stop in her tracks. No one had ever pushed her like this before. Not even the ones who begged for a morning round—she didn’t care then. But now this cute little bunny was asking for a status?

Sadanun turned around to look at her, waiting for her to say more.

“If we can’t be something more… just being FWB would still be nice, right?”

“Do you even know what that really means?”

When she saw Piangrawin put her things down on the table and sit at the edge of the bed with a sigh, she realized her words were starting to get through. Another round of no-strings-attached fun was close. So she climbed into Sadanun’s lap, wrapped her arms around her neck, and whispered like they were sealing a deal.

“I know exactly what it means... I promise I won’t try to date you. We’ll just have fun from time to time. Now that you know what I’m like, I’m sure you know how to handle me.”

Her pretty face leaned in, speaking right next to her ear, making the woman under her look even more attractive.

“Let’s just try one more time, please?”

She said softly before pressing a kiss on her clean neck, leaving behind a faint mark of lipstick.

The way she spoke, the way she touched—so gentle, so sweet—it was hard to keep acting tough. Sadanun knew how tempting Piangrawin was, no matter how much she told herself to resist. Her heart wavered as she held the girl in her lap, eyes closing for a few seconds while she reconsidered.

Then her beautiful eyes opened again. Her hands slowly moved up to Piangrawin’s slim waist, holding her gently—

“Get off me.”

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# Chapter 12: Again

*'Get off me?'*

Really? That’s what you’re going with? That’s stupid. Piangrawin smirked at that comment and didn’t back down. Instead of just sitting quietly, she moved and straddled her lap, grabbed her neck, and kissed her hard.

Just before, it sounded like she was really rejecting her. But once she started kissing her like that, Sadanun couldn’t resist. One of her hands held her waist, and the other caressed her hips, completely lost in the moment. Their lips pressed hard together, both trying to take control. Her soft body moving on her lap made her breathing ragged.

Their breasts were pressed tightly against each other, and there was no denying that she was completely taken by Piangrawin. She wanted to throw her down on the bed.

Piangrawin wrapped her arms around her neck, panting, sweat starting to form on her smooth neck. She tucked her hair behind her ear as her warm hands gripped her body through the dress, like she wanted to devour her.

The sound of their clothes brushing together mixed with the wet sounds of their kisses. They kissed for what felt like forever, heat building between them, until it was almost too much. Then, slowly, their lips parted.

Her soft lips left kisses along her neck, then slowly down to her shoulder, teasing lightly, before returning to the spot where she had sprayed her perfume earlier. At the same time, her hand slowly slipped under her dress, moving up her thigh.

“Ah... mmm,”

The young girl moaned softly, clearly enjoying it. What Sadanun was doing created a sexy, intense mood, without needing to say anything.

Heat was building between her legs, but Piangrawin wanted to tease her a bit. Right now, the big bad wolf was already falling into the rabbit’s trap.

Feeling the heat of the moment rising without the other person realizing it, Piangrawin's slender hand gently pushed against her firm shoulder—right as she was deep in thought.

“It’s really hot in here, isn’t it? Even with the AC on,”

Piangrawin said, locking eyes with her while slowly undoing her dress strap, revealing more of her chest. She tossed her perfectly curled hair to the side, teasing her on purpose. And she could clearly see the reaction she was trying so hard to hide.

That made Sadanun gulp and turn away, trying to act unaffected, even though her heart was racing. Her hand still rested on her thigh, obviously wanting more contact. But hee words didn’t match how she felt at all. “If it’s so hot, then get off me. Why are you sitting on my lap?”

Piangrawin looked at her face, now lightly sweating. She tried to keep a straight expression, but her voice had lost the usual firmness. That was enough for her to realize—that Sadanun could no longer tolerate her.

*Did I go too far?*

“I told you, I wanted to test your sexual feelings. But if you're too scared of falling for me, then just let me go and head home. We can stop here.”

Just as she expected, the moment she pretended to get up, she quickly pulled her back to sit on her lap again. Then she whispered a warning in her ear, trying to scare her like a big wolf growling at a little bunny.

“You're good at provoking. But if I really go for it... don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Then she kissed her neck.

Piangrawin confidently raised her hand again like she had the upper hand.

“Wait a sec.”

"....."

“Since we’re going to be spicy… can we switch it up a bit? Like that night, you know? I promise it’ll feel even better. And also… can you call yourself ‘P’ and call me ‘Piang’? Please?”

“Why should I?”

Her words sounded like a refusal, but her tone had already softened a lot. She figured that with just a bit more teasing, she’d have her completely wrapped around her finger.

“Saying ‘I’ and ‘you’ just feels too distant. And I’m not your employee, you know?”

She looked like she was thinking it over, so she pushed a little more.

“Come on… I’m Ploy's friend now, right? And if you call yourself ‘P’ with her, then you should do the same with me. I promise I won’t flirt if you agree—I’ll just tease a little.”

Piangrawin's finger trailed down the front of her shirt, and her sweet, coaxing voice whispered near her ear. With that kind of temptation, how could anyone resist? Sadanun swallowed hard. She gave in—not because she wanted to, but because she couldn’t fight her feelings anymore. Anyway… giving in just a little wouldn’t kill her.

“…Fine.”

The researcher agreed with what Piangrawin wanted. Whatever. She had already used polite words and called herself “P” with this girl before—just because she was Phakjira's friend, and because she’d fallen for her body, not her heart. Sadanun could only offer such words.

But her heart? That would never be Piangrawin’s.

Piangrawin excused herself to shower, worried she might not be clean enough—despite already washing earlier. But what really surprised her wasn’t just that Sadanun let her go and she followed.

She walked into the bathroom completely naked. And they showered together like a newlywed couple. That’s when Piangrawin finally realized Sadanun was nearsighted—because she took her contact lenses out.

Even though the water was freezing cold, things between them were heating up.

Once their hair was dry, Piangrawin—now in a hotel robe—was lifted and gently placed onto the king-size bed. Her back hit the soft mattress, hair fanned out beautifully. The older woman tightened her own robe and slowly crawled over her like a hungry wolf ready to devour its prey.

Now, Piangrawin lay beneath her, with Sadanun's arms on either side, trapping her in place. She even gently tucked her hair behind her ear—so carefully, so gently.

Even though Sadanun was usually intense—whether in bed or in their usual banter—was this gentle moment the calm before the storm?

“P'Song…” Phiangrawin said softly.

"Yes."

The sweet words that came out of Sadanun's mouth made her feel smaller even though nothing had changed. Sometimes, she could guess Sadanun's feelings, but other times, she did things that were beyond her expectations.

"Please, I want to feel like that night. P' Song, please do it for me. I won't be stubborn. No matter how you want me to pose, I will do it."

The small palm cradled the other person's face, but she grabbed it and pressed a kiss on the back of her hand, then locked eyes, their sharp gazes meeting, causing her heart to tremble.

"Sure, but please remember your own words too."

The beautiful lips curled into a cunning smile. Now, Sadanun no longer harbored any feelings of wanting to pursue the young woman. Her heart was filled with infatuation and longing. She knew herself well.

Even though she had set a goal in her heart to never have any emotional relationships with anyone in this lifetime, at the same time, she was extremely sensitive to the bodies of women if given the chance to touch.

Even if that woman is just a fling, someone who never listens and can create a headache, that's why she only meets with girls once, just to satisfy her sexual needs and emotional feelings.

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Sadanun then untied the string that was tied around the other person's abdomen. When the robe fell, it revealed the delicate and tender skin. Now, Piangrawin's body was as radiant and alluring as a blooming rose.

She dragged her palm down to the base of the thigh, exploring. The young woman lowered herself slightly, both her neck and voice softening, and pressed her lips onto the soft, pinkish lips of the other person. She alternated between nibbling the upper and lower lips, her tongue exploring the warm, soft, flavorless mouth.

The woman, who was a bit of a tease, kissed back, intertwining her tongue with her in a rhythmical dance. Her hands cradled her face, then pressed their lips together in a struggle. Before lowering her hands to explore her body, trying to get a little too familiar.

Sadanun then pulled away from the soft, tender mouth and scattered kisses along the neck, trailing down past the collarbone to the peak, before the beautiful bosom. The soft tongue flicked the gentle-colored nipple and gently took it in, causing the person to arch their back and moan.

Piangrawin tilted her head back and closed her eyes in ecstasy as the warm mouth enveloped her nipple until it hardened into a bud. The warm palm squeezed and caressed, while the base of her thighs began to draw towards a sensitive spot. Long fingers danced around the delicate rose petals that had been thoroughly washed.

The young woman let out a moan in her throat, moving her hips to receive that touch. In just a moment, her tender love channel began to become moist with natural clear liquid. She felt the gentle fingertips glide through the beautiful petals, collecting that liquid and kissing it back softly. Half lost in the fervor of desire, she invited the moment.

"Ah, it feels so good."

The body sprawled on the bed began to breathe heavily, panting more intensely due to the emotions that had been stirred up earlier. By now, the delicate lips were sucking and nibbling the upper parts, and the fingertips were kneading the sensitive spots until they swelled and tingled, sending shivers all the way to the soles of the feet, causing the soft body to turn a rosy pink and sweat.

It was so exciting, but it wasn't over. Piangrawin murmured in her heart with pain.

Both legs tried to part from each other to make it easier for the other party. The beautiful eyelids closed gently, lost in that feeling. One hand lifted to wipe the forehead that was starting to sweat due to restlessness, needing to be released. The other hand helped to hold the other party's jet-black hair so it wouldn't interfere with the passionate activity.

Even though she enjoy the warm mouth and the soft tongue that alternately licks the upper part on both sides, if she let her suck for a bit longer, she would have to sing a song for her instead.

"Phi, can you just use your mouth there? I just want to finish."

Both hands moved to pinch the crop top, the trembling voice begging for sympathy. Right now, the little rose was soaked with the nectar that was naturally expelled, inviting butterflies to come and lick it, and it was taut and ready to be swallowed with the entire stem, until it broke in her mouth.

However, the other person seems to be pretending to be annoying.

Because after the person pulled away, the beautiful face knelt down and kissed the stomach. Her warm palms held the slender waist as if to keep it in place.

The older woman was busy caressing and nibbling that area gently for several more minutes until she felt like she was about to lose her mind because the pressure inside was rising high, as if it were about to explode.

She can't take it anymore. It's so hot down there. Piangrawin wants her to lick somewhere else, not just the thin layer of skin on her stomach. If she just moved down a little bit, it would be perfect for her, but she won't do it.

"P' Song..... I can't take it anymore. Please...."

At this time, the reproductive age woman was having a very high sexual desire to the point that she could hardly stay still. She reached out to grab the other person and pressed down on her lower body. The sensitive bone was crying out for touch and release. The beautiful hips started to rub against each other back and forth.

Until the hand that was holding her waist let go and moved down to grab her thigh instead. While the beautiful, swaying face moved down to that place, where she wanted her the most. The moment she pressed her lips against the inner thigh near the dangerous spot, her heart raced in anticipation of the next moment.

"Calm down a bit, okay? If you're in a hurry, it won't be fun,"

Her beautiful face lifted to meet her gaze for just a fraction of a second, then she leaned down to press her soft lips against the eager thing that was bouncing challengingly, sucking on it as if it were the delicate pollen of a flower.

The young woman immediately shed tears as the softness took possession of that part of her. The tingling sensation began to build up again after the other party withdrew their fingertip a moment ago. Her beautiful hips tensed rhythmically.

It was so exciting. Piangrawin felt so excited that her whole body had goosebumps. Her beautiful eyelids slowly closed. Her slender legs tensed up to fight the rhythm of the other party’s sucking and biting. Her toes dug into the soft mattress. She raised her hand to cover her face that was flushed from the poison of her emotions, and let out a moan that she couldn't stop.

Just over a minute, the tingling sensation began to multiply until legs had almost no strength left. Piangrawin spread her hands and clenched the sheets, while the other hand hugged the other's jet-black hair, moving her hips and grinding her small pollen against her soft lips according to her own emotions.

The sound of the wet ground grinding against each other came out softly, but it created a tremendous ripple in the heart.

"Ah... Ah, I'm going to finish,"

The young woman moaned loudly, forgetting her shyness. She propped herself up slightly to watch the action before collapsing back onto the bed. Her body twisted and convulsed in ecstasy, completely lost in the moment, pressing her head down again as she reveled in the pleasure.

"Did you finish too fast? It's not even two minutes."

Sadanun glanced at the clock on her phone screen, then pushed herself up, placing her palm to caress the sensitive area, the faint scent of soap still lingering, her heart racing.

Just a little ticklish, that’s the second one.”

Before she could finish her sentence, it was cut off because the other person inserted her slender finger when she wasn’t ready for it.

"Again.”

Piangrawin swallowed her saliva when the long finger entered the important point.

She almost panicked when suddenly, Sadanun added more fingers and moved them to rub inside her to the point until it created a hollow feeling in her abdomen. The other hand pressed down on her lower abdomen causing more ticklishness.

“Oh, Piang just finished.”

"How does it feel? Did it hit the spot?"

Piangrawin nodded. She knew exactly what spot was being referred to, and it hit the mark so perfectly that it sent shivers down to her soles. And the more the second one leaned down, brushing the tip of her nose against her neck and stimulating her with her fingers, the more intense the feeling became, causing her voice to come out soft and trembling.

"Yes, it's very thrilling."

"What did you say? I didn't quite catch that,"

Sadanun gently pulled her face away, meeting the other person's glistening eyes that were so endearing.

"It feels so good... The second time, it feels so good..."

Piangrawin gasped for breath and replied in a short tone, her eyes sparkling as she looked at the other person with a pleading expression, making her look like a little rabbit.

That adorable reaction made Sadanun smile unconsciously. The older woman pressed her fingers without stopping when the other person was extremely excited and her hands and feet were restless.

The long fingers slipped in and covered the sweet passage, creating a sound that echoed in the damp area, sounding lewd. The sweet moans nearby stimulated her sexual desire so much that it almost made her shiver.

Sadanun felt that part of her was burning and drenched with internal fluids. Normally, she would only make women reach their climax and then it would be over. But this time, she wanted to grind that part of her to respond and finish it all together.

"It's almost over, P' Song, please slow down a bit."

The other party's rhythmic thrusts at that spot made Piangrawin close her eyes, feeling a scorching heat inside, almost like being on fire. The tingling sensation from her abdomen down to her feet was so intense that her pelvis tightened.

Inside, she felt a mix of pleasure and desire, but outside, it was a painful squeeze, both pleasurable and tormenting at the same time.

And it seemed that Sadanun knew her body well because suddenly, she used her palm to grind and squeeze her clitoris outside. Both sensitive parts were tingling so hard that it felt like her body was going to break into pieces.

"Ugh, I can't take it anymore. I just want to... ah."

And when she reached the climax again, her beautiful legs suddenly trembled, the insides contracting rhythmically, the tips of her toes tensed uncontrollably. Piangrawin let out a moan at that moment before realizing that all ten of her fingers were digging into the other person's shoulders, almost breaking them.

"So wet,"

The slender fingers that were deeply inserted continued to play lightly, while the person beneath was still breathing heavily without pause.

"Very thrilling, I feel like I'm definitely going to die. Let me take a break first."

"Just let me know when you're ready."

She said, allowing the person lying breathlessly beneath her to catch their breath as she requested. Sadanun began to move her fingers again to bring her to heaven.

The sweaty activities on the bed happened over and over again, but Piangrawin felt extremely exhausted from playing the role of a doll for the older woman, to position her in various ways.

Her mind was completely hazy from the many times they had finished together, so much so that she had lost count. But one thing was certain, the energy from the dinner she had eaten at home was completely gone.

"Sit here, please."

Piangrawin was held down by someone stronger and made to straddle her lap, just a few seconds after reaching ecstasy, the person indulged again, inserting her fingers even though she had just finished, and then moved her fingers gently.

"P'Song, aren't you going to take a break? Are you tired? Do you want to drink some water?"

Even though she was almost unable to open her eyes due to the thrill, Piangrawin still felt concerned for the other person. The young woman used the back of her hand to wipe the sweat from her temple, noticing her beautifully shaped, dark eyebrows slightly furrowed with a serious expression as she focused on finishing what she was doing.

*Is Sadanun teasing her? Is she really this sexually active?*

"I’m not tired. Move your hips. There are still several hours until dawn.”

Piangrawin's eyes widened upon hearing that sentence. Does that mean she plans to play with her until morning? Thinking that way, her flat stomach tightened in response. If that's the case, between her fingers getting wrinkled from the wetness and her imagination running wild, what will happen first?

"Again? I just finished. Now I'm about to finish again. Do you want me to move again?"

"Just hold on a little longer, please."

"I just can't stand it anymore."

How can she tell her to endure it but she’s constantly stimulating her sensitive spot with her fingers? How can she be so contradictory? Piangrawin silently complained in her heart.

When the feeling of pleasure arose uncontrollably, the young woman hugged her neck and moved her hips, grinding against her fingers until a wave of pleasure surged through her lower body.

"It's so thrilling, I can't take it anymore."

The same feeling of lust inside was continuously building up and from the legs to the soles of the feet. Her insides started to tingle, almost reaching the shore again. Even the person in front of her could feel it.

"I told you to be patient, don't finish yet, or else I will..."

"Ah!"

Even if Sadanun forbids her, she can't control it.

Piangrawin stopped moving, her beautiful hips twitching and tensing for several seconds. She hugged the other person tightly due to the ultimate pleasure she received before kissing her cheek as a thank you for the immense joy she had given her.

Then her delicate, beautiful face rested against the older woman's shoulder, closing her eyes to let her heart, which was racing after the climax, slow down.

"I told you to be patient, why don't you listen?"

"If I can't stand it anymore, then what will I do? Are you going to keep going until I can't get up? Go ahead, do it. If you want me unable to get up, then go ahead, I'm already dying."

The young woman challenged seriously. Even though she was exhausted to the point of being half-asleep, Piangrawin fought back. Opportunities like this might not come again, because someone like Sadanun is unpredictable. If next time she can't persuade her, she will have to record this sex as the best sex of her life.

Sadanun felt a thrill from her challenging words. The young woman lay down, lifted both legs, and rested them on her left shoulder. She then slid her fingers into the warm, soft area again, rubbing the sensitive spot inside repeatedly until a wet sound was heard.

"Ah... Ah, slow down a bit, please. It's going to finish too quickly."

"You challenged me yourself. If you can't get up tomorrow, don't blame me."

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# Chapter 13: Can't Get Up

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Sadanun's body clock was pretty straightforward. Even though she’d gone to bed really late last night—probably around 5 a.m.—her eyes opened slowly on their own. No nightmares this time. That was unusual.

For the past seven or eight years, she often dreamed of her twin sister’s death, over and over again. Even with medication, it only helped reduce how often the nightmares came.

But today, there were no dreams. She didn’t wake up feeling down or heavy. She felt warm—physically warm—because someone was sleeping with their face nestled against her chest, breathing steadily like they were deep asleep. Sadanun's arm was loosely wrapped around the person next to her without her even realizing it.

She thought back to what happened last night. Normally, after being with a woman, she’d just leave—no aftercare, no cuddling, nothing. But with Piangrawin, this was the first time she let someone stay in her arms until morning.

In fact, Piangrawin had insisted on cuddling her to sleep. Maybe it was because Piangrawin had been so clingy, refusing to let her go. Or maybe they were both just really tired.

Now, neither of them was wearing anything—thanks to Piangrawin being so stubborn about it. Sadanun gently moved some hair off Piangrawin's face and nudged her lightly. It was time to sneak out of bed and go exercise.

“Piang, I’m going exercising.”

But the girl in her arms wouldn’t wake up. When Sadanun moved a bit,

Piangrawin just burrowed under the blanket to escape the cold. That made Sadanun smile—she was reminded of her calico cat at home. But the smile didn’t last long.

She quickly reminded herself not to feel anything from such a cute moment. Her face went serious again as she got out of bed quickly. Piangrawin groaned in protest but didn’t wake up.

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About an hour later, it was time to wake her up properly. Sadanun opened the curtains all the way and sat next to the lump under the blanket.

“Piang, get up. It’s dead.”

A familiar voice called softly while gently shaking her. Piangrawin slowly opened her eyes and saw Sadanun sitting at the edge of the bed. Her cheeks were a little pink, and sweat was dripping down her neck like she’d just run a marathon.

“Are you okay? Why are you sweating so much?”

“I just finished working out. Get up, take a shower, and head home.”

The taller woman stood up and placed a paper bag on the bed where she had been sitting. Sadanun had woken up super early, grabbed her spare clothes from her car, and worked out at the hotel gym while Piangrawin was still asleep.

“Oh… so that’s what you meant by exercising,”

Piangrawin mumbled.

Her older partner was so disciplined. She even went to work out after what happened last night. That’s probably why she had such defined abs— Piangrawin had noticed it back at the company sports event and again last night while showering together.

She had tried to touch it during their time in bed, but Sadanun wouldn’t let her—like a cat that gets mad when someone touches its belly.

“Okay, fine. But is it late now? What time is it?”

Thinking it was already bright outside, Piangrawin reached for her phone.

It was only 6 a.m. Just barely past six.

This is late?

As someone who loved sleep, she was a little annoyed to be woken up this early—like the person who woke her just wanted someone to eat rice porridge and fried dough with.

She felt like flopping around on the bed like a fish out of water to let out the frustration, but she couldn’t exactly throw a tantrum like she used to when her sister Matika woke her up.

If she did that, Sadanun might totally hate her. So she got up, even though she didn’t really want to. But once her body cooled down from the heat, a different kind of feeling started creeping in, distracting her completely.

“Oh!”

It felt like she was getting a cramp in her stomach. Moving too much made her whole body ache. But the pain in that *particular* area was worse. Just thinking about what happened last night made her face flush with heat. Usually, she looked calm and serious, but in bed, she was incredibly intense.

“What’s wrong?”

“That area… it’s really sore,”

Piangrawin said as she lifted the blanket to check herself. Everything looked fine on the outside, but down there felt seriously overworked. And after how much they did last night, it wasn’t surprising.

“Was I too rough?”

Sadanun raised an eyebrow, though she didn’t seem all that concerned.

“Yes, you were very rough. You even hurt me a bit. You should comfort me now.”

“But you’re the one who challenged me, remember? Who said she wanted to be so tired she couldn’t get up?”

When those teasing words from last night came back to her, Piangrawin bit her lip. Who would’ve thought she’d take it that seriously? But… was it bad? Not at all. Last night was amazing—too good, even. It’s just that now, she’s sore from it.

“But last night, you didn’t hold back at all. I don’t even know if I’m still okay down there.”

“I'm going to take a shower first.. I’m going home. I’ve already spent too much time here.”

Even though Piangrawin looked at her sweetly, hoping for some sympathy, she just grabbed a towel like she was invisible. That sweet and passionate woman from last night had disappeared. Maybe without the sexual tension, she just went back to being distant again.

“P’Song, you have to take responsibility.”

She said, suddenly getting up from the bed and quickly putting on her nightwear. She stood right in front of her, blocking her way. The woman, who caught sight of her sexy figure through the thin fabric, glanced down briefly before quickly looking away and swallowing hard, trying not to stare.

“What nonsense. Move,”

She said, trying to step past her and head to the bathroom. But she shifted in front of her again, blocking her way every time she tried to move, until she furrowed her brows in frustration.

“You’re being annoying! What do you want now?”

“About last night, of course! You already slept with me—so let’s be a couple now, okay? I have everything! I’m perfect, aren’t I? Great body, and I’m amazing in bed too,”

She said while striking a sexy pose, hoping she’d finally notice how irresistible she was.

Even if she found her talkative and a bit annoying, she could at least like her for her looks, right?

Sadanun looked at her and sighed, clearly fed up. She stepped closer and lightly knocked on her forehead a few times with her knuckle, as if to check if she had a brain in there. She frowned and complained, stepping back slightly.

“Ouch! What was that for? Why are you being mean?”

“Just checking if you have any memory in there. What, is your memory only good for seven seconds? Did you forget what we agreed on last night? We said this was just sex—no feelings involved. If you can’t stick to that, then we’re done. I didn’t even agree to be friends with benefits, and now you’re trying to claim more? You don’t have that right.”

Piangrawin’s face fell. After going that far with her, she thought for sure she would’ve changed her mind.

“Okay then, let’s just keep things like last night. I’m sorry… I forgot, that’s all.”

“Good. And don’t bring this up again. Otherwise, I’ll make sure you really can’t walk afterward,”

She said, raising a finger and emphasizing every word to make sure she got the message.

“Really can’t walk?”

“Yes. You won’t be able to walk.”

The young woman teased her again. This time, instead of backing off, she slowly unbuttoned her shirt, her expression changing from pouty to bold and seductive.

“Oh no, I’m scared,”

She said with a playful smirk.

“I wonder if you’re really as intense as you say, or just all talk.”

Sadanun didn’t say anything in response to her challenge. Instead, she picked her up in a bridal carry and headed to the bathroom like someone who refused to lose.

Being carried like that, Piangrawin realized what was about to happen. She quickly wrapped her arms around her neck and buried her face against her shoulder, smiling with satisfaction. With skills like her in bed, if she could marry her, she wouldn’t even need to buy a lottery ticket—she’d already hit the jackpot.

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Piangrawin had someone drive her car back home for her. On the way back, she called a taxi herself, not wanting to waste more energy waiting. By the time she finally got home, it was already past ten in the morning. She hadn’t eaten yet, and on top of that, she’d been “bullied” again before she left.

“Oof… she’s crazy in bed. I’m sore all over,”

She muttered, walking slowly into the house and collapsing gently onto the living room sofa to ease the burning and aching between her legs.

Last night had been endless—and this morning had been even worse. She was so numb now that it felt like her whole lower half had been overworked. Thanks to Sadanun, who clearly had no idea when to stop. Didn’t her back or arms hurt at all?

“Hang in there, little one,”

She cooed quietly to herself, looking down at her own aching body.

“Once I win P’Song over, life will be easy. Right now, she’s just being stubborn, trying to prove she’s in control. But Mom’s stubborn too—so we have to hang in there, right?”

She knew from their first time that she was intense in bed, but this time she was even rougher, like she was trying to scare her off. But she clearly didn’t know her well enough— Piangrawin wasn’t the type to give up that easily.

For her, what could be better than being ravished all night by a gorgeous woman, and then having her come back for more in the morning? That kind of pleasure—mind and body—was pure joy.

***Premium!*** *she thought proudly.*

Just then, a familiar voice she’d known since childhood called out from behind.

Startled, she quickly turned around. It was her grandmother, who walked in and sat on the couch across from her. It looked like she had been waiting.

“Oh, Grandma! Weren’t you going to your dance club today?”

“Where did you sleep last night? Why didn’t you come home? Matmee said you went out drinking—then you disappeared. Where did you go?”

Busted. Caught staying out without telling anyone. Piangrawin immediately sat up straight, trying to avoid the scolding she used to get. She laughed awkwardly, trying to make a joke of it.

“Oh, I slept at Maimun’s place. I was a bit drunk, so I stayed there instead. Good thing we got to the right house, imagine if we went into the wrong one and got reported to the police!”

Her grandmother narrowed her eyes suspiciously. She’d raised this girl since she was tiny—of course she could tell when she was lying. Whenever Piangrawin lied, she’d twirl her hair with her finger.

She probably went to see that researcher girl again. Kids these days—so quick to jump into things. They’re not even officially together and already spending nights with each other.

Still, no matter how much she worried or disapproved, she couldn’t discipline her granddaughter like before. Now that she was grown and educated, being too strict might just push her away and damage their relationship.

“Did you stop by the shop at all? I hope you weren’t careless and let the employees steal from you. Even if it’s not as much money as the company makes, don’t let anyone take advantage of you so easily.”

"Just a check-up. Grandma, no need to worry."

"And about the doctor—have you gone to see Namkang yet? If you can't get her to go on a date, then visit her at the hospital. Ask her if she's eaten, maybe bring her something."

After that sentence, the young woman sighed again, clearly not thrilled about following her grandmother’s request. But she knew she had to do it— for the sake of keeping peace in the family. After all, she was the granddaughter, and Grandma was Grandma. That’s why she agreed to go along with it.

“I’ll go later. But I feel super hungover today. I’m going to sleep now and I’ll go tomorrow, okay?”

Piangrawin said, trying to get out of it for the moment. Then she grabbed her bag and went up to her room. Besides catching up on sleep, she didn’t feel like doing anything else today.

“This girl is really useless. Just like her mother,”

The old woman muttered unhappily behind her.

Since she couldn’t get through to her granddaughter, she figured she’d have to deal with that so-called researcher mother instead. If she realized how unworthy she was, no way she’d keep dating her granddaughter. The future in-laws of the Chatpimuk family must come from a well-known, wealthy background—nothing less.

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Sadanun walked back and forth along the koi pond walkway at her father's house after dinner. She took out the business card that little rabbit had given her and added a new contact. Then she sent a message to the person she’d just parted ways with not long ago.

She had a car, but didn’t offer to drive Piangrawin home. She didn’t want the girl thinking she was interested.

But once she got home, her mind kept spinning. Did she do the right thing? Was it okay to let a tired, drowsy woman take a taxi home alone?

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**Song:**

**Piang, are you there?**

After sending the message, she paced back and forth, waiting for a reply.

Before long, a notification came in.

**Piang:**

**Huh? Is that you, P’Song?**

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Piangrawin felt surprised and a little happy. The usually cold woman finally added her on a personal chat. And that profile picture—so goofy and totally different from how she is in real life.

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**Song:**

**Yeah, it’s me.**

**Piang:**

**Why? Do you need something?**

**Song:**

**How are you feeling?**

**Piang:**

**Even though I’m a bit sore from the jab you gave me this morning, I’m okay. Got home safely, ate, and now I’m going to sleep more. Why? Are you worried?**

**Song:**

**No… I just wanted to say—**

**Piang:**

**Say what?**

**.**

The woman scratched her head and paced around, unsure if she should be direct. She was worried—maybe not out of love, but at least because they were both women. Still, she didn’t want to say it outright or the other person would take advantage. She had to keep up her cool researcher image, hoping that’d make the girl lose interest and go away more easily.

So she tried to think of a better way to say it so the other person wasn’t being overly emotional.

It was fair enough.

After sending the message, she immediately sent back an angry face sticker, along with a message saying "That's terrible" and an angry face emoji that was on fire.. The recipient chuckled softly at the sticker and message, thinking how much it was just like Piangrawin.

She was like one of those cartoon bunnies—adorably cute when happy, but comically angry when upset, thanks to her sweet face. And when she acted all cuddly… she was so cute it made her heart squeeze.

“What’s so funny? Smiling all by yourself,”

Came a warm, deep voice not far away, snapping Sadanun out of her thoughts. She was surprised she hadn’t heard any footsteps.

She turned to see “Mom Luang Woradet Warakitjaruwong,” her warm and caring father. He was a businessman who had no interest in fame or social prestige. He was the president of WK Group, a business empire passed down from her grandfather. The group included WK Pharmaceuticals, WK Construction, hotels, and gold shops.

Just managing the five-star hotel chain and the gold shops, which had branches all over the country, was more than enough to make the family unimaginably wealthy. There was no need to seek more wealth like many others did. That peaceful nature seemed to be in their DNA—passed down from great-grandfather to her without a doubt.

“Nothing, Dad.”

“With that smile? Is there a special someone I should know about? I haven’t seen you smile to yourself like that in a long time,”

He teased with a grin. She quickly hid her phone and tried to brush it off.

“No, it’s nothing. I just saw a funny clip, that’s all.”

“Is that so? I wanted to ask you something.”

“What is it, Dad? If it’s about quitting to study business and help with the company—sorry, I can’t do that. I love being a researcher.”

“It’s not that. I wanted to ask about the condition you had before. How are you doing now? You haven’t mentioned it in a while.”

It was a question that probably everyone had forgotten by now. Sadanun paused for a few seconds, then answered with a smile that tried to make it all seem fine.

“I’ve been doing well for quite some time. No doctor visits, no symptoms— nothing to worry about, Dad.”

She chose to lie, wanting her family to feel at ease. The truth was, though her condition had significantly improved, it hadn’t entirely gone away.

“That’s good to hear.”

Sadanun smiled softly, then felt the warmth of his hand gently pat her shoulder.

“I love you, you know. Everyone knows how much you suffered back then.

But try to let it go, sweetheart. If one day you want to love again, remember —you deserve it. And you don’t have to be afraid.”

“Of course, Dad. You don’t need to worry about me.”

She smiled in return, even though she was hiding something from her family. But she had made her choice—to make them feel at ease with her, even if she didn’t feel completely at ease with herself.

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# Chapter 14 : Stop Messing with My Granddaughter

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The usual light breakfast was served at the same time as every other day. Lately, Piangrawin had been waking up early and joining everyone at the table. It felt as if the family had welcomed a new and improved version of their youngest member.

But everyone knew the real reason behind this sudden change in the notoriously lazy girl, who normally had the energy of a sloth with a neck longer than a giraffe's.

However, today, the one who claimed to be working on self-improvement was missing from the breakfast table. Everyone else—her sister, parents, and the house staff—were already present. The grandmother, noticing the absence, turned to her eldest granddaughter, who usually knew everything about her younger sister.

“Matmee, isn’t your sister going to the office today? Why hasn’t she come down for breakfast?”

“She said she’d head to the shop late in the morning to do some accounting. She might go to the office later in the day.”

“Well, tell her she doesn’t need to go to the office today. She must go on a date with Dr. Namkhing. I’ve scheduled it for 3 PM. At the very least, you needed to show up. She promised she’d go, and if she said she would, then she has to. She’s an adult now—her word should mean something. No more excuses. She’s already postponed this too many times.”

“Alright, I’ll let her know.”

Matika gently placed her fork and spoon down and picked up her phone to send a message to her sister, who was probably still asleep and dreaming. “In that case, I’ll go to the office today,” the grandmother added.

“I want to see how things are going over there. It’s been years since I last visited.”

Her words made everyone pause for a moment, especially Tul, her only son. Feeling responsible, he quickly offered to take her.

“Which part would you like to see, Mom? I can show you around. Our company’s come a long way—more modern now—the quality is still the same as when Dad was still here.”

"There's no need. I just want to walk around and have a look on my own. I don't need anyone tagging along to wait on me. Just go do your job,"

Duangpamorn declined firmly.

In truth, what she intended to do might not be something she'd want the rest of the family to know. Even if they did find out, they couldn't really stop her anyway—but she'd rather not have anyone interfering and ruining her momentum.

Still, it seemed there was one daughter-in-law who saw right through her even before she made a move.

"Oh, isn’t it because you want to go see that researcher your granddaughter likes? I know why you want to go there, Mom,"

Ranee said slyly.

"But for the sake of your reputation as a mother-in-law, I won’t say anything more that might make you look bad."

"Ranee, could you stop reading me so well for once? Are you trying to get inside my head or what? Maybe try doing some actual work Go help your daughter at the cement shop or something, so you’re not just sitting around watching and judging me."

The older woman rolled her eyes at her daughter-in-law.

Even after getting scolded like that, Ranee didn’t seem bothered at all. She just covered her mouth and laughed softly, which made the older woman even more annoyed. What annoyed her more was how Ranee had passed that same attitude down to her granddaughter.

"I just care about everyone in the family. I know everything, but I only speak when the timing’s right."

Ranee said calmly.

Seeing how his mother acted, Tul couldn’t help but chuckle.

“It’s nice to see you and your daughter-in-law getting along so well.”

He knew his mom wasn’t actually mean or harsh—she was just a bit oldfashioned and spoiled, like she had been since she was young. If his youngest daughter ever managed to win over that researcher she liked, it wouldn’t be hard to prove her heart was in the right place.

“Getting along? What nonsense are you talking about?”

She snapped, giving him a playful glare for teasing her.

“Grandma, why do you want to see Song?”

Matika asked. Even though she could guess the reason—just like her mom did—she wanted to hear it straight from her grandma. Did she really want to go talk to the researcher just to hurt her feelings, even though she hadn’t done anything wrong?

Expecting this proud elder to be completely honest might be asking too much.

“I just want to see the girl your sister seems to like so much, that’s all. And don’t even try to tell me I shouldn’t go.”

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In the food research team’s office 3, it was almost completely silent, except for the sound of fingers tapping on keyboards and the soft hum of the printer. Everyone was rushing to finish their work for a meeting that was happening in about thirty minutes.

“The slides are done P'Song, can you double-check the info? I think everyone accidentally used ounces instead of grams, so I already fixed that,”

Pakjira said as she stretched, feeling satisfied after finishing her part.

Sadanun, who was taking over next, downloaded the file her younger teammate had sent and started checking it against her own documents. She was the main presenter for the new menu idea the team was pitching for this year’s big campaign.

“If our idea gets picked, the bonus is going to be so good! I really want it— I need a new phone,”

Said the youngest team member.

“Exactly. If I get that bonus, I’m buying gold. Prices have been going up fast lately, and I don’t want to miss out. What about you, P'Song? What would you do with the bonus?”

When the question was turned to her, Sadanun paused and thought. She realized what mattered most in her life—and one of those things was her three-year-old calico cat at home.

“Probably buy more wet food for Crispy, or maybe a new cat water fountain, a cat condo, and some good litter.”

“Oh, we didn’t even have to ask—you’re such a cat person!”

Both her younger and older teammates teased her, laughing. Sadanun smiled and got back to work. Conversations like this always came up around payday or bonus time. Even if it took up some work time, it made the atmosphere nice.

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***Knock knock knock.***

Three knocks at the door, and then it opened. Sadanun didn’t even look up, thinking it was just Piangrawin, who always came around and bugged her.

“I’ve got a meeting with the boss in thirty minutes. I don’t have time to argue with you. If you’re here to annoy me, just leave. This project’s important,”

She said in a calm but cold voice, still looking down at her papers. She even called herself “P’” (older person), like they had agreed before. But this time, it wasn’t who she thought.

“Hello, everyone. The president’s mother is here,”

Namphrao announced.

That made Sadanun and Pakjira both quickly look up and politely greet the visitor. Sadanun had seen this woman before—she was the president’s mother, and the grandmother of Matmee and Piangrawin. But it was the first time Pakjira had met her.

“Is there anything we can help you with, Madam Duang? Or did you come to try one of our new menu items?”

The team leader asked.

But instead of answering, the older woman looked at all three of them, then walked straight over to Sadanun.

“You’re Song, right?

"Yes."

“I’d like to talk to you. Come with me.”

She said before walking off.

Sadanun looked at her teammates, unsure what this was about. They both nodded for her to follow, so she had no choice but to leave her work and go with the older woman, curious what this was really about.

Since Madam Duangpamorn wanted somewhere quiet where no one could overhear, Sadanun offered to lead her to a more private spot. Once they got to a quiet hallway where no one was passing by, Sadanun stopped and asked her directly.

“Is there something you wanted to talk to me about, Madam?”

“How old are you?”

“I’m 28.”

“How long have you been working here as a researcher?”

“About five years.”

“I heard you’ve won a few awards for outstanding research, right?”

At that, the young woman gave a small smile and let out a soft sigh. She could already read between the lines. She knew this visit wasn’t just a casual chat or a genuine interest in getting to know her. Madam Duangpamorn clearly didn’t come all the way here just to learn about her son’s employees.

“Yes. If you’d like to get straight to the point, please go ahead. I have a meeting with Boss Matmee soon and I’d rather not be late.”

“You’re pretty, I’ll give you that. But you’re not suitable for my granddaughter in any way.”

Sadanun went quiet. So much for getting to the point—this woman came in hard. She felt like she was being judged entirely on the surface, and it reminded her of those dramatic grandmothers or great-grandmothers from soap operas—mean, snobbish, and against love that crossed social lines or didn’t follow their expectations.

“Leave my granddaughter alone. She was born into a wealthy, wellrespected family. She’s the heir to 126 Food, one of the country’s top companies. Our family name is recognized nationwide and even overseas. People admire and respect us everywhere we go. And you…”

Madam Duangpamorn picked up Sadanun's name badge and read it aloud.

“**Wakit**.” A short last name. Maybe it sounded a little familiar if you really thought about it, but clearly not from any elite circles. It wasn’t a name anyone in high society would recognize.

That confirmed it for her: this girl was just an ordinary salaried worker. In her eyes, her granddaughter must really have poor judgment to be chasing after someone like her

But Sadanun didn’t see it as a problem that she came from an honorable family, even though the last name she used wasn’t the same as the rest of her family. When she was young, it was believed that she had to change her surname because she couldn’t use her father’s last name. People said that was the reason she became seriously ill as a baby, nearly dying. But in truth, it was simply because she was the younger twin and was born later than her sister.

So she became the only person in the Wang Worakitcharuwong family to use a short and unfamiliar last name. She was also the only one who caused the family to be looked down upon.

While the two were talking, Namphrao and Phakjira secretly followed them and hid at the corner of the building to eavesdrop. They were curious why someone who rarely got involved with the company would call a food researcher for a private conversation.

“What do you think the president’s mother is talking to her about?”

The older sister asked with curiosity. The younger one guessed based on what she had seen.

“I think it’s about how P’Piang has been trying to flirt with P’Song every day here.”

“Interesting… Can we get a little closer? I can’t hear well.”

“If we get any closer, we’ll get caught for sure,”

The younger replied.

“Otherwise, we’d have to turn into lice and jump in silently.”

Then they both went quiet again as the conversation turned serious.

“If you think judging someone just by how they look is convenient for you, then I won’t argue,”

Sadanun said politely, though there was a hint of irritation in her voice. She didn’t feel it was something she needed to explain, so she replied sarcastically to end the conversation.

There was no need to be afraid—after all, she definitely wasn’t going to become the woman’s granddaughter-in-law.

“You’ve got quite the mouth on you… In that case, stop getting involved with my granddaughter and just focus on earning your tiny salary. Piang deserves someone from a good family who can support and take care of her, someone who is just as respectable. You’re good-looking, so it shouldn’t be hard to find a partner. But let me give you some advice—choose someone who’s at your level, and you won’t have problems.”

“To be honest, I’d like to clarify something about what you just said.”

“What is it?”

“You can’t tell me to stop getting involved with your granddaughter, because I never did in the first place. It’s your granddaughter who keeps coming to me. She must really like me—she’s been chasing after me every day and won’t stop. I’ve tried to be nice, and I’ve tried being firm, but nothing works. So I think it would be more effective if you spoke to Piang instead. That would solve the problem more directly.”

Duangpamorn frowned, realizing things weren’t going the way she expected. She thought the woman would be scared, respectful, and agree to disappear from her granddaughter’s life. But instead, she replied with unexpected confidence, as if she wasn’t afraid at all.

“You young people these days really think highly of yourselves, don’t you?”

“I’m just stating the truth,”

The tall woman replied calmly, glancing briefly toward the corner of the building. In just a split second, she caught a glimpse of two people quickly ducking out of sight. She figured she had already wasted too much of her work time—her meeting was about to start soon anyway.

“I’ll be going back to work now. Please also let her know she doesn’t need to chase after me anymore—because I want someone who is on the same level as me too. Excuse me.”

With that, Sadanun bowed slightly and walked away. The older woman, though keeping a polite appearance, clenched her teeth in frustration. She had believed she held the upper hand, but now realized the other woman had been holding her own trump card all along.

Still, at least it was satisfying to hear that Sadanun wasn’t aiming too high. But her granddaughter—now that was another issue entirely. She clearly had no sense at all when it came to choosing women.

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# Chapter 15: Not Herself

The big meeting room was quite lively today, as every seat was filled. At the head of the table sat the CEO, Matika. Everyone around was serious because each team had to present their ideas for the company’s new campaign.

Sadanun was also one of the presenters, going after Team Two. But right now, she wasn’t paying attention to any of the other teams. She kept wondering why Piangrawin didn’t show up today—and why, instead, her grandmother had come in her place, only to look down on her.

*Was she forbidden from coming? Her grandmother didn’t seem kind at all.*

“Team Two’s researcher, it’s your turn to present. The boss is waiting,”

Said the CEO’s secretary, while Namphrao nudged her shoulder gently. The dazed young woman snapped out of her thoughts.

“Oh! Yes, sorry for the delay, boss,”

Sadanun stood up quickly and walked to the front where the projector was set up. Even though she hadn’t been able to concentrate earlier, when it came to work, she always managed to do well.

The meeting took a while, but eventually, it ended. Once the CEO gave the closing remarks, everyone began packing up and returning to their departments like a swarm of bees. Only Matika stayed behind, wanting to speak with someone first.

“Sao (You),” she called.

“Yes, boss?”

Sadanun, who was the last to leave the room, stopped when the CEO addressed her. She raised an eyebrow slightly, waiting for her to speak.

“Can I reschedule your team’s food tasting session on Friday to closer to the end of the workday? I have a meeting with a client after Team Two’s tasting. If it runs past work hours, I’ll count it as overtime for you.”

“Of course, boss.”

Matika stood up and faced the tall young woman. Perhaps she noticed Sadanun’s tense expression—that’s why she stayed silent for a moment before speaking.

“My grandmother visited you today. If she said anything upsetting, I want to apologize on her behalf.”

Sadanun gave a small smile in return. Even if the CEO’s grandmother had hurt her a hundred or a thousand times more, it still wouldn’t be the boss’s fault.

“It’s okay,” she replied calmly.

“My grandmother loves Piang a lot, so she might be overly picky when it comes to her future partner. But that doesn’t mean you’re not good enough. To me, you’re a great person, and you deserve someone who’s good and loving.”

“Thank you so much, boss. If I said anything that may have upset her, please help me apologize too.”

“Alright, I’ll get going now. Oh, and Piang told me earlier that she wouldn’t be coming today. So you can relax and work in peace.”

“Why?”

Sadanun asked before she could stop herself. Normally, if she didn’t care, she wouldn’t ask. But this time, even after Matika had turned away, she still blurted the question out. Maybe it was because of what the grandmother had said earlier.

“She went on a date—my grandmother arranged it.”

Matika turned back to answer, then walked away, leaving Sadanun standing there. Her thoughts were racing.

*A date arranged by her grandmother?*

Really? That nosy little bunny might actually be getting set up in an arranged marriage. Sadanun let out a sigh. She never thought something so outdated would still be happening in this day and age

The young researcher felt a sudden emptiness, like she wasn’t herself, when she thought about how someone she saw every day might disappear from her life.

*I guess she won’t come to see me anymore.*

*Good. It’s for the best if someone annoying like Piangrawin disappears.*

*. .*

“What are you going to do about what happened the day before yesterday?”

As soon as she got back to the office, the soft voice of the youngest girl asked cheerfully. It seemed like it was just the two of them there. She guessed that Namphraow had taken the new campaign chart into the lab.

“What are you talking about?”

Sadanan took off her coat and sank into her chair. The other woman dragged a chair over to sit across from her, clearly full of curiosity.

“Her grandma came to visit, right? It seemed like she really didn’t like you at all. But P’Piang seems to like you a lot.”

“So you heard everything, huh? You’re really sharp, the sharpest in our team,”

The researcher said while trying to focus on her work, pretending not to care — but in reality, she couldn’t stop thinking about it.

She even felt a little ashamed. In her 28 years of life, this was the first time someone’s grandmother had come and told her not to get involved with their granddaughter. And she’d been judged without even being truly known.

Still, it wasn’t all that strange. Even close colleagues like Namphraow and Phakjira didn’t know much about her family. They probably thought she was just an average worker, living paycheck to paycheck, like everyone else.

“Ploy has a special ability. I can hear clearly when I’m eavesdropping or when someone whispers.”

“I don’t care. I didn’t ask for Lady Duang’s approval, and I’ll never like her. It’s better if Piang doesn’t come here again. That would give me peace of mind.”

Phakjira raised an eyebrow at her calm reaction. She smiled — strange for someone usually so serious and focused, like she was gambling with her career. Yet when insulted, she could still smile. What a weird person.

“Why aren’t you upset at all, P’Song? I once got called a burden to the team and I was furious. But Lady Duang insulted you so badly, and you’re still smiling?”

*Clack.*

The sound of a pen being set down was heard as Sadanun suddenly got up to grab things, getting ready to go help Namphraow in the lab.

“I told you before, work is the most important thing to me. I don’t care about the words of someone who doesn’t even know me. Just doing a good job is exhausting enough. You should do the same — let others’ words go in one ear and out the other. You’re acting like you never listen to me.”

“Alright, but what actually happened with P’Piang on Friday night? Her grandmother came to confront you first thing Monday morning!”

She froze just as she was about to open the office door. When asked about that night, the memories flooded back like getting splashed during Songkran — both that night and the next morning.

“You didn’t even take P'Piang home, did you? I saw it — you opened a room for her and went upstairs. You didn’t come back down for ages. Even P’Apple couldn’t wait anymore and left. Don’t tell me… was there something going on between you and P’Piang?”

Phakjira let her imagination run wild. And even though she wasn’t wrong, Sadanun didn’t confirm anything. Instead, she changed the subject to make her drop it.

“There you go again, wasting work time on gossip. How can you become a better researcher like this? Did you even read the books I gave you? If you’re not serious about your studies, I’m not going to teach you anymore.”

She tried to be strict, but the girl rarely listened. Every chance she got, she’d investigate people’s personal lives like it was her real research project.

“You're always into my business.”

“Oh, come on! I am doing my work, but your story is way more interesting,”

Phakjira replied.

“What about you, then?”

Sadanun asked, stepping closer and staring intently.

“That night with my friend… did something more happen besides just dropping you off at your condo?”

The question caught her off guard. Her face drained of color, and she answered in a short, choppy way, unlike her usual self.

“N-no! Nothing happened. We just talked and then she left. That’s it.”

She avoided eye contact, her body stiff and awkward, and she swallowed nervously — all clear signs she was hiding something. Sadanun knew right away that her dear friend Phichika was being serious now. She could be quite cunning when she wanted to be.

“You already have someone, so stop nosing into my business. Because I don’t love anyone. Not even someone as perfect as Piang.”

Sadanun said sharply.

She shook her head at the mess her younger colleague had gotten herself into again. It always ended like this. When it wasn't too much, Sadanun could still teach her a lesson. But if it got worse, she had other ways to make sure she remembered.

As for her and Piangrawin…

There was no way that could ever happen. End of story.

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It might have been a bit annoying that today she had to cancel her plans to flirt with the pretty researcher at the company, but ever since she woke up, she had to get dressed nicely to check her café’s accounts and then deliver some afternoon treats to Dr. Namkhing at McKell Hospital — a private hospital not far from the company.

Still, it didn’t feel right to meet the doctor here and then rush off to see

Sadanun at work, especially since Matmee had already texted her, saying Sadanun was likely busy with a new project. If she showed up uninvited, she might end up being disliked even more.

Piangrawin, with her elegant figure dressed in a pastel designer outfit and matching heels, carried paper bags filled with desserts and drinks from her own café. She walked toward the staff lounge in the cardiothoracic surgery department.

Piangrawin arrived about five minutes early, knowing that being late might inconvenience the doctor. But even as ten minutes passed, then thirty, the person she was supposed to meet still hadn’t shown up.

Sure, she had the doctor’s contact info, but it didn’t feel right to call her during work hours just to ask about a date. So Piangrawin simply leaned her head back on the couch and closed her eyes, deciding to wait right there, hoping the doctor would arrive in another ten minutes or so.

“Nong Piang, Nong Piang...”

She didn’t know how much time had passed, but someone gently shook her shoulder. Piangrawin, who had been enjoying a nap in the quiet, cozy space, slowly opened her eyes.

She had just been dreaming — about being woken up in the morning by Sadanun with a gentle morning kiss — and it made her smile unconsciously.

But when she opened her eyes fully, it wasn’t who she had dreamed of. The person who woke her up was Dr. Namkhing, dressed in her usual light blue scrubs, looking exhausted — like she hadn’t slept for days. Still, there was a hint of guilt in her eyes.

“Am I really fell asleep? What time is it now?”

Piangrawin glanced at the watch on her wrist and her eyes widened in shock at how much time had passed.

*Two hours since our scheduled meeting?*

No wonder she’d slept so long — she loved sleeping more than anything. But what shocked her was that P’Namkhing had just shown up now?

“I’m really sorry,”

The doctor said, genuinely looking guilty.

“There was an emergency surgery and I forgot to let you know in advance. If I had told you, you wouldn’t have had to wait like this.”

Her apology was so sincere that Piangrawin couldn’t even be mad. She understood that things like this could happen.

She smiled, shook her head, and handed over the bag of treats.

“It’s okay, really. I wasn’t bothered at all. These are some desserts from my café. I picked ones with less sugar — I hope you’ll like them.”

The older woman smiled in relief as she took the bag and sat down across from her.

"Thank you. I usually don’t have much time to eat the things I want, but today I’m lucky someone brought me something delicious right to me."

"To be honest, if my grandma hadn’t forced me, I probably wouldn’t have come. I’m really scared of hospitals—the smell, the medicine, the alcohol for cleaning wounds—just smelling them makes me anxious. And if I ever saw an emergency case in front of me, I’d probably faint and cause trouble for the medical staff."

The doctor is really beautiful, even with hardly any makeup. But she's not her type at all. She looks more like a kind older sister than someone she could fall in love with. She actually like women with a strong, bold look— like Sadanun. And when she stand next to someone and feel insecure about her height, that’s the sign she had met the right one.

"Next time, let’s just meet at the coffee shop downstairs. The surgical ward isn’t really a good place for someone like me."

"Did I trouble you by coming here, P’Namkhing?"

"It’s not trouble if you make an appointment. I’m more worried I might be troubling you."

She tried to give the doctor a reason to avoid her—hinting that meeting her might be inconvenient—but the beautiful, clean-looking doctor smiled like she wasn’t bothered at all. That wouldn’t do. She had to show the doctor her flaws so she’d lose interest.

"Actually, I have a bad personality. I’m spoiled, wake up late, not very responsible at work, and I’m nosy too. If we dated, I’d probably text you every five minutes, sulk every half hour, and maybe even show up at your ward unannounced. All those traits—I bet you don’t like any of them, right?"

She listed all her bad qualities, watching to see how the doctor would respond. Judging from her job and maturity, Namkhing probably liked someone more like Sadanun.

“I see. Everything you said is the opposite of what I usually like,”

Namkhing said.

There it is! Piangrawin beamed with joy, almost wanting to slap herself for how happy she was. But the next sentence quickly wiped that smile off her face.

“But that doesn’t mean I don’t like you, Phiang.”

“To be honest, we only know each other through my grandma. We’ve only met a couple of times, briefly. This is the first time you’ve actually come to see me for a date. And it’s in such a special place, too. But like I said, I don’t really like hospitals. It’s not romantic—it feels uncomfortable, like there’s no way for the relationship to grow here. And honestly, it won’t grow. I prefer calm places, like a bar or a nice restaurant.”

This time, she tried throwing some blame back at the doctor, as if to say it was her fault for making her feel this way. But the doctor just let out a soft laugh, like she found it all a little amusing.

“A date with a CVT doctor is like this. That’s why I don’t want to be in a relationship right now. I don’t want someone to feel lost or neglected because of me. I can’t even take care of my own heart properly—how could I take care of someone else’s? And I’m at the hospital more than I am at home. I might as well say I’m married to my job until I retire.”

So… she doesn’t want to be with anyone. Maybe her family was pressured into setting this up just because Piangrawin's grandma donates money to the hospital that Namkhing’s father owns, every year. Piangrawin slowly nodded in understanding.

Luckily, Namkhing didn’t seem to be pretending to like her just because of the money. That would’ve made things much harder to talk about. “Oh, so someone else is pulling the strings on your heart too, huh?” Piangrawin said.

“I understood everything you said just now. And I’m not upset. You probably don’t like someone who can barely make time for you, right?”

“Honestly, I prefer someone with an office job. Works five days a week, from 8 to 5. After work, we can spend time together without having to worry about anyone else all the time.”

When she said all that, she was thinking of just one person—Sadanun. She wondered if she had finished work and gone home yet. Even though she was on a date with someone else, every beat of her heart still belonged to Sadanun.

“Then I hope you find that person, Piang. As for me, I’ll just be Dr. Namkhing for my patients. Love isn’t for me. I'm really not good at this kind of thing.”

The doctor admitted.

“But I guess we can’t avoid it just yet. We might still have to see each other. Even if we don’t like each other, whenever I have to come see you because of my grandma, could you please accept my snacks as a thank-you—for not liking me?”

The doctor laughed, not like someone who had just come out of surgery. What a strange kind of heart doctor she was.

“Of course... but I have to go now. Just don’t come here as a patient, okay? Being here as a date arranged by our families is enough."

“Okay. I hope you have fewer patients today,”

Piangrawin said with a small wave as the beautiful doctor, dressed in her light blue scrubs, walked out of sight.

She felt a sense of relief. She had worried that the doctor might actually want to date her, just like the adults wanted. But in the end, it seemed the doctor was just being pressured too—and wasn’t looking for a relationship at all right now.

That meant Piangrawin could now go ahead and pursue Sadanun without any more worries about this arranged date.

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# Chapter 16 : Using the Chairman’s Daughter to Climb the Ladder

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Even though it wasn’t 8 a.m. yet, Piangrawin, who was getting used to waking up early, had already arrived at her family’s company. After parking her car, she peeked into the paper bag to check if everything was still in place.

Inside were some healthy snacks from a shop outside—replacing the usual sweets from her own café—and a lightly sweetened milk coffee. She had noticed that Sadanun usually drank coffee with milk, unlike those cold and serious male leads in novels who only drank black coffee or Americanos, trying to act bitter like their drinks.

No, Sadanun wasn’t an Americano. She was more like cold brew.

“It’s done. I changed the snacks like you suggested,”

She said, speaking to her close friend—her emotional advisor—on the phone. Previously, she had complained that Sadanun never touched the snacks she brought, which made her feel a bit disappointed.

“Good job. And don’t forget, P'Song’s also a model—even if she’s not super famous—she cares a lot about her figure. So don’t give her fattening sweets.”

“Thanks, girl. Oh, one more thing… she’s not allergic to flowers, right?” She glanced at the medium-sized bouquet of pink roses on the passenger seat and smiled sweetly. She hadn’t come to flirt with her yesterday, so today she brought flowers to make up for it—hoping to cheer her up after not seeing her pretty face.

“As far as I know, no. I’ve seen her do photo shoots with flowers a lot. But to be honest, I’m not 100% sure.”

“Alright, I’m off now. My heart’s already run ahead to find P’Song, I better follow before it dies waiting!”

Even though her friend gave a dry laugh at her joke, Piangrawin didn’t care. After hanging up, the daughter of the company’s chairman quickly stepped into the elevator and headed straight to the floor where Sadanun worked.

“I’m here! Here’s Song’s latte, and Ploy’s iced tea,”

Said Namphrao, handing out the drinks she got using coupons. Both younger coworkers accepted their drinks, as it wasn’t official working hours yet and no one had started working.

But hearing Phakjira's phone buzzing again and again made the oldest of the group curious.

“Who are you chatting with so early?”

She asked. The younger girl looked startled, almost dropping her phone. Namphrao, walking past, even managed to glance at her screen and saw it was no ordinary chat. So Namphrao teased her the way they usually did.

“Ooh, that’s a very romantic heart-themed background! Got a boyfriend and didn’t tell us?”

“N-no, we’re just talking. We’re not officially dating or anything,”

She said nervously. The oldest didn’t know, but the middle sister of their team did.

“Is my friend treating you well? If not, tell me. I’ll deal with her myself,” She said, and even sent a message to her own friend.

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**Song:**

**What are you doing to little Ploy? She’s ignoring us now. Stop chatting for a sec.**

**Apple:**

**Why are you butting in? Go talk to your precious Piangrawin.**

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After that reply, Sadanun paused and put her phone down, ending the chat. But she didn’t tell her friend that her beloved Holland Lop bunny might not come see her anymore. She hadn’t even received a single message.

It was clear—she had probably gone on that date her grandmother arranged. Once she met someone new, she’d likely forget about her.

“Honestly, P'Apple is a really nice person. She’s caring, speaks politely, and if she’s seeing someone, she makes it clear and open. She clears things up with everyone else first—doesn’t leave any loose ends. She’s like a perfect older girl, really worth dating.”

“So, is Ploy’s girlfriend really Song’s friend? How did you two even meet? Come on, spill it!”

“I’m not telling,” Phakjira replied.

“Come on, tell P'Namphrao what happened that night!”

Sadanun chimed in, clearly enjoying the chance to tease her. Usually, she was the one being teased, so this time she was happy to get a bit of payback. Her comment only made everyone else more curious.

“What happened that night?” they asked.

Being cornered from all sides, the girl who had just fallen in love couldn’t hide her shyness anymore. She suddenly jumped up, flustered.

“I’m not talking! I’m going to the bathroom!”

She said, rushing off.

“Hey! Why are you keeping secrets just between the two of you? Tell me too!”

Namphrao called after her.

As the youngest walked away with her phone, the eldest quickly followed. That left Sadanun in her quiet office, finally able to smile in peace. She didn’t get the gossip, but at least she got a few quiet moments… until three or four uninvited people suddenly barged in without knocking or asking permission.

“Khun Song, I need to talk to you,”

One of them said bluntly, not even bothering with a greeting. Sadanun recognized them immediately—they were members of a research team that had never liked her, ever since she first won the 126 Mega Excellence award.

“Go ahead,” she replied calmly.

“We’ve talked it over. About the campaign proposal that overlaps with ours —we want you to back off and work on something else instead.”

Sadanun raised her eyebrows. It wasn’t unusual for different teams to pitch similar ideas or menus. That kind of overlap happened often. But she didn’t see why it was a problem. As researchers, their job was to come up with new products for the company. That’s all.

“Why? There’s nothing wrong with submitting similar ideas. If the boss chooses one team’s work, that’s the one that gets used. The company benefits, and consumers get something new. That’s our job, isn’t it?” “Khun Song, you just don’t get it, do you? I don’t want to compete with your team.”

“Why? There’s nothing wrong with overlapping proposals. If the boss picks one team’s idea, we go with that. The company gains, and the consumers get new products. That’s our job—simple as that.”

“You two really don’t get it, do you? I don’t want to compete with your team.”

“Our team doesn’t want to compete with anyone either. We’re just doing our job. Was it your team that decided to compete without asking if the others wanted to? Seems like you’ve been set on this ever since you switched teams, Mr. Srud.”

“To be honest, I’m asking your team to withdraw the proposal because we submitted the idea for a ‘tuna wave’ menu first. Even though the boss didn’t say anything, I think we need to revisit this discussion.”

The young female researcher let out a sigh, running a hand through her hair in frustration. To her, the whole situation felt childish—like kids playing store. She stood up straight, her expression serious, and spoke clearly.

She didn’t know how much longer she’d have to deal with being treated like some outdated relic, surrounded by toxic coworkers.

“Let’s be clear. I won’t change anything. Team 3 is moving forward with the clean tuna menu. If you have a problem with that, it’s yours to deal with. Solve it yourselves.”

*Insert dramatic interruption!*

“P' Song, looks like you haven’t had enough drama for today,”

Came a teasing voice as the door opened. Someone stepped in, holding a wooden tray and a paper bag, shifting the atmosphere in the room. Even the tension paused for a moment as everyone turned silent—including the newcomer.

“Go back to your own team,”

The newcomer added casually.

“If you still see this as a competition, then don’t expect your opponent to just step aside. Losing just to let herself win? That’s too pathetic.”

Since Piangrawin is both a shareholder and the youngest daughter of the company president, none of the four researchers dared to speak up. They just quietly left the room.

But once they were out of the door, their competitive spirits surfaced. They started venting their frustrations openly.

“So arrogant. Just got a little recognition and now she talks back like she doesn’t care about seniority. She’s not just close to the boss—she’s also using the president’s youngest daughter to climb up. Did you see how Khun Piang brought those wooden flowers? It’s obvious they’re dating. Want to bet team three gets picked again this year, just like last year?”

“So what are we going to do? Our campaign is behind schedule, and they’ve got connections. The boss loves tuna, and team three is doing tuna just like us. There’s no way our team is going to win the 126 Mega Excellence award. Forget being top researchers.”

“Exactly. A few years ago, it was always Sarut who won. But ever since Song came in, he’s taken over everything. It’s not fair. We work hard too, but everyone only praises that kid.”

“Let’s change our menu. Let’s see how things turn out.”

As the sound of footsteps faded, the two women hiding around the corner looked at each other.

Luckily, Phakjira and her senior, Namphrao, were still nearby and overheard the whole thing—whether it was “good” or not is up for debate.

“P’Namphrao, you heard it too, right?”

“I may be older, but my ears still work just fine.”

“So what should we do?”

“Don’t tell Song about this, no matter what.”

Namphrao warned her younger colleague.

Even if Sadanun heard, she might not do anything. Still, she didn’t want her to feel discouraged about her relationship. Who knows? The woman who’s never opened her heart to any woman might now be opening it to the president’s daughter. If she finds out about this gossip, she might ruin it all herself.

“Why are these people so jealous? We’ve all worked so hard, and they still think P’Piang is just using connections to climb up? Hasn’t she proven herself already?”

“Forget them. Dogs bark at anything. No matter what we do, we don’t need to prove ourselves to people like that. If someone doesn’t like you, they’ll always find something to criticize. Let’s just focus on our work.”

The older woman started walking ahead.

“Wait a minute,”

Phakjira suddenly stopped and tugged at her senior’s sleeve.

“What did team one say earlier? P'Piang brought wooden flowers?”

That one sentence made her realize: Piangrawin must’ve come here with flower arrangements.

The mood could be romantic. Sadanun might be getting sweet-talked. And if they go back in now, they’d become the third wheel ruining the moment.

“What now? Let’s go back to work.”

“No, no! How about we go get another round of coffee?”

“Didn’t you just say you’re cutting sugar?”

“But this time I want cocoa. I’m not cutting back anymore. Come with me, please?”

Without waiting for a reply, the lovestruck girl pulled her team leader along.

Their company had flexible morning breaks, so a quick coffee run wasn’t breaking any rules. They could just make up for the time during their official break later.

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# Chapter 17 : What if she just confessed her love to someone else?

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“Why are you here again? Didn’t you promise me that you wouldn’t flirt with me anymore? Do you really have no memory?”

That very first sentence hit her hard. It hurt all over when she saw the beautiful woman sit down at her desk. Piangrawin held out the snacks and flowers she had brought, acting innocent and clueless.

“I brought snacks, coffee, and flowers. And I kept my promise—I’m not flirting at all. I just brought some gifts. Honestly, I don’t even know how people flirt.”

“You’re so clever with your words.”

“Please,”

She said sweetly, handing her the flowers. But she just gave them a sideways glance and turned away, clearly not pleased.

“Leave them there,”

She said without even looking at her. Her tone was cold and distant.

Just a few days ago, she was still limping and texting to make sure she got home safely. But now everything had changed. Without anything physical between them, the cold and grumpy researcher was treating her like she didn’t matter.

She was like a cat who turns indifferent once it’s full on wet food. Piangrawin was tempted to scratch her up just out of spite—but she couldn’t do that. If she did, she might really end up hating her.

“Why do you look so stressed when you see me? I’m this pretty, can’t you at least smile a little?”

She said playfully, putting everything on the desk. She opened the office door and peeked outside. Seeing no one around, she headed toward her, planning to sit on her lap like that one night they shared. But she quickly stood up and moved away like she was contagious, and she ended up sitting on the chair by herself.

That moment stung so much, her face went numb. She didn’t understand what was going on between them. But before she could think more, she explained it herself—what might be the reason behind her coldness.

“Yesterday, your grandmother came here.”

*My grandma came here? Why?*

Piangrawin frowned in confusion. Her grandmother never came to the company—what reason would she have? And what did it have to do with the two of them? Why was she telling her this?

“Why did Grandma come? How come I didn’t know? And how did you find out?”

Sadanun looked at her, seeing the confusion in her eyes. She wasn’t sure if she wanted her around anymore. She wasn’t sure how she felt, especially after her grandmother had just insulted her.

“She came to tell me I’m too lowly for her granddaughter. That I should just go back to the way I came. Honestly, I’d feel most at peace if you didn’t come here anymore.”

Even though Sadanun didn’t usually take offense at being looked down on, seeing her smile so happily, acting like nothing happened, really irritated her. She was being insulted while working hard, and Piangrawin was out on a date with someone else without a care in the world.

Their situations were completely different.

After hearing all that, Piangrawin went quiet for several seconds. Her grandmother really came all the way here just to hurt her feelings? To insult the woman she liked, right at her workplace? Her face went pale.

She could only imagine how much that must’ve hurt her and how disappointed she must’ve felt. Her grandmother had abused her power as the company chairperson’s mother in such a horrible way.

“I’m so sorry. I really didn’t know she would do something like that. I had no idea. It was just me who was pathetic, stubbornly chasing after P'Song, even though she never liked me at all.”

The young woman stood up and walked over to the other person with a guilty look. The one who seemed displeased crossed their arms and turned away, speaking in a cold, distant tone that stung to hear.

“You don’t have to apologize. You're not the one who came and devalued me.”

“Then what should I do to make things better, P'Song?”

She asked, gently tapping her back with her fingers to try and win her over.

Her face was full of worry, even though she hadn't done anything wrong. Still, it felt like she had—because if she hadn't been so insistent on pursuing her, her grandmother wouldn't have followed and said such hurtful things. “Just go back to dating the guy your grandmother picked for you.”

Her fingers stopped moving. That sentence could mean a lot of things. Was she trying to cut her off? She took a step in front of her in her sweet dress and tilted her head, asking curiously:

“Are you upset that I went on a date with someone else, P'Song?”

“No.”

And just like that, the tall figure walked away again. Piangrawin rolled her eyes at how she always said one thing and meant another. She could clearly see the scowl on her face, brows furrowed so tightly they were practically touching. She even gave her a sharp look—did she even realize she’d done that? And then she had the nerve to claim she wasn’t upset?

“I love you, P'Song. I’ve collected nearly every magazine you ever modeled for. I love you—like, crazy in love. If possible, I’d even love to be there watching while you’re working on a shoot.”

“Did I give you permission to say you love me?”

“You don’t like it?”

“No.”

“Then what if I told someone else I loved them instead? What would you say?”

This time, Sadanun froze. What a thing to say—she was the one who had pursued her in the first place, and now she was talking about loving someone else? Shameless.

“Say whatever you want,” she replied coldly.

But Piangrawin acted unfazed.

Sadanun went back to her desk and silently grumbled, wondering if those two had gone to Mars or something—they were taking forever to come back from the restroom.

“In that case, I’ll call her and say it now,” she announced.

“Go ahead.”

With that, Piangrawin smirked mischievously, leaned her hip against the desk, and dialed a number. Not paying much attention, Sadanun picked up her own ringing phone, assuming it was one of the two coworkers who had mysteriously disappeared before work even started.

“Where did you two go? Why haven’t you shown up yet?” she asked.

“I love you.”

The voice on the line wasn’t who she thought it would be. The young researcher pulled her phone away from her ear and looked at the screen— only to realize it was Piangrawin’s number.

She glanced up at the cheeky woman in front of her, just as the latter ended the call and swiftly moved to sit on her lap, leaving her no chance to escape like earlier.

Piangrawin's soft body was warm and irresistibly huggable, and her scent was gentle and sweet—so much so that Sadanun had to restrain herself from touching her, afraid she’d lose control. “This is the person I want to tell ‘I love you’ to,” Piangrawin said softly.

“It’s only you, P'Song. I only want to say it to you.”

Using her natural charm, Piangrawin pleaded sweetly. When she saw that Sadanun wasn’t pushing her away, she cupped both sides of her face with gentle hands and spoke with a soft voice, her expression turning serious and sincere.

“P'Song… let’s talk nicely, okay?”

"Say what you want to say. It’s time to work, I have to get back to it."

"Don’t frown like that, P'Song. You’re so pretty—try smiling!"

Now that she had permission, Piangrawin looked more closely at the person in front of her. Their face was striking—so much that it could probably still notice them from hundreds of kilometers away.

With a confident, leader-like vibe like that, if they weren't born under Aries, it must be Leo. Still unsure, Piangrawin poked her cheek again, causing the other person to pull away and glare at her once more.

"Hey! What is it? Just say it."

"Were you born under Aries?"

"No."

"Then Leo?"

The other person fell silent and looked away. That was enough to confirm Piangrawin’s guess. She finally knew their zodiac sign. Now she could look up how to flirt with a Leo effectively. If she had their full birth date, everything would be perfect. And if she guessed right, they were probably an INTJ type too.

"See! I knew it. So, what day and month were you born? I want to get you a big birthday present,"

She asked, pretending it was just a casual question.

"Why do you keep bothering someone who doesn’t like you? Do you like getting disappointed?"

Sadanun sighed. She didn’t know how much longer she’d have to deal with this soft, bunny-like girl who kept pestering her. Even after dating someone else, the girl still came back to her. She really was good at giving her heart away.

"Then why don’t you like me?"

Piangrawin wrapped her arms around Sadanun’s neck and leaned in, their noses almost touching. She even pressed her chest against her. Sadanun, acting as the unwilling seat, turned her head away and swallowed nervously. Her heart pounded, screaming at her not to fall for this girl— especially not someone this persistent.

"Do I need a reason not to like someone?"

"Of course you do. Otherwise, you’re being unreasonable."

"It’s because you’re not my type. Now get off—I need to work."

She didn’t just say it. She also grabbed the girl by the waist and gently pushed her away, trying to get that warm, sweet, wood-scented body off of her before she lost control of her feelings.

Day by day, Piangrawin was getting bolder.

"You’re lying. No sapphic woman could resist me. I can tell you like me too."

Since she wasn’t allowed to sit, Piangrawin started walking around the room instead, refusing to leave no matter how many times she was told off.

"And why is that?"

"Because I’m beautiful and rich. I could pick anyone to be my partner, but I’m picky—that’s why I haven’t dated anyone seriously yet."

Sadanun couldn’t help but feel annoyed. She dropped her serious expression and crossed her legs, folding her arms with a mocking smile at this self-absorbed girl.

"Wow, I had no idea you were not only rich and pretty but also good at praising yourself."

She knew Piangrawin’s words were arrogant, but Piangrawin didn’t care. Everything she said was true.

"That’s just what it means to be me. As for you, if you have eyes, you’d see that too."

"If I had eyes like that, I'd probably see the stars too."

Sadanun thought she was just watching a movie, but this girl was actually flirting in such a bold way. She made the person she liked get nervous all the time. How did she expect this to actually work?

"What exactly are you trying to say? Are you insulting me?"

Said the beautiful woman with a frown, while the other just crossed her arms and smirked.

"Didn’t you always say you’re smart? You can figure this out yourself."

"....."

“Damn it! You’re so annoying! You’re just so…!”

Sadanun suddenly jumped out of her chair, pacing around while grumbling in frustration. The teasing attitude of the other woman really irritated her.

She couldn’t quite explain it, but whenever she was around Piangrawin, she’d get all flustered—sometimes her heart would race, other times she’d get mad. It was nothing like when they were in bed together.

Back then, she had been completely submissive, like a little bunny. But now it felt like Piangrawin was ready to kick her in the face with both feet. She wanted to shake her and make her understand.

"I understood everything you just said, by the way." Piangrawin turned sharply to look at her, clearly annoyed.

Then Sadanun pointed to the door.

“What?”

“The door. You came in that way, now go back out. I’ve got work to do.”

“P’Song…”

Piangrawin looked in the direction she pointed, thinking maybe someone had arrived, but realized she was being kicked out… again. She pouted and groaned. It hurt to be rejected like this, but she wasn’t going to give up— because she loved her.

“Just go away. Next time I might have to use magic rice to chase you off. You’re such a troublemaker.”

Though hurt, Piangrawin hid her disappointment and smiled like nothing was wrong. Even though she wanted to stay until the other woman finished work, she knew she couldn’t. So, she gave in.

“Okay, I’ll go. But I’ll send you a goodnight message tonight—maybe even a video. And I’ll come back tomorrow. Even if you don’t want to see me, I’m not giving up that easily.”

Before leaving, she didn’t want to go empty-handed. She looked around quickly, then leaned in and planted a kiss on Sadanun’s cheek—leaving behind a lipstick mark for strength.

“See you later!”

Sadanun was caught off guard. By the time she realized what had happened, the girl was already gone. She sighed, wiped the lipstick off her cheek, and ran a hand through her hair, feeling overwhelmed.

“Ugh… so annoying,”

She muttered. Everything felt like a mess. It wasn’t like she hated seeing her again—but getting pushed like this annoyed her. Maybe she was frustrated because she couldn't control her feelings. That’s why she kept things casual—just once have sex with each woman.

Not just to avoid making them fall for her, but also to protect her own heart from catching feelings. And now, with the way Piangrawin acted, it felt like those walls she had built around her emotions were starting to fall apart.

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# Chapter 18: Every Friday Night

By the time Sadanun finished work and got home, it was usually a little after six in the evening. Every time she came back, there was always one living creature waiting to greet her at the door, as if it had missed her very much.

She put down her things, hung up her coat, and crouched down to pet her plump, short-haired calico cat. The cat lived in her small house and was quite affectionate and peaceful. She chose to raise it like her daughter, thinking she probably wouldn’t get married or have kids in this lifetime.

“Mommy’s going to the main house for dinner. I’ll come play with you later,” she said.

The cat purred softly and eventually fell asleep. Sadanun smiled at its cuteness, then quickly headed over to the main house to join the adults.

“Song, come eat dinner, dear,”

Her grandmother called out as soon as she saw her. The dining room in the main house was brightly lit, filled with the aroma of food that made her stomach growl. The atmosphere was warm and full of family—her parents and grandmother were all present.

Since Sadanun was the only grandchild left in the family, she greeted them and joined the dinner table as usual.

“How was work today, Song?”

Mom Luang Worakit asked his daughter. Even though he wished she’d quit and help with the family business, he couldn’t force her since she insisted on being a food researcher.

“It was good. There's a special campaign going on right now, so it's a bit hectic, but nothing too bad.”

Sadanun shook her head slightly and gave them a small smile to ease their worries—even though her department had ongoing issues, from one research team to that annoying "Rabbit Lady."

“Grandma, I might not be able to cook for you guys as much lately because work has been busy,”

She mentioned. That reminded her grandmother that normally, Sadanun would cook at least once a week, usually on Saturdays. But lately, she hadn’t been doing that.

“You usually cook breakfast for everyone on Saturday, but last Saturday you only came home in the morning. Where did you sleep?”

“Eh?”

The question caught her off guard. She looked around nervously, and her mom nudged her.

“Your grandma asked you something, answer her.”

“I went out for drinks with Apple. I accidentally drank a bit too much and ended up staying at a nearby hotel,”

She said, choosing not to lie outright. She usually told small white lies to keep others from worrying, but this time, she wanted to avoid giving her grandmother any hope—because she had no intention of dating Piangrawin, no matter how hard that woman tried to win her over, even if she had already succeeded.

“Oh, I thought you were off with some girl and forgot to come home,”

Her grandma teased.

“There’s no one like that, Grandma.”

“Well, if there ever is, I wouldn’t mind. I don’t care who they are or where they come from, as long as they’re a good person who won’t hurt you,”

Her grandma said with a smile.

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A short while later, a stream of message notifications started ringing nonstop, as if someone was trying to mess with her. She picked up her phone and saw it was that floppy-eared Rabbit Lady again. Who knew what kind of trouble she was trying to stir this time?

“Excuse me for a moment. Please keep eating,”

Sadanun said, excusing herself from the table and heading to the backyard garden—her grandmother’s favorite spot—to check what that inconsiderate person had sent her this time.

Before anything else, it was clear what she had sent—photos of herself. She started from mirror selfies in the dressing room to pictures of her soaking in the bathtub, showing off her sexy figure. When she saw those photos, the young woman almost dropped her phone. Her face suddenly flushed with heat.

She quickly looked around, worried that a maid might walk by and see them. Even though the photos didn’t show anything too explicit, they were still very sexy and revealing. The only person who truly knew that Piangwarin was very different on the inside than she appeared on the outside was her.

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**Song:**

**What is this? Why did you send this?**

**Piang:**

**I really just wanted to send them to you, Song. I wanted you to see them.**

**Song:**

**They’re inappropriate. You shouldn’t send these kinds of photos online. Didn’t school teach you how dangerous it can be?**

**Piang:**

**Why? Are you going to leak them, P'Song?**

**Song:**

**No, of course not. But it’s still not right.**

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Sadanun kept typing messages to teach her a lesson. She thought,

*What if someday Piangwarin gets bored of me and sends pictures like this to someone else?*

They weren’t even in a relationship, and it wasn’t even clear if they were in love. She understood that Piangwarin was trying to flirt with her, and yes— it was working. But this kind of thing could be dangerous for Piangwarin herself.

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**Piang:**

**Okay, I won’t send anymore. But can I ask you something? About the FWB thing—can you think about it again? I know both of us really enjoy being together in bed. Even though you said you'd never sleep with the same person more than once, we already broke that rule, didn’t we? So that rule doesn’t exist anymore. If you don’t want a serious relationship, then let’s just be friends with benefits, okay?**

**Piang:**

**I’m ready to do all the lab work with you, day and night, however you want. And I’ll be your cute little bunny too.**

**.**

A bunny? Oh right—she had accidentally called her a bunny that day when they slept together.

After reading that message, Sadanun paced back and forth beside her grandmother’s row of cactus, thinking that no matter how much she was a camel who avoided the cactus for the second time, in the end, she would still love its sweet and cool taste.

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**Piang:**

**Well? Don’t just read and ignore me. If you don’t reply, I’ll call you!**

**Song:**

**Just Friday, okay?**

**Piang:**

**Huh? What do you mean?**

**Song:**

**Fine. We’ll meet for that... only on Friday evenings.**

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After sending that message, the woman with the cool and striking face kept walking in circles, feeling confused. She wasn’t sure if what she just agreed to was the right thing. She had never been good at guarding her heart, and the other girl clearly liked her—a lot. She had even said she loved her.

Yet here she was, allowing Piangwarin to get close again—every Friday evening. But she couldn’t deny how good it felt being around Piangwarin. Even without doing anything physical, just being near her felt right. And that was confusing, especially since she had always told herself never to feel this way about anyone.

Moments later, Piangwarin sent a flurry of bunny stickers saying "I love you," as if she wanted to break Sadanun’s notification system.

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**Piang:**

**See you soon, my FWB. I’m going to shower now. I’ll text you again tonight to say goodnight—as your FWB. I promise I won’t send any more sexy photos. I love you, P'Song.**

**“I love you, P'Song.”**

**“Love you.” “Love you, P'Song.”**

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*Since when do friends with benefits say 'I love you'? Piangrawin is just too stubborn.*

After the conversation ended, the woman paced back and forth in the garden, deep in thought. Ever since her first love fell apart back in her second year of college, she had never talked to anyone this seriously again.

At most, she’d just chat about work or random things, usually with her boss or in a team group chat. But she didn’t know exactly how things had led to this point—how she ended up getting a love confession from another woman in a text message.

Still dressed in her work clothes, she crouched down on the ground and started talking to her grandmother’s cactus.

*“Do you think this is okay? I mean, I don’t want to fall in love, but I agreed to be FWB with a woman who tells me she loves me, flirts with me every day, and constantly gets on my nerves. Do you think I can control myself?*

*Or is this some kind of test for me?”*

Silence… When she got no response, she realized how ridiculous she must look talking to a cactus.

*“That girl told me she loves me today, but I’m giving that love to you, okay? Take it and don’t give it back.”*

At work, Sadanun always acted calm and serious, like a cold, respected researcher. But that was just a way to keep her distance—especially since so many women were always trying to flirt with her. Plus, jealous coworkers were constantly looking for ways to bring her down.

But when work ended, that mask came off, and her real self showed. She had feelings, a heart—she could cry, smile, and laugh just like anyone else. It’s just that people around her always saw her as a robot-like, rigid scientist, probably thinking she had some powerful backing helping her along the way.

***Rrrrrrr!***

She jumped a little when her phone rang again. Thinking it was the same person she had just talked to, she quickly picked up without even checking who it was.

“Wow, you’re calling already? What now?”

“Hey! Is that how you talk to me now?”

But the voice on the other end was someone familiar—her one and only close friend. She looked at her phone and saw it was her best friend calling.

“Oh, it’s you?”

“Of course, it’s me! Don’t you ever check who’s calling before picking up? What if it was a scammer? You just answer random calls like that?”

“Yeah, yeah, sorry. I actually thought you were a scammer. What do you want?”

“Let’s go for drinks this Friday. Bring Nong Ploy too. It’ll be fun with more people. When you’re around, she gets shy—I love seeing her like that.”

The invitation was the same as always—Friday night drinks. But what wasn’t the same was that she wasn’t free this Friday anymore.

“You two go without me. I already have plans.”

“With who?”

“With Piang.”

Sadanun paused. She swallowed the rest of her words, realizing she had answered way too fast. It wasn’t what she meant to say, but it had already slipped out. Still, it wasn’t enough to fool her best friend’s sharp instincts.

“What… don’t tell me you’re hooking up with her again? Didn’t you say you never sleep with anyone more than once? How many times has it been now? You’re totally going back on your own rules. That night, you even brought her to your room while drunk! I never got a proper explanation from you about that, by the way. What kind of person takes advantage of a girl when she’s not in her right mind? Actually, now that I think about it— maybe you owe me an apology or a fee or something…”

“Stop.”

Getting scolded like that, Sadanun quickly cut her off before her friend could keep going and make her ears ring. She couldn’t tell if this person was her best friend or secretly trying to be her mom.

"....."

“I don’t know. I already agreed to it. But it’s just a FWB thing, so I figured it wouldn’t matter. And that night? Piang wasn’t even drunk. She pretended to be! She swapped out the tequila in the bottle for oolong tea. Sneaky, right?”

"It’s better that you didn’t get involved like that, but that kind of relationship is the most dangerous. You’ve fallen for her, haven’t you?" From what she heard earlier, it’s obvious that Sadanun was in love with her.

"No way. How could I fall for someone like her? Just being around her gives me a headache. Even when she saw you and me kissing, she didn’t even bother."

"Stop lying to yourself. Trust me, I’m sure of it. You’re into her—whether it’s because of what happened in bed or something else. You want to see her again, don’t you?"

"Apple..."

"Don’t even bother saying anything. I know. I saw it. That day she pretended to be drunk and leaned against you like a little monkey, I saw how you looked at her. Your eyes were more oozy than the lubricant I keep by my bed headboard."

"Stop!"

Sadanun quickly interrupted with a face like she’d just smelled pure alcohol. Her friend’s words left her speechless.

*What kind of person compares someone’s eyes to their own lubricant?!*

"That’s enough. Aren’t you sick? Go rest and don’t call me again. You’ve already made me waste my dinner time. I’ll see you on Saturday, okay?"

She ended the call before her friend could respond. Looks like she really needs to change her habit of answering calls without checking the caller ID —it’s worse than she thought.

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“What happened between us was really terrible. I’ve never felt this awful before. Do you understand me?”

“Nueng, I’m sorry.”

“I really can’t take it anymore. Please say sorry to everyone for me.”

“Nue—”

***Ding dong!***

"Ah!"

Sadanun jerked awake right at 5:00 a.m., the exact time her alarm was set for. She quickly turned it off and lay there in the same position, heart still pounding from the nightmare and the alarm that pulled her out of it. The room was cold from the air conditioner. Her little dog, Moo Krob, was sleeping quietly next to her.

She blinked rapidly to shake off the bad feeling, gripping the blanket tightly and staring at the soft orange light from the ceiling lamp. She tried to focus on the image of spicy red curry, her favorite food, just like her therapist had suggested. Slowly, she took deep breaths to calm her racing heart.

Looking at the soft orange light in her room always made her feel better. That’s why she left it on every night until morning. Still, she didn’t like staring at it because every time she did, it meant she had just dreamt of her twin sister’s death again.

And today, she dreamt about it again.

Sadanun slowly sat up, trying to recall the dream again and again. She had been dreaming like this ever since Nueng died—about eight years now. She didn’t know why.

Was it because she had witnessed the death herself? Or was it because the dead wanted to tell her something? That’s why she kept going to therapy, trying to get rid of the dream. But no matter how much she tried, it still haunted her—as if constantly reminding her that she was part of the reason her sister died.

*“If you want to say something, can’t you just show up in my dream and talk to me nicely?”*

Sadanan picked up the photo of the two of them from the bedside table, looked at it for a moment, then set it down. She reached for her phone and started scrolling through messages. Then she noticed the one unread message from last night—just one message that might have changed everything.

**Piang:**

**Sweet dreams. See you tomorrow, my lovely beautiful one.**

She had sent that goodnight message after the other girl had already fallen asleep while reading. When the girl woke up and read the short message, she decided to reply:

**Song:**

**Are you awake?**

After sending it, Sadanun felt flustered and unsure of herself. She didn’t even understand why she texted first—she didn’t really want to talk to her anyway.

*“Hmph, it’s 5 a.m. No way that lazy bunny’s awake. She sleeps like the whole world belongs to her.”*

Sadanun sighed. She remembered that the girl had said she used to sleep in a lot, and only recently started trying to wake up earlier—because of her. Still, she didn’t expect a reply this early.

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**Piang:**

**Why? Miss me or something? Is that why you texted me this early?**

**Song:**

**Why are you up so early today?**

**Piang:**

**I told you I saw your abs and wanted some too! So now I’m waking up early to exercise just like you. I’m trying to make it a habit.**

**Song:**

**Oh, I see.**

**Piang:**

**So, did you text me just to say hi, or because you missed me?**

**.**

That question caught her off guard. She didn’t even know why she texted, so now she sat there trying to come up with a good excuse—one that wouldn’t give the other girl the wrong idea.

**Song:**

**My finger slipped. I didn’t mean to send it.**

**Piang:**

**Even a kindergartener wouldn’t believe that.**

**Song:**

**Don’t flatter yourself.**

**Piang:**

**Okay, okay. But by the way, do you always style your hair so straight like that?**

**Song: Yes.**

**Piang:**

**Why? Have you never curled it and tried a bold makeup look? Or maybe you don’t know how? Want me to help? I could curl it from mid-length to the ends—just a bit firm. That look would make you look edgier, but still just as cool and beautiful. I just want to see a different look on you.**

**Song:**

**Don’t even think about messing with my body. I already get enough attention from girls. If I do that, guys will start coming after me too. It’d be chaos.**

**.**

Meanwhile, Piangrawin, who was changing into workout clothes, rolled her eyes and pouted a bit, thinking, So full of herself. But honestly, she had to admit she felt the same way. And Sadanun wasn’t wrong. If she got any more beautiful, Piangrawin would probably have hundreds of love rivals.

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**Piang:**

**Why? Wouldn’t it be nice to have a bunch of admirers?**

**Song:**

**No. You alone are annoying enough. And don’t come see me today. I need to concentrate on important work**.

Sadanun’s natural dark eyebrows twitched. After she sent that, the other girl bombarded her with angry bunny stickers until her phone almost froze. Smirking, she silenced her phone and went to shower, smiling from the fun of teasing Piangrawin.

Today, she had to prepare a recipe to send to Boss Matmee, so she couldn’t let herself be distracted by Piangrawin.

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# Chapter 19: Our Night

"Don’t you think today feels kind of quiet?"

The youngest team member asked brightly, breaking the silence in the research office of three. The oldest member of the team looked away from her computer screen and turned her attention to the girl.

"Are you asking me or her?"

"Both of you! Usually, P’Piang comes here and brings us snacks, but today she didn’t show up. I’m so jealous of P’Song—having a pretty girl visiting and flirting with her at work! I wish P’Apple would come and flirt with me here too."

The sound of Sadanun's typing stopped as the younger girl spoke. She adjusted her glasses slightly, not really catching the last part about her friend, but the mention of Piangrawin definitely stirred something in her.

She had also been wondering whether or not Piangrawin would come by today—even though she had told her not to. Sadanun glanced at the clock on her desk. It was already 3 PM. The cheerful "smiling bunny" probably wasn’t coming. No messages either.

“Wow, now that you've made it public, you’re not shy to talk about her anymore,”

Namphrao teased. Just the other day, she was acting all shy, blushing like crazy.

“Well, she’s cute, right? Pretty, rich, owns a cafe, and even brings food to your desk. Why don't you try to ask her why she didn't come today?”

The cheerful girl asked her older colleague.

“If she doesn’t come, then whatever. She has tons of admirers. It’s not weird if she skips a visit. Love is just a temporary feeling anyway. Once she gets bored, she’ll move on,”

Sadanun replied with a sigh, trying to sound annoyed. She couldn’t help but wonder if Piangrawin was off on a date with someone else today—that’s probably why she didn’t stop by like she usually did.

“You see each other every day. If she gave up and went on a date with someone else, wouldn’t you be upset? It would feel like being left behind.”

Sadanun, who had been trying to act normal, started to feel restless inside. Why was she even feeling this way? It should be a good thing if Piangrawin finally stopped chasing her and they just stayed as casual FWB for just Friday nights.

“Can you stop asking so many questions? Whether she comes or not is her business. I don’t even want her to come. She's annoying when she's here.”

“Are you sure about that?”

“Absolutely.”

Sadanun stood up abruptly, and the youngest team member asked,

“Where are you going?”

“To the bathroom.”

Once Sadanun walked out with a cold expression, the other two girls leaned in and giggled, whispering that the team’s tough girl had probably fallen into the trap laid by the Chairman's daughter.

Usually, no matter how stressful work got, Sadanun was always calm and ready to chat about anything. But today, something was clearly off—despite there being nothing to stress about.

If it wasn’t because she missed the girl, they couldn’t think of any other explanation.

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Most people love Fridays because it's the last workday of the week, followed by a short break that feels like heaven. But for Piangrawin, it was different. Fridays were special because it was the one day she got to be with her fake FWB. Even if it was just one day a week, she felt lucky just to see that face twice a day as usual.

Luckily, since she was often sent out to gather information for her own column, so the young woman invited her close friend over to her house in the late afternoon to help her out a little.

When her friend arrived, she immediately sprawled out on the floor under the air conditioner—just like the old days when they were in high school together.

“Achoo!”

The person they were talking about sneezed a few times and had to raise her hand to cover her mouth. She glanced suspiciously at her friend because lately, there had been news about the flu going around.

“You better not be bringing the flu to me.”

“I’m not sick. Just sneezed a few times—probably dust in my nose or maybe someone’s thinking of me.”

“You mean ‘Song’, right? You know what? When I found out you were secretly hooking up with Song, I was so shocked I nearly screamed. At first, I thought you were just flirting with her.”

“Why? Is it that strange?”

The host turned to ask her friend, then went back to packing her things into a pink suitcase.

“Of course, it’s strange. Back in school, your grandma didn’t allow you to date anyone, right? So you just admired girls from afar and harmlessly flirted with them. You couldn’t do more than that. Then after you graduated and got your degree, all you ever did was go on casual dates with women. The most you did was kiss, right? But now? You have a ‘fantasy wife,’ and that girl happens to be *Song*, someone harder to get close to than a bank vault! How could I not be shocked?”

Her friend kept talking nonstop, while Piangrawin smiled proudly to herself. Who would have thought that after dating dozens of people, she’d finally meet the best one through a hookup app? If she hadn’t decided to let go of her innocence that day, she never would’ve found this rare gem.

“I love the term ‘fantasy wife.’ Just wait—I’ll make her my real one. It won’t be long. P' Song will love me. We’re going to get married. I’m sure of it,”

She said while stuffing clothes into her suitcase—outfit after outfit. She also packed her makeup, skincare, and other essentials until the suitcase was nearly full. Even though she was only staying the night for a physical relationship with the woman she was obsessed with, it felt like she could faint just thinking about seeing her face.

“Are you moving or something? Why are you packing so much?”

Mun stood up and looked at her friend suspiciously. Her friend had called her over just to help convince her grandmother that she was going to stay at Mun’s house for one night. But now she was packing like she was going on a week-long vacation. It was hard to tell how far she would go just to look beautiful.

“No, I’m not moving. I’m just adjusting my habits to match with Phi Song. She wakes up at 5 a.m. to exercise. This time, I’m going to join her, so I need to pack workout clothes too. I want to do a lot of activities with her so she’ll like me. I’m slowly trying to become a part of her life. You get it, right?”

Seeing her friend talk like she was dreaming, Mun sighed. She didn’t expect her friend to be this deeply obsessed. At this rate, Sadanun might actually end up becoming her wife someday.

“But will you even be able to wake up that early? You usually sleep in so late.”

“I’ll manage. If it’s for Phi Song, I can do it. Just help me out with Grandma, okay? Tell her I’m staying at your house. Even if we get questioned separately, we have to stick to the same story, got it?”

“Okay, okay.”

When her friend gave the okay sign with her fingers, Mun copied her.

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By 5 p.m., the company was starting to get busy as employees began heading home. But Piangrawin was the only one rushing into the building after getting off her family’s driver’s car.

She had just heard from Matika that it was time for Sadanun to bring in a new menu for tasting, and she had made it her mission to be there to taste it with her.

“Oh, P’Piang, why are you here at this time?”

Before she could even open the door to Team 3’s research office, the door to the lab opened, and the youngest team member walked out, greeting her.

Piangrawin looked past the girl’s shoulder and saw that the lights inside were all off, and the person she wanted to see wasn’t there either.

“I heard Team 3 is cooking for Boss Matmee around this time, so I came now to get a taste too,”

She explained. The other girl, who was carrying a bunch of things and getting ready to leave, nodded in understanding.

“Oh, it’s already the end of the workday. P’Namphrao had something urgent to do, so she couldn’t cook for Boss Matmee and went home. I was also told to leave by P’Song. So now, she’s cooking alone in the kitchen. It should be almost done. And Boss is already here too.”

Piangrawin already knew that. She was about to head to the lounge to see her older sister, but the other girl stopped her.

“Um… P’Piang, do you want to know why P’Song doesn’t want a girlfriend?”

“Why?”

Piangrawin quickly turned back, curious. Even the smallest thing about her Sadanun interested her.

“Because she was tricked before.”

“Tricked?”

“Yes. I think it was when she was in her second year of university. She had just started dating a girl for a few months, and that girl stole all her valuable stuff. She tricked her into spending money and then stole from her too. P’Song ended up nearly broke. Later, she found out that the girl was actually a scammer who had done the same thing to many others. Since then, she hasn’t seriously dated anyone again. She’s afraid of being tricked by another woman.”

Phakjira whispered the story, which she heard from Phichika, a friend of Sadanun, thinking it might be important for Piangrawin to know.

“Is that true?”

Piangrawin tilted her head, doubting the story a little because it sounded unbelievable. But from the look in the girl’s eyes, she didn’t seem to be lying.

“It’s true. But please don’t tell P’Song that I told you. P’Apple told me, and I’m afraid she’d get mad if she found out. Anyway, I have to go now—I have an appointment.”

Phakjira left, and the one still standing there—who had been going over everything she just heard—frowned in thought. Strange… could being tricked and losing almost everything really make someone avoid love for the rest of their life?

Also, what kind of person was that woman who fooled Sadanun? At a glance, there didn’t seem to be anything to gain from tricking her. But maybe back then, Sadanun had money—and ended up losing it all because of that woman.

Poor thing. That’s just sad. In that case, she might have to take in that big lone wolf and take care of her herself. That way, Sadanun would finally know how beautiful real love can be.

With that thought, she walked cheerfully toward the lounge where her sister had once brought her food, even though she hadn’t exactly welcomed the visit.

**5:45 p.m.**

Even though it was almost an hour after work hours ended, Sadanun didn’t mind staying late to wait for Matika to come taste the new dish she had proposed a few days ago.

She placed the dish on a tray, arranged the utensils, then took off her lab coat—used for the kitchen and lab—and hung it up before heading to the executive lounge in the research department.

But when she opened the door, she realized it wasn’t just the boss waiting.

There was someone else—the little bunny-eared troublemaker who hadn’t shown her face all day.

And that someone was none other than Piangrawin.

“You know, you actually look even more attractive and smart with those glasses,”

Piangrawin teased the moment she saw Sadanun wearing glasses instead of contact lenses today. Must be an eye-rest day. Normally she already looked like a nerd, but with glasses—it hit even harder.

“You…”

“Don’t get the wrong idea. I didn’t tell my sister to come bother you. But she just really wanted to try your team’s cooking.”

Matika looked at her researcher and quickly spoke up first, afraid the other might feel uncomfortable.

“But aren’t we going to talk about work, Boss?”

She asked, placing the food tray on the table. Even though she felt a mix of emotions upon seeing Piangrawin at that moment, she managed to keep her expression and tone calm and composed.

“It’s fine. Piang is my younger sister. Besides, she probably wouldn’t understand much anyway,” The boss replied casually.

“Hey! I’m your real sister!”

Piang protested, pouting because she honestly didn’t understand much, not being as smart as her older sister. “Alright then, that’s settled,”

Matika said. She brought over a new dish and set it down, then went to get another portion for the newcomer who had shown up unexpectedly. As the two women began tasting the dish, Sadanun started explaining.

“As I mentioned before, this is a tuna curry steamed in banana leaves, designed for clean eating. We’ve calculated the protein, sodium, fat, vitamins, and minerals to ensure it's nutritionally balanced. It’s suitable for people who want to manage their weight and increase their protein intake. We all agree it’s easy to eat and nutritious. Plus, it’s easy to store—it’s a canned food that can last for months.”

Matika smiled and nodded in agreement, picking up the tablet that she usually carried with her to work, taking notes of the details as suggested by the other party.

“As for the cost, we’ve calculated it to be mid-range. We believe cleaneating consumers would accept the selling price,” the researcher added.

“I think it’s a bit bland,”

Piangrawin commented after tasting it. She usually preferred bold flavors, so while this dish was smooth and mild, it didn’t quite suit her taste.

“I think it’s just right. The flavor is mild and fragrant,”

Matika said, offering praise—not just to please the researcher, Sadanun, who happened to be her favorite, but because she genuinely believed food for people on a diet should still taste good, even without rice.

“In that case—”

“Maybe try adding a bit more salt and spice? If someone eats it with rice, it might taste too plain,”

Piangrawin interrupted before the researcher could finish her sentence. She had been quietly tasting and forming her thoughts, but suddenly blurted it out. Both Matika and the researcher fell silent and turned to look at her.

“Did I say something wrong?”

Piangrawin asked nervously, setting down her utensils and raising an eyebrow, genuinely confused and unaware of her mistake.

“If you want super salty and spicy food that will wreck your kidneys, feel free to add salt and eat quietly over there,”

Matika said, pointing to the corner of the room.

“What do you think I am, a cockroach nibbling leftovers from a dog’s bowl?”

Dhe muttered internally. She wanted to argue back, but since she had a deep crush on this beautiful woman, all she could do was accept defeat.

“I’m sorry. I forgot that your team put a lot of thought into this recipe,”

Piangrawin said sheepishly, trying to smooth things over so she wouldn’t upset the woman she admired.

Matika secretly smiled at her sister’s reaction. It was clear how much she cared.

“To me, it tastes great. It’s not only suitable for clean eaters, but I think regular people would enjoy it too. Who knows, we might even expand our target market. Thank you, Song, for creating this dish. Please thank your team as well,”

Matika said sincerely.

“Yes, Boss,”

The researcher responded with relief, smiling now that her idea had been well received.

“Actually, I think it’s really tasty too. Next time, can I come try your cooking more often, P'Song—oops! I mean, can I come taste your food here more often?”

Seeing the tension ease a little, Piangrawin leaned her elbow on the table, resting her chin on her hand, teasing the tall, charming woman in front of her playfully. She earned another frown from those sharp brows, but even so, she didn’t feel intimidated at all.

“I’ve tried food from all three teams now. I’ll take all your proposals into consideration and call a meeting to announce the final result later. I have to go now—I’ve got a meeting with a client. See you later, Piang.”

“A client meeting after 5 p.m.? Are you sure it’s a client, and not someone’s daughter? You never tell me anything anymore,”

Piangrawin teased in a sisterly way. She’d noticed her older sister acting strange lately—like she was secretly talking on the phone with some woman and meeting her often. If she was getting a sister-in-law, she wanted to know who it was!

“Piang, that’s not cute.”

“Sorry...”

She mumbled, suddenly downcast. She had just meant to tease, but now her glamorous sister was scolding her. They used to talk about everything, but now it felt like there was a growing distance.

“I’ll head off now. Song, take care of Piang for me, okay?”

The boss quickly gathered her things and left. Once only Sadanun and the mischievous Piangrawin were left in the room, Sadanun stood with hands on hips, clearly annoyed. The whole day Piangrawin had disappeared, only to show up unannounced and criticize her dish without shame.

“Why did you even come back here—”

She began to snap, but Piangrawin suddenly stood to her full height and gently pressed a finger, adorned with a stylish silver ring, to Sadanun’s lips to stop her mid-rant.

“Shh... don’t scold me yet. Did you forget what day it is today? It’s Friday. Don’t you remember where we always go every Friday evening?”

Friday...? Sadanun blinked, clearly having worked so hard she’d forgotten what day it was. Since her older companion didn’t say anything more, Piangrawin lowered her finger and gently touched her lips again, signaling that work time was over—it was time for their FWB arrangement.

“Let’s go. I already booked the room. And tonight, I’m treating you to dinner. You don’t have to worry about a thing, P'Song.”

With that, the smaller woman in a pretty dress grabbed her wrist and pulled her back toward the office, assuming she still needed to pack up before they left.

“Hey! What's this?”

The taller woman blurted, flustered as she was half-pulled away, glancing back at the dishes she hadn’t cleared yet. But whatever—housekeeping would take care of it anyway.

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# Chapter 20: FWB (Friends with Benefits)

Since Piangrawin used her family’s car to get here earlier, now that she’s staying over, she has to rely on someone else’s ride. When they arrive,

Sadanun is stunned to see a large pink suitcase placed in the back of her car. It doesn’t belong to just anyone—it’s Piangrawin’s. And she’s only supposed to be staying one night.

“Why is your suitcase so huge? Are you planning to stay a whole week?”

“Just one night, P' Song. But I’m a beautiful girl, so I have a lot of stuff.”

“Go wait in the car.”

She was ordered. The cheerful Piangrawin happily got into the car while Sadanun packed her suitcase into the back before following.

“P'Song, can we stop to buy something real quick? I want a bottle of wine.”

“Okay. But don’t take too long shopping. Otherwise, you won’t be able to get up or walk tomorrow.”

She said it calmly, with a serious face, and then turned back to focus on driving.

Piangrawin quickly turned away, blushing hard at her bold words. Won’t be able to walk tomorrow? She was more than ready for it.

Soon enough, their popular car arrived safely at the mall. It was crowded, but Piangrawin only had eyes for her—her Sadanun. Her presence outshone everyone around, and she couldn’t look away.

After getting the wine, Piangrawin decided she also wanted some snacks. She wandered the snack aisle, looking up at shelves taller than her. A female researcher was browsing nearby. Once Piangrawin saw a flavor she liked, she stretched her arm as far as she could to reach the top shelf.

She couldn’t reach.

Because of her height, it was impossible. Jumping might break her high heels and hurt her legs. She tiptoed and struggled for a few seconds—until she felt something gently press against her back.

“Next time, just tell me what you want. You’re so tiny—if you fall and get hurt, it’ll be a mess.”

Sadanun came up and stood close behind her and reached up to grab the snack, her chest brushing her back.

Piangrawin quickly turned around, nearly bumping into her chest. Her familiar cologne filled her nose, and the warmth of her body made her feel completely safe. The scene of the female researcher helping her reach snacks seemed to fade into slow motion, overtaken by the powerful aura of her own attraction.

*How could she hand it to her so casually and still look that cool?*

Did she even realize she was making her heart race so hard it felt like she might faint?

“Thank you,”

Piangrawin said softly, placing the snack in the cart and lowering her gaze, hiding a shy smile.

She was flustered—not just because of her height, or her outfit, but because of the cold-yet-warm look in her eyes when she helped her. If she didn’t care, she wouldn’t have reached up to get it for her.

*And look, the researcher was interested in her too, and she wasn’t imagining it.*

“Do you want anything else?”

Her sharp eyes looked at her through her glasses, casually, without any deeper meaning. But to her—she was just so cool.

She felt like she might faint right there as his tall frame leaned in closer.

Just a casual hookup partner, and he already made her this nervous?

If she ever became her wife someday… just how amazing would that be?

She was such a perfect woman, she could imagine having two kids with her right now. Just thinking of Sadanun helping her raise them, with that beautiful face and those gentle eyes, made her blush so hard she couldn’t hide her feelings.

The smaller girl kept looking down, smiling shyly and twisting around, Sathanun frowned in confusion and asked,

“Well? If you don’t want anything, let’s go so we don’t waste time.”

“Uh… I want every flavor of snack on that shelf,” she replied.

“What? Every flavor?”

The young woman looked up to where her elegant finger was pointing. She wanted all those snacks? Really?

She didn’t realize that a girl with such a fit-looking body and seemingly healthy habits like Piangrawin would love crunchy snacks so much.

“Yes, every flavor. I like them all,”

She said with a smile.

“If you can’t finish them, I’m not helping you carry them home,”

She said, though even as she said that, the tall, striking man reached up and picked them out for her without hesitation—after all, they had already spent quite some time together.

After they finished shopping, Sadanun stopped by an Italian restaurant on the way back to the hotel.

The girl insisted she would pay for the meal herself. She seemed very hungry and focused completely on eating.

But because her long brown hair kept getting in the way while she ate, Sadanun took a hair tie from her own bag, stood up, and gently tied the other girl’s hair for her.

Normally, she didn’t use it at work. When in the lab or kitchen, she’d use a hair clip and wear a cap. She only used the hair tie when exercising or playing sports.

The girl being cared for like that just smiled quietly, not sure if the other person even realized what she’d done.

Piangrawin didn’t say anything, since the other woman was still eating.

Before long, Piangrawin set down her fork, knife, and spoon, took a sip of water, and wiped her mouth—a clear sign she was full.

“Is that enough?” Sadanun asked.

“Yes.”

Sadanun looked at the other person's plate and thought to herself that if she were the one who cooked that meal, she’d probably feel bad seeing so much of it left unfinished. Meanwhile, the person eating it chose to munch on salty snacks until they were out of breath.

"I usually eat about this much. Why? Are you worried about me?"

Piangrawin smiled sweetly. Her beautiful face leaned in with a soft smile. The person who was already completely smitten by this charming researcher sat there, wondering what she was going to do—was she about to kiss her, or maybe whisper something sweet that showed she cared?

"Don't flatter yourself."

But when those words came out, the little fantasy quickly popped like a bubble. Piangrawin's face practically cracked into pieces. She couldn’t help but wonder why someone who was so beautiful and seemingly perfect in every way would rather \**keep a dog in their mouth* (\*speak harshly), instead of \**growing flowers* (\*speak kindly).

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After dinner, they went to check in at a fancy hotel in the city that Piangrawin had booked. The room was a suite—just like the first night they met. She was excited to spend the night with the person she had in mind as her future wife.

She started opening a bottle of wine and setting out some snacks she’d brought. The other person followed in with her bag and some clothes.

“P'Song, this room has a tub big enough for two. Want to take a bath together?”

She asked cheerfully while holding up her wine glass and the bottle. Since she liked wine too, she opened the bathroom door and saw a large standalone tub in the middle of a spacious bathroom. The vibe was super romantic, with soft orange lighting and a slightly dim mood.

“Sounds like it’ll be romantic.”

Then, the one who had just brought in all the bags started unbuttoning her shirt, completely naked, tossed her clothes over the sofa, and went to fill the tub while waiting for her.

The woman, who was busy preparing drinks, turned her face slightly to the side and secretly swallowed. Her gestures, her well-shaped body, and those irresistible abs made her feel hot and flustered, even though nothing had happened yet.

After secretly screaming alone until satisfied, Piangrawin composed herself. Just seeing that much was enough to confirm that tonight, they would change things up and have a romantic moment together in the bathtub—as friends with benefits.

To her, that label was only for appearances. Deep down, she saw herself as her wife, even if she didn’t know she was her “imaginary wife.”

Warm water and bubbles were already prepared. Piangrawin took the hand of the woman waiting in the tub and sat in front of her, letting her hair fall into the water. The wine she bought was poured into two glasses and placed on the table beside the tub.

The dim, warm light in the large bathroom added to the erotic atmosphere —especially with her sitting behind her, hands already roaming over her body.

"Is the water warm enough?"

Sadanun asked softly near her ear, in the same gentle tone she used during intimate moments. Her hands stroked her smooth skin tenderly. Though she could be cold or fierce at times, she always treated her gently like she was someone precious. And tonight, Piangrawin definitely deserved it.

"It’s warm enough. But I prefer the warmth from your body," she replied.

"Let me warm you up even more," she whispered.

"How will you do that?"

Piangrawin asked, turning to look at her. She didn’t reply but kissed her shoulder as if she was infatuated.

She took a sip of wine with her left hand and set the glass back down quickly, worried she might drop it as her hands kept exploring her body. Once the glass was safely placed down, she leaned closer and kissed her lips, as if she wanted to taste the wine from her mouth.

Her soft lips kissed and nibbled at Piangrawin's, then slid her warm tongue into her mouth, tasting the wine. She gently cupped her face to adjust the angle so they could kiss more comfortably.

Their lips smacked softly in the quiet room, with the water rippling as her hands moved all over her. Piangrawin moaned softly and started breathing faster. She didn’t know whether it was the wine or the kisses making her body heat up.

Then her dominant hand slid down her belly to gently touch her sensitive spot. Her lower belly, covered with a thin layer to protect her reproductive organs, twitched slightly in response.

"Mmm..."

She gasped and pulled away from the kiss to look down at her body, but the bubbles covered everything. All she knew was—it felt really good.

“Is it getting too warm?” she asked.

“It’s warm… so warm it’s almost hot,”

“And do you like it?”

“I like it very much,”

Piangrawin said softly. Hearing her answer, the woman who was touching her below moved her other hand up to gently massage her breasts, giving her a sense of relaxation she had never experienced before in a bath.

“You’re amazing, P'Song,”

Piangrawin said, trying to steer the conversation to distract herself from the growing heat in her body and the intimate position they were in.

“It’s impressive... how you became a food researcher at my father’s company?”

Although Sadanun seemed cold and serious when she was working, being with her like this—made Piangrawin feel something completely different.

“I know I’m good at a lot of things—food, sports, academics. And I hate when people criticize my perfect dishes. But there’s something I’m even better at than cooking. And no one has ever complained about it.”

As soon as she heard that, Piangrawin knew exactly what she meant. She didn’t object, even though Sadanun had been the first person to give her that kind of experience.

There was no need to compare her to anyone—she already knew she was truly skilled.

"Are you still mad at me for criticizing your food?"

"I'm not."

Her fingers continued to softly rubbing and circling on her sensitive spot, making Piangrawin gradually react more and more to her touch. The intense pleasure kept building under the slippery soap and water, making her heart flutter.

She felt like she was just a moment away from release—but then she would pause, holding back, only to continue to agitate it as if she intended to torture her.

"If...if you are not angry then why did you punish Piang like this?"

The owner of the soft body was slightly trembling again after the person who was doing it stopped her hand.

"I'm not punishing you. If I were, it would be like that night,"

She said calmly, but her words near her ear sent shivers through her. Piangrawin bit her lip. She knew exactly which night she meant—the one where she had woken up sore after daring to challenge her.

Whatever.... but right now it was so exciting.

Her face lifted slightly, eyes half-closed, breathing uneven. The pleasure shot through her body all the way to her toes, causing her to unintentionally pinch and tense. But even though she wanted to be fully released, part of her still questioned whether it was a good idea.

“P.. P'Song, are we really going to do this in here? Won’t it sting?”

Piangrawin asked in a shaky voice, reaching down to grab the other person’s wrist that was kneading her sensitive part to pleasure her under the water, but if she were to do it in soapy water like this, it wouldn’t be very good.

"I know. I won’t go in—not unless it's safe,"

She replied calmly, sensing she was already on the edge. As if to help her along, she gently squeezed her breast, teasing her sweet nipples. However, the fingertips that touched the soft part of her lower part kneaded it in a more stimulating rhythm, until the person in her arms started to moan restlessly, grinding toward her like she was about to climax.

“Ah—P’Song! You said you wouldn’t—”

“I didn’t go in, did I?” she said simply.

Piangrawin knew then—she was about to reach her climax. Her toes curled, her eyes fluttered shut, and both hands gripped her arm to steady herself so she wouldn’t slip in the soapy water and losing her balance.

“P’Song—I'm about to—ahh!”

The beautiful, soft body under the soapy foam twitched for several seconds, as she squeezed her thighs together during her orgasm. Her heart raced, her face flushed red with pleasure.

pIt was her first release of the night—and she loved it. She turned to look at her with dreamy eyes, just as she leaned in and kissed her gently on the eyelid.

"Let’s go wash up and go continue outside.”

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# Chapter 21: More than just FWB

Sadanun was the one who got up from the water and stood outside the tub. Then, she cradled the soft body from the bathtub in her arms to prevent her from slipping on the soapy water.

After that, she walked into the wet area to wash herself clean before carrying the body out to the marble counter for placing items by the sink.

The young woman picked up the pile of towels that the hotel had provided. She lifted her waist once and the smaller person sat on it, pressing her back against the mirror.

"P'Song, this position is so erotic,"

Piangrawin felt that her face was burning hot until it was red.

Suddenly, Sadanun grabbed both of her legs, spreading them apart and placing her feet on the cold counter, exposing her to the air. Before she knew it, the tall figure moved closer, placing her palms on either side of her body, their faces just a few centimeters apart, like a wolf about to devour its prey.

The young woman then placed her palm behind herself, and with the other hand, she held onto the other person's neck as a support.

"Well, if we're going to do it, it has to be erotic, right?"

The unfinished sentence made the young lady's heart race. The nerd Sadanun was back. She whispered in her ear, sending shivers down her spine. Even though the other party was wearing glasses instead of contact lenses now, it didn't matter.

She took off her glasses and tossed them aside with a clatter, afraid they might hear. Then she leaned down and kissed, their lips meeting softly in the silence, the sound of wetness mingling gently.

Piangrawin argued, receiving a kiss that pressed against the petals of her lips. The sound of their heavy breathing intertwined for a moment before the beautiful, fiery face of the older person pulled away, and the kisses moved lower.

"Ahhh..." she moaned softly.

The tall person used her mouth to suck and nibble on the sweet, beautiful nipples in the middle of the chest, alternating between both sides until her limbs felt exhausted.

Then, she showed tenderness by showering kisses down slowly until she stopped at the soft pink rose petals that were drenched with the sweet nectar naturally released naturally.

The slender legs were slightly spread apart, Then the person who had always acted as a serious researcher kissed her thighs. Getting closer and closer to the dangerous point.

Piangrawin watched the scene with concern, and as soon as the soft lips touched the soft petals, licking and sucking, creating a stimulating feeling, the young woman closed her eyes and breathed until her chest shook.

That's not all, but the hot person also slowly inserted her long, beautiful fingers to stimulate the inner point.

"Ah... again,"

The long fingers measured up to stimulate inside. Her heart beat so fast, feeling as if it would explode. Piangrawin reached out, grabbing a handful of the other person's sleek, wet black hair by accident, then moved her hips to gently grind against the soft lips, though not very skillfully.

Her beautiful eyelids slowly fluttered down as the tingling and throbbing sensation covering her body, causing her to tense up all the way to her toes. Although this feeling was so good that she wanted it to last longer, she couldn't bear it. Inside, it was hot and burning as if stoked by fire in her chest, until the heat overflowed to her lower.

“Please, I’m going to finish.”

Being stimulated from both inside and outside caused her heart rate to increase, turning her body a rosy pink. The young woman moaned continuously as the other party seemed to find their rhythm, moving and invading at the same time, accelerating the rhythm.

Her body was burning and wanted to wriggle with lust like being eaten on the bed, but this place was not suitable for that. Piangrawin could only try to place her heels on the counter in time with the climax.

"Phi...I am finished..."

When the gentle figure sitting on the counter convulsed and then crawled, the other person reduced her pace and continued to watch. The smaller person's eyes were glistening, breathing heavily as her chest rose and fell in rhythm.

Her skin was a soft shade of mauve, and the inside of her throat was so invitingly soft that it made one want to torment her repeatedly. The soft moans after climax sounded pleasant and endearing.

*So cute!*

Why does Piangrawin make her feel this way? The young woman slowly pulled her slender fingers out of the soft channel and leaned down to kiss her forehead. Using the back of her hand to wipe the sweat along the frame of her face with uncontrollable infatuation.

"Are you that excited?"

In a gentle tone, she asked.

Piangrawin looked up at the flawless face, not quite understanding how Sadanun truly felt about her. Every time they were intimate, she acted as if she had feelings for her—gentle and caring—despite being so cold during normal times.

She wondered if she has two personalities or something. How could a researcher be so out of character?

But if Sadanun only shows this side of herself at this time, then it means what she likes is her body, not her heart. It's all about the sex, isn't it?

But it's okay, it's not surprising because before this, she probably had different women almost every night anyway. And she won't give up on making Sadanun like her heart.

"Very much. It feels like my heart is going to break. P'Song is so good."

Piangrawin shook off those thoughts and held her beautiful, hot face in for a kiss. The one who kept stoking the fire then pulled away and trailed kisses from her earlobe down to the nape of her neck, which was glistening with sweat from their thrilling activities.

She kissed and caressed that spot until her body heated up another level, while her hands gently squeezed her breasts.

The beautiful pair of eyes stared at the ceiling and rested her arms behind her. If she became her real wife, she would be satisfied until the next life. She didn't know what was so hot about her divine wife.

"Then let's play in front of the mirror for a while tonight."

As soon as she said that, Sadanun gently made the slender figure stand facing the large mirror. She put both her palms on the counter. Then she moved in to stand behind her, bent down, and kissed the smooth back until she could see those beautiful eyelids half-closed through the mirror.

The warm palm caressed the slender waist, moving down to the private area and inserting deeply into the wet channel.

How long that activity went on, they don't know. Piangrawin reached climax again and again until her once-wet hair became much drier. Both of her legs were soaked with the fluids of pleasure given by the other party, to the point where she sometimes almost collapsed onto the floor from the intense orgasms.

"P' Song, I can't take it anymore,"

The delicate figure began to weaken after reaching the final shore of dreams. Sadanun's two hands grabbed the waist of the smaller person to prevent her from collapsing to the ground.

But by the time Piangrawin was released to freedom, her beautiful legs were trembling to the point of almost collapsing. She had to stay in the embrace of the person who had tormented her so much that her feet went numb.

"Is it just a few times and your legs go weak?"

And she even teased her with an indifferent face. How many times did she finish? She wonder if she's ever finished this often.

"P' Song, don't talk about it. How would I know if I don't experience it myself?"

Piangrawin retorted, glancing down. But instead of looking at something else to calm her mind, she found herself staring at the perfect size of her chest pressing against her own.

She really want to touch it. She wants to know how it feels for Piangwarin to touch a woman's body. Especially with a perfect body like Sadanun's, and being the owner of her heart too. If she could taste it just once, it would probably feel like going to heaven.

Or should she try asking Sadanun? That day, she dared to invite her to build a relationship. Even after being left halfway, she didn't die. Today, why not try being the one to initiate? No matter how much a woman looks like, she will always have the moments of wanting to finish, right? "P'Song...."

"Yes?"

"Can I do it for you, P'Song?"

When faced with a question that no one had ever asked before, Sadanun paused for a moment. Even though no one had ever asked, it didn't mean it was as uncomfortable as when she confessed her feelings to her. She didn’t define herself as a pro, top or bottom either, and a dominant or submissive.

She only knew that making women reach their dreams was the highest happiness in her sexual life. But never had those women had the chance to make her feel the same.

"Normally, I don't let anyone do it. If I want to finish, I'll do it myself."

"But how could it be as hard as having someone do it for you? Trust me P'Song, you will be much happier if you let me try."

Piangrawin pressed the older person to sit down on the marble chair for wiping herself, then slowly knelt down in front of her.

Her palm caressed the beautiful belly button line on the enticing stomach, while the owner watched her actions without stopping or restraining her, even though she knew how much Sadanun had protected her stomach before.

"Let me get to know P'Song's body, just like you know my body. I also want to taste P'Song. I promise it won't hurt."

That lovely, hot gaze made Sadanun swallow hard. She quickly glanced at the other person's lips and imagined them kissing that part of her own body, wondering if she could do it or if she would be disgusted. But she couldn't deny that she also wanted to try being the one on the receiving end.

"Just this once, and don't do anything crazy."

After receiving permission, Piangrawin pushed herself up a little, moved to kiss the side of her neck, down to her beautiful, just-right-sized breasts, and kissed them lightly. Her palm caressed the curves that were usually hidden under the fabric that made her body look both cool and sexy.

This was the first time her body had received a sensual touch from someone else. Sadanun tried to sit as relaxed as possible. Her beautiful eyelids closed uncontrollably. Her long fingers hooked onto the other person’s hair and hung it around her ear.

Then she moved her warm palm to support the head of the person who was busy with her breasts. Before she could do something that made her body feel like electricity was running through her, that was to take hold of the pink sensitive nipple with her warm mouth and softly kiss it.

Before she did something that made her body feel like an electric current was running through it, which was to envelop the sensitive pink bud with her warm mouth and gently suck on it.

"Again, Piang,"

The sound of the mouth sucking and releasing was enticing. Sadanun raised her hand to push her hair away, trying to suppress the overwhelming feeling of desire. Piangrawin lowered her head to suck milk like a baby rabbit, her hand touching her body as well.

The young woman gasped for breath, the tingling sensation running down to her lower body until she began to feel the mass of heat being expelled from her sensitive love area.

She thought she would be inexperienced, but it turned out that she can do it too.

Piangrawin didn't say a word. She pulled her mouth away from her erect breast and kissed her way down her eleven-pack abs. She bit it lightly out of curiosity, hearing a soft groan from her in her throat, and then pressed her lips against the inner thigh just as she had done to her. She could feel her slender legs tensing up.

The fingertips, sweating with excitement, traced from the slope of her chest down through the vertical line of her navel to the beautiful split and onto the prominent stamen in the middle of the tulip flower, careful not to let her gel nails touch it.

She moved her fingertips to gently knead it, just like the other person had done before until she felt it starting to form into solid little beads, pulling it up bit by bit.

"Mmmm.."

The soft moans of satisfaction are so sweet to her ears. Is this the feeling of the older woman when she makes her feel this way? Is the feeling of the one who acts this good?

The orange light inside only makes the atmosphere more erotic. She, who has never done anything like this for anyone, feels like a little rabbit pampering a big wolf, ready to throw her small body to the ground and switch roles at any moment.

Her face looks so hot.

"Does it hurt?"

Piangrawin looked into the beautiful face and asked, catching a glimpse of the beautiful abs twitching slightly. The body heaved in sync with the heavy breathing of the other, and she felt embarrassed, her face turning red. The other must have felt the same. Piangrawin felt shy for making her feel that way. o

"Not painful, very good."

"Then let me use my mouth to taste it."

When the other party closed her eyes and nodded, she used both hands to slightly part her thighs, revealing the beautiful, clean pink slit glistening with warm love droplets more clearly. Then she inserted her face, pressing her full lips against the center of her body, tasting it as the other party had done.

Suddenly, Sadanun felt a tingling sensation throughout her body. The young woman gasped as her soft lips touched the sensitive part. The intense sensation made Sadanun's eyes well up with tears unexpectedly.

Her soft, slender tongue slid down to entrance of her love, which was sending waves of warm water out, then returned to suck and nibble on the most sensitive parts. Sadanun parted her lips and moaned softly, not quite herself. The young woman felt her body burning, as if a great fire were within her, making her wonder if she was about to lose herself.

"Hmm...."

Piangrawin's ears are ringing with the soft but thrilling moan.

What is this? Even when moaning because of the pleasure, she still maintains the image of a cool and cold girl? The soft moan, but with a low tone, it's not too loud, but it's clear enough to make the surrounding atmosphere full of passion.

How can she be so bullied? She was born to be the top, but how can she be so bullied?

She used her mouth to caress with a rich and flavorful touch, hoping to make the other person feel intense pleasure. And it seemed to work because as she did that, the long body began to tense up restlessly, trying to move away until she had to hold onto the slender legs.

"Just like that, please,"

Sadanun moaned softly, unable to hold back.

One hand held onto the seat, while the other grabbed the brown-haired woman's hair and pressed her head down until her beautiful lips sank into her own private parts once again. Lang supported it, lifting her hips, grinding the beautiful pollen against her soft lips.

The sound of lips grinding together in the wet area softly echoed from time to time. The pleasure flowed there until her legs felt weak and not like herself.

Soft lips of Piangrawin, just right and warm, touched that part until both eyelids slightly fluttered uncontrollably.

"Piang, do it again until it's finished."

It seemed that she understood, so she intended to suck and swallow that part of her more than ever, to suck, nibble, and devour that part of her.

The intense pleasure surged through her, causing her toes to curl tightly. Small beads of sweat appeared on her face. The young woman closed her eyes and lifted her head to breathe.

The tingling pain mixed with tingling flowed to the center of her body so intensely that she felt that the end was waiting in front of her, waiting until the symptoms of climaxing came to visit her for the first time in several months.

"Ah,"

The owner of the tall, slender body moaned in a sexy tone at the moment when the intense pleasure peaked. Her beautiful hips and bones were momentarily still, and a sound surged through her two senses, leaving her momentarily dazed. The young woman gasped, her deep inner body trembling.

Sadanun willingly admits that Piangrawin made her feel extremely happy, despite her clumsy actions.

When she realized the other person had finished, Piangrawin gave a few more gentle licked her tongue a few more times and then pulled her face away.

Normally, Sadanun looked so confident and tough—like the perfect wife.

But in intimate moments, she was surprisingly passionate and fiery, yet still had that caring “wife” vibe about her.

What made it even more intense was that the moaning sound was also very arousing.

The young woman looked up and locked eyes for a moment, then quickly looked away, shyly licking her lips and touching them as if remembering the feeling.

The beautiful face was slightly tempting, the jet-black hair was soaked, and the sitting position arched her back, breathing until her chest rose and fell, and she used the back of her hand to wipe the sweat along her neck.

That image was so tempting that Piangwarin really wanted to do it again.

Piangrawin glanced at the part of her partner’s body she had just pulled away from. It reminded her of a small, soft version of something more masculine, and since it belonged to her sweet, slightly clueless partner, she found it both adorable and irresistible.

“It’s much more swollen than before. It’s so exciting, isn’t it?”

“It is.”

Sadanun bflinched a little when she touched her sensitive part that was calming down. She quickly pulled it back and made a cute face to each other.

“Did you like it? Did I do a good job?”

“You were amazing.”

Sadanun used her thumb to wipe the corner of Piangrawin’s mouth, then gently pulled her into her lap, wrapping her arms around her waist and giving her a soft, sweet kiss—like a reward. It felt totally different from any of her past one-night stands. So different, in fact, that she had to admit it to herself.

It wasn’t just physical—it was something deeper. More special than just friends with benefits. She had tried not to feel anything, but it was impossible.

“I’m really happy you liked it. Let’s shower again, then go watch a movie, okay? I really want to see one,”

Piangrawin said, resting her hands on her partner’s cheeks and looking up sweetly.

Even though she wanted to give her more pleasure again, she knew her long nails might not be safe for such a delicate area, so she didn’t push. What mattered now was cuddling up to watch a movie together. If not, things might get heated again real fast.

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# Chapter 22: Deeply Stirred

It was already quite late. After their intense experience in the bathroom, watching a movie seemed like the best way to relax.

They each stacked two pillows and leaned back against the headboard under the blanket, watching the movie together. Piangwarin chose a romantic film, thinking the other person would like it.

She never imagined she'd get to lie down and watch a movie with someone she had feelings for. It felt romantic, even though they weren’t doing anything couple-like — not even holding hands. She simply felt shy, all on her own.

“Chasing Love?”

Sadanun glanced at the person beside her. She felt oddly drowsy and relaxed being near her — similar to how she felt lying next to her pet pig. She wondered if the pig had gone to sleep already.

“Yes. I saw the teaser before. The mood of the movie seemed romantic, so I bookmarked it. I didn’t get a chance to see it in the theater, but now it’s on the app, and I even have someone to watch it with.”

She smiled sweetly and leaned a bit closer, enough to feel warm in the cold room. The usually stern-faced Sadanun didn’t complain and quietly watched the screen like a child. They stayed silent to enjoy the movie, but only a few minutes in, Piangwarin noticed the other woman had already fallen asleep without her realizing.

She turned to look and saw that the older woman had dozed off. Gently, she removed her glasses and continued watching the movie since she wasn’t that sleepy yet. But after a while, Sadanun started to become restless, as if having a nightmare. Sweat formed on her face, and she began muttering something unintelligible.

“Hmm? What’s wrong, P’Song?”

Piangwarin gently touched her arm and shook her slightly to wake her up. But Sadanun didn’t respond easily and kept mumbling,

“Don’t... don’t do that.”

Piangwarin shook her harder and raised her voice.

“P’Song! P’Song, wake up!”

“Ouch!”

Sadanun suddenly jolted awake, breathing heavily, her hand clutching her chest. She looked at Piangwarin with an expression different from usual — not cold, but a mix of panic and strange relief.

“Are you okay?”

“Piang…”

Even though her heart was pounding so hard she feared it might stop, the sense of safety in the room helped her calm down quickly. Sadanun sighed and softly called the younger woman’s name, her voice trembling.

She sat up and reached out to touch Piangwarin's cheek, hoping to wash away the bad feelings left by the nightmare.

But she quickly pulled her hand back and lightly slapped her own face, trying to control her racing heart. She often got scared by her dreams, but waking up to find someone beside her always made her feel oddly relieved. This time, though, she almost treated Piangwarin like her pet pig — which she knew was wrong.

Seeing that, Piangwarin reached out and lightly touched the older woman’s chest. But she pulled her hand back quickly when she realized something was off — her heart was beating way too fast, probably over 120 bpm. Was she sick or what?

“Why is your heart beating so fast? Are you feeling better now? What happened just now? Or is there something in this room?”

She asked quickly, full of concern, glancing around the room nervously. Just now, Sadanun had reached toward her — but for what? She didn’t see anything unusual in the room.

“It was just a nightmare. I’m going back to sleep. You go ahead and watch the movie. Don’t worry. I’m fine now.”

The other person arranged the pillow and lay down. Still feeling worried, she turned off the TV and the lights, then slipped under the blanket. She offered her arm as a pillow and gently pulled the beautiful face toward her chest, softly stroking her head and down to her back to comfort her after being startled awake from a nightmare.

"... it's okay now."

"What are you doing?"

The one being pulled into an embrace asked, blinking in surprise. Sadanun didn’t resist the action. In fact, she found comfort in being held warmly in such a cold room.

Come to think of it, the last time she slept like this was eight years ago. After her sister died, her mother and grandmother took turns sleeping with her because she couldn’t sleep on her own. The memory of her sister’s death kept haunting her dreams, and she was eventually diagnosed with PTSD.

"I'm comforting you. When I was little and had nightmares, P'Matmee used to hold me like this. It helped me stop being scared and go back to sleep peacefully till morning."

"Do you think it’ll really work?"

"Let’s try. Just close your eyes and stay still for a bit. Then repeat to yourself that the dream isn’t real—it’s just a dream."

Piangrawin gently patted her back to help her calm down. Seeing the older woman startled awake like that really hurt her. It must have been a terrible nightmare.

"I’ll be your nightmare catcher, okay? Phi Song, you don’t have to be scared."

Sadanun froze for a moment at those simple, honest words. A warm feeling filled her heart—one she had never experienced before. She hadn’t expected to hear something like that. Piangrawin’s warmth made her realize how much comfort she found in her presence.

For the first time, she wasn’t sure how to act. It felt like this warmth filled a part of her she didn’t even know was empty.

"Hmm… just don’t push me away, okay?"

Sadanun wrapped her arms around the smaller woman as if she herself were the smaller one. The warmth from Piangrawin’s body and her soft scent made her feel safe and relaxed, bringing a gentle smile to her face.

She felt so good—again. She didn’t know if it was wrong to feel this way, especially when she didn’t want to let herself feel it.

Sadanun gave up thinking and closed her eyes. Usually, she would wake from a nightmare to see the orange light on the ceiling. But tonight was different. There was no orange light—just a warm chest and arms holding her close.

Being in Piangrawin’s embrace felt like a person gasping for air finally receiving oxygen. Like a lost puppy finding shelter under its mother’s wing.

She knew she shouldn’t feel this way, but she quietly accepted it.

She never thought being held by someone could feel this good. Piangrawin’s gentle hands and comforting words reminded her of her mother’s touch when she used to stroke her head after nightmares. That small gesture made her feel like a little girl again, safe and protected.

Minutes passed until Piangrawin herself started to feel sleepy. She glanced down at the person she was holding and whispered,

“P’Song, are you asleep yet?”

But there was no answer. Her eyes were closed, and her breathing was steady. In the soft dim light, her face looked like a piece of fine art—so beautiful it was almost annoying.

Still, if she fell asleep that quickly, that must mean the comforting worked. Even though she didn’t say it, Piangrawin told herself that Sadanun probably felt really good about it. She hoped, deep down, that maybe all this effort could win her heart.

“Wow, she really fell asleep… That was fast,”

Piangrawin muttered, adjusting the blanket to keep her warm. Her arm was getting a little sore, but she didn’t mind. Even though the room was unfamiliar, having Sadanun by her side filled it with warmth, peace, and safety.

"I hope you don't have any more nightmares."

She took the chance to gently touch her forehead and closed her eyes while softly stroking the other person’s palm. Even though she grew up in a perfect and complete family, right now, there was nothing else she wanted more than to fall asleep in the arms of the one who stole her heart from the very first moment they met.

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**7:00 AM**

There was no alarm this morning. Sadanun woke up because of the soft sunlight shining through the glass window, which hadn’t been covered by curtains. She slowly opened her eyes, thinking it was rare for her to sleep so peacefully and wake up late like this.

The room was cold, almost chilly, and the only sound was the soft hum of the air conditioner. Lying still with her eyes open, she thought back to last night. Sadanun wasn’t used to relying on anyone over the past few years.

She had built emotional walls and appeared strong, even if she wasn't deep down. But sleeping in Piangrawin’s warmth had changed something in her.

Maybe the nightmare came back because she hadn't been taking her medicine regularly. She had secretly stopped taking it, thinking she had things under control. But it was fine. Sadanun didn't blame herself. She would be seeing the doctor soon anyway. If she got scolded, she hoped it would be just a gentle one.

She looked down at Piangrawin. She didn’t even remember when she had fallen asleep in her arms last night, but now it was the other way around. Piangrawin was sound asleep in her embrace, tucked under the blanket, her face nestled into her chest so closely that Sadanun worried she might not be able to breathe.

“Hey, move a little.”

Sadanun winced as she slowly pulled her arm out from under Piangrawin's head, which had made her arm numb. As she turned to get up—

“No, don’t go.”

A hand grabbed her arm and pulled her back. Still not fully steady, she ended up half on top of the other girl, who was still asleep.

“More…”

Sadanun froze. Their faces were only a few centimeters apart now. The other girl remained quiet. Sadanun frowned slightly. If she was still asleep, how did she have enough strength to hold her back like that? She took the chance to look at her face again.

Her eyebrows were thin but well-shaped. Her nose was perfectly shaped for her face. Her lips were plump just right. Her hair made her skin glow. Her complexion was smooth like a rich girl’s, and her eyelashes were long and curled. Even without makeup, she looked so naturally beautiful.

*Why do you look so adorably peaceful while you sleep?*

*Would she notice if I touched her now?*

Sadanun asked herself that as a faint smile appeared on her lips. She slowly reached out a finger, wanting to stroke her cheek, letting her feelings show. Her heart was clearly telling her that her feelings for Piangrawin were slowly changing.

“You're heavy.”

Suddenly, the girl under the blanket opened her eyes and looked at her. Piangrawin had been awake ever since Sadanun tried to move her arm. If she hadn’t woken up, who knows if the "wolf" would’ve slipped out of the room and left her behind?

Sadanun's eyes widened for a moment when she saw her awake. Her hand froze.

“H..hey, since when were you awake?”

Even though Sadanun wasn’t hiding her feelings, Piangrawin didn’t feel the same. The older girl quickly pulled away, unsure of what to do now that the "cute bunny" she wanted to kiss had suddenly sat up, messy hair and all, staring right at her.

“What were you going to do?”

“W-What do you mean? I wasn’t doing anything. I didn’t even think about it, and I don’t even like it like that!”

Her awkward and flustered reply made the soft-hearted bunny frown. What was going on with her today? Normally, she was cold and quiet. Even when she moaned last night, she stayed composed. But now she was acting completely different.

“Forget it, it’s probably too late now anyway.”

"You're just planning to leave right after waking up? That’s so cold. Don’t be so mean—I stayed up putting you to sleep, you know? I even let you rest on my arm until it went completely numb."

Even though her mind was still a mess and she felt flustered, Sadanun pretended not to care. She tried to act normal. As soon as one foot touched the floor, the girl quickly moved to help.

“Thanks for that, but I just want to go home now. Ow—"

“Ouch!”

On her first step, Sadanun suddenly lost her balance. Her leg had gone numb without her realizing it, and she collapsed awkwardly to the ground— so embarrassed she could’ve died.

“Gasp! P’Song!”

Piangrawin quickly covered her mouth, shocked by what she saw. It was the first time she’d seen her cool, composed big sister like this. At work, she always looked like a leader, confident like an alpha wolf. But here she was —falling flat like a clumsy kid.

“You stupid bed!”

To make it worse, she got angry and kicked the bed, only to wince in pain. The whole scene was so strange that Piangrawin wasn’t sure if she was awake or still dreaming.

“Why did you kick it? The bed didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I didn’t kick it,”

She snapped, frowning. Piangrawin rolled her eyes—she clearly saw and heard her kick it, yet she still denied it and tried to act all annoyed to cover it up. Bold of her, really.

“Are you hurt badly? What’s wrong with you this morning? Did you have another weird dream last night?”

Sadanun felt so embarrassed her whole body heated up. And it was all

Piangrawin’s fault. She didn’t answer the question, instead fumbling for her glasses and mixing up their phones as she rushed to stand up tall. This time, she wouldn’t mess up again.

“Oh wow, now you’re ignoring me? Afraid flower petals will fall from your mouth if you talk?”

“I’m going to shower and get ready to leave. You call your own ride.”

With that, she walked away—but even then, she stubbed her toe on the table and limped toward the bathroom.

Watching from the bed, Piangrawin frowned in confusion, wondering what on earth had gotten into her beautiful, mysterious girl this early in the morning.

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# Chapter 23: A Valuable Lesson

Normally, Sadanun cooks breakfast for the family on Saturday and Sunday mornings. But lately, she hasn’t been doing so, which made her grandmother, Lady Salika, start to grow suspicious. Late in the morning, after breakfast, she called her daughter-in-law and son to the living room for a discussion, along with snacks and refreshments prepared by the housekeeper.

“Anong, where has my granddaughter been going? She disappears every Friday evening now. Have you been keeping an eye on her? What if she's sick and secretly getting treatment on her own? She’s been awfully quiet lately.”

“I don’t know either, Mother. Song hasn’t said anything,”

Her daughter-in-law replied softly, shaking her head slightly. Being a gentle woman, she didn’t have any answer that would ease the older woman’s concern.

“You should pay more attention to her. Just because Song is a good girl doesn’t mean she doesn’t need looking after. Don’t you remember how ill she once was, to the point she couldn’t sleep? The more she keeps quiet, the more you need to keep an eye on her.”

Lady Salika spoke with a tone full of concern for her only granddaughter. It was already worrying enough when Sadanun chose to live separately in the small guesthouse. Lately, she had also been disappearing to sleep elsewhere.

“Don’t worry, Mother. I’ll also look into it,”

Said M.L. Worakit, stepping in warmly as a father while the atmosphere began to grow tense.

At that moment, the sound of Sadanun's footsteps approached from outside. She entered the living room, though something was clearly off — the usually strong young woman was limping slightly from a recent ankle injury caused by a previous incident.

“Song’s here,”

She said, kneeling politely before her parents and bowing deeply at her grandmother’s lap in respect. Her grandmother placed a gentle hand on her head and stroked it with affection.

“Where were you all night? And what happened to your leg — why are you walking like that?”

Lady Salika asked, her voice full of worry. Sadanun hesitated briefly but chose to lie instead of admitting she had gotten clumsy due to being emotionally shaken over another woman.

“I tripped on the edge of the stairs, just twisted it a little. I’ll be fine after a bit of rest and some compresses,”

She replied casually, trying to make it sound like a minor issue to put the elders at ease — even though she had a modeling job scheduled for tomorrow and the injury was a constant reminder of deeper feelings she was trying to suppress.

“You’ve been sleeping away from home a lot lately. Is something going on?”

“Oh… I just went out for drinks at Apple's place, that’s all. I’m sorry I didn’t let you know beforehand,”

She said evenly, though guilt laced her voice — she hadn’t meant to cause concern, yet now the whole family was discussing her.

“You need to take better care of yourself. You haven’t eaten yet, have you? I had the housekeeper save some food for you at the dining table. Go eat and put some ointment on that leg, alright?”

Her grandmother's gentle voice reflected deep love for her granddaughter. Seeing her grandmother’s expression soften, Sadanun gave a small smile, got up, hugged her affectionately, and headed toward the dining area where the food awaited.

“Do you think our daughter has a secret boyfriend? What do you think, Anong?”

Lady Salika asked her son and daughter-in-law, a faint smile playing on her lips, laced with curiosity. M.L. Worakit just smiled knowingly, understanding his daughter well.

“She just might, Mother.”

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Zenzu Garden on a late Sunday morning was filled with freshness, thanks to the clear weather. Gentle sunlight filtered through the Japanese garden behind the café, making the atmosphere serene and relaxing.

A soft breeze rustled the carefully placed artificial cherry blossoms, while the sound of water from the koi pond gently splashing onto the ground added to the peacefulness of this private corner. Only in the area that is located at the edge of the glass.

The light-colored polished wooden table stood out against the dark leather chair cushions. A small bonsai tree in a tiny pot was neatly placed, creating a simple yet warm atmosphere.

The owner of the café personally brought over some snacks and drinks— Yuzu croffles and matcha tart. There were two tall glasses—Sakura soda for Piangrawin and Hojicha milk chill for her friend.

Piangrawin sat down across from her friend, who was busy taking photos of the food, like most girls do. She joined in too—since lately, her social media had been pretty quiet and she hadn’t posted in a while.

“You didn’t tell me why you wanted to meet up. Let me guess, you’re here to gossip about Khun Song, your FWB right?”

Her friend said, grinning knowingly while picking up a croffle to eat.

“When did you learn to read minds?”

Piangrawin joked, though it was true—she invited her friend here to talk about her love life.

“Oh please, what else do you ever talk about besides girls? Since we graduated, it’s been one girl after another— you seemed like a playgirl so you didn’t continue. This one approaches you too hard, so you’re scared; and one more didn’t seem into you because she preferred vodka-type girls, not matcha-milk types like you. That’s your whole love life in a nutshell,”

Her friend teased with hand gestures. Piangrawin didn’t argue—because it was all true.

“Well, lately… Phi Song has been chatting with me,”

Piangrawin said softly, unable to hide the small smile on her face. It wasn’t sweet talk, but it was still a step forward.

“Really? Like texting as in ‘Goodnight, sweet dreams’ and ‘What did you eat today?’ kind of talking?”

Her friend asked, surprised. Even though they knew from interviews that she wasn't the sweet type, she believed her friend—Piangrawin never made things up.

“I don’t know… It’s not the smoothest conversation, but she still talks,”

Piangrawin said while sipping her Sakura soda and glancing away thoughtfully. She couldn't tell what she really felt. Normally, she had good instincts about people, but with her—it was hard to be sure. When they were intimate, she was gentle. But afterward, she acted cold and distant like a lone wolf.

“I think she likes you.”

“Really?”

She asked, voice slightly higher with a bit of hope.

“Of course. Why else would she talk to you? I mean, agreeing to be FWB is already a big deal—she must feel something.”

Before they could continue, the doorbell at the café rang. Piangrawin’s grandmother, Khun Ying Duangpamorn, walked in. With her silver-gray hair and elegant gray outfit, she went straight to arrange some snacks at the counter like a true professional.

Her sharp eyes scanned the room proudly at her granddaughter’s achievement—but also ready to find faults.

Both girls looked over when they saw her enter. Her friend quickly greeted her with a bright smile.

“Hello, Grandma!”

“I just stopped by for a moment. I’m heading to the ballroom dance contest at the club,”

The elderly woman said kindly before turning to her granddaughter with a more serious tone.

“The snacks look good. You've improved a lot—worthy of the name Chatpimuk.”

Her friend seemed pleased by the praise. But Piangrawin? Not so much. She had come to the café to avoid meeting her grandmother and being interrogated about her love life. Yet here she was, showing up unexpectedly —how terrifying!

“Of course! Piang is talented—just like her parents,”

Her friend teased, knowing the granddaughter was being cheeky. But Khun Ying didn’t play along. She had more serious matters on her mind.

“Don’t forget to go tomorrow and bring the snacks as a gift for P’Namkhing, okay?”

“Again?”

“You, Lek… When people are dating, they should see each other often. Even though P’Namkhing is a doctor, it doesn’t mean she works 24 hours a day. She works at a private hospital that belongs to her father. She’s overworking because she’s single, not because she has to. If she had someone, she wouldn’t be so focused on work unnecessarily.”

“Sigh… I really don’t want to go.”

The girl sighed in frustration. She wasn’t worried about her relationship with P’Namkhing, but visiting the hospital just to see the doctor for five or ten minutes was exhausting. Last time, she had to sit and wait for hours.

“Khun Ying Kaew, P’Namkhing’s mother, asked you to help make her daughter work less. And didn’t you promise Grandma that if I let you go chase after that researcher every day, you’d go on dates with P’Namkhing? Or did you forget already?”

Grandma’s cold and sharp tone made Piengrawin flinch. Was her grandma secretly raising a second version of herself? They sounded way too similar. “Okay, I’ll go tomorrow. But I don’t know if P’Namkhing even likes me.”

“Remember, since Grandma agreed to let you chase that researcher, you must keep your promise and date P’Namkhing too.”

Seeing her granddaughter sulk, Grandma gently patted her head. It was both a demand and a choice—but it came from love.

“I’m doing this because I love you. If that researcher doesn’t love you back, you’ll still have P’Namkhing as another option. Even if there’s no love, she’d still agree to marry you. Don’t forget what our family name is and how powerful our family is. A perfect match is better than chasing after someone who may never love you.”

With that, the elderly woman walked away to get her dessert, as if nothing had happened, leaving the two young women stunned.

“She’s so hard to read,”

Mun muttered, watching Grandma walk away.

“Sigh… Do I really have to please two women at the same time? One is a heart doctor who seems ready to marry me anytime. The other is a food researcher who says she doesn’t like me and treats me like I’m a chicken stealing from her dish,”

Piengrawin mocked the cold woman’s words, then laid her head on the table, feeling pitiful. Even her love life was complicated.

She was still troubled. She knew P’Namkhing didn’t like her and wasn’t interested in the arranged relationship. But if she stopped pursuing the researcher, P’Namkhing would probably agree to marry her just to satisfy their families—because she didn’t care about anything except work. She wouldn’t care about how either of them felt after the marriage.

She felt indifferent toward P’Namkhing, even though the doctor was beautiful. She saw her like an older sister next door. The only person who made her heart race was Sadanun.

“Well, if you want to court Khun Song, then just forget about Dr. Namkhing. It’s not that hard, right?”

“But do you think I have a chance with P’Song? I feel like she doesn’t have any feelings for me. She doesn’t show any interest—except for things rated 18+.”

“It’ll be hard. Someone like Khun Song seems to like calm and quiet things, like a peaceful lake—not the chaos you bring. You’re like thunder and lightning.”

“So you’re not rooting for me?”

The shop owner looked up from the table, tired and a bit defeated. Love seemed so simple but felt impossibly hard.

“It’s not that I’m not supporting you. I just think you need to love yourself first. If you want to chase her, make sure it’s because you truly want her to be happy with your love, not just focused on fulfilling your own desires."

Pienrawin paused for a moment.

*I have to make her happy too?*

*Well, I am trying... but I don’t know if P’Song is happy. She always puts on that grumpy face like a demon every time we’re together.*

“This is so hard. Maybe it’s my fate to marry Namkhing just to please Grandma.”

“Don’t overthink it. Your grandma didn’t give you a time limit to win Khun Song over, did she? And now that you two are chatting, it means she’s not completely shutting you out.”

Mun sipped her hojicha milk chill while glancing at her friend.

“But if you’re really going to pursue her, you need to learn when to pull back too. Someone like Khun Song—she seems like the type who runs away the more you chase. You might want to try letting her come to you for once.”

“I have to pull back too? Why?”

“Seriously? Haven’t you ever read those romance novels where the heroine runs away with the baby? If she doesn’t leave him alone for a while, that dumb ox of a male lead would never realize how he feels.”

“You think that’ll work better than me chasing after her every day?”

“Just give it a try. Trust me. I’ll give you some advice.”

Piangrawin arched one elegant brow as she glanced over at her friend. They say love coaches rarely play the game themselves—so now this woman, who’s been single all her life, was about to teach her a valuable lesson, huh?

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# Chapter 24: The Future Wife

At 10 a.m., the staff break area was pretty quiet. Sadanun had stepped away from the lab alone to grab her usual coffee from her go-to café. “Iced latte” was her regular choice. She smiled softly, feeling relaxed. She liked milkbased coffee because it smelled better than the strong black ones.

Actually, Sadanun was slightly nearsighted, so she wore contact lenses almost every day, occasionally switching to glasses to rest her eyes. Today, she wore glasses to work.

On her way back to the office, she noticed the same lingering glances from a few female staff members. Some smiled at her, some teased her playfully. Sadanun could recall who usually teased her, trying to get closer. But, like always, things never went the way they hoped.

“Oh wow, seeing you in glasses really gives me energy to work!”

The cheerful voice came from P' Surak and P' Jum, two women from the marketing department who loved to joke with her whenever they met. Even though they didn’t work closely together, their consistent teasing made them memorable.

Sadanun stopped, gave a slight smile, and replied in her usual calm tone:

“Well, since the company pays your salary, you should be motivated to work every day—even on days when you don’t see me.”

“Ouch, that’s harsh—but since you’re pretty, I’ll forgive you,”

P' Jum replied playfully, then added something that made Sadanun raise her eyebrows slightly:

“I heard Khun Piang visits you almost every day. I guess we’ll have to give up soon. But as long as you haven’t made anything official, let us tease you a little—it keeps us single folks feeling alive.”

The two women giggled and walked off, leaving Sadanun watching with a blank expression, though secretly amused. Even though that last comment was clearly just a joke, she chose to ignore it—arguing would be pointless.

Before heading back to her office, Sadanun paused when she saw the company president and Boss Matika exiting the elevator. She stood still for a moment, then politely greeted them:

“Good morning, President, Boss.” She gave a respectful nod to the middleaged man.

“Sadanun, I had to meet a client unexpectedly. I’ve asked my assistant to present the meeting results for me,”

Matika said warmly, with a gentle smile.

“Oh, okay, Boss,”

Sadanun replied with a soft smile. After the two left, she hurried toward the elevator without noticing someone running toward her. But it was too late— the doors closed before the girl could call out.

The person rushing after her was Piangrawin. She had planned to visit P’Namkhing at the hospital this morning but was late chasing after her own heart.

She quickly took the next elevator and went up to the research department. Once there, she walked along the glass-walled hallway. But she stopped in her tracks when she saw the person she loved placing a coffee cup on the bench and casually tying her hair up with just a pen.

The sight almost took her breath away. Every move that woman made made her heart race, and she felt like she might faint—like the ER was calling her name.

*Why do you keep making my heart melt when we’re not even anything to each other?*

*Do you even know how much it hurts to have no status at all?*

Just as Sadanun picked up her cup and was about to walk away, she quickly ran toward her. She was afraid she’d go into the meeting before she could wish her luck.

“P’Song, I brought you some snacks!”

She called out. But in her rush, she tripped over her own feet and bumped into her back. She stumbled a few steps forward before stopping.

“Oh no,”

Piangrawin covered her mouth in shock. Now Sadanun's clean white lab coat was covered in her makeup — lipstick, foundation, everything. She immediately regretted putting on so much makeup that day.

“Shit! What the hell is this?!”

She snapped. Just from her tone, she could tell she was mad.

Then she turned around, face full of anger, and she saw what she had really done — spilled iced coffee all over her clothes. It was dripping to the floor.

“You—what the hell are you doing?”

Sadanun frowned, speaking slowly and clearly to show she was really upset. Thank god it was iced coffee, or it would’ve burned her skin. But still, the lab coat, her shirt underneath, her pants, and shoes were all soaked. And she had a meeting in just a few minutes!

“I’m so sorry! I just wanted to give you the snack, but I tripped. I didn’t mean it, I swear—it was an accident,” Piangrawin apologized over and over.

“But look! Everything’s stained now. Didn’t I already tell you to slow down?”

“I really didn’t mean to! Let me clean it up for you,”

She said, quickly reaching into her bag for tissues, trying to wipe it off. But she stepped back and pointed at her, clearly annoyed.

“Stop! Get your short little legs away from me. And don’t bother me again. You’re always causing trouble. Just go back to wherever you came from—I need to work,”

She snapped, even flicking her hand away.

“But—”

“Just leave. If I see you again, I swear—don’t show me your face.”

Sadanun said with a cold tone. That little troublemaker with the long lop ears didn’t just mess with her heart, now she was messing with everything else too. She sighed loudly and stormed off.

“A-And my snacks…?”

Piangrawin called out, holding up the bag of snacks toward her back.

But her lab coat was already swaying around the corner. She must really be mad this time. And what was that—"short front legs"? What does she think Piangrawin is? A dog? Or maybe a rabbit? She had accidentally called her that once before…

Sadanun stormed off to the department bathroom. Since she didn’t have a spare outfit, she had to rinse everything with water and blot it with tissue. But it was still wet—and coffee stains don’t clean easily.

But when she got back to her office, the person who caused all the trouble was already standing there waiting for her.

“What are you doing here again?”

“I brought you a new outfit,”

Piangrawin said with a small, guilty smile as she held up the clothes for her to see.

“Who asked you to?”

Sadanun replied, still clearly annoyed.

“No one had to. I just wanted to take responsibility. Please let me make it right,”

She said, eyes filled with regret and looking all apologetic. Seeing that, Sadanun couldn’t stay mad for much longer. She took the clothes and unfolded them. They actually looked pretty decent.

“Whose clothes are these?”

“They’re P’Matmee’s. She had some outfits in her office that she’s never worn. I just grabbed one I thought she wouldn’t miss.”

“You’re giving me the boss’s clothes?”

Sadanun raised an eyebrow, clearly surprised. This girl had actually gone all the way to grab her sister’s outfit just for her?

“Really? You went that far?”

“It’s fine, P’Matmee already said yes. And this outfit has never been worn before. She just keeps it in case of emergencies,”

Piangrawin said confidently, hoping she’d be forgiven.

“…Thanks.”

Now that her anger had cooled, Sadanun began unbuttoning her shirt right there, not caring who else might be around—or if anyone walked in. It would still be a while before the rest of the team came out of the lab anyway.

“H-here? You’re changing here?”

The younger woman stammered, her face turning red. She’d accidentally caught a full view of those perfectly shaped curves again, and it instantly brought back memories of when she had kissed that exact spot. Her hands went cold just thinking about it.

“I don’t want to waste time going to the bathroom. The meeting starts in fifteen minutes.”

Her tone had softened a lot—there wasn’t even a hint of irritation left. Hearing that, the guilty party smiled in relief, stepped closer, and gently cupped her cheek in encouragement.

*Muah…*

Sadanun froze. Just a moment ago she was annoyed, but now Piangrawin had her heart racing all over again. She tried to hide it, but that kiss had definitely shaken her.

“I’ll go find something to eat while I wait, then come back after your meeting. Do your best, my future wife,”

After pinching her cheek and giving her encouragement, she smiled brightly and walked out beautifully, not forgetting to close the door. When only she was left in the room, Sadanan began to act awkwardly.

*“Future wife…?”*

That word made her heart skip a beat. No one had ever treated her like this before. But coming from Piangrawin… she suddenly had this vivid image of them as a happy newlywed couple from a series. It was so romantic and warm.

She lifted a fingertip to her cheek, where the kiss still lingered, but her heart was pounding uncontrollably. She didn’t know what to do with herself— grabbing random stuff, moving around aimlessly—until she finally turned to the wall and started reciting multiplication tables just to calm down.

“Two times one is two… two times two is four… Stop it. Stop feeling this way right now, Song. Just stop. This isn’t right.”

But the more she tried to shut it down, the more frustrated she felt. Why couldn’t she control her emotions? She had promised herself not to feel anything for Piangrawin—other than maybe lust.

But how many times had this happened already?

How many times had she let herself fall when she knew she shouldn’t?

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# Chapter 25 : Ruder Than Words Is the Expression

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There were five minutes left until the meeting, but Sadanun was still leaning her hip against her desk, half whining as she spoke to her best friend, sharing the problem that had been bothering her. She hoped her friend might have a solution—after all, her friend was also in love with a junior and had even seemed to have easily handled her past issues with other women.

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**Song:**

**This kid is bothering me every single day. What should I do?**

**Apple:**

**Well, didn’t you give her the opportunity yourself? You agreed to be FWB, so what are you complaining about?**

**Song:**

**Since when do FWBs catch real feelings?**

**Apple:**

**What? What do you mean?**

**Song:**

**Nothing. But it’s too much. She won’t leave. She’s practically latched onto my pants and never let go, you know?**

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Phichika didn’t respond right away. A moment later, she sent dozens of pictures of wedding dresses to Song. Just that alone was enough for Song to know her dear friend was mocking her, as if to say,

*“Better get ready to marry the kid.”*

Useless. She really couldn't rely on her at all.

Sadanun sighed and gently massaged her temples. The real reason she was bothered wasn’t because Piangrawin kept coming after her—it was because she had actually started to let her guard down and catch feelings, even though she thought she could keep control.

“Kids, let’s get into the meeting room.”

At that moment, Namphrao re-entered the room with the youngest team member, Phakjira. Sadanun quickly tucked her phone into the pocket of the new trousers her boss had given her.

"Why did you change outfits, P'Song?”

Phakjira always observant, the girl scanned her senior researcher from head to toe.

“I spilled some coffee on it. Don’t worry about it. Let’s get going.”

She answered nonchalantly, not forgetting to grab the coffee cup in the paper bag that Piangrawin had handed her earlier. Luckily, that one hadn’t spilled, so she could still get a bit more caffeine into her system.

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The meeting room of the research department was filled with food researchers from every team. Each team had about 4–5 members, and all of them had more than 10 years of experience. The only exception was Sadanun’s team, which had just three members—one of whom was the youngest and had only joined the company a year ago.

Why was that? Because someone had been unhappy that she won the Outstanding Researcher Award, taking it away from him. As a result, he requested to be transferred to another team to become her rival.

“The boss has chosen Team Three’s proposal for this year’s special readyto-eat menu campaign,”

The secretary announced.

“The boss thinks the healthy food concept, particularly the tuna menu, is interesting and has long-term potential. Right now, more and more Thai people are becoming health-conscious, and the boss’s foreign friends also liked the idea. So, we believe it has potential in international markets too.” Everyone fell silent to hear what would be said next.

“As for Team Two, which proposed the blue swimming crab menu aimed at the early-season market—it didn’t pass, as it seems suitable only for a short-term campaign. However, the seafood preservation idea proposed alongside it is quite promising and has potential for further development.”

After the boss’s personal secretary—who was acting as the boss’s representative today—finished speaking, many people applauded to congratulate the winners. Once again, Sadanun’s team had secured the main product in the annual campaign. The youngest team member ran to hug the older teammates joyfully.

“What about Team One, Ms. Secretary?” someone asked.

“The boss has asked Team One to revise and resubmit their proposal, as the cost and main ingredients still do not meet the required standards,” she replied.

Each team submitted their project proposals, which had been reviewed and critiqued by the CEO. The feedback was sent back to each team. After that, the person who coordinated the process stepped away, feeling that their role was done. One team, however, seemed particularly unhappy — Team One.

“This wasn’t hard to guess,” someone said.

A group of researchers, men in their 30s and 40s from that team, shook their heads. After reading the feedback, they closed their folders and laughed sarcastically while glancing at Sadanun. She could sense something was off and asked with a calm and knowing tone:

“What do you mean it wasn’t hard to guess?”

“This was predictable. The boss chose your team’s proposal because of personal connections. You’re dating her younger sister, who is also the daughter of the company chairman and holds just as many shares as the CEO. No wonder people think you’ve always had support from the top.”

The room fell silent as everyone listened. Even Sadanun allowed Mr. Sarut to continue, even though his comments were unfair.

“Whatever the case, all the outstanding work and awards go to you. Your team is lucky to have you. Whatever you submit gets backed by the boss. It’s like you get special treatment. Sometimes I wonder about the standards used to pick leaders in this company.”

Sadanun sighed openly after his sarcastic comments. She crossed her legs and looked calm and confident. Say what they wanted about her, but the one person she wouldn’t let anyone insult was the CEO Matika.

“Did those words go through your brain before they came out of your mouth?” she said coolly.

Mr. Sarut’s face stiffened. The whole room fell quiet after her sharp remark.

Even Namphrao, who usually tried to keep the peace, didn’t say anything — she knew how much Sadanun valued fairness and respected the boss, and honestly, she was a bit pleased to see Sarut put in his place.

“You’re not only gossiping behind your boss’s back, but you’re also judging her based on your own dissatisfaction. Don’t you think that’s a bit shallow and unfair? At your age, I’d expect a more mature and thoughtful attitude. She’s your boss. What’s wrong with her making decisions based on her judgment and what’s best for the company?”

“Young lady, you’re younger than me. How dare you speak so disrespectfully to your elders?”

Sarut said angrily. But Sadanun didn’t flinch. She stood firm in defending Matika.

“Was there anything rude in what I just said? I didn’t notice.”

“Miss Sadanun—”

He raised his voice, but she interrupted him calmly to show she was serious. Even though she was one of the youngest in the department, she never backed down when it came to what was right.

“Mr. Sarut, our company chooses work based on what’s appropriate. Big companies like ours have shareholders and a board of directors. No company would throw away the chance to maximize profits just to boost someone’s popularity. If your work was better, the boss would’ve chosen yours. Don’t insult a system that’s given you the opportunity to work here for so long.”

"....."

“And one more thing — I’m not dating the boss’s sister. And she’s not someone you can talk about so carelessly. Before you say anything in front of others, please check your facts. It’ll make you sound smarter.”

Namphrao glanced at her junior colleague with a concerned expression. Sadanun's words were cool and calm, but her expression cut deeper than her tone.

“Do you realize you just insulted me?”

Sarut said.

“I’m just giving you a chance to reflect. The reason the company hired you is simple: to do your job well. Not to compete or show off. And if you’re unhappy with the boss’s decision, go hand in your resignation — just make sure you write the reason why you’re not satisfied with her.”

Sadanun spoke for a long time, and everyone just looked at each other in silence. No one said anything because it was the truth, and most of them agreed with her. The only people who weren’t happy were the ones she had just criticized, along with their team. Since they couldn’t argue back, they slammed the table and stormed out with their team.

“The meeting is over. Let’s all go back to our duties. And congratulations to Team Two on the new fish product.”

Sadanun shook hands with Team Two to congratulate them. They were always consistent and calm. Even though they got stressed sometimes, they never caused drama or tried to compete in a toxic way.

As for Team One, she knew they were hard to deal with. They had been working there longer than the others, they were very ambitious, and she knew how badly they wanted the 126 Mega Excellence award she currently held.

After that intense meeting, the three of them agreed to head down for some coffee to cool down and recharge—even though they’d probably had enough caffeine for the day. On the way, as usual, Sadanun ran into a group of girls who liked to tease her, hoping she'd slip up again.

She could only smile politely. Pakjira and Namprao, though, just rolled their eyes. Once they got to the coffee shop, they each ordered their favorite drink and sat down, enjoying the cool atmosphere—so different from the heat in the meeting room earlier.

“Sis, weren’t you a bit harsh just now? Mr. Sarut is a lot older than you,” Pakjira said, starting the conversation. The oldest of the three, Namprao, joined in.

“Yeah, I know you want to defend the boss, but Mr. Sarut looked really upset with us,” she added.

Sadanun knew that acting like this might make more people dislike her, but she didn’t care. They weren’t on the same team, and the competition between teams was real. Still, if they ever had to work together, she could easily separate personal feelings from professional work.

“I just wanted to protect my boss from something that wasn’t true. She wasn’t in the meeting room, so she had no chance to explain or defend herself. It’s not fair to talk behind her back like that when she didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Yeah, I get that. But I can’t help wondering… why do you care so much about her? The boss seems to like you too. Are you two secretly into each other or something?”

“No, it’s not like that. I just really think she’s the last person who deserves to be talked about that way.”

Sadanun gave a small smile and shook her head, remembering something from two or three years ago. It was the anniversary of her twin sister’s death —always the hardest day of the year for her. That day, she hadn’t been able to take the day off to make merit for her sister like she usually did.

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“Why are you sitting here all alone?”

Sadanun looked up to see her sitting next to her with another coffee and a set of snacks—probably just bought. She quickly wiped away the tears in her eyes and tried to smile like everything was fine.

She’d come here thinking it was the quietest spot where no one would bother her, a place to remember her sister in peace. She hadn’t even realized someone had walked up until she was already sitting beside her.

“It’s nothing, Boss.”

“I don’t know what’s bothering you, but sometimes having something sweet can help you feel better.”

As she spoke, she pulled out a chocolate bar from her pocket and handed it to her. She accepted it and gave a small bow in thanks. She never really felt at ease when it was just the two of them like this, but she didn’t act awkward or stiff either—this was just how she normally carried herself.

“Thank you so much.”

“What kind of sweets do you like?” she asked.

Sweets? Sadanun thought for a moment. She wasn’t really into sweet things, but there was one treat that always made her feel better whenever she had it. It had even become her favorite, though she didn’t eat it often.

“Chocolate muffins. I don’t usually eat sweets much—they tend to make me gain weight—but once in a while, I really enjoy one. That tasted really good. Eating it actually made me feel more relaxed.”

“Well, that’s because it has chocolate in it. Chocolate helps release endorphins. Sometimes when I’m feeling down, moody, or super tired from work, this little thing helps.”

She lifted the cup she brought with her and took a sip. That’s when Sadanun realized it wasn’t coffee—it was actually hot chocolate.

“No wonder you’re always in a good mood and can stay calm even when work gets stressful.”

“Well, if you’re feeling down, you should try having some chocolate too.” Her soft voice and warm smile came with a hand offering another chocolate bar. She didn’t say anything comforting or encouraging, yet somehow it made Sadanun feel better—even before tasting the sweet treat. Maybe it was her gentle voice and kind smile.

“See you later. I hope this helps brighten your mood a bit.”

As her boss walked away, Sadanun kept watching her graceful walk until she disappeared from view. A small smile appeared on her face, which had just looked so gloomy. It was the first time in years her heart skipped a beat because of another woman. She wasn’t naive—she knew exactly what that feeling was.

But she had already made up her mind to stay away from love, so she pushed that feeling aside before it could grow.

Sadanun gave a faint smile. Matika was someone truly admirable. She spoke kindly to everyone, no matter who they were. She was generous, respectful, and always fair. It wasn’t right for anyone to accuse her unfairly.

There was a time when she let herself feel something more than just respect between a boss and a researcher. But later, she realized that Matika deserved something much better than someone like her—someone still stuck in the past, unable to move forward or fix anything.

So now, all that remained was a deep admiration, the kind a junior employee has for a respectable leader. And if her boss hadn’t done anything wrong, Sadanan wouldn’t let anyone speak badly about her.

# Chapter 26: A Huge Mistake

Sadanun was relaxing at a coffee shop with a coworker for a bit, but when she came back to her room, she saw a surprise — a big bunny sitting with her head down. Just when Sadanun was starting to forget everything that had happened before, seeing her face brought all those memories rushing back.

“Are you seriously still here?”

Sadanun raised her eyebrow slightly, shocked that Piangrawin would still show her face here, especially after she had made it clear she didn’t want her around.

“I told you I’d come back,”

Piangrawin replied with a sweet smile and a casual tone, as if everything was perfectly normal. She stood up from the second desk chair she had taken the liberty to sit in while waiting.

“I just wanted to watch you work. I promise I won’t be a bother,”

She said, raising her pinky to seal the promise. But Sadanun wasn’t having any of it. She walked right past her and sat down at her own desk without saying anything. Oh well — at least today Sadanun was wearing her glasses. Watching the cold and serious woman working in her nerdy mode was kind of heart-fluttering for Piangrawin.

“Song, Ploy and I have to get back to the lab. That meeting was intense. Not sure if I’ll survive another lab session,”

Said Namphrao, looking worn out. The youngest in the team quickly spoke up to get in on her good side.

“If you pass out, I’ll carry you to the nurse myself,”

She joked. Then the mother-daughter duo grabbed their lab coats and left together, laughing and chatting, leaving only the researcher and the chairman’s daughter in the room.

Piangrawin wandered around the room like everything was fascinating. Sadanun glanced at her but didn’t say anything, knowing she’d just be a distraction. Worse, she could shake her focus and mess with her emotions even more. So she kept up her usual cold attitude, trying hard to keep herself in check.

“P'Song,”

Piangrawin's sweet voice called out as she walked closer and leaned on Sadanun’s desk. She bent down a little, locking eyes with the beautiful, sharp-faced woman who was fully focused on her computer screen.

“Can you move your car for me?”

She asked, twirling her hair with a finger and giving Sadanun a sugary look. Sadanun peeked at her over her glasses, then calmly looked back at her computer, scribbling seriously on a crumpled paper, and replied in a flat tone:

“I won’t continue the sentence by saying which one. If you itch somewhere, please scratch it yourself. It’s my work time now. Don’t disturb me.”

“So cold,” Piangrawin giggled.

“Are you sure you're a person and not a dolphin? Do you eat ice cubes for lunch or something?”

*Clack*

The sound of a pen being put down. Sadanun looked up at her with a sigh. “If you're just here to mess with me, the door's right there,”

She said, pointing toward it. She had already bumped into her earlier, and now she was back to cause trouble again.

“Nope. As someone who owns as many shares as the CEO, I’m here to inspect the company,”

Piangrawin replied with a bright smile—and then casually sat right down on Sadanun’s lap.

Sadanun let out a deep sigh. The usually calm and quiet woman now showed a bit of irritation in her sharp eyes. Who would’ve thought someone like Piangrawin could say such crazy things—and with a straight face like it was totally normal?

“Were you spoiled as a kid or something? Did your family let you do whatever you wanted?”

She asked, shifting a little, but didn’t actually push her off. Some stupid part of her heart felt warm having this chaotic girl nearby. And to make things worse, those soft arms were now holding her gently.

She even said it like it was nothing.

“This is actually a very strict matter.”

“If it’s so strict, then why do you still behave badly?”

“When I was young, my grandma raised me to always follow the rules. I could only have friends in approved groups. I had to attend extra classes, join activities, no phone before bed, eat meals on time, and never wake up late. But after I got into university, she started to loosen up. That’s when I began to have some freedom. The reason I act so selfishly now is because I want to make the most of my freedom before I get controlled again.”

Although her tone sounded relaxed, what she said felt heavy. Sadanun felt like she could sense the pressure and frustration behind those words. Still, she tried not to let it affect her.

“Controlled in what way?”

But instead of staying quiet, she ended up asking.

“Marriage,”

She answered. That made Sadanan pause a bit, even though she already knew. She didn’t show much emotion.

“My grandma is forcing me to get engaged and marry someone from a good family. Even if I don’t want to, I still have to obey her—because she’s my grandma. But do you want to know how I can avoid this?”

“Why would I want to know something that has nothing to do with me?”

“It does have to do with you, because my plan is to win your heart. If I can make you fall for me and we get married, my grandma promised she wouldn’t force me to marry someone else. That way, I’ll be able to marry the one I love and not someone chosen by others.”

She gently touched her chin as she said it.

“Who said I want to marry you? I don’t even want to date you.”

“That’s okay. You don’t have to do anything. I’ll date you by myself.”

Sadanun started to feel that this conversation had gone on too long. Every word from Piangrawin seemed to push her into revealing emotions she tried hard to hide.

“Why are you like this?”

She muttered seriously. But the other girl just shrugged like she didn’t care.

“I’m just being myself. I’m honest, maybe not very polite, and a little stubborn. But don’t worry—if we get married, I’ll listen to you.”

Sadanun didn’t want to argue anymore. She knew that no matter what, the girl would find a clever way to stay close—and somehow, it was starting to work.

She quickly got up and pushed Piangrawin into her own chair.

“If you want to stay, then stay. I’m going to the kitchen. And don’t touch my computer. If anything goes wrong, I’ll tell the boss you caused the company’s data to be lost.”

“Then can I—”

Piangrawin jumped up eagerly, but the researcher held up a warning finger before she could finish.

“The kitchen is off-limits to outsiders. Only the president, CEO, and related departments are allowed. Shareholders and others are strictly forbidden.”

After pointing and scolding her like a puppy, she grabbed her lab coat. Piangrawin then tried to start another chat.

“Your name is Song, right? Does that mean you have an older sibling named Neung (One)?”

It seemed like a harmless joke, but the effect wasn’t so harmless. Sadanun suddenly froze, her sharp eyes losing focus for a moment before she looked away.

Seeing the other person react strangely, she felt pleased with herself. She crossed her arms and gave a mischievous smile.

“There it is. I knew it! I guessed right, didn’t I?”

The researcher placed her lab coat back in place and turned around, her eyes emotionless. But deep inside, she felt a painful reminder of something she didn’t want to talk about.

“Yes, I have a twin sister named Neung. Why do you ask?”

“Whoa, a twin? So cool! Where is she? I really want to meet her. I wonder if she’s as pretty as you,”

Piangrawin’s big round eyes lit up with childlike excitement, like she had just discovered something amazing.

“You can’t meet her,”

The other woman said with a flat, low voice, avoiding eye contact. Piangrawin paused for a moment, then gave a playful smirk and spoke teasingly.

“Why not? Or… are you getting jealous?”

“Why would I be jealous of you?”

“Then can you introduce me to your sister? I’ll flirt with her instead since you keep ignoring me. I bet she’s kinder than you.”

This time, Sadanun sighed heavily. Her usually calm and attractive face now looked tense and serious. The air grew heavy with unease. The effort she made to keep her heart out of this matter was starting to crumble fast.

“What exactly are you trying to get at?”

She snapped at the smaller woman, her voice full of irritation and her expression clearly showing she was upset.

Seeing that look in her eyes, Piangrawin swallowed hard. Her playful attitude began to fade, sensing the mood had suddenly turned dangerous. Wait... is this jealousy? Just the mention of another girl was enough to make her upset?

“Why are you talking about my sister like that?”

“‘My sister’...?”

Piangrawin thought. Why did she suddenly switch to calling herself like that? Was that a sign that she was truly angry now?

Not knowing any better, Piangrawin folded her arms confidently, thinking she still had the upper hand.

“Well, you don’t care about me, right? So I’ll just go after someone who looks like you. Why, are you upset that I said I’d flirt with someone else? Maybe your sister would be nicer to me and actually like me back.”

That comment brought back painful memories—of a time when one girl stood between her and her twin, offering her heart to both. The emotional wound from that memory still stung, and now, Piangrawin's careless words were like a sharp knife slicing that same scar open again. Her hands turned cold and sweaty.

“Are you seriously using my sister as bait just to get my attention?”

Sadanun blinked rapidly, her voice now soft and shaky.

“So… is it working?”

Piangrawin asked with a sly smile, thinking she’d gained the upper hand again. The look on the other woman’s face showed tension—maybe even jealousy.

But she was wrong.

Suddenly, the other woman stepped closer with a firm, cold gaze. Then, with a voice that struck like lightning, she said:

“My sister is dead.”

The world felt like it froze for a second. Then came the cold, painful silence that hit like a shockwave.

“If you want to flirt with her, then go die with her.”

This time, Piangrawin fell completely silent. She didn’t know what to say. What she had thought was just teasing turned out to be a huge mistake. She had no idea that Sadanun's older sister had passed away—and now she had carelessly said something that deeply hurt her.

“Don’t ever talk about my sister like that again. She’s not someone for you to joke about or use to threaten me. Learn to respect others, Piang. If you don’t know something, then don’t speak so casually. Your words might end up hurting people more than you realize. Please think before you speak next time.”

Piangrawin looked devastated as she realized how much pain she had caused. It wasn’t just anger in the other woman’s eyes—there were tears welling up too. Her trembling voice held not only sadness but also deep disappointment.

“P' Song, I…”

She began softly, wanting to apologize, but the other woman cut her off.

“Go home. And if possible, don’t come back. Someone like you, who doesn’t know the right time or place and doesn’t respect others, should just stay in your own house.”

The researcher held her head high, blinking back tears, and walked away quickly without once looking back.

“I’m sorry, P' Song,”

Piangrawin whispered, watching her walk away until she disappeared from view. At first, she only wanted to tease, to stir up a little jealousy and maybe see how the other woman really felt. But now she realized how foolish that was.

Her heart was shaking. Her hands trembled. She wasn’t afraid of being push her out of her life. Instead, she felt extremely guilty for making her feel so bad that she was in tears.

# Chapter 27: Apology

Piangrawin stopped by to have a small drink to relieve her stress. She called and vented to her friend Mun so much that Mun nearly couldn’t finish her own work. Eventually, Piangrawin returned home, her heart heavy with guilt. She headed straight to her older sister’s room upon learning she had come home.

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***Knock knock knock.***

She knocked a few times. When she opened the door, she saw her mother and sister, Matika, laughing together. She figured their mom must have been telling her something funny. It looked like Matika had just finished showering too.

“What’s wrong, Piang? You look so serious. Come sit here,”

Their mother patted the spot next to her on the bed, inviting her younger daughter to sit.

“I’m feeling stressed... it’s about P’Song,” Piangrawin replied.

“Then talk to your sister first, okay? Don’t worry too much. I’ll go get you something sweet to cheer you up,”

Her mom said before walking out.

Once she left, Piangrawin stood up and began brushing her sister’s hair in front of the mirror. Her face still showed signs of stress, even though she had tried to relax earlier.

“What happened to you? You look terrible,”

Matika asked, looking at her through the mirror with concern.

“I made a big mistake.”

“What did you do?”

“I used P’Song’s sister’s name as a joke. I just wanted her to feel a little jealous, so I told her I’d flirt with her twin sister instead. But I didn’t know her twin sister had already passed away.”

“Oh... I heard that she had a sister. So she’s gone? She must still be heartbroken. No wonder you feel guilty for making that kind of joke,”

Matika said without scolding her. She figured her younger sister needed to learn from these things on her own—both right and wrong.

“That’s exactly it. I feel terrible for joking about something so serious.” Piangrawin nodded, almost in tears, but tried hard to hold them back.

“Then go apologize to her—sincerely. Someone like Song, who’s rational, won’t stay angry without reason. If you explain it wasn’t intentional, she’ll forgive you,”

Matika said gently, offering advice with understanding. Piangrawin’s tense expression relaxed slightly, though she still looked quite worried.

“Yeah... I’ll do that. But I think I should wait until she’s calmed down a bit more.”

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**Wang Worakitcharuwong Residence**

Sadanun lay still on a pale gray sofa in the center of the small guest house’s living room. Outside, everything was wrapped in a creamy, foggy atmosphere, as if the whole world had disappeared into the mist of early rainy season. The soft scent of earth mixed with the cool breeze coming in through the window brushed against her skin.

But instead of feeling refreshed, all she felt was emptiness and coldness in her heart.

Moo Krob, her beloved pet, lay curled up beside her. Though it nudged her gently for affection, it didn’t help ease the void she felt inside. As she stroked her pet’s fur and closed her eyes, all she could think about was what Piengrawin had done earlier that day—and the memories of her own late twin sister.

"Nueng..."

She softly murmured the name that made her heart ache. The young woman closed her eyes, trying to block out those memories, but instead, the feelings of longing and guilt grew stronger. Just then, the sound of someone banging on the door urgently broke the silence, followed by a worried voice calling out.

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***Knock Knock Knock***

"Song."

The young woman opened her eyes and quickly got up to open the door, recognizing her mother's voice. To her surprise, her mother wasn’t alone— her grandmother was also standing under the roof, sheltering from the heavy rain.

"Why are you and Grandma here? Is something wrong?"

"Grandma asked the maid to call you for dinner, but no matter how she called, you didn’t respond. So Grandma decided to come herself because she was worried about you. Are you alright, Song?"

Anong asked in a slightly scolding tone, but her words and eyes were full of concern.

Sadanun hesitated, not wanting to tell them what was really bothering her.

"I'm fine, just a bit tired from work and accidentally fell asleep. With the rain falling, I barely heard the maid calling,"

She replied, looking out at the rain still pouring outside. Luckily, the walkway between the small house and the main house had a roof, or she would have felt even more guilty for making her mother and grandmother come out in the rain.

"Then let’s go have dinner, dear,"

Grandma said kindly.

"Eat first, then rest more. Don’t let yourself go hungry."

"Yes, Grandma,"

She replied softly, glancing back at her pet, Moo Krob, lying lazily on the sofa. She took a deep breath, trying to push away the lingering emotions in her heart, and then followed them, leaving those feelings behind—just as she knew she should.

That morning, Piangrawin woke up feeling quite exhausted. It was that time of the month, and on top of that, she was upset that she had made her Sadanun, angry. The weather outside was gloomy and overcast, making the air feel slightly cooler—matching the way she felt inside.

She looked at the clock—it was a little past 8 a.m. Her stomach was starting to grumble from hunger, so she quickly got up, went to freshen up in the bathroom, changed into some comfortable home clothes, and headed downstairs to find something to eat. Normally, the housekeeper would have already prepared breakfast for her.

When she reached the dining room, she saw her grandmother and mother huddled together over something, with the housekeeper nearby. Curious, she walked closer and saw a few desserts laid out on the table. It looked like her mom and grandma were working together in a way she rarely saw— they usually didn’t get along well.

Ah… it must be because Mom decided to help with the housework today.

“Have Dad and P'Matmee gone to work already?”

Piangrawin asked with a tired smile. Both women turned to her—her mom smiled gently, while her grandmother looked at her with a slightly suspicious gaze.

“Yes, dear. It’s nice and cool today with the rain coming, so I made mango sticky rice for Grandma and also for you. I’m also making coconut milk dumplings now—it’s fun. Do you want to help? Even Grandma’s helping— see? It’s fun!”

Ranee said, glancing warmly at her mother-in-law.

“I think I’ll pass, Mom. I don’t feel up to it,”

Piangrawin replied with an awkward smile, then grabbed a plate and served herself some mango sticky rice. Cooking and housework weren’t her thing at all. Honestly, going to apologize to Song and getting scolded again would still be easier than this.

Seeing her granddaughter looking pale, Grandma spoke up out of concern, as grandmothers do.

“What’s wrong, dear? Are you not feeling well? Why do you look so pale?”

Piangrawin gave another awkward smile. How could she explain that the reason she looked pale today was simply because she hadn’t put on any makeup—not because she was actually sick?

“It’s just period cramps,” she said.

“Do you want to see a doctor? Maybe ask Dr. Namking when she’s available,”

Her mom suggested. Piangrawin rolled her eyes. Of course, they wanted her to see the pretty doctor. But for something as normal as mild period cramps, going to the hospital would just be embarrassing, especially in front of the housekeepers.

“No need, Mom. It’s just regular cramps. No need to bother her.”

“Alright, alright. Let me see then,”

Grandma said. Her usual stern tone softened as she reached out to touch Piangrawin’s forehead and cheeks. Even though she seemed strict on the outside, her touch was full of warmth and concern.

This was typical of her—she always showed care like this to everyone in the family, even those who annoyed her, like her daughter-in-law.

“No fever. Is the pain unusually bad? Do you feel like throwing up?”

“What? Grandma’s worried about me too?”

Piangrawin teased with a playful grin, clearly being her usual stubborn self. Grandma gave her a mock stern look and raised her hand as if she might smack her, but didn’t actually do it.

“You cheeky girl! Should I spank you? Of course I worry, even if I seem harsh.”

Then she stood up, wiped her hands, and fetched a bottle of painkillers from the cabinet.

“Take this. Eat something first, then take the medicine,”

She said, handing her the bottle. Piangrawin couldn’t help but feel a warm glow in her chest. Even though her grandma could be bossy, she always showed love in her own blunt but caring way.

“It’s not that bad. I’m not dying or anything. No need to see a doctor,”

Piangrawin reassured them.

“Then take your meds and get some rest,”

Grandma replied.

“Ranee, look after your daughter. If the pain gets worse, take her in to get checked—just in case it’s something serious.”

“Are you worried she won’t be able to give you a great-grandchild?”

Ranee joked lightly, teasing her mother-in-law.

“Don’t twist my words! I’m worried she might die, that’s all,”

Grandma snapped back, lifting her chin slightly with a playful scold.

“Piang, don’t go anywhere. I’ll go warm up some food for you.”

Piangrawin smiled softly, watching the playful exchange between her mother and grandma. When Grandma finally walked off to the kitchen to warm up food herself instead of asking the housekeeper, her mother leaned over and spoke quietly, just for the two of them to hear.

""How is it? Are you happy? Even though she acts like a control freak, your grandma really loves you,"

Ranee said with a smile, raising her eyebrows teasingly at her daughter.

Piangrawin grinned and nodded. She knew all along that her grandma was tough on the outside but soft on the inside. That’s why she always followed her grandma’s orders, even when she didn’t agree.

Because the moment she tried to resist, her grandma’s love and the way she’d cared for her since childhood would come rushing back to remind her. It was the same with the topic of marriage.

After finishing her food and medicine, Piangrawin carried some water and snacks back up to her bedroom. The warm glow from the lamp made the room feel cozy, even though her heart was still weighed down by anxiety.

Her stomach hurt… but not as much as her heart did from not seeing Sadanun—and worse, being on the receiving end of her anger. It had been several days now. Their Friday plans were ruined, at least for the time being.

She didn’t know if Sadanun was feeling any better. If she tried to apologize now, would it just remind her and bring back all the hurt and tears?

Piangrawin was troubled by these thoughts. After finishing the dessert on her plate, she picked up her phone and sat curled up on the sofa, unable to stop thinking about her.

But… maybe it was time now. She figured she had waited long enough— hopefully long enough for Sadanun to cool down and heal from the stupid joke she made. So she finally sent a message to apologize, taking the first step. She planned to sincerely apologize again.

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**Piang:**

**P'Song, I just want to talk about something…**

**Song:**

**Go ahead.**

The moment she saw the reply come in right away, Piangrawin beamed with relief. At least Sadanun hadn’t blocked her. She even replied back.

**Piang:**

**Can I call you?**

**Song:**

**Okay.**

She called her right away without hesitation. The other end picked up after just a moment, but she stayed quiet. So, to show how truly sorry she was, she quickly apologized before she could get angry and hang up on her again.

[I'm really sorry about that day. I acted without thinking. I honestly didn’t know. If I had known, I wouldn’t have joked like that at all. I feel bad for making you upset.]

Piangrawin said softly, swallowing hard before apologizing.

She was quiet for a few seconds before responding in a calm and normal tone.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m not that mad anymore. Honestly, I was really angry at first, but when I thought about it and realized you truly didn’t know, I let it go,”

Sadanun said, her voice now back to normal. After not seeing the talkative, clueless bunny for several days, she’d had time to reflect. Even though Piangrawin had been thoughtless, it wasn’t intentional—she just didn’t know.

[Really?]

“You think I’m lying?”

[No.]

“I’m sorry too, for telling you to go die.”

This time, Piangrawin smiled wide, her joy reaching her eyes. She sent him a picture of the new dessert menu at her café. Since the rainy season was coming, her shop was launching seasonal sweets, and she thought he might like them.

[P'Song, choose anything you want to eat.]

"Why do I have to choose?"

[I just feel guilty. I want to make it up to you. Otherwise, I won’t be able to sleep tonight. Once you choose, I’ll bring it to your office tomorrow as a peace offering. I’ll make it fresh, just for you. Please let me do something nice for you this time.]

“Alright then, I’ll go with this.”

The woman pulled her phone away from her ear and looked at the photo she had sent — a chocolate muffin, one of her own favorites. The fact that Sadanun had chosen something she liked made her feel that she had truly accepted her apology.

[Some cultures believe that muffins bring good luck.]

“Really?”

Sadanun asked, feeling unexpectedly warm inside. She had grown to love muffins because she used to eat them in place of her older sister often. They had gradually become her favorite, but she had never heard anything like that before.

[Yes. And I’ll come visit you again, okay? I promise I won’t say anything to upset you again.]

After hanging up, Piangrawin smiled for the first time in days. Then she got up to change her clothes and headed to the kitchen at her shop to see if the staff could help her prepare the muffins for tomorrow.

She knew she had bothered Sadanun too much — now it was time for her to do something good for her.

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# Chapter 28: The Concern of a Cold-Hearted Person

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It was already 10 a.m. by now. Normally, Piangrawin would arrive around work time, but today she was late. The person waiting for the snacks couldn't stay focused. Sadanun wasn't so angry with her that she wanted to cut all ties-it was just a moment of anger that she herself struggled to control.

.

**Piang:**

**I brought snacks to make up for it. I was afraid the coffee from my café would melt, so I bought it from the shop in front of the company instead. But it started raining, and I didn't bring an umbrella, so I might be a little late.**

Not long after, the message from the troublesome woman popped up. Sadanun glanced at the two women on her team, who were working intently, then picked up her phone to type a reply.

**Sadanun:**

**Call a car and go home. You don't have to bring the snacks.**

.

Even though she hadn't bought anything to go with her morning coffee because she knew Piangrawin would bring something, when she looked outside and saw the heavy rain, she couldn't help but worry about her.

She cared, even though she said she didn't. She worried, even though that girl constantly made her upset-especially with the most recent incident.

**Piang:**

**I'm really scared of thunder. Even if I were in hell, I'd still be scared. I might have to wait for the storm to calm down a bit. I'm sorry I couldn't do what I promised.**

That was the last message she sent, and then she went quiet. The sentence showed how worried she was-anyone reading it could feel it.

Sadanun sighed.

*"Afraid of thunder..."*

She understood that fear can be big or small, but it's still fear. Just imagining that sharp-faced beauty shrinking in fear at the sound of thunder made the tall and elegant woman suddenly jump up from her chair, hitting her knee on the edge of the table.

She was in pain but tried not to show it. Still, those around her were startled by the loud sound that broke the silence.

"Oh! That startled me! Are you okay?"

Phakjira placed her hand on her chest in shock. Even Namphrao turned to look, clearly surprised. Sadanun didn't know what to do-she hadn't expected to stand up so quickly, with her thoughts racing across the street to the coffee shop before her body could catch up.

"Sorry, P'Namphrao. I just need to step out for a bit."

"At this hour? Where are you going?"

The older woman asked. Caught off guard, Sadanun hesitated, unsure of what to say. But since she was planning to go to the coffee shop anyway, she decided to use that as her excuse.

"To buy coffee from the shop in front of the company."

Namphrao glanced at the half-finished coffee cup in front of her junior, then looked outside at the heavy rain. It was strange-the company had a café, and she had just bought a cup. Why would she want to walk through the rain for more?

"Out front? Right now? Isn't that coffee in your hand still not finished? Didn't you say you were cutting down on sugar and wouldn't drink more than two cups a day?"

Sadanun stumbled over her words.

"Oh, I heard the shop out front has new pastries, and I just wanted to try them. I'll be back quickly, okay?"

With that, she grabbed an umbrella from near the wall and headed out, leaving the two researchers puzzled. The café was across the street, and though traffic was usually messy when it rained, luckily there was a pedestrian crossing with a signal light right there.

The shop's doorbell rang like usual, drawing attention. But when Piangrawin turned toward the sound, she didn't see a customer. Instead, it was the person she had just been texting a little while ago.

"P'Song? Why are you here?"

"Coming to a coffee shop, of course I'm here to buy coffee."

Sadanun, whose words rarely matched her true feelings, said casually as she walked over to order coffee and some snacks-just like Namphrao and Phakjira had done earlier.

"You came all the way here just to buy coffee?"

The smaller woman stood up in surprise. It didn't make much sense-who would walk through heavy rain just to get coffee outside when the café inside the company was better?

"Yes. Why not?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just curious."

"Well, stop being curious. You want to come with me or walk through the rain by yourself?"

"I'll come with you! Let me join!"

In no time, the coffee and snacks that Sadanun had ordered were ready. She paid, grabbed the bag, and opened her umbrella, sharing it with the smaller woman beside her.

***CRACK!***

While waiting at the pedestrian signal, a loud thunderclap suddenly roared. Sadanun wasn't particularly scared-but the other girl cried out in alarm.

"Ahh!"

Piangrawin quickly covered her ears and huddled close, her face pressed against Sadanun's shoulder. She wasn't pretending just to get attention. Thunderstorms had terrified her since she was young, and situations that didn't feel safe-like this one-made her heart pound so hard it felt like she might faint.

"P'Song, I'm scared..."

Her trembling voice, full of fear, softened Sadanun's heart instantly. If her other hand weren't holding the bag of snacks, she might have reached out to comfort her.

"I'm right here. You don't need to be afraid."

Her voice was gentler than usual, almost as if she was trying to soothe her. Piangrawin looked up and met her eyes, just as Sadanun awkwardly cleared her throat.

"Let's go. The light's green. Hold on to my shirt and walk with me."

The tall woman moved to the side where cars would be coming, eyes focused on the signal and the road. Piangrawin reached out and held the edge of her shirt, following her lead. Being close to someone like this made her feel safe.

She walked beside her with a small smile, noticing out of the corner of her eye that Sadanun had tilted the umbrella more toward her, causing her own shoulder to get wet. She had picked random snacks and coffee, spent her break time even though she was a workaholic, and walked out into the rainall while there was a café in the building.

*P'Song came here... for me.*

Piangrawin let Sadanun quietly show her concern without saying a word. So this is what someone who cares but tries to hide it looks like-pretending to just come for coffee and snacks. Even if her words didn't match her feelings, the way she acted out of worry was enough to make Piangrawin secretly smile with satisfaction.

Once they arrived back at the company, Sadanun closed the umbrella. She noticed the girl beside her looked even paler than usual and casually asked a question, trying to sound indifferent-though deep down, she had been worried ever since Piangrawin said she was afraid of thunder.

"Are you really that scared of thunder?"

She didn't get a reply. But the girl's pale, weak figure looked like she could barely stand. She even started to sway.

Sadanun quickly dropped the umbrella and lunged forward, catching her just in time with her stronger arm before she collapsed. As soon as she touched her, she felt the heat radiating from her skin-warmer than normal. It made her want to scold her for being so stubborn.

"Why is your body so hot? Are you sick?"

"Just a little..."

"If you're sick, why did you come? Why didn't you take medicine and stay home?"

Her dark brows furrowed with frustration. She could clearly sense how unwell the girl was. And still, she came-on a day with heavy rain.

"I told you, didn't I? I brought snacks to make up for my mistake."

"But you're going to pass out from pushing yourself too hard. Learn to take care of yourself,"

Sadanun scolded, holding the weakened body in her arms. But instead of showing any remorse, the girl pressed her nose against Sadanun's chest, took a deep sniff, and let out a satisfied expression-clearly trying to soak in the scent of food clinging to Sadanun's clothes.

"Tonkotsu ramen... smells so good. I'm hungry. Can I join you for lunch today?"

She asked, but her breathing was noticeably heavier than usual. That alone was enough for Sadanun to know she wasn't really okay-she was just pretending to be okay. And clearly her sense of smell was off from being sick, because what Sadanun had cooked was tortellini, not ramen.

"You're so stubborn. Stop thinking about food and get some rest first. If you die, I wouldn't know how to explain it to your parents,"

Sadanun muttered, struggling to support the feverish girl as they made their way to the staff nurse's room, while many pairs of eyes stared at them.

Once there, she took out the snacks the girl had brought and added some she'd bought herself, just to get something in her stomach before giving her any medicine. The room was set up specifically for sick employeesequipped with first aid supplies, basic medicine, and a small bed for resting. It was fairly private and cozy.

The stubborn girl, from Sadanun's perspective, was made to lie back on the bed. Sadanun, familiar with the room, quickly found the medical equipment and checked her vitals.

Her pulse and blood oxygen levels weren't dangerously low, but when the thermometer read 39°C (102.2°F), Sadanun could only sigh and rub her temples in frustration. She just couldn't understand why Piangrawin was like this. If her fever had gotten any higher, she could have gone into shock.

"I really don't get it. Why are you even here? If you're sick, why didn't you just take medicine and rest at home? Why come out in the rain and cold like this?"

"I just wanted to apologize to you in person. I felt guilty. A phone call didn't feel like enough,"

Piangrawin said softly, looking downcast. She hadn't expected to fall sick today, especially after being out in the rain for only a short while. But to her, making things right with *"P'Song"* was too important to ignore.

"I told you, I'm not mad anymore."

"But I still wanted to come,"

Piangrawin replied softly, making the older woman sigh.

"Take your medicine. I'm giving you four hours-if the fever doesn't go down or gets worse, you have to see a doctor."

She tore the fever-reducing pill from the blister pack and held it out, but the younger woman turned her head away stubbornly.

"No, I don't want it."

"You have to. Why not?"

"I can't swallow round pills. They get stuck in my throat. Do you have syrup instead?"

"Piang, how old are you? Still wanting kids' medicine?"

Sadanun let out a long sigh and pushed the pill into her hand. If she refused again, Sadanun was ready to force it down her throat like she used to do when giving medicine to her chubby pet Moo Krob.

"Take it. Now. Don't make me use force."

"...Okay,"

Piangrawin murmured, looking up at her with pleading eyes, but when she saw how serious Sadanun was, she gave in. She still tried her best to look cute and ask for leniency, but it clearly wasn't working.

In the end, she forced herself to swallow the pill-not because she was afraid of choking, but because she was more afraid the woman in front of her might actually break her neck.

"Good. Now, who brought you here?"

Sadanun asked, not stepping away even after Piangrawin took the medicine. She was preparing a towel and warm water to sponge her down and lower her fever. No matter how much she wanted to get back to work, she couldn't bring herself to leave this sick little bunny behind-even if she had just come here to apologize.

"The driver brought me."

"Alright. And what on earth did you do to end up in this state?"

Piangrawin blinked weakly at the woman, feeling like she was on the brink of death-mostly from the intense sponging that left her skin red all over.

Sadanun wiped her down with a serious, worried face, scrubbing as if she were doing laundry for her mother. But Piangrawin didn't dare say it was too rough-she didn't want the caretaker to feel bad.

"It was raining,"

She finally replied. Sadanan raised an eyebrow at the vague answer, so

Piangrawin clarified-it had only been a little rain, but for someone with a weak immune system like hers, that was enough to knock her down.

"I just got caught in the rain. It was light at first, just a few drops on my head, but deep down, I started feeling sick right after."

"You're so weak. And what now, stomachache too?"

Sadanun asked instinctively when she saw her holding her stomach, forgetting to maintain her usual reserved demeanor.

"It's just that time of the month,"

*Sadanun sighed again. This girl, really... She knew she was sick, yet still came all the way to see her at work. She cared more about others than herself. But scolding her now wouldn't help-she was already unwell.*

"Do you have a runny nose, sore throat, or cough?"

She asked. Piangrawin nodded. This time, she didn't even tease her with a sarcastic "Are you a doctor or something?" because she barely had the energy to stay conscious. She thought she'd be fine before coming, but now she realized how much rest she really needed.

"What color is your mucus?"

"P'Song, that's an embarrassing question,"

She groaned tiredly.

*If you're going to ask this much, you might as well carry me to the doctor yourself.*

"Why be embarrassed? I'm going to buy you medicine, and I'll tell the driver to pick you up too. After you get the meds, go home and rest. Now tell me-what color is the mucus and phlegm?"

The sick girl pouted, clearly not thrilled to talk about bodily fluids with someone she liked. But she had to explain her symptoms-if she didn't take medicine, it would take longer to get better, and she'd end up needing Sadanun again.

"Okay, judging by that color, it means you've probably been getting sick for at least two or three days now. I'll ask the pharmacist what to get. If it doesn't get better or you get worse, go see a doctor."

"Are you worried about me?"

"....."

"P'Song really cares about me. Are you starting to fall for me?"

Piangrawin teased with a weak smile, even though she looked like she could fall asleep any second from being sick.

"No, don't flatter yourself,"

Sadanun replied quickly.

"I'm just taking care of the chairman's daughter who happens to be sick. Honestly, don't you ever think how worried your parents would be if they knew? You're already an adult but still act like a child-don't even care about yourself and just worry others instead."

Sadanun, unsure how to respond, masked her feelings by pretending to grumble and wiped Piangrawin's body more roughly, causing the smaller woman to sway from side to side. After she finished, the young researcher started to get up, but Piangrawin suddenly pulled her into a hug.

"Don't go yet."

"I'm going to get you some medicine. You stay here and rest. Call your driver and go home to rest. You've got people to take care of you at home."

"No, I'm cold... Can you stay with me just a bit longer?" Piangrawin looked up at her with soft, pleading eyes.

Those weak, beautiful eyes and delicate brows made Sadanun lose herself for a moment. Her gaze fell to the soft lips lightly tinted with naturalcolored lipstick. Slowly, she leaned in, drawn by the beautiful face. But just before their lips could meet, Piangrawin gently placed her warm hand on Sadanun's face to stop her.

That touch brought Sadanun back to her senses-she realized she had been about to act purely on emotion, ignoring the voice in her head telling her not to fall for her.

"No," Piangrawin whispered.

"You'll get sick too, P'Song."

She knew what was about to happen. And though part of her liked how Sadanun almost kissed her, this time she couldn't let it happen. Things between them were already too close.

"Then get some rest. I'll go get the medicine."

"Let me stay like this for a moment, please. It's really cold,"

She said. The girl, feeling weak and unwilling to move, pressed her face against the chest in front of her and hugged tighter. She felt so cold that even her feet were freezing, and wrapping herself in a blanket didn't help at all.

She thought about pulling away, but she felt her body trembling slightly. She knew that Piangrawin wasn't doing it just to be clingy. So, Sadanun gently raised her hand to softly stroke the smaller girl's head and wrapped her arms around her. She didn't even realize that she was already showing care through her actions, something the other person might have noticed.

"Don't forget to take the snacks with you,"

A muffled voice spoke from her chest.

She let the girl hold on for a while. Soon, the one who had just clung so sweetly started to feel sleepy. She pulled away and laid down, closing her eyes immediately.

"Already sleepy?"

No reply. Sadanun leaned forward and looked at the girl's eyelids, confirming she was fast asleep. She fell asleep so easily-probably exhausted from the fever.

With her long fingers, she gently brushed the beautiful brown hair away from the girl's flushed face, then quietly got up to get a cooling gel patch and softly placed it on her forehead, careful not to wake the sick "bunny" who might cling to her again.

"Why are you so stubborn?"

She whispered gently, brushing the still-warm cheek with tenderness. She pulled the thin blanket up to the girl's waist and quietly stepped out. Her destination was the clinic at the corner of the street near their company. Even though it was working hours, Sadanun chose to take care of Piangrawin first.

She was worried, of course. But there's no way she'd admit it out loud.

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# Chapter 29: Growing Feelings

**1:35 a.m.**

The rain had stopped. It was already very late, but Sadanun still couldn’t fall asleep. She was walking back and forth on the lawn in front of the small house, holding one last piece of dessert left by Piangrawin, before sitting down on her favorite garden chair—the one she usually used to read on her days off.

Sadanun was scrolling through various apps on her phone, debating whether she should message Piangrawin to ask how she was doing. It felt too late to ask now—maybe she was already asleep. But not asking made her feel uneasy and restless.

Suddenly, a message from the very person she was thinking of popped up.

.

**Piang:**

**In case you’re wondering, I stopped by for an injection this evening. Now I’m on a lighter medication. But when I woke up, I was very hungry, so I came down to find something to eat in the kitchen. I might not be able to visit in the next few days—I’m afraid I might pass something on to you. Thank you for taking care of me during the day. I feel a lot better now because of you.**

As soon as she saw the message, Sadanun opened it right away, forgetting that she had planned to wait a little longer. Seeing that Piang was okay brought a smile to her face—one she didn’t even try to hide. It was the same kind of happiness she felt when her pet, Moo Krob, got better after being sick.

.

**Song:**

**Is your stomach still hurting?"**

**Song:**

**You’re still awake?"**

**Song:**

**I got caught up watching a series."**

.

Sadanun lied. The truth was, she just couldn’t sleep because she had been worried about someone who had fallen ill earlier in the day.

**Piang:**

**Oh, I’m feeling fine now. No more stomach pain—completely comfortable.**

**Song:**

**What did you eat so late at night? Did you cook it yourself?**

Piang quickly replied with a photo. It was instant rice porridge from the brand 126 Food—the very recipe she had helped create. It was tasty and popular, so it had stayed in production for years.

**Piang:**

**Do you know why I care about you so much?**

**Song:**

**Why?**

**Piang:**

**Because I want to be your midnight sun.**

.

That sentence made Sadanun pause before typing her reply. Her elegant eyebrows raised slightly. “Midnight sun?” Was there a hidden meaning behind those words?

**Song:**

**What do you mean?**

**Piang:**

**No matter how cold and dark you are—like a lonely wolf—I’m a rabbit. Not a coconut-grating rabbit or a moon rabbit, but a rabbit that lives in the sun that shines at midnight. Even if you blow your gloomy vibes at me, I’ll still be bright and cheerful—so cheerful that it’ll make your eyes hurt.**

.

It sounded playful, not too serious—but maybe she didn’t realize how much her words made the reader smile. Did she really not know the deeper meaning of the “midnight sun”? Or was she pretending not to, just to keep things light and funny?

**Song: Piang…**

**Piang:**

**Yes?**

*“I’m worried about you.”*

The message was fully typed—she just had to press send. But luckily, Sadanun snapped herself out of it and deleted it. If she had sent that, she would’ve bitten her own fingers in embarrassment.

*This silly hand almost betrayed me.*

Having feelings when you don’t want to—it’s exhausting.

**Song:**

**I’m going to bed now. Don’t stay alone in the kitchen too late—ghosts might show up.**

On the other end, Piangrawin, still feeling under the weather, read the message and imagined a hundred angry-face emojis flying out of her head. *How could she say that?* She was already scared of ghosts—and now this?

*“You meanie. Not even a simple ‘good night’ or ‘take care.’”*

Piangrawin furiously sent a bunch of angry bunny stickers, one after another, until the other side stopped reading. So annoying. Her words were annoying enough, but now even her face was—*how could someone that good-looking not know how to use it properly?*

Suddenly, a voice spoke from the kitchen doorway.

“What are you so annoyed about?”

It was her older sister, Matika.

Startled, Piangrawin quickly put a hand on her chest.

“Oh my gosh, you scared me! Why are you still up? It’s so late—what are you doing down here?”

“I was worried. I was going to check if you were asleep yet, but you weren’t in your room, so I came down to look.”

“Are you sure it’s not because you were chatting with some girl until you were wide awake?”

Piangrawin teased while placing the warmed-up rice on the counter and getting out a spoon and fork.

“You’re too sharp for your own good,”

Matika replied with a smile. Dressed in her pajamas, with her long hair down, she walked over and touched Piangrawin’s forehead as she stood eating.

She felt relieved—it wasn’t hot like earlier in the day. When Sadanun messaged her to say Piangrawin had gone out in the rain while sick, she had been so shocked.

*She didn’t expect her stubborn sister to actually do that.*

“Why didn’t you just tell me who she is? Where she’s from? Am I not your sister anymore, that you have to keep secrets from me?”

Piangrawin asked, half-joking but half-serious.

“It’s not like that,”

Matika replied softly.

“We’re not officially seeing each other. I didn’t want to assume anything.”

“Well, you could’ve at least said you’re talking to someone,”

Piang teased.

“I want to know too—who’s the one bringing so much life to you these days? You’re even staying up late just to chat. That’s not like you. She must be someone special.”

Cornered a bit, Matika finally gave in.

“Her name is **Khwanrin**. She’s two years younger than me. I accidentally spilled coffee on her shirt and had to buy her a new one to change into. That’s how we got to talking. I just felt she was really nice—humble, sweet, and warm.”

Watching her older sister talk about that girl, Piangrawin couldn’t help but smile secretly. She may have been feeling sick a moment ago, but now she felt refreshed just seeing that glow in her sister’s eyes.

Talking about her with that sparkle... Grandma’s probably getting a new daughter-in-law soon.

“Oh, totally your type, right?”

Piang teased.

“Quiet, graceful, strong but soft-hearted, responsible, elegant...”

She gestured playfully toward her perfect big sister.

“You and a warm, sweet girl like that—what a good match. At this rate, I’ll be the one holding the wedding ribbon across the door, making you pay me to pass!”

That got a laugh out of Matika.

Piang didn’t ask about Khwanrin’s family background—she didn’t care about that kind of thing. But someone else would—Grandma, the one who loved to meddle in everything.

“It’s not that serious yet,”

Matika said, smiling softly.

“We’re just getting to know each other. If she’s okay with me, then maybe we’ll take it further. She thinks she’s not good enough for me, but I don’t care if she’s rich or poor. All I know is, every time we talk, I feel at peace— and that’s enough for me.”

The way her sister’s eyes sparkled while talking about her maybe-girlfriend was so romantic, Piangrawin felt like collapsing dramatically on the floor. It was straight out of a romance fanfic.

“I’m so jealous,” she sighed.

“I want something good like that too... but look at P’Song. Why is she so cold all the time? Does she think she’s some kind of Arctic wolf?”

“Speaking of which, if Song even lets you bother her without pushing you away, that’s already a big deal,”

Matika replied.

“Think about it—she brushes off every girl in the company. They all stared that much, but not a single woman ever got close to hee—except you,”

Matika shared her opinion based on what she had seen. The other person paused and looked at her with surprise and curiosity.

“Really?”

“Yes. Like the secretary who once tried to flirt with her—she said something so harsh she cried and ran away. I heard she rejected her so hard, it was worse than chasing off a stray dog. I don’t know how harsh exactly, because usually she seems like a polite girl.”

Piangrawin had been rejected too, but maybe her emotional resilience was stronger than that secretary’s.

“Oh… she did push me away, but I am just too stubborn, so I didn’t cry like the secretary.”

“Hmm. Alright then, you go get some rest. It’s been over six hours since you had injection. After eating, take another pill. If you feel unwell, come knock on my door—don’t just stay miserable by yourself,”

Said Matika, ruffling her sister’s hair before walking off. The one who had already rested too much and didn’t feel like lying down anymore just smiled to herself and went to the fridge to find more food.

All the while, she kept thinking: when would she finally have the courage to back off and let her make the first move, just like her friend had suggested?

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That Friday evening, there was no date with Piangrawin because she was still sick. So, on Saturday morning, Sadanun made plans to meet her closest and only best friend at a popular furniture store to pick out decorations for her new home.

It seemed like Pitchika was seriously dating Phakjira, even though they hadn’t been seeing each other for long. But Sadanun thought it was a good thing. She didn’t know what Phakjira had done to make her friend fall that hard.

Though Pitchika was a fiery and flirty woman, whenever she met someone right, she always stopped playing around. But even when she gave her all to a relationship, it never lasted.

Every time she got serious, the person she loved would end up leaving her —just like what happened back when they were in their second year of university.

“You’re buying so much stuff, why not just get a new house too? Are you really that serious about Nong Ploy?”

Sadanun asked. With a new desk set, wardrobe, bed, and a softer-style sofa, it seemed like her friend was about to renovate the whole place in Phakjira's preferred style—because she was head over heels in love.

“Oh, come on,”

Pitchika replied with a small smile.

“I like Nong Ploy. If she’s serious about me, I’ll be serious about her too. I want her to feel like she wants to come over often—or maybe even move in.”

Sadanun teased her, but deep down, she was happy to see her friend looking so content.

“Well, I’m happy for you,” she said.

“But after this, I need to stop somewhere for a drink. We’ve been walking around for hours—I’m exhausted.”

She twisted her neck and rolled her shoulders dramatically to show just how tired she was.

Pitchika didn’t say anything back—just smiled, winked, and took the receipt before walking ahead.

They headed to a coffee shop near the front of the mall, close to the parking lot. But before they could go in, Sadanun almost bumped into a woman pushing a stroller.

She quickly held her arm out to stop her friend from walking into the stroller too. But when she looked inside, it wasn’t a baby at all—it was a chubby, fluffy, pure white rabbit.

Sadanun looked at the rabbit with a soft smile, clearly charmed by how cute it was, until the woman and her pet disappeared from view.

“One medium iced mocha, less sweet, please,”

She ordered once they got a seat right under the chilly air-conditioning.

“Since when do you like rabbits?”

Pitchika asked curiously.

“You haven’t been sending me pictures of that Moo Krub of yours lately. You barely even post anymore. You just keep sending me other people’s rabbit pictures! I thought you were planning to adopt one.”

She had watched Sadanun stare at that little bunny until it was out of sight and was now certain—her friend had fallen for that fluffy little creature.

At first, Pitchika thought maybe she was into the woman pushing the stroller. But no—it turned out the fierce-looking ‘wolf’ was actually just mesmerized by a round rabbit… like she’d spotted a pile of cash on the ground.

“If I raised a rabbit, Moo Krub would kill me for sure,”

She said, referring to her cat.

“You really don’t know your own cat, do you? Moo Krub is actually really sweet. If you weren’t so overprotective about your house, I’d want her to meet Nong Ploy at least once,”

The woman said, talking about her friend’s female calico cat that lived in a small house. She paused for a moment, then thought of another person who should have visited her home too.

“Also, Nong Piang.”

“What about her?”

The woman raised an eyebrow just as the drinks were being served.

“There’s no way that... that rabbit—”

Sadanun stopped herself and rephrased,

“There’s no way I’d let someone who doesn’t know how to behave come to my house.”

She picked up her coffee and took a sip, trying to cool her irritation after bringing up Piangrawin.

She accidentally referred to Piangrawin as a rabbit...

Pitchika went silent for a few seconds, thinking carefully, and suddenly figured something out—something the other probably didn’t want her to realize.

“Ah... you see Nong Piang as a rabbit, don’t you?”

“*Cough*! Apple, stop it!”

Saying that made her friend choke on her coffee, and her reaction was proof enough that Pitchika was right. Feeling triumphant, the one who always trusted her gut about people laughed in delight.

“Haha! I knew it! No wonder we’ve been friends since school. You always compare women to cute animals. Remember Belle, the girl I used to talk to? You called her a quokka because she smiled a lot. And Ying—you said she looked like a little hedgehog because she was shy.”

“You’re seriously dangerous.”

“So, why do you compare Nong Piang to a rabbit? Is it because you like her?”

Her friend asked directly. The usually composed and quiet researcher suddenly looked flustered and couldn’t hide her reaction.

“N-no...”

She even stammered, which made her friend look at her like she had just been caught red-handed.

“Oh wow… so now you can actually smile when thinking about that girl, huh?”

“What are you talking about? I wasn’t smiling! I just thought the coffee here tastes pretty good, that’s all,”

The woman quickly snapped out of her thoughts. She blinked rapidly and took a sip of her coffee to cover up her expression, though her odd behavior didn’t go unnoticed. Her friend nudged her shoulder playfully and teased.

“Don’t try to change the subject. I can see right through you.”

“See through what?”

“You might be able to shut your heart off, but you can’t block your feelings. Just admit it—you feel something. Even if you’ve sworn off relationships for life, you can’t deny that someone’s shaken you. Because they have.” “Yeah… I can’t stop myself, just like you said,”

Sadanun sighed, finally admitting it. Ever since Piangrawin came into her life, her heart had been through a lot.

“Why not let her help heal those old wounds? Keeping them locked away forever won’t make them go away. Come on… look at yourself. It’s been eight years, and you're still hurting.”

“I admit that I have feelings, but I will never start a relationship with anyone again. What happened to me... it’s too much to handle. She deserves someone more normal than me. She shouldn’t love someone who’s given up on love like I have.”

“Why don’t you tell her what happened eight years ago? She might understand, maybe even help you heal. Don’t let your fear of love stop you from having a chance at happiness.”

Sadanun fell silent and stopped the conversation.

Even though she was clearly drawn to Piangrawin—or to put it plainly, she liked her a lot—the pain from her past still made her uncomfortable every time the idea of truly loving someone came up.

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**waiting for the sequel book about the love story between Khwanrin (denied love) and Matika...**

# Chapter 30: Afraid of Heights ?

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Now that she was feeling better, she was sure she wasn’t going to bother the person she liked with her problems anymore. But since her grandmother told her to go on a date with Dr. Namkhing, Piangrawin dressed up nicely and headed to Mackell Hospital, carrying a bunch of sweets from her own café.

This time, she didn’t bring them just for the doctor—she brought enough for the whole ward, including the nurses.

**Piang:**

**I’ve arrived at the hospital. Is P’Namkhing free now?**

As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she pulled out her phone to text the beautiful surgeon. She wasn’t completely sure about Namkhing’s schedule because even though they planned this meeting, she knew emergencies could come up anytime—just like last time.

**Namkhing:**

**I’ve got 20 minutes free. Come on up.**

While the elevator was going up to the surgery ward, Piangrawin looked out through the glass. She didn’t plan to stop on this floor, but she happened to spot someone who looked very familiar.

Quickly, she reached out to block the elevator doors from closing and stepped out in a hurry, carefully following the woman without being noticed.

She wore a shirt, pants, and loafers—tall and striking like she’d been drinking giraffe milk, with a model-like figure. Her long, straight black hair and cool walk made her stand out.

*“That really is P’Song,”*

Piangrawin thought as she squinted at the nearby sign.

*“Psychiatric department? What’s she doing here?”*

She frowned. Could it be depression? She wasn’t sure, but it was possible. A lot of people struggle with that. Even though she was worried and curious, Piangrawin knew it wasn’t the right time to go up and talk to her. So instead, she decided to go meet Dr. Namkhing first and maybe find a good spot to bump into Sadanun later.

*“Good thing I saw her here I was just planning to go to her office. I had no idea she’d be at the hospital today.”*

She thought.

And her company didn’t even allow half-day leave. So that meant Sadanun probably wasn’t going back to work today.

After delivering the sweets to the doctors and nurses in the surgery ward,

Piangrawin went to sit and wait near the billing office. She thought if Sadanun found out she’d seen her at the psych ward, it might make her uncomfortable.

About an hour later, the person she’d been waiting for finally came out to get her medication and pay. Even though there were lots of people around, Piangrawin could spot her easily—she just stood out.

After the gorgeous woman stepped away from the crowd of patients and hospital staff, Piangrawin quickly ran up to greet her.

"P'Song!" she called out.

The other woman looked a bit surprised to see her there—and today, she was wearing glasses instead of her usual contact lenses.

From behind, she already looked stunning, but seeing her face up close made her look even more gorgeous. If hotness could be rated, a hundred points still wouldn’t be enough.

"Oh? Are you sick again?"

Sadanun looked her up and down, trying to see if Piangrawin was unwell like last time. She quickly stuffed her medicine bag into her own purse to avoid more questions.

"Nope, I just came here to take care of something small. But what about you, P'Song? Are you sick?"

"Just a little. I’m heading off now. You go do your own thing."

Sadanun clearly didn’t want to talk much. She was trying to hide her true feelings—she didn’t want anyone to know she was going through something tough.

That kind of vulnerability was something she always kept locked up. Her eyes gave away a bit of discomfort before she quickly tried to end the conversation and walk away.

But before she could leave, a small hand gently grabbed her arm.

"Wait a second. I’m actually done with my stuff now. Why don’t we go grab a drink? Something cold and refreshing before heading home. It’s been so hot lately."

Because Piangrawin had seen which department Sadanun came from, she guessed that maybe she was feeling stressed—though she didn’t know if it was about work or something else.

It could be family problems—or maybe Sadanun was really dealing with depression and just needed someone to understand. Piangrawin didn’t know for sure, but she still wanted to help her relax, even if Sadanun hadn’t asked for it.

“But...”

Even though she wasn’t feeling totally okay—her recent checkups still showed she couldn’t sleep without medication—Sadanun still hesitated about going along with this little "relaxing trip."

“Just come with me,”

Piangrawin said warmly.

“I’ve found a really pretty spot I want to take you to. We can just chill there.”

Without waiting for a reply, she gently grabbed Sadanun’s wrist and led the way. Along the way, she kept chatting about anything and everything, the way talkative people often do.

Slowly, the tension in Sadanun’s chest eased a little. The sweet sound of Piangrawin’s voice and her random, harmless chatter somehow made her feel lighter. Her eyes dropped to the warm hand that had now moved to hold hers gently.

Sadanun knew exactly how she felt about Piangrawin, even if she had tried to push it away. She knew—and had just admitted it to herself, even earlier during therapy—that being around Piangwarin really made her feel better.

But still, she could never admit those feelings out loud to anyone else. That kind of honesty scared her. Because no matter how good it felt, she didn’t believe she could ever truly be with Piangrawin—not without that fear creeping back in.

When they reached the patient family rest area and stepped out onto the rooftop garden café space—not too big, not too small—Sadanun suddenly froze. The smile that had just started to bloom vanished from her face.

"Wait."

Her feet stopped right at the doorway as she stepped onto the rooftop. Since she started getting treatment at this hospital, she'd only ever been between her ward and the billing office. She never even knew this part of the hospital existed.

"Why?" Piang asked, confused.

"Why’d you bring me here?"

Sadanun stood still, her eyes wide. The space was undeniably beautiful and peaceful—a rooftop garden with shade and greenery. But to her, it brought back terrible memories. Painful ones. And Piangrawin didn’t know that yet.

Sadanun’s breathing turned shallow. The soft breeze brushing her face brought her right back to that day. Her vision blurred, like she couldn’t even see what was in front of her. Old memories played again in her mind, clear as day—no matter how hard she tried to erase them, they always came back.

“I just wanted to get some fresh air,”

Piangrawin said gently.

“You looked stressed, and I thought a pretty view might help. Isn’t this rooftop garden lovely? The coffee here’s really good too. I was actually going to drop off some snacks for you at the office, but lucky I ran into you here instead. They’re still in the car though—I'll grab them when we head back. For now, let’s just order something and find a nice spot to sit, yeah?”

She tried to explain calmly, hoping to reassure Sadanun, but the look on the older woman’s face was like she’d just seen a ghost.

“No… I’m not going,”

Sadanun said, her voice tight as she stared at the rooftop’s edge with growing panic.

She slowly backed away, her hands pressing against her chest as her heartbeat sped up. She avoided looking directly at the open space, but no matter where she looked, the high-up view was impossible to ignore. The horizon felt like it was closing in, and every glimpse of it made her heart sink and her hands go cold.

It all came flooding back—every painful memory she’d tried to bury.

“What is it? Did you see a ghost or something? Are you messing with me right now?”

Piangrawin looked around after seeing Sadanun glance fearfully toward the seating area and then quickly look away like something had scared her. The whole place seemed normal—just a few customers sitting in shaded corners. Nothing spooky at all.

“No.”

Sadanun’s tone was firm, almost sharp, like she was trying to cover up just how shaken she really was. But her eyes gave her away—they were full of fear and distress.

“Then what’s wrong?”

Piangrawin asked, walking closer with a confused look on her face.

And then, right in front of her, Sadanun’s legs gave out. She dropped to the ground, breathing heavily. Sweat poured from her pale face as she struggled to stay upright, and panic flared in Piangwarin's chest.

“P’Song! What’s wrong? You’re soaked in sweat… are you about to faint? Let’s get you out of the sun!”

Without hesitation, Piangrawin—dressed in a soft, flowing cheongsam-style dress—rushed to her side, waving her hand in front of Sadanun’s face and trying to help her up. Their hands met, Sadanun’s slick with cold sweat.

But instead of calming down, however, the person who was acting strangely seemed to be more dissatisfied with her than ever.

"I'm going home. Don't bother me again. I don't want to see your face."

Those eyes shot a sharp glance at her, the voice trembling as it came out. The person who used to seem strict but harmless suddenly pushed her hand away and got up to leave immediately, leaving Piangrawin to fall backward onto the floor from losing balance.

"Wait, what's wrong with her?"

She muttered in frustration and confusion while quickly getting up and watching her walk away. But even if she tried to follow, she probably wouldn’t catch up—she was already gone as if she had just lost something very important.

Although she was annoyed and confused that she didn’t explain what was wrong and just walked off while clearly still angry, punishing her with that look without even telling her what she had done wrong, she still felt deeply worried.

*Could it be… she’s afraid of heights?*

She looked around—the view really was high. This floor was almost the highest one in the hospital.

If that’s the case, then she had unintentionally hurt her again. Realizing this, she held her forehead, feeling stressed and guilty. She only wanted to help her relax, but she ended up making a mistake because she didn’t know her well enough.

But oh well… at least now she knew. Next time, she wouldn’t take her somewhere that scared her. She could apologize later anyway—she’d already messed up once.

Meanwhile, Sadanun rushed back to her car, soaked in sweat. She started the engine, then rested her hands on the steering wheel, lowered her head, and let silent sobs echo in her mind—just like she always did.

From this angle… a side of her no one had ever seen, except for her Moo Krub.

Sadanun knew very well that she couldn’t control her body or emotions when faced with places like this. The pain would always come rushing back. It felt like reliving the worst moment of her life.

Even though she had been in treatment, she didn’t understand why she hadn’t recovered yet. Maybe it was because her sister didn’t want to be forgotten.

“Nueng… I’m sorry. Please forgive me.”

Her voice was filled with obvious pain. Sadanun had been suffering from PTSD for years since her twin sister passed away. At first, everyone in her family knew she was struggling with it, but later, she lied and told them she was fine because she didn’t want to make her grandmother and others worry.

Only Phichika, her closest friend, knew that she couldn't look at the rooftop, couldn't be there, or even think about it without feeling pain.

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# Chapter 31: An Embrace

It had been several days since Sadanun didn't replied to any messages. Piangrawin paced worriedly back and forth in her bedroom. When she asked Matika, she didn’t know what was going on with Sadanun or why she had gone to the psychiatric department.

Asking Mun didn’t help either—she didn’t know any personal details about her. And then there were her strange behaviors on the rooftop. Piangrawin felt like she didn’t know anything about Sadanun at all.

She wanted to go see her but didn’t dare. She considered messaging Phakjira to ask about her but was afraid that Sadanun would end up hating her for it. So all she could do was keep overthinking everything.

“Alright, let’s try sending one more message.”

She decided to send a long, heartfelt apology message early in the morning, figuring she might be awake by then. Even if she didn’t want to talk, she just wanted her to read how she truly felt. And then something unexpected happened—she replied for the first time in days.

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**Song:**

**Let it go. You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m the one who’s sick.**

**Piang:**

**Are you feeling better now? Today is Sunday. If you’re feeling okay, how about we go get something delicious to eat? My treat. Something sweet might help lift your mood.**

**Song:**

**Today is the anniversary of Nueng’s death. I have to take my family to make merit.**

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Piangrawin went quiet for a moment. She wasn’t sure if it was okay to talk about her twin sister, Nueng, but figured that as long as she wasn’t making light of the topic like last time, it should be alright.

**Piang:**

**Can I come too? I’d like to make merit as well.**

**Song:**

**Suit yourself.**

That was all she replied before going quiet again. She wasn’t sure if she should ask for the temple’s name because she wanted to go with her. But just a moment later, she sent another message—this time, it was the temple’s location and the time they’d be going.

Her sweet and slightly tangy face lit up with a wide smile. Not only had she not pushed her away, but she had actually allowed her to come along.

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Piangrawin showed up more neatly dressed than usual, still retaining her charming, attractive aura, and drove to the meeting point at the time Sadanun had told her. Not long after she arrived, a shiny black luxury van pulled up beside her.

Stepping out of the van was none other than Sadanun herself, helping an elderly family member out of the vehicle.

*A luxury van?*

Piangrawin raised an eyebrow with curiosity.

*So the family’s wealthy after all.*

That day at the hospital, they also used an extremely expensive private facility.

*Then why does she keep saying she's poor?*

She wondered. But she had to shake the thought away—there was something more important happening: meeting Sadanun's family.

“Everyone, this is the person Song said would be joining us for the meritmaking today,”

Sadanun introduced her briefly.

“Sawasdee ka.”

Piangrawin greeted everyone politely. Her voice was soft and respectful, full of grace and good manners. The elders all accepted her greeting with warm smiles, which made it clear that this was a kind, close-knit family.

It didn’t surprise her at all that Sadanun turned out the way she did— everyone in her family carried themselves like they came from a refined background. Things were getting interesting now.

“Her name is Piang…”

Sadanun paused for a moment, thoughts circling in her mind.

*How should I introduce her? Saying she’s my FWB probably wouldn’t go over well.*

“I am a junior colleague of P'Song’s from the company.”

The person being introduced knew that the beautiful woman was having a hard time finding an excuse and lying to her family, so she took the initiative to answer because at least she didn't lie completely.

Maybe in the future, she might go to work at her father's company.

“Oh, a junior colleague at the company,”

Khun Ying Salika, Sadanun's grandmother, nodded with a gentle smile and a soft gaze full of fondness toward Piangrawin. She could see her granddaughter’s uneasiness, so she sensed that the story might not be entirely true.

Still, she understood that kids these days might have reasons that older people like her wouldn’t understand.

“I’m glad Song has made a new friend. Please take care of her for me, Piang. She’s such a workaholic. Remind her to rest sometimes.”

“Yes, Grandma,”

Piangrawin replied with a smile.

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After the merit-making ceremony at the temple, Sadanun sent everyone else home first. She chose to walk to the nearby fish pond instead because the weather was nice. She stood there quietly, watching the big fish swim around, with a thoughtful expression on her face.

“You must have had a lot of good memories with your sister, right?”

Piangrawin's cheerful voice came from beside her as she tossed small fish food into the pond. Sadanun looked at her with a slight frown, unsure why she was bringing this up.

“How did you know that?”

Piangrawin gave a soft smile and glanced sideways at the beautiful but usually distant older girl, whose eyes, however, revealed a hidden warmth.

“You clearly loved your sister very much. So, when she was still around, you two must have been really close. I’m also close with my sister, P'Matmee. Even though there’s a ten-year age gap, we talk about almost everything. But lately, she seems to be falling in love... and I am too. So we’ve become a bit more distant. Maybe it’s because we each have our own lives now.”

With a bright, sincere face, she took the chance to talk about herself too — so that it wouldn’t feel like she was prying too much into Sadanun’s past alone.

Sadanun fell silent for a moment, then gave a small nod, acknowledging what Piangrawin had said. Feeling safe and comfortable with the person next to her, she finally decided to speak her thoughts out loud.

“Yes, we loved each other so much. We were always together, like we were one person. But the day she left... she was deeply unhappy. And I didn’t do anything to ease her pain. In fact, I was part of the reason she was suffering.”

She was starting to open the door to her heart. Piangrawin looked at her beautiful, striking face with gentle eyes full of understanding, and said softly, comforting her:

“Then, you should live happily for her.”

Those words made Sadanun fall silent again. She turned to look at the other girl, who still wore a gentle smile while calmly tossing fish food into the pond.

“I don’t know what really happened,”

Piangrawin continued,

“but what’s done is done. Dwelling on it doesn’t help. Wouldn’t it be better if we found happiness today, and thought of the people we love so they can feel that joy with us? Those who’ve passed on wouldn’t want us to be burdened with sadness. I think everyone wants to be remembered as a good memory by the ones they love.”

Her long speech ended right as she ran out of fish food. Piangrawin set down the container and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear that the breeze had blown across her face. Truthfully, it wasn’t her own words—it was something her grandmother once told her and her sister Matika when their grandfather passed away.

“That’s true,”

Sadanun said quietly, lowering her gaze. A faint smile appeared on her usually calm face, and she wondered why she hadn’t thought of that herself.

“I’ve been meaning to ask,”

Piangrawin said.

“Why did you become a still-photo model? The work is amazing, very professional, but... it doesn’t seem like you at all.”

“I did it for Nueng. It was her dream.”

“Oh, because Nueng couldn’t do it anymore, so you did it for her instead? That’s so kind of you. I’m sure she must be really happy to know someone cared that much to carry on her dream.”

“Maybe... yeah.”

Normally, whenever people talked about Nueng, everyone would get uncomfortable — as if they wanted to speak about her but also didn’t.

They’d try to avoid the topic, afraid she might relapse again. Even Sadanun herself tried not to think about it, though she never truly could. But with Piangrawin, it felt different. She spoke about it with a calm and sincere tone, and everything she said felt... right. And to think — not long ago, Sadanun had been mad at her for joking about Nueng's name.

Piangrawin's face still glowed with her usual brightness. Her eyes held honesty, and her cheerful voice showed respect for the person they were talking about. It was as if she was trying to gently ease the heaviness in the conversation.

Sadanun looked at her quietly, then stepped forward and wrapped her arms around the smaller girl. There were no tears, not even a single drop. But deep inside, her heart was aching, screaming with pain — the same pain of guilt she’d been carrying for so long over her sister, even though she wasn’t the one at fault.

But this time was different. Piangrawin's words — simple and unintentional — somehow seemed to cradle that pain gently. Just a few kind sentences made the guilt in her heart feel lighter, in a way she never expected.

“P’Song…”

Piangrawin whispered softly as she gently patted her back. She glanced around the temple grounds, nervous someone might see them like this. Then the taller girl stepped back, revealing eyes that were turning red, like she was holding back tears, before quickly turning away.

She understood.

“Don’t look at me,”

Sadanun said, still facing away. Piangrawin looked at her with soft confusion, then smiled gently.

“It’s okay to cry. I won’t tell anyone. I won’t even remember it,” She said sweetly.

“I’ll just look at your back so you can feel comfortable, okay?”

And since she didn’t want to be seen, the smaller girl, dressed in her elegant dress, reached out and gently stroked her back in comfort.

After showing her vulnerable side in front of the person she least wanted to see it, Sadanun sat stiffly, unsure how to act. The same went for Piangrawin. Since the family car had already left, Sadanun now had to ride with

Piangrawin. And today, she was willing to go anywhere—except home.

Once they were both in the car and the engine was running, silence lingered. Neither of them knew where to go.

“Um… where should we go?”

Piangrawin finally broke the awkward silence, her voice a bit shaky. Sadanun, still tense like a kid caught stealing candy, gave no sign of relaxing.

“Did you… see anything just now?”

Sadanun turned to glance at her companion, who looked extra nerdy today with her glasses on. Piangrawin wasn’t sure what she meant, but guessed that for someone like Sadanun, nothing could be more fragile than showing weakness.

“N-nope. I didn’t see a thing. I only saw how pretty you are! You looked super cool, P’Song!”

Piangrawin grinned wide, flashing her teeth and giving double thumbs-up enthusiastically. And again, silence fell—awkward, heavy, and a little funny.

“Then— / What if we—”

Both of them spoke at the same time, voices overlapping in the silence that even the car radio hadn’t dared break.

“Let’s go get something to eat. I want a nice cold drink,” Sadanun said.

Piangrawin glanced at her from the side and couldn’t help but smile. Come to think of it, this side of Sadanun was actually kind of cute—so much softer than the alpha-wolf vibe she had at work. In this moment, she just seemed like someone needing a little care.

“Let’s go to my café, then. My treat!”

This time, Piangrawin took the lead and made the decision, knowing neither of them had the energy to scroll through their phones for options—and Sadanun definitely wasn’t the type to do that anyway.

When Sadanun simply replied with a quiet “Mm,” Piangrawin smiled to herself, pleased to break the tension. She turned on her favorite playlist and pulled the car into gear, ready to turn this heavy day into a quiet little escape—just the two of them, finding a bit of peace.

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# Chapter 32: Jealous

Normally, food researchers have to visit factories regularly for inspections. Today, it was Sadanun's turn to work outside the office, along with representatives from other research teams and Matika.

The tall woman followed behind her female boss while a few other researchers walked along with them as they returned to the company.

"Boss, that's Khun Piang over there,"

Said a researcher from Team 2. Everyone, including Sadanun, paused.

The weather was starting to cool down, but Sadanun, even though she wore a proper shirt and blazer, began to feel warm when her eyes landed on Piangrawin, who was sitting in the lounge area where other employees were walking around.

"Oh, Piang! Have you been here long?"

"P'Matmee, I got here a little while ago,"

Piangrawin answered with a bright smile.

The sisters chatted warmly, but Sadanun felt uneasy inside because of the outfit Piangrawin wore. The front looked fine, but when she turned around, her back - which Sadanun liked - was fully exposed, catching everyone's eyes. The sight made her heart restless.

She felt strange and a bit downhearted because the "little bunny" seemed to be ignoring her today. And since Piangrawin truly didn't seem interested, Sadanun decided to do the same. She followed the group of researchers who were walking away, trying to ignore her as well.

Piangrawin turned to look at Sadanun's back as she walked away but didn't say anything or try to make eye contact. Today, she was finally following her friend's advice - learning to take a step back. "I brought this for P'Matmee,"

She said, handing a paper bag to her older sister.

"It has mom's '*look choup*' (a Thai dessert) inside."

She brought one bag for her sister, and the other one was for herself - she didn't bring anything for Sadanun at all.

"Thanks. Do you want to come upstairs with me? Dad should be free today. It would be good for you to see what he's working on if you want to join us in the future."

"No, thank you. I have something to do. I'll head off now."

Piangrawin didn't go to the research team's office. Instead, she went to sit in a quiet corner of the department's lounge area, where hardly anyone passed by during work hours. She was taking a step back, hoping she might step forward instead.

Thinking of her friend's advice, she chuckled to herself. She didn't know if it would work, but trying wouldn't hurt. It had taken her a long time to gather the courage to follow through with this lesson.

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Meanwhile, the research team 3 office was dead silent. Both Namphrao and Phakjira were focused on their work, heads down. But inside Sadanun's mind, her thoughts were loud and chaotic. Where did she go? Why isn't she here?

The little bunny didn't come by, even though she clearly brought snacks with her. Sadanun grew restless like someone who hadn't slept. She kept getting up and walking around her desk, deep in thought, until the oldest team member spoke up.

"If you walk around two or three more times, I might need some calming medicine,"

Namphrao teased.

"P'Namphrao, please don't die just yet. Here, take this inhaler,"

Phakjira chimed in quickly, handing her a smelling salt. The one causing the disturbance felt a bit guilty for acting in a way that was bothering her coworkers.

"Sorry, everyone."

"What's going on with you? You've been pacing nonstop. Is there a problem at the factory?"

Namphrao asked, assuming it had something to do with the team from the other department.

"No, nothing like that... I'm just going to the restroom,"

Sadanun replied, avoiding the question. She grabbed her blazer and quickly headed out the door.

She left the room because she couldn't get her thoughts under control anymore.

Sadanun splashed water on her face in the restroom, but her mind was still spinning with thoughts about Piangrawin.

*Where did she go?*

*Why hasn't she come yet?*

*Why is she wearing such a revealing outfit?*

*Why didn't she look at me or even say hi?*

*What's wrong with her today?*

*Is she playing games or something?*

Unable to handle her growing frustration, she decided she was just going to find her-and cover that open back of hers with a jacket.

Just as she was about to step out of the bathroom, she gasped in surprisesomeone suddenly bumped into her, face first into her chest, making her stumble. Strong arms quickly reached out to steady her back so she wouldn't fall.

"Oops..."

Piangrawin murmured softly, eyes squeezed shut.

"Are you hurt?"

Sadanun asked gently, her voice filled with concern.

That warm, caring tone made Piangrawin open her eyes and look up at the one holding her. Then she stood upright again, steady on her own feet.

"Oh? Worried about me?"

"No," Sadanun replied flatly.

Piangrawin pouted in annoyance. Yeah, right. She could clearly see the concern in those eyes. So what is it? Just stubborn? Or does she always look at every woman like that?

"Are you upset that I didn't bring you any snacks today?" she teased.

"Why would I be upset? You can come or not-it's your choice. And what are you wearing? Didn't think to bring a jacket or something?"

Sadanun snapped.

Piangrawin frowned at the question, then smiled knowingly, raising an eyebrow with playful suspicion.

"Oh? Jealous, are you?"

"Why would I be jealous over you?"

"Well, this outfit shows off my back. You really like my back, don't you? Look,"

She said as she turned around to show her back. Sadanun swallowed hard and looked away, clearly flustered. Then she quickly took off her jacket and put it on Piangrawin.

"Nonsense. Put this on and get out of here. I need to get back to work. And don't wear something like this again-it goes against company policy." Piangrawin pulled the jacket tighter around her and raised an eyebrow.

*Company policy?*

More like the real problem is that guys were turning their heads to look at her from the moment she stepped onto the street. Looks like taking one step back actually worked.

*Just admit you're jealous-stop pretending you don't care.*

"If you're this jealous... why don't we just date? I'll wear long pants and a turtleneck that covers up to my chin."

"No. I don't like you," Sadanun said flatly.

The smaller girl sighed.

*It's always "I don't like you" this and "I don't like you" that. Doesn't like me but acts possessive. Doesn't like me but keeps hugging me. What's her mouth made of-steel?* "You're so stubborn."

"I'm serious. I don't like you."

"Then if you don't like me... why do you lick me, kiss me, and touch me every Friday night? Don't act like you don't care when the proof is crystal clear. Just admit it-you like me!"

As soon as she said that, the little bunny turned wild, grabbed Sadanun's shirt, and stared at her like a zombie-infected rabbit. Sadanun almost lost her balance.

"Why do you keep bothering me? Haven't you ever read the definition of *FWB*? Don't you have internet at home? We agreed-no feelings involved. So why can't you stick to that?"

"Because I like you, P'Song. I want you to be my wife. Why do you have to be like this? Can't I just love someone openly? I even pretended to ignore you today, hoping you'd come to me. But instead, you avoided me again. If you like me this much, why are you trying so hard to hide it from yourself?"

"I told you-I'm not interested in your love,"

Sadanun insisted, though her heart wasn't as steady as her words.

"Fine, then I'll wear this open-back outfit everywhere-malls, hospitals, convenience stores, even to our company. People were already staring at me earlier. If you don't care, then fine. I'll let someone else care instead."

The smaller girl let go of her hand, lifted her chin with pretend pride, and turned to walk away.

"You made me jealous and now you're just gonna walk away?"

Sadanun reacted instantly, grabbing her wrist.

"You're not allowed to do that,"

She whispered, her voice low and firm by Piangrawin's ear. Then, like a cold, brooding wolf, she pulled the petite girl close and kissed her.

Her warm hand cupped Piangrawin's face, tilting it up for the kiss. Piangrawin kissed her back without hesitation, but also clutched at Sadanun's shirt, clearly surprised.

This time, the kiss wasn't sweet or gentle like before. It was deep, intense, and full of raw, possessive emotion. A kiss that swallowed up every thought and every breath.

It was the kind of kiss that only lovers gave-rich with meaning, heavy with feeling.

Sadanun's hand moved down to her slim waist, squeezing gently, like a kitten kneading affection into its favorite pillow. Their bodies pressed closer, warm against each other.

But when Sadanun realized what she was doing, her hand jerked back, and she pulled away from the kiss so fast that Piangrawin looked stunned.

Sadanun raised her hand to her chest, which was pounding with the force of her heart. *Why?* Why did her heart race this much at the thought of Piangrawin being with someone else? Instead of pushing her away and staying in control, she'd grabbed and kissed her.

*What on earth is happening to me?*

"Honey, after a kiss like that, should we just move Friday night's meetup to my place?"

*Honey.*

"Ah... I'm going crazy."

Sadanun muttered, covering her burning face with her hand. No one had ever said something like that to her before. She had never even imagined her life going that far-being someone's wife, getting married... it was never in her plans.

But the more Piangrawin kept saying it, the more those images started appearing in her head.

"What's wrong?"

Piangrawin tilted her head, noticing her strange reaction.

"Nothing."

"So... do you like me yet?"

"No."

"Aw, not even a little? I'm this pretty-basically a rare item, you know."

"No."

Sadanun sighed, trying to hold it together and shut down the girl's playful teasing. She glanced over Piangrawin's shoulder, hoping to avoid getting pulled deeper into her antics. Piangrawin followed her gaze and then raised an eyebrow.

"What?"

"Step back. You're crossing the line."

Sadanun lightly pushed her chest, making her step back, and then used her toe to pretend to draw an invisible line on the floor between them.

"P'Song."

"No crossing," she added sternly.

Piangrawin rolled her eyes secretly at the act. Just a moment ago, this same woman had pulled her into a kiss, told her not to wear revealing outfits, told her not to let other men stare-and now she's drawing lines?

Who's really the one crossing the line here? Piangrawin huffed internally. How can someone be so possessive yet still act so stubborn?

"Do you live in a freezer or something? Why are you so cold?"

She teased,

"Especially when you just kissed me like that. I mean, it was seriously passionate."

"I'm going back to work. You should leave too,"

Sadanun replied stiffly, not wanting to keep the conversation going and give herself away even more. She quickly turned to walk off.

"Wait!"

Before the serious-faced woman could escape, Piangrawin grabbed her wrist. She looked around-no cameras, no people-and leaned in to give her a quick peck on the cheek without waiting for permission.

Then...

"Your wife's cheering you on, okay?"

With that, she stepped back, gave Sadanun a charming smile, and gently wiped the lipstick mark from her lips off Sadanun's cheek with her thumb. The simple, sweet gesture made Sadanun's heart skip a beat. She swallowed hard, caught off guard.

"I'll be off now,"

Piangrawin said softly and left.

Once she was gone, Sadanun raised a hand to her forehead, completely flustered. How was she supposed to handle the way Piangrawin made her feel? The taller woman turned to press her forehead against the wall, standing there in silence, trying to calm the chaos in her heart that kept drifting back to her.

Someone walking by on their way to the restroom glanced over.

"Are you okay?"

She just flashed a quick OK sign with her fingers.

She didn't know how much longer she could hold herself back-but one thing was certain: Piangrawin already made a move to make the most important move into her position.

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# Chapter 33: Different Levels

The birthday party held on the lawn at night was a gathering of high-society people. The place was decorated luxuriously with sparkling lights.

Downlights hung from tall trees, and a red carpet of fine quality stretched to the main stage.

In the middle of the lawn were tables set with fancy French food and fivestar dishes, all beautifully arranged and served on crystal plates with sparkling wine glasses.

The atmosphere was elegant and lively. Soft jazz and classical music played in the background, making everyone feel relaxed and enjoy their conversations.

Since it was P’Namkhing’s birthday, Piangrawin had been dragged there by her grandmother, even though she didn’t want to go. After greeting the adults politely, she slipped away to quietly talk with Namkhing.

They stood together, snacking on canapés and shrimp cocktails. Namkhing was the only person she felt comfortable talking to — the rest were rich strangers. She wasn’t even close with Namkhing’s mother or grandmother.

“Are you okay, Nong Piang?”

Namkhing asked.

“Even though I was forced to come, I’m okay… because I know you were forced to come too,”

Piangrawin replied, smiling at the older woman. From the way she responded, Piangrawin immediately knew she was right — the beautiful doctor, who seemed like an introvert, probably didn’t want to be at this kind of event either.

“Oh, and happy birthday, P’Namkhing. I hope your assistant gets well soon, and no one else gets sick so you won’t be too tired,”

Piangrawin added with a smile, casually popping another shrimp cocktail into her mouth. It contrasted with her classy appearance, but she hadn’t eaten anything all afternoon.

“Thank you. That’s the best birthday wish I’ve received tonight,”

Namkhing said with a soft laugh and warm voice. But before they could talk further, her phone vibrated — a call from the hospital. She quickly answered it, and Piangrawin stood quietly, waiting for her to finish.

“Looks like your wish didn’t work fast enough today,”

Namkhing said after the call.

“Don’t tell me that…”

"I have an emergency case. I need to go to the hospital right now,"

Namkhing said, her voice sounding a bit troubled. Piangrawin gave her a small smile, then stood up straight and replied confidently.

"You’re worried the adults won’t let you go, right? I’ll help with that."

With that, she set her plate down, wiped her hands, grabbed Namkhing’s wrist, and pulled her along.

When they reached the spot where her grandmother and Namkhing’s father were talking, Piangrawin quickly put on a worried face like something was wrong.

"What’s wrong, Piang? Why do you look like that?"

Her grandmother asked right away, reaching out to touch her cheeks like she was checking a fish at the market.

"I’ve had a stomachache since this afternoon… I think it might be food poisoning. So I just wanted to say goodbye. I’m going to the hospital with P’Namkhing,"

She said, sounding serious. To make it more convincing, she even linked arms with the older girl. Namkhing seemed a little tense but didn’t say anything. The act worked — both elders looked at each other and then smiled.

"You’re going with Namkhing? Alright, dear. Go ahead. Namkhing, please take care of her for us."

Once they had the green light, the two girls quickly made their way to the fancy car to get Namkhing to the hospital in a rush.

Even though they’d just lied to the adults — which might be considered bad — the feeling of helping each other out brought a cheerful smile to Piangrawin’s beautiful face.

"Thanks so much. Actually… I wasn’t worried they wouldn’t let me go. I knew I’d have to go anyway. I just didn’t want anyone to feel bad that the birthday girl couldn’t blow out her candles because she was more worried about work. But seeing that they understand it this way… I feel relieved,” Namkhing said with a gentle smile.

“I understand. Can I ride with you to the hospital? I’ll have a friend pick me up later to go out,”

Piangrawin asked. When Namkhing nodded in agreement, she smiled, feeling lighter than she had all day.

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Across the parking lot, Phichika glanced through the window, watching the two women head toward the luxury car. She noticed Piangrawin and nudged her friend to look too.

“Who’s that walking with Nong Piang?”

“She’s her grandmother’s friend’s granddaughter,”

Sadanun replied with a tense expression. She had seen who Piangrawin came with from the very start.

“Really? They seem pretty close. Is she the one Piang’s family tried to set her up with? She’s gorgeous! They look so good together…”

“That’s enough. Doesn’t matter how good they look together — it has nothing to do with us,”

Sadanun cut her off coldly, raising her hand to stop her friend from continuing. Her eyes stayed fixed on the car until it disappeared from view.

Phichika let out a teasing chuckle at her friend’s reaction.

“Wow… look at that face. Can’t handle the truth, huh? You say you don’t love her anymore, so why are you upset seeing her with another girl?”

“And what about you? Can you stand seeing Nong Ploy with someone else?”

Sadanun shot back immediately, her words sharp, but her voice wavered ever so slightly. Deep inside, she knew she felt uneasy seeing Piangrawin with someone else. She admitted it to herself — the jealousy was real.

But the only thing she could do now was keep it hidden and force her heart to stay in check, even though things had already gone too far to turn back.

“Saying things like that… sounds like you’ve totally fallen for her.”

"Ugh, stop it with your nonsense,"

Sadanun sighed, ignoring her friend’s teasing. She grabbed the gift box she had prepared and stepped out of the car, heading into the party to fulfill her duty as her ill grandmother’s only grandchild.

Sadanun walked gracefully and confidently, even though the people around her stared with judgmental curiosity. Soft jazz music filled the garden, and the aroma of fine food wafted through the air, giving everything a relaxed atmosphere — but she still felt like an outsider.

Coming to this event meant she’d face people she barely knew. And she already had a good idea of who she would be seeing. If Piangrawin was here, then it was likely her grandmother or other family members were too.

As expected, the first person to approach her the moment she stepped into the party was Khun Ying Duangpamorn.

"Oh, it’s you. I thought your face looked familiar. I didn’t know people like you get invited to parties like this. Or are you here picking up a side job?"

Khun Ying sneered, looking Sadanun up and down with disdain. Her outfit didn’t match the upscale, high-society tone of the event — but that was only because she had just come from a fashion shoot.

"I’m just here to bring a gift and give birthday wishes. I’m not working any job here,"

Sadanun replied calmly, keeping her tone polite despite the insult.

"Who would know? You showed up looking like that — no respect for the host at all,"

Khun Ying smirked and shrugged like she didn’t care. Just then, the host’s grandmother, Khun Yaa Kamala, walked over with her usual warm smile.

"Song! You came yourself today? Haven’t seen you in so long — you’re looking much better these days. Tell your grandmother I’m thinking of her and hope she gets well soon."

Being greeted so kindly, Sadanun quickly bowed and handed over the gift box from her grandmother.

"Thank you. This is a gift my grandmother asked me to bring."

"You know each other, Khun Yaa?"

Khun Ying turned to Khun Yaa Kamala, who won't be long become related through family.

“Oh, this one’s name is Song. Her grandmother is…”

Khun Ying Yaa paused for a moment when she saw the expression in Sadanun's eyes. She knew well that Khun Ying Salika didn’t like to flaunt her noble lineage, as it made it hard to find sincere people to befriend. So she rephrased what she was about to say.

“Yes, Khun Ying. I’m close to her grandmother—we’ve been friends since childhood. This one was just a little girl back then.”

“Then I’ll excuse myself now, Khun Yaa. Please send my birthday wishes to Namkhing as well.”

Since she had no more business there, Sadanan politely took her leave from Khun Ying Yaa, not forgetting to respectfully bid farewell to Khun Ying Duangpamorn as well. Everything seemed to go smoothly.

However, that peaceful moment was shattered when Khun Ying

Duangpamorn stepped closer and whispered in a low voice meant only for the two of them.

“Did you see my granddaughter’s social circle? Did you see the kind of people I want for her partner?”

“I did.”

“Then why don’t you take a look at yourself and see if you’re worthy of her? You’ve made no effort to improve yourself. That’s why I think you’re not suitable. Do you understand?”

“I already told you—I wasn’t the one pursuing your granddaughter. It’s your granddaughter who keeps chasing after me. If you want us apart, perhaps you should start with her.”

Her words made the older woman scoff with a low, mocking laugh, clearly displeased at being countered so sharply.

“Do you not love my granddaughter at all?”

That question made the tall woman hesitate and feel conflicted. But because she had her own long-standing goals, Sadanan answered, even though it went against her heart.

“No. Not even a little.”

“Good. Then I’ll find a way to get my granddaughter away from you. And don’t even think about changing your mind and going after her—because you and Piang are from entirely different levels.”

Khun Ying Duangpamorn spoke in an icy tone before turning and walking away, leaving Sadanun standing frozen with a whirlwind of emotions she couldn’t quite explain after hearing such a threat.

She had once denied love out of fear of getting hurt again. But now, she realized she was rejecting it for a new reason—being pushed away and unaccepted by her partner’s family.

Though once again looked down upon, Sadanun continued to act indifferent, as if she felt nothing, even though her heart was utterly exhausted from all of it.

She had only come to the event on behalf of her grandmother, who wasn’t feeling well. Otherwise, someone who disliked social gatherings as much as she did would never have come just to be insulted by someone who didn’t truly know her.

And although she wasn’t exactly destitute, there was no point in explaining her background to someone whose prejudice came before reason.

When she returned to the car, she found her best friend standing outside, smoking a cigarette. The moment she saw her, the friend quickly put it out, knowing that Sadanun disliked cigarette smoke.

“Still stressed about Nong Piang going off with that pretty girl?”

Phichika teased, seeing the stormy expression on her friend's face. If she looked tense on the way there, she looked ten times worse now.

“No. I ran into Piang’s grandmother at the event, and she looked down on me—on my family background, on my social standing. Just the usual stuff they’re so good at.”

Sadanun replied nonchalantly, though in truth, she was just too tired to care anymore.

“Then why didn’t you just tell her where you come from so she’d stop looking down on you? The Wang Worakitcharuwong family isn’t exactly ordinary. Sure, they might’ve shortened your title because of your illness back then, but royal lineage is still royal lineage.”

Phichika dramatically gestured toward her friend, amused.

“Here she is—Sadanun Worakit, granddaughter of Mom Rajawongse Salika Worakit Charuwong, daughter of Mom Luang Vasek Worakit Charuwong. The Charuwong family is wealthy, lives in a palace-like estate, and owns gold shops with branches in nearly every province in Thailand—not to mention other businesses. Not just anyone can look down on them."

The young woman in the sexy crepe dress spoke while theatrically gesturing, as if performing on stage. Not many knew that her best friend was on the verge of death since the moment she was born—sick over and over again, barely surviving to grow up like other kids. No treatment ever worked.

They tried changing her name based on astrology—nothing changed. They dedicated her as a spiritual child of a famous monk—still nothing. Until someone suggested changing her last name, claiming her personal merit couldn’t reach the weight of her father’s surname.

After that, her condition gradually improved, and she was able to grow up like a normal person, as if by some miracle. To this day, they still don’t know whether to credit modern medicine or that fortune teller.

“Ugh, that’s enough. I’m tired of talking about this,”

Sadanun sighed.

“However they see me, it has nothing to do with me. I don’t need to win anyone over, and I don’t want people to accept me just because of who my ancestors are.”

She was tired of it all. She opened the car door and got back into the passenger seat.

“Okay then, what now? Wanna go somewhere? Let's relieve some stress. You've done a lot for others today,”

Phichika said, her tone softer now. She stopped teasing, seeing how much her friend needed some comfort.

She’d gone to a photo shoot to help carry on her sister’s dream. She’d come to the event as her grandmother’s representative, only to be dragged into a painful love dilemma.

Her friend's love is as smooth as the water in a lake, but her love is as messy as a big storm in the middle of the sea. They are really completely different.

“Let’s go find something cold to drink,”

The tall woman replied casually.

Being looked down on by Khun Ying Duang didn’t affect her heart all that much—but seeing her granddaughter walk off with someone else… now that hit deep.

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# Chapter 34: Rooftop Party

After finishing the cost-cutting formula for the boss, the three women from Research Team Three brought snacks from the convenience store downstairs and gathered in their office to chat.

The hot topic, of course, was the upcoming party that everyone had been waiting for. However, only a few people were invited—mostly those nominated for the 126 Mega Excellence Awards, which everyone hoped to win.

This included everyone in Research Team Three, an important department.

“What theme outfit are you girls going to wear for the Friday award party?”

“Hmm… there’ll be senior staff there. I think I’ll ask P’Apple for help,”

Phakjira said with a smile. The oldest among them sighed, slightly annoyed at the youngest showing off her girlfriend again.

“Oh, I’m so jealous of people who have someone. Why am I still single at this age?”

“Maybe you need to be the one who makes the first move. So, P'Namphrao, what are you going to wear? An evening gown? Or something more glamorous to catch the eyes of the men there? You’re so pretty, someone’s bound to notice.”

“You’re exaggerating,”

Namphrao said shyly, smiling while waving her hand as if to dismiss the compliment, but her face clearly showed she was pleased.

“And what about you, Song?”

She asked, turning to Sadanun, who sat quietly lost in thought.

“Song… Song! Are you okay?”

Namphrao called her name with concern when she noticed her looking more worried than usual. That snapped Sadanun out of her thoughts.

“I’m fine,”

She replied, not wanting to admit she was nervous about the party being held on the rooftop this year. It was an important company event she couldn’t avoid.

“You seem off. Want another coffee? I’ve got a coupon, even if it’s expired, I’ll treat you.”

“No thanks, I’ve had too much sugar already.”

“So, what theme outfit are you wearing?”

Namphrao asked again.

“Something polite and respectful for the event,”

Sadanun answered, not wanting her personal worries to ruin the mood. She tried to act normal, even though she was afraid she might not be able to attend because the event was on the rooftop. Still, she thought it was worth trying at least once.

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“Where did Grandma go?”

That was the first question Piangrawin asked as she came downstairs to the living room, carrying her tablet. Her older sister, Matika, and their father were sitting there watching TV and chatting casually on their weekend afternoon.

Just then, a delicious smell wafted in from the kitchen as her mother came out with a plate of cookies and answered the question.

“She went to the dance club with her friends—the high-society ladies. Older folks enjoy those kinds of things,”

Her mother said. Piangrawin nodded. It was actually a good thing Grandma wasn’t home. Otherwise, she would’ve told her to go bother Namkhin again. To be honest, she didn’t really mind going—she just felt guilty disturbing the doctor.

But she had no problem bothering Sadanun. That one was fun to tease and always nearby.

The youngest daughter of the house plopped down next to her older sister, while their mother told the maid to bring more snacks and drinks, then sat down next to her husband like she usually did.

“So, how’s the shop’s accounting going, Piang? Everything okay? You haven’t come to ask for advice lately,”

Matika leaned over and asked.

She looked at the tablet her little sister brought along and saw that it was the shop’s accounting records she was working on.

In the past, her sister often came to her for help with this. But lately, the cheeky little one—Grandma’s favorite—had been sticking so closely to her researcher, that she barely came to see her older sister anymore.

Still, she didn’t feel hurt. In fact, she was glad to see her sister growing up and thinking for herself.

“It’s going well. We’ve added lots of new desserts lately, so more customers have been coming.”

“Don’t worry about her, Matmee. I’ll help keep an eye on things too. When I visit the shop, I’ll bring some treats for you and your dad at the office,”

Their mother said.

“Thanks, Mom,”

Matika replied as their mom gently pinched her cheek and handed out drinks and snacks to the kids and their father. Matika smiled. She used to think their mom loved her sister more because they got along better, and their dad loved her more because they were alike.

But lately, she realized that wasn’t true at all. Everyone just had their own place and their own responsibilities.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, Piang—next Friday evening, our company is having a shareholder party. Do you want to come?”

Her dad asked.

Piangrawin paused, lifting her eyes from the tablet screen as she thought it over.

Next Friday evening? No way. Even if she wanted to go, that was her special time with Sadanun. So she had no choice but to decline.

“I’ve never gone before, right? I won’t go this year either. I’m happy just being a silent shareholder, collecting dividends every year.”

Matika glanced at her sister’s profile as she popped a cookie into her mouth, then mentioned something her sister should probably know.

“But this year, they’re announcing the Outstanding Researcher Award too. Actually, they do that every year at the shareholder party. But you’ve never gone, right? Why not check it out this time? It’s fun.”

After hearing that, Piangrawin’s eyes widened—not because of the award or the fact that Sadanun would definitely be there—but because she just realized they announce awards at that event every single year.

It felt like the world was crashing down. Once again, she felt like her world moved slower than everyone else’s. Ever since Matika met Sadanun and why she didn’t tell her that someone so amazing like Sadanun existed, she’d felt completely out of the loop.

“What? They announce awards every year? Then that means P'Song will definitely be there this year too, right?”

“Yes. All the researchers are required to attend,” her sister replied.

“Then why didn’t anyone ever tell me that there’d be researchers that goodlooking at the party? If I’d known, I would’ve met P'Song years ago!”

She cried, her face full of dramatic frustration, making her mom and sister burst into laughter.

“We did tell you before. You just weren’t interested.”

“Oh, what a missed opportunity! If I’d known sooner, I might be married to P'Song by now!” she declared.

Her parents glanced at each other, sharing a knowing smile at their daughter’s dreamy words.

Forget the accounting—Piangrawin immediately switched to browsing her favorite clothing store’s website, searching for the perfect outfit for the event.

She was afraid she’d run out of time. That night, she had to look her absolute best, to cheer on Sadanun as she received her award. She was sure her beloved Sadanun would win again.

“So, what’s the plan? Are you coming with us? Your mom, sister, and I are all going. Only Grandma’s not going,”

Her dad, Tul, asked again.

“Yes, I’ll go! I want to see P'Song receive her award. By the way, where is the event being held this year?”

“On the rooftop of the company. The banquet hall is unavailable—it’s being prepped for an event with our business partners. So we moved the party to the rooftop. It’s spacious, and the night view should be beautiful.”

Piangrawin suddenly froze.

The moment she heard “rooftop,” images of Sadanun's panic attacks at the rooftop garden of McKale Hospital flashed through her mind.

She didn’t understand why the company had to choose a place like that, even if it was pretty and the atmosphere might be nice, but doesn’t company have the budget to rent an actual banquet hall?

“Huh? The rooftop?”

Piangrawin frowned slightly, worried about the person she loved. She was sure Sadanun would attend the event because of the awards ceremony. But could she really handle being in a place like that?

With those thoughts, even though she didn’t really plan to go just to have fun, she was now determined to attend—so she could be by Sadanun's side, just in case she got scared like that time before.

With that in mind, Piangrawin quickly grabbed her tablet and ran up to her room, calling Sadanun without needing permission or a text warning first.

“Why are you calling?”

Came Sadanun's irritated voice.

Piangrawin held her phone out to check the screen—was this really her? Was this the same person who held her and wiped her down with a towel that day?

“Whoa… why do you sound like that? Are you upset that I didn’t come to see you?”

“No, I’m not upset,”

But that alone made her smile without realizing it. If she had any doubts that Sadanun was mad, they were now gone. The cold researcher might have a cool face, but her words and feelings never matched. She had read Piangrawin’s goodnight messages but didn’t reply—clear proof she was pouting.

“Then why are you talking to me like that?”

“Where were you Friday night? Who were you with? You must’ve really enjoyed it? You were smiling the whole time you talked to her,”

Sadanun said, unable to hide the jealousy in her voice. There were still two others in the office listening in, so she stood up and walked outside to continue the call.

“Hmm? Friday night?”

Piangrawin paused to think. Last Friday?

“Oh! It was Namkhing’s birthday party. The match Grandma set up for me. Wait… did you see me?”

She asked, raising an eyebrow at how specific the question was.

“No,” Sadanun lied without shame.

Piangrawin pouted in annoyance at her stubborn denial. Even if she didn’t know how Sadanun found out, she wanted to clear up the misunderstanding before it got worse.

“I just helped P’Namkhing get out of the party to go help with an emergency case. Then I went out for drinks with friends. But you said you had a photoshoot and couldn’t bring me along, remember? That’s why I didn’t message you. And I don’t like P’Namkhing at all. My heart belongs to you, P'Song—only you. There’s no way I could ever like anyone more than I like you.”

Hearing that made Sadanun feel like her heart was strong again. The girl smiled at her last sentence, and people passing by glanced at her.

“Anyway, what did you call me for?”

“Are you really going to the award ceremony? It’s on the rooftop of the company. If you don’t want to go, it’s okay not to,”

She said seriously as she sat down on the bed and brought up the important topic. The other side went silent for a few seconds.

“I... I’ll try. I’ll be okay,”

Sadanukn’s voice softened, trying to comfort herself.

“Then I’ll go with you. If I can’t stay close, I’ll stay nearby. If you feel unwell, we’ll leave together, okay? You don’t have to force yourself. I won’t let you suffer anymore,”

She said with concern. Nothing is more important than Sadanun's feelings. She had seen her afraid of heights before, so she offered to go with her out of worry.

“Piang,”

Her voice came again, then fell silent for a moment.

"Yes...."

Piangrawin gently replied.

“Thank you for waiting. See you soon,”

Her soft voice said as the last words before the line went quiet.

After hanging up, Piengrawin smiled brightly and flopped onto her bed, kicking her legs in joy, feeling completely happy.

*What is that soft and gentle voice?*

She probably had no idea how the girl who dreamed of being her wife every single day felt when she heard that voice.

Well, now it’s clear—she must have feelings for her, at least a little.

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# Chapter 35: Award Ceremony

Normally, the company’s rooftop is a favorite smoking spot for employees because it's spacious and has a beautiful view. But today, it was transformed into a party venue for staff, the board of directors, and shareholders.

Namphrao and Phakjira had already gone into the event, but Sadanun was still standing against the wall, trying to control her breathing. She didn’t even dare look through the door into the event.

“You look really nice today, Song,”

Some girls from a nearby department who were also invited to receive awards greeted her as they walked past. She forced a smile and greeted them back, even though she was full of anxiety and worry.

She wasn’t sure if she could even stay at the event. She came because the boss invited her—and because she wanted to see with her own eyes who would win the Outstanding Researcher award.

“Thank you.”

“Aren’t you going in? There are a lot of important people there already.”

“You go ahead. I just need to take a call.”

After the girls left, she kept debating whether she should go in or just go home. She was afraid that she might act strangely and make others worry or gossip. No one really understood how scared she felt inside. The rooftop was the one place that made her feel like she was being possessed. It was just too much to handle.

“P’Song.”

When she heard that familiar voice, she turned to look behind her. It wasn’t just Piangrawin who had come out of the big elevator—she was joined by the president, his wife, and Matika too. She quickly greeted them with a respectful wai.

“You’re Song, right? You look just as lovely as Piang said. She’s always talking about you,”

Said Ranee, finally meeting the woman her daughter liked. Honestly, Piangrawin had a much better eye than her mother-in-law gave her credit for. If Sadanun really was as kind, capable, and pleasant as described, then even without status or wealth, she truly deserved to be with her daughter.

When Sadanun didn’t know what to say, all she could do was give a polite smile in return.

“Let’s go inside, shall we? I think most of the important guests have arrived,”

Matika said, encouraging her parents to enter the event. The three of them walked in together, leaving behind the only person Sadanun felt most familiar with.

“P’Song, are you really sure you want to do this?”

Piangrawin asked, knowing full well how the other woman reacted when faced with high rooftops. She looked around cautiously before reaching out to gently hold her hand.

It was cold and slightly trembling—clearly, Sadanun was doing her best to stay composed. She was still standing there, probably trying to mentally prepare herself.

“Let’s go inside. And don’t stand too close to me—people might gossip.”

With that, she pulled her hand away and walked ahead into the event. Piangrawin didn’t know if Sadanun was more afraid of people gossiping about herself or about Piangrawin.

Either way, the rumors about them being in a relationship were already spreading fast. Still, if that was what Sadanun wanted, Piangrawin could respect that.

She followed behind the woman who was trying to be brave, walking into a rooftop event space with sweeping views that made it feel like they were standing on top of the world.

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The event was a cocktail party. Guests were scattered around in groups, chatting and sipping drinks. As the youngest daughter of the company president, Piangrawin had to go around greeting the senior guests out of politeness—even though she didn’t enjoy it one bit. Meanwhile, Sadanun was standing with her teammates.

“Hey, just because the drinks are free doesn’t mean you should overdo it. If you get drunk and can’t drive home, don’t expect me to take you,”

Her older colleague warned teasingly.

Phakjira tilted her head and gave a cheeky smile before whispering to her older colleague.

“It's fine if I get drunk—Ploy has someone coming to pick me up.”

But her tone and expression were so smug, it made the older, still-single Namphrao feel a bit irritated. She quickly grabbed another drink and shoved it into Phakjira's hand.

“Then drink all you want, sweetheart. One of you gets hit on every day, the other keeps stealing girls—guess I’m the only one left single.”

The two of them laughed and enjoyed the party. Everyone seemed to be having a good time—except for Sadanun. She felt like she could barely breathe.

She didn’t eat or drink anything and kept trying to distract herself with random thoughts, just to block out the traumatic memories that threatened to creep in.

Even though Piangrawin was enjoying the food and atmosphere, she couldn’t take her eyes off the woman she loved. Her eyes were only for Sadanun, even if she knew that right now, Sadanun didn’t want her standing too close and fueling any more gossip.

Then came the moment everyone had been waiting for—the announcement of the Outstanding Researcher award. Everyone turned their attention to the stage and the special trophy, made especially for this honor.

It might have looked simple, but it was a highly prestigious award, given by one of the country’s top companies. It was the kind of achievement that could significantly boost someone’s salary negotiation at any new job.

“And the winner of the 126 Mega Excellence Award for Outstanding Researcher this year is...”

“Nong Song! Nong Song!”

While others around her cheered excitedly, the person whose name was being chanted didn’t react at all. Sadanun kept her eyes fixed on the orange lights decorating the potted plants, hoping the glow would somehow make her feel better—but it didn’t.

The haunting memories from her past still followed her, no matter how hard she tried to forget.

“Researcher Jetanipat from Research Team Two!”

When the host finally announced the name, the crowd erupted in cheers and applause, even if the winner wasn’t who they had been rooting for. The attention of Team One, which had been focused on Sadanun, quickly shifted to the new award recipient.

At that moment, a ringing sound echoed in Sadanun's ears. She barely registered who had won the award. Her body felt light and unsteady. The soft breeze brushing against her face made it feel like her world had stopped spinning.

She found it hard to breathe, and the loud, blurry surroundings only added to her disorientation. She didn’t even realize that she was losing the one thing she valued most in her research career.

“Song, I can’t take this. I can’t,”

Her twin sister’s voice suddenly rang in her mind, loud and clear—like she was reliving that traumatic moment all over again.

“Song… Song?”

“Yes?”

She snapped out of the daze and looked around in surprise at the person calling her. She blinked rapidly as the voice and the light shake on her arm from P’Namphrao helped bring her back to the present. Phakjira, the youngest in the group, was using her hand to fan her, concerned by the sweat pouring down her face.

“What’s wrong? Why are you so pale and sweating like that? Are you going to faint? Want to take a break?”

Namphrao gently touched her arm and noticed how cold her skin was—like she had been unwell for a while already. Some employees nearby started to glance at her and whisper, their eyes full of curiosity. It was irritating.

“Maybe she’s just upset about missing the award. Don’t worry, something must’ve gone wrong. You’ll definitely win next year!”

Pakjira tried to comfort her, but got a light smack on the arm from Namphrao for saying something so tactless, causing her to pout and fall silent.

“I just feel a little unwell,” Sadanun said.

“I’m going to take a break. I might not come back to the party. Please tell everyone for me—and congratulate Khun Jet on my behalf.”

Taking advantage of the moment when everyone’s attention was on the stage, Sadanun quietly slipped away from the event.

Piangrawin, who had been watching her all along from a distance, with eyes full of concern and understanding, she asked her parents for permission and quickly followed after her—even though she didn’t seem to care or notice, just kept walking away with her head down.

"Are you okay, P’Song?"

Piangrawin hurried to catch up with her and walked beside her. Seeing the distressed look on her face made her really worried. But Sadanun didn’t answer. She simply placed a hand on her chest and rushed into the restroom. Everyone else was still inside the event, so it was just the two of them here.

The young woman followed her in and stood behind her, watching as she splashed water on her face and tried to catch her breath. She looked more exhausted than usual, as if something had drained all her energy.

She had noticed earlier during the event that she didn’t look well. She had been strong to endure it for that long—especially since back at the hospital, she almost fainted.

“Are you feeling better now?”

“I’m okay. I’m fine,”

She said, though Piangrawin could tell it wasn’t true. Sadanun wasn’t normally like this—she was a strong, resilient woman. So when she saw her in this state, it meant she really wasn’t okay.

“If you're not okay, just be honest with me. I don’t know what’s wrong, but I’ll stay with you. If you need me, just look at me.”

She gently rubbed her back to comfort her and handed her a tissue she had just taken out of her bag.

Just seeing her shaking and breathing so hard made her feel how fast her heart must be beating. She began to worry even more.

Her face still wet with tears, she glanced back at her for a moment, then took the tissue and dried her face. She walked over to lock the restroom door, then came back, lifted her up, and sat her on the edge of the sink. Without saying a word, she moved in to hug Piangrawin and rested her face against her chest.

“P’Song…”

The young woman paused in surprise at the older woman’s actions. Was she really that afraid of heights? Piangrawin could only wonder silently, curiosity showing on her face. But this panic-like behavior reminded her of the time Sadanun was at the hospital—and it only seemed to happen when she was on high rooftops.

*So P'Song is really afraid of heights…?* “Let me stay like this for a little while,”

Sadanun said softly.

“You’re afraid of heights, right? It’s okay. You won’t have to see it anymore,”

Piangrawin replied, placing one hand gently on her back while the other slowly stroked her long, straight, black hair in comfort. Even though part of her was glad that Sadanun chose her to be the one to comfort her, she truly didn’t want to see her like this. She’d rather see the cold, calm Sadanun— like a wolf from a frozen land—than this fragile version.

“I’m not afraid of heights.”

"....."

“I’m afraid of rooftops.”

“Rooftops?”

Piangrawin blinked in surprise. That was unexpected. She had thought Sadanun was afraid of heights—but instead, it was rooftops?

*Why?*

*Did something bad happen to her on a rooftop?*

Even though she was curious, she didn’t dare to ask, not wanting to hurt Sadanun's feelings. All she could do was stay still and let her hold on—like she was just a child needing comfort.

“I’m scared. I don’t want to see it. I don’t want to see the view. I don’t want to step on it. I don’t even want to walk past it. I tried to face it, but I just can’t. I don’t know why it won’t go away. I don’t know what to do anymore.”

Sadanun closed her eyes and let everything pour out. PTSD had been a dark hole in her heart for many years. It was something she never told her parents or grandmother because she didn’t want them to worry.

Now, she chose to tell only Piangrawin, because she had seen it, and seemed to be the only one who could ease the heavy feelings she carried.

“It’s okay. When we go out, close your eyes and i will be your eyes. If you’re scared, just hold my hand,”

She said softly, patting her back gently.

“I’ll be your midnight sun.”

The “midnight sun” again. This time, Sadanun was sure this gentle rabbitwoman knew what that phrase truly meant. But she turned it into a playful comment to help her relax.

“You won’t laugh at me later, right? For being afraid of something so strange?”

“Being afraid of something isn’t strange, and it’s not something to laugh at.

I know you must have a reason, even if you’re not ready to tell me. And even if you never tell me, I’ll still protect you from whatever it is.”

Sadanun went silent for a few seconds. Just hearing that soft, close voice made her feel so much better. She pulled her face from Piangrawin's embrace and looked into those sincere eyes. This side of Piangrawin was so different from the person who usually followed her around in the office. So warm, so real.

“Everything?” she asked.

“Yes. Everything and anytime you need me,”

Piangrawin smiled and gently poked her chest.

“Thank you for opening the door a little more for me.”

Sadanun looked down at her touch for several seconds, then cupped her face and kissed her.

Her soft lips were gently kissed, more tenderly than ever before. It felt like she was kissing her to comfort herself—or maybe as a way to say thank you. Piangrawin slowly closed her eyes, lifting her hands to hold her face and returned the kiss with the same rhythm.

Piangrawin could feel her hand resting on her slim waist, lightly brushing her skin, then slowly moving down to the top of her thigh. But she didn’t go further than that—still, it made her body start to heat up easily.

It felt like the two of them were opposite poles of a magnet—drawn to each other naturally.

“Mmm..,”

The smaller one murmured softly.

The more they kissed, the more she felt shy—this kiss made her blush more than any before. The kiss lasted for a minute, but it felt much longer. When it had gone on just enough, Piangrawin gently placed her hand on the other’s chest and slowly pulled away, sensing that Sadanun was starting to calm down—and she seemed to be feeling much better.

“Thank you so much for comforting me.”

This time, Sadanun didn’t feel nervous about being this close to her anymore. It became a warm, safe feeling—like finally letting her heart feel what it had wanted to feel all along.

“Are you feeling better now?”

Piangrawin’s lovely face blushed deeply from shyness. She looked down, avoiding eye contact, not knowing if the other woman might make her even more flustered. Even when Sadanun wasn’t feeling well, she still hadn’t lost any of her charm. How was Piangrawin supposed to resist that?

“I’m feeling better. Let’s go home.”

Sadanun didn’t directly answer the question but could sense what Piangrawin was feeling.

“But before we go… maybe we should fix our lipstick first?”

She used her thumb to gently wipe around both of their lips, where lipstick had smudged. Then she turned to check in the mirror. Seeing the smudges on her own lips, she quickly grabbed her lipstick to fix it without hesitation.

That moment made Sadanun smile in a way she hadn’t expected. She didn’t know how she’d be able to hold back her feelings if she kept seeing this woman.

When they arrived earlier, Piangrawin had come with her family. But on the way back, Sadanun offered to drive her home. Piangrawin got to be the front-seat passenger, while her beautiful, glowing driver sat beside her. She was even more excited than usual—because normally, Sadanun would never offer to take her home.

When she got in the car and finished fastening her seatbelt, she quickly asked the question that had been on her mind since the event.

“Why didn’t P'Song win the Outstanding Researcher award? Your team won the biggest campaign of the year, and P’Matmee always says you're consistent and reliable. You’ve done so much impressive work. A lot of the senior staff even voted for you. So how did it end up going to someone else?”

“I don’t know. It’s fine, really. I’m not upset. It’s just an award—other people deserve a chance too.”

Though she did feel disappointed that the award, which used to be hers, was no longer hers this year, what Piangrawin said was true: many senior figures supported her. But this year, she had personally asked Matika to remove her name from consideration.

She didn’t want to be the center of attention again—people had already envied and spoken badly about her before. That wasn’t what bothered her most; it was the fact that they would turn around and criticize her boss and Piangrawin just because she had succeeded.

And that, she really couldn’t stand.

Sadanun glanced at the person beside her. To her, the real reward now was having someone there to comfort her when she was down—not trophies or recognition.

“Sigh... I even pitched the idea to P’Matmee to make a feature story on you,”

Piangrawin said,

“but now next year’s spotlight will probably go to someone else.”

“You did that?”

Sadanun looked over, raising an eyebrow in surprise. The girl who had just confessed smiled brightly.

“Yes, I did! Because I really admire you, P'Song. I know you deserve to be more recognized. See? Ever since the feature was released, so many people have been watching it, and it even helped bring more attention to our company.”

Sadanun glanced at her beautiful face and felt grateful—no matter what the reason behind it was, she still appreciated it deeply. “But no matter what, you’ll always be number one to me,”

Piangrawin said warmly.

“Even though I’m not like P’Matmee who checks your work all the time, I can still see how much you truly deserve the recognition.”

“Thank you… and also, thanks for earlier—for blocking the view so I wouldn’t have to see the rooftop,”

Sadanun said softly, her voice carrying a rare vulnerability. Depending on someone during a moment of weakness was something she had always avoided. But when it came to Piangrawin, it somehow didn’t feel as shameful. She made Sadanun feel like being vulnerable wasn’t something to be embarrassed about at all.

“Are you really okay now, P’Song?”

Piangrawin’s gentle voice still held a note of concern.

Sadanun nodded slightly.

“I’m smiling, aren’t I? I’m feeling better.”

A small smile appeared on her face, which had once looked so downcast.

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When they arrived at their destination, the automatic gate opened, and Sadanun drove through, parking in front of the main entrance. She turned off the engine. The young woman took a few seconds to take in the grand surroundings.

The Chatpimuk estate was a luxurious mansion in an elite neighborhood— one of the most expensive residential projects in the country, with only a few homes and even a golf course within the gated area.

It suited Piangrawin perfectly—an heiress to the wealthy 126 Food company. No wonder her grandmother was so selective about who could become part of the family.

“Now that you’ve seen my house, I want to see yours too, P’Song,”

Piangrawin said with a sweet, playful tone, not getting out of the car just yet. She was testing the waters, hoping Sadanun would start to open up more.

Meeting up in hotels as FWB (friends with benefits) was nice, but if they could meet at home—and if Sadanun started to truly care for her, maybe even introduce her to family—then that would be even better.

Even though she was the one who suggested their casual status in the first place, deep down, she hoped that one day, their relationship would grow into something more real and meaningful.

“Don’t,”

Sadanun replied, turning her face away.

“I already told you, my house is nothing like yours. It’s not convenient.”

She said it while avoiding eye contact. This small lie was her way of maintaining distance. She didn’t want Piangrawin to know too much about her.

In truth, her family was just as well-off, but for her, love meant fear. She was afraid that if she truly let someone in again, all that would follow… was heartbreak.

“It might not be convenient, but I’d never look down on it,”

Piangrawin said honestly.

“Not when the owner is this good-looking.”

Her straightforward words made Sadanun smile faintly without even realizing it, though she still tried to keep her usual calm and distant tone.

“Enough. Go inside already.”

Piangrawin pouted slightly. Even though she felt a little disappointed that the other woman wouldn’t give her a chance, she didn’t see it as a big problem. She would keep flirting like this, little by little.

She believed that no one could stay untouched forever—unless their heart was made of stone or steel. Maybe Sadanun was already starting to feel something. After all, she had let her comfort her so closely.

“Well then, drive safely. Good night!”

With a bright smile, the cheerful heiress leaned over to give her a quick kiss on the cheek before hopping out of the car, leaving behind only the familiar scent of her perfume.

Sadanun placed a hand over her chest and smiled again, warmth blooming in her heart. But only seconds later, she realized she was starting to feel something she shouldn’t. The comfort, the innocent, caring words, and that kiss…

*Cute.*

That word floated through Sadanun’s mind as she felt a vulnerability she’d never known before. Her usual strength seemed to be fading. She’d never thought she needed anyone to comfort her—but this time, it was Piangrawin who had truly shaken her heart.

*“Ah… why is this happening, Song?”*

She murmured to herself. She told herself she wouldn’t fall in love again, yet her feelings kept growing. She placed her head against the steering wheel, frustrated. After so many years without love, now she was feeling something for Piangrawin—without any shame?

*“Don’t want to kiss her. Don’t want to see her. Be cold. Hate that little bunny. Don’t like her. Stop feeling this way. Stop thinking about her!”*

Sadanun tried to hypnotize herself with those words, but the more she resisted, the stronger her feelings grew. She knew she shouldn’t let herself fall for her—but trying to control it only made her feel more out of control.

She clenched her teeth, trying to calm herself down and deny her feelings more firmly. She told herself she would get through this. But deep down, she knew the real problem—she hadn’t done anything to push Piangrawin away. It was her, all along, who kept holding on and giving the girl hope.

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# Chapter 36: Grandma's Clever Plan

These past few days, Piangrawin hasn't gone out much because Grandma hasn't been feeling well and had to be taken to the hospital. Once she was all dressed up nicely, the youngest member of the family walked straight to Grandma's bedroom.

"Dad, how is Grandma?"

She asked her father with concern when she met him along the way, afraid that something might be seriously wrong.

"You should go see her yourself, dear. Please take care of her for me. If anything seems wrong, call me immediately, understand?"

"Yes,"

The young woman replied briefly before pushing open Grandma's bedroom door. The room felt airy and fresh because her mother had asked the housekeeper to clean it thoroughly, and the curtains and windows were opened to let the cool breeze in. The atmosphere wasn't too gloomy.

"Grandma,"

She said as she walked quickly to the bed and sat down beside her. Grandma didn't look very well today. Her face seemed worn out, even though she was usually a well-groomed and elegant lady.

"You came to see me, dear?"

Grandma smiled weakly and gently touched her arm, which made Piangrawin feel even more downhearted.

"What did the doctor say is wrong with Grandma?"

She turned to ask her mother, who had been taking care of Grandma for the past few days. Her mother said that Grandma was getting better.

"The doctor said it's a mental health issue. She's depressed, has no appetite, and feels weak and tired all the time,"

Ranee told her daughter with a slight smile, repeating what the family doctor had said.

"What caused it?"

"Well, the name of the illness says it all. She's been too stressed. She had high hopes, and when those hopes were crushed, she got sick,"

Her mother explained.

Piangrawin went silent, wondering who could have made Grandma so stressed.

"Please take care of her for a bit. I'll go prepare something tasty for her. She's barely eating these days,"

Her mother said before leaving the room.

After her mother left, Piangrawin let out a deep sigh. She realized that the only person who caused Grandma stress every day... was her.

"Is it because of me? Is Grandma stressed because I refused to listen to you about Phi Song?"

"How could I go against your happiness?"

Lady Duangpamorn smiled secretly and pretended to speak in a tired, weak voice, making Piangrawin feel even more guilty. In truth, she wasn't sick at all.

But this was part of her plan to make her granddaughter stop seeing that researcher with no background or stability. So she had to put up with eating less and lying in bed more, even though she was bored of it. "Grandma, I'm sorry. What can I do to help you get better?"

"That researcher... has she shown any signs that she likes you?"

Grandma's question made Piangrawin pause for a moment. She didn't know how to answer because Sadanun's feelings were deep and hard to understand.

"Not yet... I guess,"

She said, lowering her eyes with uncertainty. Sometimes Sadanun seemed to care-she showed gentleness without meaning to, spoke with concern and warmth, and even acted jealous. But her cold words and direct rejections made her hopes feel more and more faint-like she was standing on a thread that could snap at any moment.

"How does she treat you?"

"She's cold... and sharp-tongued. But Sadanun is very beautiful, Grandma. And sometimes she's really warm to me too. She's hot and cold. Even though she can be harsh, I like her. And I think she might like me too-just a little."

After hearing her granddaughter's feelings, Lady Duangpamorn could clearly see in her eyes how happy she was when talking about that researcher. Still, she believed she wasn't the right match.

Social status was one issue, but the fact that she hadn't accepted her granddaughter's love showed clearly that, if things continued, Piangrawin would only end up heartbroken later. It was better to pull her away now.

"Then go see her if you want. You don't have to go on that date with Phi Namkhing anymore. I've given up. Just do whatever makes you happy. I won't be around much longer anyway-forcing you won't help."

The elderly woman sighed in a sorrowful tone, acting as if she had accepted her fate, just to deceive her granddaughter. Her performance was so convincing that Piangrawin looked like she might cry.

"No, Grandma, don't say that! You can't die yet. I haven't even given you a grandchild to care for. You have to stay with me for a long time,"

Piangrawin said, reaching out to hold her grandmother's hand. Even though she had been stubborn with her in the past, it didn't mean she didn't love her.

"We can't stop death, dear. I'm already over seventy. Sooner or later, I'll die of old age. But before I go, I want to see both my grandchildren happy."

Those words cut deep into Piangrawin's heart. She knew how much her grandmother loved her and wanted the best for her-but love wasn't something that could be forced.

"But you were healthy not long ago. Is it because I didn't listen to you? Did I make you so sad that it hurt your heart?"

"Yes, I was sad and disappointed... but it's not your fault, dear."

"I'll try harder with the girl you chose for me. As for Phi Song..."

Her soft voice faded as she lowered her eyes, staring at her palms, torn about what to do. It felt like she had to choose between her beloved Sadanun and her dear grandmother. Sadanun might have feelings for her, but she never made anything clear-and always insisted she didn't love her.

Lady Duangpamorn, the master of manipulation, secretly smirked at how well her plan was working. She continued speaking in her tired tone, though her words now carried a a hidden pressure meant to influence her granddaughter's heart.

"I'll give you two more weeks. If she still doesn't love you by then, let it go.

Step away from a place where there's no room for you. Move on from her and be with Phi Namkhing instead. If not, I'll be heartbroken seeing my granddaughter suffer endlessly over a love that goes nowhere."

"But it feels like Phi Song does love me, Grandma. If I give up now, I might lose my chance. Besides, you were the one who said I could try to win her heart in the first place,"

Piangrawin replied, her face sad and defeated. She knew she had caused her grandma stress, but it still felt unfair to be forced to give up on loveespecially when she loved her so deeply-just because she wasn't following her grandmother's wishes.

"But in love, how can one person always be the one chasing? Think about it, dear. Even if she loves you, so what? If that love never turns into anything, if there's no progress, do you really want to stay like this forever?

Will you keep following someone who keeps turning their back on you? Can you really endure that kind of pain forever?"

That was true. So what if there was love? If she never accepted her love, then even loving her until the end of her life wouldn't change a thing. She knew how guarded and stubborn Sadanun was. If she had been anyone else, they probably would've been a couple already.

"Alright, Grandma. I'll do as you say. If after two weeks Phi Song still doesn't love me, I'll come back and be the obedient granddaughter you want. I'll do everything you say."

At last, Piangrawin felt that the time was near-time to stop being so stubborn. Even though it felt like she was being emotionally blackmailed using her grandma's "illness," she realized chasing after Sadanun didn't seem to be getting her anywhere.

Sh might care for her, but she never opened up. If Grandma hadn't told her to step away, she probably wouldn't have done so until the day her heart completely broke beyond repair.

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After leaving her grandmother's room, Piangrawin returned to her own room, even though she hadn't eaten a single bite. She paced back and forth, lost in thought, then finally picked up her phone, debating whether to message her.

But in the end... she had to.

**Piang:**

**I have something I want to talk about. Can I call you?**

**Song: Sure.**

Phiangrawin chose to make a regular phone call. Within just a second, she answered.

"Phi Song, do you think that within the next two weeks... there's a chance you might accept my love? Like, maybe we could make our relationship official, as girlfriend or something?"

As soon as she picked up, she went straight to the point. She wasn't so naive that she couldn't tell she liked her too. But liking someone and being ready to commit are two different things.

Even if she loved her, if she never opened her heart to something more than being just friends-with-benefits, then it meant nothing.

"Why are you asking me this now? What's the rush?"

"It's not that I'm in a rush. I just think that chasing after someone should have a time limit. You can't spend your whole life trying to win someone over if they never love you back, right? I've been chasing after you for months now."

The other end of the line went silent. All she could hear was her soft breathing for several seconds.

"Are you giving up?"

The warm, calm morning atmosphere in Sadanun's living room changed the moment she asked that. It meant she understood-if she didn't make a move, her pursuit of her would end in two weeks.

People these days are so impatient, she thought.

"I don't know... I just think if you don't plan to love me back, maybe I should find love somewhere else-somewhere I'm actually wanted. Not somewhere I keep digging and still can't find anything. Right? Time keeps moving forward. If you're sure that you'll never be in a relationship or marry anyone, then I'll have to go. Because I don't think I can keep chasing you until I'm eighty and still not be with you."

"Oh, I see..."

Sadanun felt a cold shiver run through her body at the thought that the other person might walk away and go find true love elsewhere. And she knew exactly who that someone else was-Dr. Namkhing. How lucky she was, to have options when it came to love.

"I'm going to disappear from your life for two weeks,"

Piangrawin said.

"So you can think about how you really feel. Whether you miss me or feel better without me around. If, after the two weeks, you decide that you don't want me, then I'll leave for good and never bother you again. But if you realize you love me, then... let's be together."

She let all those words pour out at once. Before this, she had thought about giving her space to decide. Maybe she had been too forward, too aggressive, and it gave her no room to figure out how she truly felt-whether she could live without her, or if she never really wanted her in the first place.

"Do whatever you want. It's your right."

After she hung up, she sat there confused, feeling like she was being sarcastic. But she shook the thought away. She hadn't called to guilt-trip or demand anything-she just wanted to make things clear.

If she was still confused, then these two weeks would give her a chance to sort out her heart. All part of grandma's "perfect plan."

It was a risky two weeks for her, and it must have been a very torturous time for her as well.

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# Chapter 37: The Answer

Sadanun woke up early in the morning to cook for her family. But to say she "woke up" wouldn’t be quite right—because the truth is, she hadn’t slept at all that night. Her mind was filled with worries and overthinking, keeping her from closing her eyes.

The slow-moving clock hands reminded her that the day of her big decision was getting closer. Today marked the end of the two weeks she had promised to give Piangrawin an answer.

It was the day she knew she couldn’t avoid.

After she finished preparing the food, Sadanun and the housemaid brought various dishes to the table. The fragrant smells of rice porridge, chili paste, and side dishes filled the air. But strangely, none of it stirred her appetite at all.

Family members began to gather at the dining table—her mother and grandmother looked much more refreshed than she did that morning. The only one missing was her father, who as usual, was sitting by the koi pond sipping his coffee.

Everyone seemed pleased with the breakfast, but Sadanun’s pale face and tired look stood out, catching everyone’s attention.

“Song, why do you always look so down lately? Are you unhappy? Is work too stressful? If something’s wrong, you can tell me,”

Her mother, Anong, asked with concern, frowning slightly. It had been days since her daughter started looking gloomy.

“Yes, dear, you look worn out. Have you been staying up late?”

Her grandmother, Khun Ying Salika, added, agreeing with Anong. Sadanun hesitated for a moment before replying softly.

“I just… have a lot on my mind.”

“Is it about that girl?”

Anong asked, trying to figure out the reason behind her daughter's vague answer.

“No, it’s just... work is tiring and stressful lately,” she replied.

Khun Ying Salika looked at her granddaughter with understanding. Then she spoke in a firm but warm tone,

“Whatever you do, always follow your heart first, dear.”

Those words stirred something in Sadanun’s mind once again. Follow your heart first? But hadn’t she always done that? She had always protected her heart—by not opening up to anyone, by rejecting all relationships. That was her way of choosing her heart first.

“The company can survive without you. If you’re tired, just take a break. You can quit and find something you love later. Don’t forget how wealthy our family is. You’re the only grandchild, the only child left. Everything your father and I have will eventually belong to you alone,”

Her grandmother continued.

Though her grandmother was talking about work, Sadanun couldn’t help but think about herself and Piangrawin. These two weeks had been painful without seeing that bunny girl’s face. The confusion and chaos in her heart made it hard to focus on anything, even work.

Sadanun listened with a heavy heart. She simply nodded and lowered her head, quietly focusing on her plate. Even though she knew the food was well made, it tasted strangely bland to her.

Her heart was still full of doubt, but deep down, she knew—within just a few hours, her answer would change both her own life...

....and Piangrawin's.... forever.

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In the late afternoon, Piangrawin chose to meet Sadanun at a small coffee shop across from their company. The shop inside the office was too crowded with employees to have a private conversation.

She hadn’t waited long before the tall figure approached, but her expression was different than before. If she wasn’t mistaken, Sadanun’s face now looked tense and confused—completely unlike her usual calm and distant demeanor.

“I bought you some coffee to try,”

Piangrawin said gently.

“Thanks,” Sadanun replied.

“Did you miss me… even a little?”

“I... don’t know.”

Her low voice replied as she sat down across from her and took a sip of the coffee—trying to hide the uncertainty in her eyes.

She didn’t dare to admit her feelings. Didn’t dare to let love bloom between them. And yet, these past two weeks had felt like torture. The work that once brought her joy had become draining.

The coffee she used to love now tasted bland—because there was no one bringing her that bright smile anymore. Not even a short “good night” message.

“Okay then,”

Piangrawin said, pressing her lips together and forcing a smile, pushing back all the negative emotions. She tried to convince herself it was fine… even if part of her already knew the answer.

“Let’s talk about what we agreed on before… Are you going to accept my love?”

She asked directly, wasting no time. Her round eyes looked up with hope, her voice trying to stay cheerful even though her heart was pounding in anticipation.

“I…”

Sadanun looked at her, her heart in turmoil.

“I still can’t… not yet. Let’s talk about it some other time.”

The confusion in her heart was too overwhelming. She raised the white flag, grabbed her coffee, and quickly turned to leave the shop.

But Piangrawin rushed after her and managed to grab the back of her shirt just in time.

“P'Song, please don’t do this,”

Piangrawin called out.

“Just be clear with me—yes or no. If you accept my love, then we can be together. But if not, then let’s end it right here. I’ll disappear from your life myself. Please, have some sympathy. I can’t keep chasing you forever. All I really want is a love that has a chance. If I know it’s impossible… I’ll walk away.”

Even though she felt like crying, Piangrawin spoke with a steady voice.

“I... I don’t know.”

“How can you not know? I gave you two whole weeks to think about this!”

Her beautiful, emotional face turned away as she tried to walk off. She knew this wasn’t like her—avoiding the situation, running from her own feelings—but even two weeks didn’t seem like enough time to sort through it all.

“P’Song! Please come back and talk to me!”

“Stop. Don’t follow me. I’m going back to work,”

Sadanun snapped, turning sharply with a raised finger like she always did to emphasize her words. Then she spun around and walked off in a hurry.

“Don’t be like this. Please, be reasonable!”

But did you really think Phiangrawin would just stand there and listen? No—she half-ran, half-walked after her, crossing the crosswalk while the pedestrian light was still green.

And then, in just a blink of an eye—before she could even register what was happening—

She felt a sudden, powerful pull, jerking her body violently. Her balance gone, her senses scattered.

Everything seemed to freeze in time.

***CRASH!***

The sound of a motorbike skidding and crashing echoed from behind. In that split second, as Sadanun turned back, her heart dropped to the ground—right along with the coffee cup that slipped from her hand, shattering against the pavement.

Hot coffee splashed all over her shoes, leaving dark stains.

The memory of the day her twin sister died flashed vividly in her mind, playing out all over again.

And in that moment—she knew exactly what she was feeling now.

It was the fear...of watching someone she loved—be in danger.

As soon as Sadanun saw the young woman lying still on the crosswalk, she rushed over quickly and took off her coat to cover her legs so she wouldn't feel embarrassed showing them in front of everyone.

“Someone please call an ambulance!”

She called out with a shaky voice, asking the crowd who had gathered.

“Can you hear me, Piang? Wake up, Piang,”

She said anxiously. Her trembling hands gently shook her cheek, scared to touch her too much.

Meanwhile, the small girl had her eyes closed. But when she heard her warm, comforting voice, she opened them and tried to sit up.

“P’Song…” she said.

“Don’t move yet. Are you hurt anywhere? Can you breathe easily?”

But she gently pressed her back down to keep her still, just like in those dramas where someone gets into an accident. Even though she didn’t feel too hurt—just sore at the hip—she checked herself and thought nothing seemed broken or seriously injured. So she quickly sat up and spoke in a shaky, nervous voice:

“I’m okay. I’m just scared. The car caught my bag and made me fall. I was so scared another car would hit me too, so I laid flat here and waited for someone to help. I thought, if another car came, maybe I’d be able to slide under it and not get hit.”

Hearing her talk like that made Sadanun’s heart race. At first, she thought Piangrawin had been seriously hurt or even worse. But now that she was talking, Sadanun felt a bit relieved—though not completely calm yet.

She quickly pulled Piangrawin into a tight hug, her emotions all mixed up —angry that she had been in danger, heartbroken at the thought of losing her, and deeply relieved that she was safe and unharmed.

Once Sadanun was sure the person in her arms wasn’t just acting okay because of an adrenaline rush, she let go of the hug and started checking her body more closely. She gently turned Piangrawin’s arms and found that she only had a few scrapes on her elbows and knees. Thankfully, she hadn’t been hit hard. Still, Sadanan felt so angry she wanted to scream at the driver.

“Didn’t you see the red light?!”

She turned to look at the driver, who was now standing up looking annoyed. She muttered a curse under her breath but didn’t say much more—yelling wouldn’t change anything now.

Still, it was totally the driver’s fault. Even if Piangrawin hadn’t looked properly before crossing, the pedestrian light had been green for several seconds already.

Piangrawin just watched her, a little surprised—she’d never seen Sadanun yell at anyone before. Well, except maybe at her sometimes.

“It stings… I’ll probably have scars for sure,” she mumbled.

“Can you stand? Let’s get out of the road. It’s dangerous here,”

Sadanun said as she stood and gently helped her up. They moved to the sidewalk. Piangrawin held her hand tightly, still shaken up and looking around nervously.

“It hurts… it really hurts,”

She whimpered, her body still trembling from the shock. She felt like crying—this was the first time in her life she’d ever been hit by a motorcycle. Her high heels were broken beyond repair.

In her twenty-something years of life, even though she hadn’t been overly spoiled, she had still been treated like something precious. Maybe this was karma for not listening to her grandmother and going out on her own like this.

"It's okay. I'll take you to get your wound treated."

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# Chapter 38: Ending the Relationship

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After everything was settled with the police and the other party involved, Piangrawin was taken to a nearby clinic for treatment. Sadanun sat waiting not far away, still upset and constantly worrying—what would she do if something serious had happened to Piangrawin?

The car had been driving so fast—if it had hit her directly, she could’ve died. Even though she wanted the driver to go to jail and learn a harsh lesson, she knew the law in this country was too weak.

Sometimes, it couldn’t even protect good people. The case involving her and her twin sister hadn’t made any progress either.

Though Piangrawin's injuries were just minor scrapes, she was far too delicate to handle even that. She had grown up being protected and pampered—she had never been in a car accident or experienced real pain before.

So she asked the nurse to stop for a moment and called for the one person who gave her emotional comfort.

“P’Song, can you come here for a moment?”

Hearing her soft voice from the bed, Sadanun got up and walked over without hesitation.

“What is it? They’re not finished yet.”

“I’m scared… It hurts a lot,”

Piangrawin said with a frightened expression that made Sadanun’s heart soften again. She also felt angrier at the driver for causing all this pain, even if she couldn't control those feelings.

Sadanun moved closer and held out her hand.

“Hold my hand. If it hurts, just squeeze it.”

“Thank you,”

Piangrawin looked up at her. Just having her nearby made her feel safe. Love really is a strange and wonderful thing.

She quickly grabbed Sadanun’s hand and pressed her face into her arm, closing her eyes and letting the nurse treat her wounds. When it hurt, she simply squeezed Sadanun’s hand—without realizing that her nails were digging in so hard that they made the back of Sadanun’s hand bleed a little.

Soon, her elbow and knee were bandaged. After paying, Piangrawin tried to sneak a look at Sadanun’s hand, worried she might have squeezed too hard. But she couldn’t get a good look. Still, she had a feeling it must’ve been really hard—because she wasn’t very good at handling pain.

"What's wrong?"

"Did I hurt you just now? Can I see your hand?"

The smaller girl reached out, asking to see, but Sadanun didn't let her. Instead, she lifted her own hand, which was stinging, and looked at the back of it herself. There were several small scratches where fingernails had dug in, and blood was lightly seeping out.

She quickly let her hand drop and covered it again with the jacket she was carrying. To her, such wounds were nothing.

"It’s fine. Let’s go. You're done here—call for a ride and go home. You really need to go home today."

Piangrawin looked at her older companion and obediently followed her suggestion. She was already sore all over and wanted nothing more than to collapse into bed until the next morning. Still, she hadn’t forgotten why she came here in the first place.

"Sit here for a bit."

While waiting for the ride, Sadanun gently pressed her down onto a bench in front of the clinic. Then she took off her own shoes, standing in just her socks, and crouched down to put them on Piangrawin.

"What are you doing?"

"Your heel broke. You can’t wear those anymore. Take mine instead."

Though the shoes were a bit too big because they weren’t the same size, Piangrawin felt much better than having to walk barefoot. But what about the other person—was she really going to give her shoes away and walk barefoot herself?

"Then what will you wear?"

"Walking across the street without shoes won’t kill me,"

Sadanun replied flatly.

"Just wear them, no need to return them. And go home. I have to get back to work."

After helping her put the shoes on, the taller woman stood up to her full height. But before she could take a step, a soft hand reached out and gently grabbed her wrist—light, but firm enough that she couldn’t ignore it. "What now?"

"Can’t you stay with me for just a little while? Even just five more minutes?"

"No. I’ve already been away from work too long."

She pulled her wrist free and turned her back. As much as she cared, she didn’t want to stay any longer—it would only lead to conversations she was trying to avoid.

"I'm in pain!"

Suddenly, the voice from behind cried out, louder than before. Sadanun, who had only taken a few steps, turned right back around as if the words had a magnetic pull she couldn’t resist.

"This is so crazy,"

Sadanun muttered under her breath. She started pacing around, one hand rubbing her head in frustration. Her emotions were overflowing more than she could handle, and it irritated her that she couldn’t keep them under control.

"What’s wrong? Weren’t you going back to work?"

Piangrawin teased. There it is, she thought. Sadanun isn’t heartless after all. She cares—maybe even a lot. But she just doesn’t want to move forward because she’s scared… scared from being hurt by another woman before. Is that really the only reason?

"Yeah… but I realized that if I left you here alone and another car hit you, I wouldn’t know how to explain it to my boss. So… I’ll stay until your ride gets here."

The taller woman sighed and gave in, standing beside her once more. She couldn’t deny the truth—she cared too much to just leave her alone.

"Just be honest with me. P’Song… do you really not love me? Not even a little?"

The question hit like a direct blow to the chest. Sadanun froze, feeling like she’d been cornered. Her eyes showed hesitation. She knew exactly how she felt, but the words wouldn’t come out.

"P’Song."

Piangrawin’s beautifully sweet-yet-bold expression lifted slightly, eyes full of hope.

But the answer that came... cut straight through her heart, without mercy.

"No. I already told you—I’m staying single for the rest of my life."

*Single this, single that.* Not only was she stubborn with her words, but her heart was as hard as stone.

Piangrawin let out a long sigh, tired and frustrated. It felt like drama, but everything she said was true—truth she'd have to face if Sadanun kept holding on to that same answer.

“If we can never be together, then I’ll go find my true love elsewhere. I’ll find someone who can love me the way I deserve. I guess it’s time to truly say goodbye to you, P’Song.”

"......"

“I made a promise to my grandmother. If you’re not the right person for me —or even if you are, but you don’t love me, and won’t walk forward with me—then I’ll agree to date the woman she chose. I’ll let go of you and accept an arranged marriage with someone from a wealthy, respected family... even if there’s no love. Because the love I built with my own hands —it’s already broken.”

That long confession hit Sadanun deep in her chest.

It wasn’t the idea of not ending up together that hurt—it was the thought that Piangrawin would marry someone she didn’t love, just because she loved her. She could already imagine how much Piangrawin would suffer.

“And do you think you can do it? Let go of me just like that?”

“Not yet… but I think I could, if I don’t see you for a while.”

“So in the end... you’re saying you won’t come see me anymore. And whatever we once had—it’s really over now, isn’t it?”

"Yes, maybe if I keep on dating with P'Namking , I might start to feel about her, the same way I felt about P'Song."

Sadanun pressed her lips tightly, trying to control her emotions and not let herself get carried away. She pulled out the cold, serious version of Sadanun to face both the other person and her own feelings.

Standing tall with her chin raised, she looked at the sleek black van that had just pulled up by the curb. She recognized it as Piangrawin’s car.

“Then just go, Piang. Go ahead. Your pumpkin carriage is here.”

She had hoped for a dramatic scene where someone would try to stop her. But instead, the other person just stood there with hands in pockets, staring at the car coldly.

It was like her heart was frozen. Annoyed that she didn’t even try to stop her, Piangrawin frowned and asked sharply,

“You’re really not going to stop me?”

“No.”

Piangrawin was stunned. That blunt answer—how arrogant! She wanted to shake her by the arms until her parts fell off. Just a moment ago, she seemed to care so much. Now, she acted distant, like she was afraid to go against her own decision.

“You could at least try to stop me a little, just because you’d miss my dessert treat.”

She pouted, clearly annoyed. What kind of person is this? So hard to flirt with, and so cold-hearted—like chewing a stone in your rice. She wondered if she even had a heart in her chest.

“Someone like me finishes a meal and moves on. I don’t need dessert. So if you’re leaving, go ahead.”

“People still crave sweets when they don’t get enough sugar! Can’t you be like a normal person and want something sweet sometimes? Just one glass of something sugary, that’s all. You won’t die from it, P'Song.”

She whined a little, frustrated that she didn’t try to hold her back like she hoped. Instead, she kept that stern face, like she felt nothing.

"Even one glass of a sweet drink has too much sugar. And too much sugar makes you age faster. Even though cutting it out makes me irritable, I'd rather be irritable than grow old."

Since that was her final answer, she took it as clear enough. Piangrawin felt both upset and hurt by her stubbornness. A lump formed in her throat, tight and hard, as she fought back tears and lifted her chin slightly.

“Fine, then go ahead and stay miserable on your own from sugar withdrawal. I’m leaving. And don’t you dare cry about not seeing me again, because I’m not coming back to the office. I won’t let you see me ever again.”

She flipped her hair dramatically and limped away slowly. But before getting in the car, she paused and turned back to the always-cold woman who hadn’t moved an inch.

“Oh... and don’t come to regret it later, when you realize you spent your whole life tasting only bland things—after pouring the sweet drink out yourself, Ms. Researcher.”

With irritation and sadness, Piangrawin climbed into the car. She had given her a chance to change her mind, but apparently someone without a heart could still stand tall on one leg, like a stubborn little rabbit.

Her last words dripped with sarcasm. Her face was tense, her eyes starting to fill with tears she could no longer hold back. She quickly wiped them away with the back of her hand.

Even if it hurt, she had to accept it. She was heartbroken and regretted the feelings that had to end. But if she kept pushing, it would be like trying to pour water into a cup full of holes.

Sadanun watched the car disappear from view, overcome with an indescribable sense of emptiness. It was like she’d lost something precious along the way—even though she was the one who threw it away. The chaotic moments Piangrawin always brought into her life... they were gone now.

“She really just left... like that?”

The young researcher sighed and sank to the ground, her legs giving out suddenly. Her whole body trembled as if she couldn’t control it. Tears welled in her eyes, blurring everything ahead. But she tilted her chin up, determined not to let them fall.

Her heart ached sharply, like it was being squeezed tighter than ever. It felt like regret—as if from now on, that soft, stubborn little rabbit would never come to see her again, never show up to comfort her when she was scared of rooftop, never tease her every day.

She was worried, in the future, she would become someone else's lover. She had feelings and a heart, and it wasn't just her who was hurting.

Yes, it's sad. No matter what, she can't deny that she has fallen in love. She knows very well when she started to feel this way about Piangrawin. But even so, she still succumbs to the deep pit in her heart that she herself dug.

She is a coward and continues to be defeated by her own past, holding onto it so tightly that no hand can embrace the future.

Sitting there with a frown for several minutes before getting up and walking back to her own company with a fluttering feeling in her heart.

But it's for the best. Let her find someone more deserving. It's better than being stuck with someone whose goal is to grow old and die alone like her.

Holding her back would just waste her time. Piangrawin is too perfect to be stuck with someone like her, just as her grandmother used to say.

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**"Denied Love Vol 2" is the right title for this book.....**

# Chapter 39: The Lost Love

Namphrao and Phakjira had come to clearly understand that Sadanun and Piangrawin had ended their relationship. Sadanun had told them herself, her expression distant and her mind clearly still lingering on the matter, even though several days had passed.

The fact that the Chairman’s youngest daughter hadn’t shown up again was further proof that what Sadanun said was true.

“P’Namphrao, it looks like P’Song is really taking this hard,”

The youngest team member glanced at the woman who sat silently staring out the building’s window, lost in thought. It was a side of her they had never seen before. She leaned in to whisper to her senior, clearly worried about their colleague’s emotional state.

“Let her be. She’ll feel better with time,” Namphrao replied calmly.

“It’s such a shame. They were such a good match. P’Apple said P’Song was really into her too. I don’t understand why it ended like this. And P’Song had become so much more cheerful after Piang came into her life. Just look at her now.”

Namphrao let out a long sigh before replying in an even tone,

“Love is never certain. It’s like a willow branch swaying with the wind.”

“Ooh, someone sounds like they’ve been through a lot of romance to be dropping lines like that,”

Phakjira teased. Namphrao couldn’t help but pinch her younger colleague’s arm playfully. The two of them bickered lightheartedly, while Sadanun continued to sit in silence.

Just then, the notification tone of Sadanun’s phone sounded. It was a message from the boss, asking to see her in her private office. She stood up quietly and walked out, leaving the two women to quickly stop their chatter and refocus on their work.

Sadanun felt that her life was unusually calm now—almost too calm. One of the research teams had stopped paying attention to her since they were no longer rivals. And even the timid “little bunny” had disappeared without a trace, not even a message—like the chat had never existed.

She made her way to the boss’s office, knocked a few times, then pushed the door open. The office’s occupant greeted her politely with a warm smile and invited her to sit.

“Is there something important, Boss? You called me here so suddenly,”

Sadanun asked.

“Can I talk to you about something personal?”

Matika asked directly. As expected, it was about her younger sister, who had been locking herself in her room, seemingly unable to move on. Quite the contrast to their grandmother, who had suddenly become lively and healthy again once her youngest granddaughter stopped pursuing Sadanun —a reaction that felt a bit suspicious.

“Go ahead. I’m listening,” Sadanun replied sincerely.

“Song… did you ever love Piang?”

The question made Sadanun fall silent. It struck her deeply, leaving her numb.

“I know it’s not the kind of question people usually ask, but I just want to know—did my sister ever have even a small piece of your heart?”

Matika wasn’t speaking in accusation or anger—she truly wanted to understand. She had seen with her own eyes how much Piangrawin cared for Sadanun, and it was clear that the feeling hadn’t been one-sided. But how had things ended up like this?

“That’s a hard question,”

Sadanun admitted.

“I’ve read hundreds of books in my life, and still, I don’t know how to answer you.”

“You don’t need to answer me,”

Matika said gently.

“But I hope you’ll take the time to answer yourself. Ask your heart. Because you didn’t just leave my sister’s heart behind, Song—you left your own behind, too.”

Sadanun froze, and a heavy silence filled the room. She couldn’t deny the truth in what Matika had just said. Her words weren’t meant to pressure her —they simply held up a mirror to the truth she had long been avoiding. It was as if Matika saw right through her.

She just wanted her to take a moment to reflect on her own heart again.

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At The Velvet Room, soft jazz music floated in the air. Sadanun sat with a cocktail in hand, while Phichika sat across from her, eyes fixed on her best friend, who seemed to be avoiding eye contact—still dodging the topic they had just discussed.

“Why did you do that, Song?”

Phichika asked firmly, her voice full of confusion—even though deep down, she understood all too well why her friend had acted that way.

“You know exactly how you feel about her.”

“I… was scared,”

Sadanun murmured, letting out a long, weary sigh.

“Scared of what? Say it clearly, just once.”

“I’m scared of getting hurt. I don’t want to be with anyone because I’m terrified of being heartbroken again. If that happens… I don’t think I could handle it.”

Her voice was barely above a whisper, eyes empty as she stared into her glass. Even though she had already developed real feelings for Piangrawin —and Piangrawin had never shown any signs of doing what she feared— Sadanun still couldn’t overcome that fear.

“And are you happy now? After pushing her away like that?”

“…No.”

Phichika leaned back heavily and sighed, her heart aching for her friend’s wounded soul. She understood why Sadanun was acting this way—really, she did—but she still wanted to shake her free of it. Because if Sadanun didn’t let go of her fear, she’d only end up hurting herself and the person who loved her.

“Song, no one can run from pain forever. Heartbreak is like death—it’s inevitable. You know that. No matter how far you run, it’ll catch up to you one day. You can’t keep living in fear like this.”

Sadanun said nothing. Her eyes looked distant, deep in thought.

“The real problem is that you’re too focused on the past and the future… that you’ve forgotten how to be happy in the present, Song.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you gave up the happiness you had because you were too caught up in what had happened and what might happen. You’re so afraid of getting hurt that you won’t even give anything a chance. But in doing that, you’re not just shutting out pain—you’re shutting out your own happiness too.”

“…Are you saying I should choose Piang?” Sadanun asked softly.

Phichika smiled faintly and shook her head.

“I’m not going to tell you what to do. You’re smart. You already know the answer. But if you choose to do nothing, I’ll still respect your decision. Just ask yourself—do you really want to live like this for the rest of your life? Or would you rather take a chance on love and let the future take care of itself? Either way, there’s no right or wrong. Just don’t forget to listen to your own heart.”

Sadanun stared at her friend in disbelief. She had never seen this side of Phichika before. In her friend’s eyes was a deep, quiet understanding, as though she could see every hidden feeling Sadanun had tried to bury.

Her thoughts wandered to love—like a bright red apple, tempting and beautiful. She had only ever admired it from a distance, too afraid to reach out and take a bite, fearing there might be a worm inside.

But maybe… there wasn’t a worm at all. Or maybe even if there was, it wouldn’t be as frightening as she imagined. Maybe she just needed to open her heart—and accept whatever came with it.

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Ever since they parted ways, Piangrawin had shut herself in her room, barely eating, barely speaking. Her mother had to take care of the café in her place, and the food brought up by the housekeeper was often left untouched. The only person Piangrawin allowed to see her was her best friend, Mun, who visited after work every evening and on weekends.

She had shut herself off from her family—especially from her grandmother. It was the old woman’s manipulative scheme that had shattered her trust. After the breakup, Piangrawin had discovered the truth: her grandmother had only pretended to be ill, using it as leverage to force her into a decision she never truly wanted to make.

She didn't felt sorry for her grandmother, even if just a little, and decided to act this way even though it really wasn’t necessary.

There was a knock at the door—two or three soft taps. Mun, who had been sitting nearby, watching her best friend with worry, quickly got up to answer it.

“Piang, your grandma’s here. Come talk to her for a bit, okay?”

“I don’t want to see anyone. Can I just sleep for now?”

Piangrawin replied tiredly. So Mun went out to speak with her grandmother, who stood at the door with Piangrawin’s parents and older sister. All of them looked very worried.

“Grandma, she won’t see anyone. She just wants to sleep,” Mun said.

“Piang, I’m sorry,”

Grandma Duangpamorn said, looking past Mun toward the slim figure lying on the bed, facing the other way. Her voice was soft, full of guilt for making her granddaughter so sad in a way she’d never seen before.

“I just want to sleep,” Piang repeated.

“It’s okay… I brought food. Please tell her to eat something. I’m really worried about her,”

The older woman said, placing the tray of food in Mun’s hands before slowly leaving with the rest of the family. All they could do was glance at the closed door, full of worry.

As soon as the door shut, Piang sat up and pulled out the snacks her friend had stuffed in her bag earlier. She began eating hungrily, totally ignoring the tray of food from her grandma.

She was genuinely sad before—but she was feeling better now after having some time to process everything. Still, she pretended to stay down just to let her grandma feel how painful it is to be lied to about something so serious.

She had cared about her grandma deeply, only to find out that her concern had been used as part of her grandma’s plan. It hurt more than she could put into words.

“So, what’s your plan?” Mun asked.

“You gonna keep pretending to be all sad and moody until your whole family is completely drained? I get that you’re upset with your grandma, but come on—your parents and sister are really worried about you too.”

“I don’t know, Mun… I really lost P’Song, you know?”

Piangrawin replied, her voice cracking.

“If I hadn’t fallen into Grandma’s trap that day, I might’ve still had a chance with her.”

Just talking about it made her lips quiver, and tears started to well up again. She really did love her—but their relationship had to end because of her grandma’s plan.

“Then maybe you should try that plan again,”

Mun suggested.

“Back off so she walks toward you instead. But this time, really back off— give her some serious space.”

Before she could even finish her sentence, Piangrawin was already shaking her head and holding up her hand to stop her.

“You saw how it went, Mun. It didn’t work. P’Song didn’t return my feelings. She didn’t care how I felt at all.”

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***Knock knock knock.***

The sound of someone knocking at the door came again. Both girls turned to look, assuming it was just a maid bringing snacks like usual. But this time, someone spoke up from the other side before the door even opened.

“I give up, Piang. You can do whatever you want—chase whoever you want. I won’t stop you anymore. I won’t use any tricks to fool you again. Just please, come eat something. Don’t let the food I made with love go to waste.”

Piangrawin recognized the voice—it was her grandma. And her words sounded different this time. She turned to look at Mun, who just shrugged like she didn’t know anything. Then, without saying another word, Piangrawin got up and opened the door herself.

“What do you mean, Grandma?”

She asked as the door swung open, revealing her whole family still gathered there like they’d never left.

“I talked to Khun Ying Yaa, turns out Namkhing doesn’t like you that way either. She said she’s totally fine if we stop trying to match up the kids. And Khun Ying Yaa, well… she seems to understand how her daughter feels too. So we’ve decided not to force you to date anyone anymore.”

Hearing those words made Piangrawin's eyes sting. The tears she’d been holding back finally spilled over. She swallowed the lump in her throat and asked in a soft voice.

"Really?"

"Yes, I’m serious. I just want to see you happy and cheerful again, and I’ll be at peace. I’ll support your love, but whether I’ll open my heart to that person or not, that’s another matter. She still has to win me over. After all, I’m the one who raised you since you were little."

"Thank you, Grandma,"

Piangrawin said, pouting as tears streamed down her face. Her grandma pulled her into a comforting hug. Her parents and her older sister, Matika, also came over to gently pat her head and give her support.

She felt a bit lighter inside, though a part of her heart still felt stuck— because in the end, the real issue was that *“Phi Song”* still wouldn’t admit that she loved her too.

After the conversation with her grandma, Piangrawin felt like a heavy weight had been lifted off her chest—like some kind of cancer that her grandma had unintentionally given her. She finally had the appetite to eat again.

This time, she told the maid to bring more food up to her room, and she sat down to eat with her close friend. The others in the house went their separate ways, feeling relieved to see her getting better.

"So, your grandma gave the green light. Are you still planning to go after her?"

Her friend Mun asked, watching her pile rice onto her plate like she was starving.

"Even if I do, it doesn’t matter. She doesn’t like sweet things. Her heart probably only has room for plain stuff."

"That’s weird. Sweet stuff is delicious! Why would someone only like bland food?"

Mun couldn’t understand Sadanun either. She could tell her friend had feelings for Piangrawin, but still wouldn’t move the relationship forward.

But then again, you can’t really blame someone if they don’t want to date— there must be a reason.

"Exactly. That’s why I’ve had to take my dessert back home—she won’t take it. She even throws it away."

"So… is Phi Song the dessert for you?"

"At first, I thought she was. But in the end, she was bitter. I kept giving her sweet things, but all she gave me in return was strong liquor. Fair trade, huh?"

She pouted a little, her eyes—which used to look sad—now showed a mix of frustration and hurt.

"What about you? Do you think you’re the sweet dessert for her?"

"Absolutely. I bring color into her life—I’m sure of it. Someone as bland as her needs someone like me to truly be happy,"

Piangrawin answered right away, her voice full of confidence. She’d comforted her, encouraged her, and she’d seen her smile when they were together. If she could make her feel at ease, then that had to mean she was important to her too.

"Then let her go without something sweet for a while. Now’s the perfect time. If you’re really the only sweet thing in her life, once she feels the sugar crash, she’ll come running back for you."

When her friend smirked, Piangrawin raised an eyebrow suspiciously. She shoveled a big spoonful of rice into her mouth, feeling sorry for herself. Just thinking about the way she turned her back on her made her chest ache like she’d been stomped on by a bunch of teenagers.

"You’ve got another plan, don’t you?"

"....."

"Go get her back."

"Are you crazy? I already lost her. She didn’t beg me to stay, she rejected me, pushed me away. She doesn’t want me—don’t you remember? You want me to go back and get rejected again?"

"You’re already listening and thinking about it, aren’t you? Just try one more time. Let’s see if things get better or crash and burn even worse. Don’t worry—I’ll be here to pick up the pieces if it all goes wrong."

"Ugh, you’re jinxing it already,"

Piangrawin grumbled. If her friend really wanted her to go chase after her again, maybe it was better to just stay home and be bored instead.

"So what, you’re really gonna let her go? Have you’ve stopped loving her?"

"No, I haven’t stopped loving her,"

She said with a pout.

"But I’m just tired right now, okay? I just got dumped—it hurts, you get that, right?"

She looked frustrated. She wanted to be the one who’s chased for once, not always the one doing the chasing. It felt like being a servant trying to please a spoiled cat who’d already had its fill of wet food—no matter what she did, she just wouldn’t pay her any attention.

"Have you ever thought love is like a journey?" her friend said.

"It’s not just a straight path the whole way. There are turns, detours, potholes... You have to go through them to get to where you want. Right now, you’re just on one of those rough curves. But if you stop now, you might miss the beautiful view that’s waiting up ahead."

Hearing her overly-philosophical friend talk like that made Piangrawin roll her eyes.

She wasn’t sure if Mun even truly understood what she was saying, but whatever. Her skin was thick enough by now. If her friend wanted to try some plan to get Sadanun back—whether it involved begging on her knees or something else—she’d probably go along with it.

Her heart was still with her. She couldn’t just walk away coldly like she did.

"Alright, Miss Philosophy. You’ve got a plan? Spill it. I’ve got nothing left to lose anyway."

Mun gave her a sly smile and raised her brows—she did have a plan. Since her friend had done all the chasing so far, it was time to turn the tables. Let Sadanun do the chasing for once. Let her see what it feels like when the sweet treat she used to have ends up in someone else’s hands.

She didn’t know exactly why she’d pushed Piangrawin away—what reason could be big enough to reject love like that? But if she saw her moving on, it was bound to sting.

Maybe the plan would work. Maybe it’d just make things worse. But at least her friend would know she tried one more time—better than losing without even putting up a fight.

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# Chapter 40: The Midnight Sun

After dinner, the Wang Worakit Charuwong household returned to its usual quietness. Her parents went off to do their own things, but Sadanun still felt restless. She stepped outside to look at the row of cacti her grandmother had planted in the garden.

The warm glow from the house lights made the place feel cozy, but inside her heart, it was a storm of thoughts she couldn’t calm—until she heard soft footsteps, followed by a familiar voice she loved and respected most.

“Song, you’ve seemed quiet lately. Is something bothering you, dear?”

Sadanun flinched a little, as if someone had pulled her out of her thoughts.

She turned to see her grandmother’s gentle smile approaching with concern.

“Grandma... I’m sorry. I haven’t cooked for you much lately.”

Her grandmother shook her head softly, still smiling kindly.

“I’m not here to ask for that. I’m just worried. Are you okay? You haven’t seemed happy lately.”

Her grandmother’s wrinkled hand gently stroked her head. Sadanun helped her sit on the garden bench, then took a deep breath and decided to say something she had kept inside for a long time.

“I have something to confess. Honestly, I should be saying this in front of Mom and Dad too, but since you're here, I’ll just say it now.”

“What is it? Tell me,”

The old woman said, narrowing her eyes thoughtfully at her granddaughter.

“It’s about me and Piang... the person who went to the temple with me on Nueng's death anniversary.”

Sadanun fell silent. Her grandmother, who had seen and experienced so much in life, gave a soft, understanding smile.

“You love each other, don’t you?”

“Yes…”

Sadanun nodded gently, her beautiful face a little shy. Her grandmother’s affectionate smile softened even more, now filled with warmth. This time, she felt happy—finally, her granddaughter was in love, even if it looked a little complicated.

“I had a feeling, but I wasn’t sure. And that girl… she’s probably not just a junior from your office, right? From the car she drives and the way she dresses, she seems to come from a well-off family.”

“She’s the daughter of the CEO at the company I work for,”

Sadanun answered, a little awkwardly. She didn’t want to go into details about her and Piangrawin’s FWB-style relationship, so she gave a vague explanation.

“But… our relationship isn’t really clear. It’s kind of messy because I’ve been scared to open up. That’s why I haven’t told anyone the truth. I’m sorry I lied to you, Grandma. At first, I didn’t want to feel this way about her at all… but now I know I can’t stop myself. And the reason I never dared to be in a romantic relationship again is… I’m scared. I was really hurt before. I’m still scared I’ll get hurt again. If something like that happens again… I don’t think I could take it.”

Grandma Salika knew exactly which past love she was referring to. It had to be that time—when Sadanun was deceived by a woman who had secretly dated both her and her twin sister.

That heartbreak had left Sadanun blaming herself for a long time, thinking she was part of the reason her sister was so heartbroken she took her own life.

Grandma let out a quiet sigh and gently patted her granddaughter’s hand, comforting her.

“Then follow your heart, dear. If you open yourself up and give yourself a chance, you’ll get to experience both happiness and pain—and that’s okay. No one gets to avoid those things.”

Sadanun was quiet for a moment, then nodded with understanding.

“I’ve been thinking the same… but I don’t know where to start. I’ve treated her badly so many times. I don’t even know if her family hates me now or not.”

“If you don’t know where to begin, the best way is to talk. Communication is the key to solving problems. I believe you already know what to do. You just need a bit more courage.”

Grandma’s words got Sadanun thinking.

Right then, the notification sound from her phone started going off repeatedly. She quickly picked it up, a small hope fluttering inside—maybe it was a message from Piangrawin.

But it wasn’t.

It was from Phakjira.

**Ploy:**

**P'Song, is this P'Piang? I think she might be a bit drunk… I’m worried.**

Ploy had also sent a photo she secretly took of Piangrawin at a club. Sitting beside her was a woman Sadanun didn’t recognize, leaning in close and smiling like they were very familiar.

That photo hit Sadanun like a lightning bolt straight through her heart.

She gripped her phone tightly, her pulse speeding up. The thought that her sweet little Holland Lop bunny might actually end up with someone else overwhelmed her with worry and jealousy. Her fingers flew across the screen, typing faster than her fear could stop her.

**Song:**

**Where is Piang right now?**

She didn’t even bother asking how Phakjira had run into her. Moments later, Phakjira sent her the location. Sadanun stared at the screen with trembling eyes before lifting her gaze to meet her grandmother’s, who was watching her with a warm, knowing smile.

“Grandma… I need to go out. I don’t know if I’ll be back tonight.”

“Go, dear. Go find your heart. Don’t let the past steal your happiness. I’ll be cheering for you,”

Grandma said softly, nodding. Her smile still carried that same comforting warmth.

Sadanun took a deep breath and stood up. She knew this decision meant everything. She wasn’t going to let pride or fear ruin what was real between them ever again.

She couldn’t let Piangrawin slip away from her life—not this time.

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It was a little past 8 PM, and the atmosphere inside the popular lesbian bar was buzzing. The music had a strong beat, mixing with laughter and chatting under the dim lights and vibrant colors.

Piangrawin, dressed sexier than usual, was sitting on a tall black leather barstool. One hand held a cold amber-colored cocktail, while the other rested on the marble counter. Her back was to the crowd, but her sparkling eyes scanned the room, clearly looking for someone.

Beside her sat a woman she had just met. This woman had approached her with obvious interest and curiosity. She was a charming, confident woman with a great smile and a striking appearance—definitely someone who turned heads.

She even reminded Piangrawin a bit of Sadanun. But even with that resemblance, Piangrawin’s heart didn’t waver one bit.

“If you’re not in a rush tonight, wanna go somewhere quiet and talk?”

The woman asked with a gentle but slightly flirtatious tone, giving her a sly smile that looked a lot like Pi Song’s. So much so that it gave Piangrawin a jolt—just for a second, the face of the person she missed seemed to overlap with the one in front of her.

She missed Sadanun. Missed her so much it hurt.

“We just met, and I feel like this might be moving a bit too fast,”

Piangrawin replied with a polite smile. The woman in front of her was definitely her type—cool, confident, and beautiful. But her heart belonged to Sadanun. Besides, she was here for a reason—to act as bait, like her friend, Mun had told her.

The plan was to draw the “wolf” out of hiding. She had even asked Phakjira to help spread the word a bit, just to see if that big possessive wolf would show up to protect its prey.

At the same time, Sadanun’s heart was pounding like crazy. People were staring at her because of her looks, but she couldn’t care less. Wiping sweat from her brow, she quickly got out of the car and headed straight into the bar—completely ignoring everyone in her path.

When she saw the person who had stolen her heart smiling sweetly at another woman, someone who always denied feeling love could now feel a burning jealousy rising so intensely that it felt like she was about to explode inside.

Sadanun was one of those women who never cared about being polite. She walked straight to the table where the playful “little bunny” girl was sitting.

Just then…

“P'Song,”

A sweet and sassy voice called out softly. Piangrawin turned around with sparkling eyes. Even though the place was noisy, Sadanun could hear it clearly—because that voice had always been stuck in her heart.

“This girl is mine,”

Sadanun leaned in and whispered to the stranger who had been flirting with Piangrawin. Then she gently took Piangrawin’s wrist and led her outside with care, even though the girl tried to pull away—making Sadanun feel a deep ache in her heart.

“P'Song, what are you doing?”

Piangrawin protested, pulling her hand back with a frown once they were in a quiet place.

“I just want to talk to you for a moment. Please?”

Sadanun’s voice softened so much that it melted Piangrawin’s heart a little.

“What is it now? You said you didn’t like sweet things. That day, you even said things that really hurt me. If you're here to say more stuff like that, just go.”

She looked away, pretending not to care—even though her heart had already leapt toward Sadanun the moment she saw her inside.

Sadanun didn’t answer. Instead, she gently held Piangrawin’s face and kissed her—full of emotion and honesty. Their lips touched softly, sweetly, filled with everything she had been holding back: the care, the fear of losing her, and the love she could no longer deny.

It was a deep, warm kiss—not rushed, but meaningful. It said everything Sadanun hadn’t been able to say out loud.

At first, Piangrawin’s eyes widened in shock. Her small body froze for a moment from surprise, but soon, the gentle touch helped her relax.

Without even realizing it, her small hands reached out and lightly held onto the hem of Sadanun’s shirt, like she didn’t want the moment to slip away.

Their breaths mixed together. It felt like time had stopped around them. Slowly, Sadanun pulled away from the kiss, her eyes soft and full of longing.

“P'Song… why?”

Piangrawin looked at her, confused. Her big round eyes showed how unsure she was about her own feelings.

“Don’t go on dates with anyone else anymore… please.”

“What does it matter to you who I date? We’re not anything to each other. I’m going to keep looking for my own love. I’ll be someone’s favorite dessert—someone who actually likes sweet things,”

She said, her voice shaking a little. But before she could even finish, Sadanun pulled her into a tight hug, just like the one she gave her in the middle of the street that day.

“I’m jealous.”

Just one word, full of honesty, made everything go silent. Piangrawin’s heart was beating so loudly she couldn’t hear anything else. She could hardly breathe. That warm, sincere voice whispering by her ear said everything she had been waiting to hear. This fierce wolf had finally chosen to follow the little bunny out of love.

She didn’t have any words to say back—just let herself melt into that warm embrace completely.

“This is the love I’ve been looking for. You’re here now. You accept me. You’re mine now,”

She whispered, as Sadanun held her tighter, letting go of all pride.

That voice sounded so pleading. It might’ve sounded a bit cheesy, but right now, Sadanun was ready to give all her love to her—however much she needed.

As long as she could still have her heart, just like before. She wanted her to see only her, love only her, think about only her.

“You’re lying. Are you trying to trick me? Is this payback or something?”

The small girl in his arms squirmed, trying to break free. Her beautiful eyes stared at her, full of doubt—like she was waiting for her to prove how she really felt.

“I mean it. I care about you. I get quiet because I love you. A lot. And I can’t lose you. Honestly... I want sweet things too.”

“I don’t believe you,”

Piangrawin said firmly, lifting her chin with a slightly mocking tone and stubborn face.

“Can you at least listen to my apology?”

"....."

Her voice softened, and the warmth in her eyes made her pause and look into them, silently waiting for what she had to say.

“I’m sorry for lying to myself. Sorry for pushing you away just because I didn’t want to love anyone. I didn’t want to admit that I’ve had feelings for you for a while now. I was a coward. I was scared to start over. But now I know—I don’t want to lose you.”

Those words made Piangrawin's heart race, though she tried to hide her feelings. Her pretty eyes watched her sincere face as she asked softly:

“When did you start to feel this way? When did I succeed in winning your heart?”

She paused for a moment, looked away like she wasn’t sure, and then answered after thinking for a few seconds.

“Maybe… around the time we did the memorial for Nueng. Or maybe before that—when I had that nightmare.”

“Why?” she asked.

“Because that was one of the worst days for me. I didn’t even want to think about it. Normally, everyone avoids talking about Nueng because they’re afraid I’ll get upset. But you… you made it easier for me. You helped me through it.”

Sadanun smiled softly as she remembered everything she had done for her. Everyone else tried to cover up the pain in her heart, thinking if they just ignored it, it would disappear. But only Piangrawin dared to open that wound and gently help her heal—even without knowing how deep that wound truly was.

“Yes, but I didn’t do it so you’d fall for me or anything,” Piang said calmly.

“I just wanted you to be able to accept it. To think about it. To talk about it —without it hurting anymore. That’s all.”

“And that’s exactly why I came back to you. You’re such a good person,

Piang. It’s like we’re meant for each other. You made me love you… and you made me brave enough to love, too. And now, I finally know how to love someone.”

Even though those sweet, honest words and her small smile could be annoying to hear—because she’d once hurt her—Piangrawin knew her heart had already run back to this cold-hearted wolf.

Honestly, it had always been there. No matter how much she had hurt her before, the only feelings she had left for her now were love… and care.

And those repeated “I love you” from her made her heart feel full again, like she’d just gotten a huge dose of emotional healing.

“Is it really… because of me?”

She asked with a trembling voice, her round eyes sparkling with a thin layer of tears. The answer she had once been denied… had changed now.

“Yes. Because of you. No one else could’ve opened my heart like this. Only you, Piang.”

"....."

"Please be my midnight sun again."

Just hearing that made the tears she’d been holding back start to flow. She was so happy and relieved that she had finally made it.

“Why did you take so long to come? Do you know I’ve never stopped thinking about you? Every time I saw someone, I thought it was you. I missed you so much. I wanted to come see you but couldn’t. I really thought I had to let you go for good.”

Piangrawin cried like a little kid. Her tear-streaked cheeks and flushed face shook Sadanun’s heart. She quickly pulled her into a hug and gently stroked her hair.

“I’m here now, aren’t I? Let’s make up, okay?”

But just a moment later, the smaller woman pulled away and wiped her face, trying to stop crying. She looked off to the side like she was thinking hard.

“If I say yes now, wouldn’t it be too easy? Maybe I should play hard to get a little.”

She mumbled that to herself, which left the other person confused—what was she thinking?

“Wait, why do you need to play hard to get? Don’t you want to get married and have kids with me?”

She raised her eyebrows in surprise. Sadanun then got down on one knee, held her soft hand, and asked what she had been thinking about on the way there. She knew what Piangrawin wanted, and she had no reason to say no —not if it meant being with the one she loved.

“Please marry me.”

“What?!”

Piangrawin’s mood changed so fast it was like slamming the brakes on a train. Why was she like this? She had just finished crying—her tears weren’t even dry yet—and now she was kneeling and proposing like that? Wasn’t this moving too fast?

“I’ve closed my heart off from love for so long. But you made me want to love again. Piang, let’s get married.”

"....."

She blinked, surprised, not believing how casually she just popped the question. She was shocked and confused. What kind of person proposes like this to make up? Was she just impatient?

“You’re quiet… so that means yes, right?”

“No, I was just thinking… Isn’t it a bit too fast to get married now? Shouldn’t we date first? Like, get to know each other as a couple and then get married when we’re really ready. We’ve only been apart for two weeks, and we haven’t even officially been as girlfriend for one second!”

Sadanun went quiet, her pretty brows furrowed slightly as she stood up. She didn’t really understand—if they loved each other, then what were they waiting for?

“Why not? I just want you to be mine. I’m crazy about you—can’t you tell? Ever since the day you left in that car, it’s been torture.”

Piangrawin let out a soft sigh, moved in close, and gave her a light kiss on the cheek.

“I know how you feel. But you don’t have to worry, I’m already yours and only yours. If all you want is me, then that’s all you need.”

“I do want you. I want you more than anything right now. I’d marry you today if I could. Please, don’t ever belong to anyone else—just be mine.”

Piangrawin squinted at her a little. Were all nerdy types like this? Well, it didn’t really matter. They’d seen each other almost every day for months now. She might be a little different, but not in a bad way.

“I only want you too. I’ve never been with anyone else—just you.”

“I’m sorry. I was like a camel. Since I didn’t feel hurt myself, I assumed the cactus didn’t hurt either.”

Piangrawin blinked in confusion. What kind of strange analogy was that? How could someone say something so weird with such an innocent face?

“Why?”

She asked, frowning in confusion.

The one who had just said something so weird looked a bit flustered but then tried to explain it like a little kid giving a school presentation— complete with hand gestures.

“Well, camels… you know, they have humps on their backs to store fat. Their bodies are built in a way that protects them from things like cactus thorns. They’ve got thick, flexible mouths, so when they chew on cacti, it doesn’t hurt them.”

Piangrawin blinked a few times, slowly nodding as she started to get what she meant. Wow, her *“P’ Song”* really was a nerd. But since she was a hot nerd, Piangrawin figured she might as well go along with it.

“Oh, so the camel can chew cacti without getting hurt, so it doesn’t realize that if the cactus had feelings, it might actually hurt, right? Just like when you did that to me?”

“Exactly,” she said with a smile.

The smaller girl frowned at her, then sighed and gently pinched her cheek with affection. No matter how confident or intense Sadanun might seem at other times, right now she was like a big kid.

They say people act like children around someone they truly love—and this moment proved to Piangrawin that Sadanun really did love her.

“You’re so clueless sometimes. Guess that means you really need a girlfriend like me, huh?”

“So… we’re really gonna start dating first, for real?”

Even though she was happy to be given a chance, Sadanun still asked with a hint of hesitation.

“Of course. Even though I’m totally ready to marry you anytime, let’s take a couple of months to date first—make our families feel better about it. Be my girlfriend first, and then we’ll get married. Plus, you still have to win over my grandma. No way she’ll let us marry just yet.”

“Okay then. Tomorrow I’ll introduce you to everyone at my house, officially. And… would you stay the night with me? I miss you so much.

Now that we’re officially a couple, we probably don’t have to keep meeting up at hotels, right?”

Her gentle tone of voice flattered the other party in a completely different way. Right now, Sadanun was willing to do anything to win this woman back for good.

“Alright. I’ll come—and I’m bringing my clothes with me too!”

Sadanun tucked a loose strand of hair behind her girlfriend’s ear and smiled, feeling more at peace than she had in weeks. She never thought accepting her own feelings and choosing love would make her heart feel this light and alive.

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# Chapter 41: The Announcement

A popular brand car pulled up in front of the Chatpimuk house late in the morning. After getting out of the car and while waiting for the homeowner to come outside, Sadanun quickly pulled out her phone and typed a message to their group chat to share the good news. Luckily, it was a day off, so she could focus on matters of the heart without worry.

**Team Three (Song):**

**Song and Piaeng—we’re dating now!**

Her long fingers typed quickly, and she sent the message with a big smile. As soon as she said that, the group chat blew up. Everyone sent shocked stickers nonstop and started asking questions.

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**Team 3 (Namphrao):**

**You’re dating—Are you two lovers now?**

**Team 3 (Ploy):**

**Seriously? You’re not joking, right? I really believe it!**

**Team 3 (Song):**

**Nope, I just went to make up with Piang. I'm willing to have a girlfriend now.**

**Team 3 (Namphrao):**

**Congrats, Song! Finally, I’ll be the last fabulous single girl on the team.**

**All you lovebirds, keep that mushy stuff far away from me!**

**Team 3 (Ploy):**

**P'Namphrao, don’t worry about me! Be scared of those couples who show up at each other’s workplace every day. We might both end up being jealous of them together. Looks like we’ll be third-wheeling a lot from now on.**

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The older and younger girls kept teasing her more and more, and Sadanun couldn’t help but laugh. She sent a message to her friend Phichika too— someone who was probably dying to know what was going on, since she was one of the people waiting to see when Sadanun would finally open her heart like a normal person.

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**Song:**

**I forgot to tell you last night. Piang and I are officially dating now.**

**Apple:**

**That’s awesome! That’s how it should be, Song! That means Piang is the real deal. Now I can start planning your wedding outfit. Whenever you get married, I’m definitely bringing a container to take food home!”**

**Song:**

**Thanks for helping knock some sense into me. Otherwise, I’d still be stuck being sad.**

**Apple:**

**Yeah, yeah. I’m just happy you finally found your happiness. If you ever need anything or want to talk, just let me know, girl!”**

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That sentence made the usually calm and serious face break into a smile.

“P’Song!”

A cheerful voice called from behind her. Sadanun, who was busy sharing her good news with her friends, quickly turned around—and there she saw her delicate little bunny girl, looking beautiful as always in one of her favorite dresses.

Maybe it was because she was so full of love, but today, she thought Piangrawin looked even more beautiful than usual. She wanted to pull her in for a hug and kiss her right then and there. But she couldn’t do that— because besides Piang, her older sister had also come out to say hello.

“Piang... Boss Matmee,”

Sadanun greeted both of them.

“Thank you, Song, for opening your heart to Piang. And congrats on your love,”

Matika said with a warm smile to her future sister-in-law. Since last night, her mischievous little sister had been hanging out in her room, all excited to talk about Sadanun. She was so thrilled she could barely sleep—and because of that, Matika couldn’t sleep much either.

“Thank you, Boss. So… can I take your sister to meet my family and, um… stay over at my place tonight as my girlfriend?”

Sadanun smiled awkwardly, clearly both shy and nervous at the same time.

“Of course you can. But you don’t need to be that nervous,”

Matika replied.

“And you can call me ‘P’Matmee’ like Piang does. You’ll be my little sister soon anyway.”

Her words made Piangrawin turn to her sister with a warm smile, full of gratitude and happiness. Even if their grandmother still hadn’t accepted Sadanun yet, at least there were others in the family who welcomed her.

“Okay, P’Matmee,” she said sweetly.

“Piang… aren’t you going to tell Mom, Dad, or Grandma about this?”

Matika asked. She understood that her little sister was going to meet the other side of the family, but she was worried their own family might feel left out if no one was told how serious the relationship had become.

“Umm… I was thinking of getting to know P'Song’s family first. After that, P’Song can come meet ours. I think if everyone meets at once, it might be too overwhelming.”

“Alright. I’ll give everyone a heads-up so they can be prepared.”

“Thank you! I love you, P’Matmee!”

Piangrawin grinned and hugged her sister tight before quickly running to catch up with her girlfriend.

Today was the happiest day of her life—because her love life had finally moved forward in the best way possible.

Not long after, the couple arrived at their destination. Piangrawin peeked out the window, staring in surprise at the grand building before her. She noticed the sign at the front gate: **'*Wang Worakit Charuwong'***

“Wait… what does that mean? Is this your house?”

She asked, turning to look at her girlfriend with confused eyes.

Sadanun, who had already parked in front of the grand hall, smiled softly and replied gently:

“Yes, this is my house. Wang Worakit Charuwong. This part is the main residence where my grandma and parents live. I stay in the smaller house nearby.”

“Wang? Why do you call it ‘Wang’ (Palace)?”

Piang frowned, even more puzzled.

“Wang Worakit Charuwong is a family estate passed down from my greatgrandfather. He was a Mom Chao (a royal title), so this place has always been called a palace—even though there’s no royal title in the family anymore.”

That explanation made all the confusion fade from her face. Her expression lit up as she broke into a wide smile, now truly impressed by her girlfriend.

“Wow… I knew P’Song wasn’t just some ordinary girl… but I didn’t expect her to be *this* extraordinary!”

Piangrawin said, half in disbelief, still smiling.

“But it’s kind of strange… my grandma doesn’t know your family at all.”

“Our family isn’t really known in the high society scene with all the fancy titles,”

Sadanun explained casually.

We’re from a lesser-known branch of the line. When my great-grandfather was alive, he kept to himself. He was a quiet man who preferred peace and didn’t socialize much.

Piangrawin nodded slowly, thinking it over. At first, she was impressed by Sadanun's family background, but now her smile started to fade. A little worry crept into her heart—maybe she was the one who wasn’t good enough for a family like this. Plus, her own grandmother had always looked down on Sadanun.

“Do you think… your grandma will accept me?” she asked softly.

“My grandma isn’t stuck-up or anything. Come on, let’s go say hi first, then I’ll take you to see my little house.”

Sadanun replied gently.

After they got out of the car, Sadanun reached for Piangrawin’s hand and held it tightly as they walked into the house to meet the family—whom she had already arranged this visit with.

The meeting went surprisingly well. Sadanun's grandma, dad, and mom all welcomed Piangrawin warmly and really seemed to like her.

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After lunch at the main house, Sadanun took Piangrawin by the hand and led her across the huge property, past beautiful gardens and trees.

Piangrawin looked around and instantly loved the peaceful, nature-filled vibe. It was completely different from her own home.

Finally, they reached Sadanun's "little house." It wasn’t tiny, but it wasn’t huge either—just the right size for a small family, with enough room for activities.

Its style reflected Sadanun's personality perfectly: peaceful, calm, and cozy, surrounded by flowers and greenery.

“This house is so cute,”

Piangrawin said with a smile.

As they walked inside, the first thing she noticed was a cozy little living area and a fully-equipped kitchen that gave off a warm, homey vibe. It felt like a space where love lived.

After putting her bag down, she started looking around the house. That’s when she spotted a soft, chubby three-colored cat sleeping by the couch.

“Oh! There’s a cat too?”

She said, quickly sitting down nearby and reaching out to gently pet it.

“That’s Moo Krob. Her real name is Bia. She’s cute and friendly—pretty sure you’ll like her,”

Said the other woman.

Seeing how excited she was to meet her beloved cat, Sadanun smiled warmly. Usually, she was very protective of her little Bia and didn’t often let visitors interact with her. But with Piangrawin, she wanted to share this safe space—including Moo Krob.

“She’s so cute! I love cats. If I had known you had one, I would've begged to come over a long time ago,”

Piangrawin said. But after a little while, the chubby cat fell back asleep. So Piangrawin got up to explore more of the house, while Sadanun quietly prepared some drinks and snacks. But Piangrawin wasn’t too interested in the snacks—she was more drawn to the warm and cozy feel of the place. It wasn’t big like her own home, but it felt nice.

“So, where’s your bedroom?”

She asked with a curious little smile that made her look even cuter. Sadanun gently took her hand and led her into the tidy bedroom.

“What do you think? Can you sleep here?”

“I love it,”

Piangrawin said, glancing around. A soft scent of fresh laundry filled the air. It made her realize how much care Sadanun put into her space—there wasn’t a messy spot in sight.

“Smells so nice—oh!”

Before she could finish looking around, Sadanun suddenly pulled her onto the soft bed. Their hair spilled out across the sheets as they landed together.

“I missed you. Can I have a kiss?”

Sadanun whispered.

She gently pinned Piangrawin’s wrists with one hand and leaned in to kiss her cheek, then softly pressed her lips to hers, tasting her sweetness. Piangrawin tilted her face to kiss her back, willingly. The kiss slowly grew deeper and more passionate, filled with longing—even though they had just kissed the night before, it still didn’t feel like enough.

Sadanun cupped Piangrawin’s face, kissing her again and again until she heard a soft moan. Their bodies warmed up, pressing closer. The kisses didn’t last too long before Sadanun pulled back a little and nuzzled her face into Piangrawin’s neck, brushing her nose gently along her smooth skin.

Piangrawin giggled and squirmed slightly, clearly ticklish.

“P’Song, nooo… We just ate, remember?”

Piangrawin said, half-laughing. As much as she was drawn to this cool and quiet researcher, and even though it had been a long time since she’d been close with someone like this, she knew she wasn’t quite ready yet. There were still so many things she wanted to talk to her about first.

“Alright, we can save it for later,”

Sadanun said with a soft smile, then lay down beside her, pulling

Piangrawin into her arms. She gently stroked her soft hair, holding her close —because she missed her, loved her deeply, and honestly felt a little regret for pushing her away before, even though her heart had wanted the opposite.

“Do you love me that much, P’Song?”

Piangrawin asked, blushing a little from the way her lover had been acting. Ever since last night, she felt like her life had completely flipped—this cold and distant woman had suddenly turned warm and affectionate. So different from the past, when all she’d ever done was push her away like she was annoying.

“Yes. So much... that I opened my heart to love again. If I hadn’t lost you that day… I might’ve never realized how I really felt.”

“Then… why did you hold yourself back all this time? Is there something you want to tell me?”

Piangrawin asked softly, lying still in her arms. She decided that if Sadanun didn’t want to open up, she wouldn’t press.

“There’s a serious reason I stopped believing in love. I’ve never told anyone —except Apple. But I think our family already suspects the truth anyway.”

“So, the reason you didn’t let yourself fall in love… is because you were scared of being tricked, right? That’s why you acted like you were just an average salaried worker, even though your family is, like, totally perfect?”

"Where did you hear that from?"

"Ploy told me. But please don't bring it up with her."

"Oh… is that all?"

Sadanun responded softly. It must’ve been Phichika who told Phakjira, but she knew Phichika wouldn’t have said too much about her past.

"Yeah, that's it. She just said that you once got tricked by a woman who took everything you had. And because of that, you're scared to be in a relationship again, afraid it might happen all over."

The person being asked went quiet for a moment, then let out a soft sigh. Her sharp eyes showed a hint of sadness as old memories started coming back.

"Actually… it’s not just that."

"There’s more to the story?"

"Yes. I think… it’s time I told you about my past."

Since they had both agreed to start a relationship and she had finally opened her heart to love again, Sadanun felt it was the right time to share what had shaped her heart until today — the things that made her fear rooftops and push love away.

She knew Piangrawin deserved to know, especially since she has been embracing her broken heart all along.

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# Chapter 42: Opening Up

Her long arm loosened the hug and reached for her phone. She opened a photo to show - a picture of her and her twin sister back when they were really close, and when everything was still okay.

"This is me and Nueng. What do you think?"

"Wow... you two look exactly the same! I wouldn't be able to tell who's who,"

Piangrawin said, sitting up quickly and fixing her hair while staring closely at the photo. The smiles, the outfits, even the hairstyles - all the same. She thought that if she saw them in person, she probably wouldn't be able to tell them apart.

Maybe the only slight difference was the smile - and she guessed that the one who smiled less was Sadanun.

Oh, right... the photo showed them in high school uniforms. One had the name tag "**Sadanun**," and the other "**Sadarin**." So you could tell them apart by their uniforms.

"We just tried to pose the same in this one. But honestly, we've always had really similar personalities too. Even our family sometimes mixed us up. But there are some differences. Nueng has a birthmark on the back of her neck - I don't. She was more into the arts. I was more into academics loved reading and health stuff."

"So... what exactly happened? You said it was something serious."

"At the time, we were both in our second year of university. That's when we really started drifting apart. Nueng was in the Communications faculty - she was one of the top girls there. I was in Food Science. We weren't together all the time anymore like in high school. We stopped sharing things like we used to. We had different friends, different lives. I liked reading; Nueng liked going out. She was more emotional too - when she acted in plays, she could cry on cue. I used to go see her shows a lot."

"Weren't you both still living at home back then?"

"Traffic was terrible. Commuting took forever. And we had more activities too. So I stayed in a dorm near campus. Nueng had a girlfriend, so she moved in with her at her condo. I had a girlfriend too, back then - she was really sweet. Gentle, kind. But we didn't live together. We only saw each other on weekends."

Sadanun blinked rapidly, remembering how they only met on weekends when she came home. Because during the weekdays... she had been staying with someone else. And that someone wasn't just anybody.

"It all happened... because back then, I had no idea Nueng and I were dating the same person."

Sadanun's voice trembled slightly with bitterness at every word. Piangrawin gasped, raising her hand to cover her mouth in shock completely stunned. She couldn't believe anyone could do something like that.

"That day, Nueng and I went home to visit our grandma. But when I got back to my dorm, I found out that everything - all our valuables - had been stolen. And the one who did it... was that woman. She took everything from both of us. What hurt even more was finding out right then that we'd been dating the same person all along. She lied to us. She told both of us her mom was sick and needed money for treatment, and we both gave her a lot because we loved her. But it wasn't even true."

"That sounds like something I've heard on the news before,"

Piangrawin said quietly.

"Yeah. Nueng and I were so devastated we didn't even talk about it. We couldn't understand each other. We fought over dating the same girl... And once it became a legal case, we found out that woman had done the same thing to other people too - tricking them out of money, then stealing their stuff and disappearing."

"And before all that... you really had no idea you were both dating the same person?"

Sadanun shook her head. Her expression was calm, but her eyes were full of pain.

"Not at all."

"Neither of us knew. When she was with me, she always said she wasn't ready to go public. Didn't want to post photos online because she thought she wasn't pretty enough. When I asked to introduce her to Nueng, she'd always say she wasn't ready and would come up with excuses every time. I respected that and didn't push her."

"And what about Nueng? What did she say?"

"She told Nueng that her family didn't accept same-sex relationships, so she couldn't go public. They kept it low-key, and she refused to meet me too, saying she was shy. Nueng believed her. I even used to joke with Nueng that by the time I met my 'sister-in-law,' they'd probably already be married."

After hearing that, Piangrawin finally understood how it was possible for twin sisters to both have a partner, yet never see each other's significant other. It was all because of this woman's tricks.

She must've been really manipulative - a professional con artist, dating both twins just to get their money. She used love as a weapon. What kind of heartless person does that?

"And... what happened after that?"

Piengrawin asked gently.

"If it's too painful, you don't have to tell me."

Her voice softened with sympathy, knowing how hard it must be to relive something like that.

But Sadanun wanted to share it.

"I was devastated. She was my first love. It wasn't a long relationship, but I loved her deeply. But what hurt even more... was that because of all this, Nueng died."

"P'Song..."

Piangrawin whispered her name softly. Her heart sank even more. She hadn't realized how heavy Sadanun's past really was.

"Nueng hadn't been with that woman very long either. But she loved her so much - she even planned to propose on their graduation day. She gave that woman her whole heart. Every time we talked, she'd tell me about her plans

for the future with her. But when all of this came out, it shattered everything. Nueng was heartbroken. She couldn't handle it. So she..."

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The memory of that day came flooding back to Sadanun.

It happened on the rooftop of Nueng's condo. As soon as she heard from one of Nueng's friends that her sister was trying to take her own life, Sadanun rushed there immediately.

She called emergency services and the police, but she was the first to arrive.

She ran up to the rooftop herself, hoping she could talk her sister down, hoping to calm her before the rescue team arrived - even though it was rush hour and traffic was awful.

"Nueng, don't do this. Please come down. Let's talk. We can figure this out together. Everything can be fixed - I'll help you. Whatever you're confused or hurting about, I have answers. Please, just come down and let's talk."

Sadanun stood a few steps back, with two or three of Nueng's friends nearby, all pleading with her not to jump.

They also held Sadanun back, she might do something impulsive and make things worse for both of them.

Nueng was sitting with her legs dangling off the edge of the building, facing outward. Then she slowly turned her head to look at them - her eyes filled with a sadness Sadanun had never seen before.

Nueng had always been cheerful, always smiling. But now... faced with something this painful, someone as emotionally sensitive as Nueng just couldn't cope.

Even though she looked calm on the outside, it was a scary kind of calm. Kadanun could still see the tear stains and sorrow etched deeply into her sister's face.

"Come down, okay? Come hug me,"

She said, opening her arms like she always did when one of them was sad. But Nueng didn't seem like herself anymore.

"I want to die, Song... I can't go on anymore. Do you know how much I gave to this relationship? I loved her with everything I had - I didn't hold back at all. I planned a future with her. I had dreams. But now everything's gone. I have nothing left. I'm just a perfect victim for a criminal."

Hearing that made Sadanun's heart sink.

Not only was Nueng devastated by the heartbreak, but she had also shut herself off from everyone, even from Sadanun. She stopped talking to people, and even got pulled out of the theater production she loved and worked so hard for.

Sadanun understood. It must've felt like her whole world had crumbled. She herself didn't feel much different. She had no idea what Nueng thought about them unknowingly dating the same woman - she wanted to explain so badly, to make her understand.

But right now, none of that mattered. What mattered was getting her sister down safely.

Holding back her tears, Sadanun spoke with a firm, steady voice.

"That's not true, Nueng. This isn't the end. You still have me. Mom, Dad, Grandma - they're all waiting for you. You're not alone. Please, come home."

"Come on, come back and have dinner with everyone. We all love you so much. I'll even make your favorite muffins. As for our problem, don't worry-I'll handle it. Just come home and rest, okay?"

The young woman tried to comfort her, but the other person wouldn't listen.

"What happened between us... it's terrible, Song. I've never felt this bad before. I've never felt this empty. Do you understand me?"

"I understand you, that's why I wanted you to come down so we could talk.

We haven't really talked things through yet. No matter how bad you feel, I'm still here for you, Nueng."

Sadanun slowly stepped closer, reaching out to try and hold her back. They were just a few steps apart. She tried to pull her back using their bond, but it seemed like the other person had completely shut herself off.

Nueng was letting go of everything because her heart had been completely shattered. This whole thing had just been too much for her.

"I'm sorry, Song. But I can't take this feeling. I really can't. Please say sorry to everyone for me."

"No, don't do this, please don't."

She stood there, watching her older sister give her a faint, sad smile. She did everything she could to try and grab her sister-before she let herself fall.

"Nueng!"

Sadanun rushed forward as fast as she could, hitting the railing with her chest. She reached out-just one more second and she could've caught herbut she was too late. Her hand stretched out as far as it could go, but all she saw was her sister's body falling down below.

In that moment, Sadanun collapsed to her knees. Tears streamed down her face as she passed out from the shock. The next thing she knew, she was waking up in the emergency room-along with the painful news that her sister was gone forever.

After that, she kept dreaming about that moment over and over again. It was like her mind was stuck in a loop, replaying that memory to torture her forever. Even though it's been eight years, she still remembers every single detail of that day.

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"Seeing Nueng fall... it felt like I was falling too. I loved her so much-she was like half of me. And every time I try to love someone again, that memory comes back. I'm scared. I'm scared it'll happen again, scared I'll feel that same pain again. But even with all that fear, I've never been able to stop myself from falling for someone. The only thing I can do is not get attached. Even if I really like someone-I can't let myself be tied to them."

Piangrawin's eyes filled with tears, her heart heavy. She thought about how painful it must be for a pair of twins, who grew up together and loved each other so much, to see one of them leave forever right in front of the other's eyes.

Now she understood. No wonder Sadanun was so afraid of the rooftop-it was the place tied to the most painful memory of her life, something that could never be erased.

"It's okay,"

She said gently, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder and pulling her into a hug. She softly patted her back. Even though Sadanun didn't sound super sad, she could tell it was something that hurt too much to put into words.

"I couldn't save Nueng. I saw her right there in front of me, but I couldn't do anything. I let my own sister jump... and we didn't even get the chance to clear things up between us."

That guilt from that day made her afraid to love anyone again. She couldn't start a relationship, because every time she tried to love someone, she'd think of her sister. She didn't allow herself to be happy, because she knew her sister had died with sadness still in her heart.

"You did the best you could,"

She said softly.

"Do you think Nueng would be mad at me?"

"No, she wouldn't. You didn't do anything wrong. I think P'Nueng would want you to be happy. If she'd be mad at anyone, it should be the person who made her feel that way in the first place."

Sadanun slowly pulled away from the hug and looked into Piangrawin's eyes, filled with understanding and empathy. But before she could say anything, Piangrawin pulled her down to lie together, hugging her tightly, resting her face against Sadanun's chest-just like that night when she had a bad dream.

Her soft touch, warm skin, and gentle fingers brushing through Sadanun's dark hair felt like she was trying to comfort her all over again.

"Has Nueng ever come to you in your dreams?" she asked softly.

"All the time," Sadanun replied.

"So often that I stopped being surprised. Sometimes I dream about that day, sometimes I dream of her crying but not saying a word. I think she was in so much pain from how things turned out."

"Please don't blame yourself anymore," Piangrawin said.

"It's not your fault. Someone else should take responsibility for what happened. You were a victim too. Even if you two didn't get to clear things up properly, I believe Nueng knew. She knew you were hurting too, and that you never wanted things to end this way. You were hurting just as much."

"Yeah... I was in so much pain. That woman only went to jail for a few years, and then she got out like nothing happened. But Nueng is gone forever. I've been suffering every single day since. The law in our country is too weak-too weak to protect victims who didn't do anything wrong."

"I believe one day she'll face the consequences for what she did,"

Piangrawin said gently, her soft voice trying to soothe the pain. She lightly patted Sadanun's back, hoping to give some comfort-even if it didn't fix everything, she just wanted her to feel a little better.

"Try to get some rest, okay?"

"Thank you..."

After sharing everything, Sadanun felt strangely lighter. A small, soft smile appeared on her beautiful face, warmed by the care Piangrawin had shown her. Wrapped in the smaller woman's arms, she closed her eyes. Her breathing slowed and became steady, showing she had finally fallen asleep.

"Oh? You're asleep already?"

Piangrawin whispered as she glanced down at the woman resting against her chest. She hugged her a little tighter and kissed the top of her head.

Then, with the calm and peaceful atmosphere around them, she let herself fall asleep too-because being with Sadanun made her feel safe and comforted, enough to drift off peacefully.

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The two of them had fallen asleep in each other's arms without even realizing it. When Piangrawin woke up, the light outside had already started to fade, and the person who had been lying next to her was gone.

The only thing left was an extra blanket over her, as if the other person had gently covered her up before leaving. She sat up and looked at the clock.

**5 PM.**

*Wow, we slept that long? I wonder if I'll even be sleepy tonight.*

She stretched a bit, and as her toes touched something warm, she lifted the blanket and saw it was Moo Krob-the little piggy-curled up at her feet, probably trying to stay warm from the air conditioner.

She smiled at the sight, her face softening with affection, and gave it a gentle pat before getting out of bed to see what her beautiful girlfriend was up to.

"P'Song?"

"Oh! I was just about to wake you. Are you hungry?"

Sadanan turned around from the kitchen, holding some baking tools in her hand-the dessert was just finished. "A little. What are you making?"

"I made honey toast for you. I figured what I told you earlier might have been a bit heavy, so I wanted to make something sweet to cheer you up."

She served the dessert on the kitchen counter. Piangrawin, still a little groggy from her nap, sat down and looked at the plate, then glanced up at the woman who made it-who now looked like she was smiling a bit more.

"Are you feeling better now?" she asked.

Sadanan gave a small nod and smiled softly.

"Yeah, so much better. I've never talked about it this deeply or in this much detail before. It's part of my PTSD."

"....."

"I've had to keep getting treatment. Even my therapist-I never went into detail with them, no matter how gently they tried to ask. Besides my family, who already knew, you're the first person I've ever really opened up to."

"Why me?"

Piangrawin asked, even though deep down, she had a feeling. Ever since Sadanun started telling her story, she could already sense that it was PTSD. Everything added up. No wonder she had seen Sadanun going to that department at McKell Hospital.

"I don't really know," she admitted.

"I guess... I've always blamed myself for Nueng's death. So I just didn't want to talk about it with anyone."

"And how do you feel now?"

"Like a mountain's been lifted off my chest,"

She said with a light laugh.

"Like I told you earlier, I feel way better-so I made you some dessert. Come on, eat."

She took off her apron and hung it up. This time, Sadanan was the one feeding her girlfriend sweetly, her mood clearly a lot brighter. Even though they were still talking about Nueng, that heavy sadness from earlier wasn't there anymore.

"I'm really glad I could be of help to you,"

Piangrawin said sincerely.

"You're always helpful to me. But even if you were totally useless, like dirty water-I'd still love you."

The cute nerdy scientist, with her glasses on, smiled softly and sincerely.

Calling her "dirty water" made Piangrawin freeze for a moment.

*Seriously?*

Sadanun looked so hot when she was being blunt like that. There was a cool, distant side to her-probably something she had to put on to keep others at work from getting too close.

She had to act serious and unapproachable because of jealous coworkers.

But when she let that mask drop... she had this awkward, adorable side too.

*God, how is she this charming?*

"What kind of line is that? Were you trying to insult me?" "I thought you were supposed to be smart, rich, and pretty,"

Sadanan teased with a shrug.

"You figure it out."

Piangrawin burst out laughing at the playful comeback.

This woman has such a sharp memory, too. Is she secretly petty or what?

"That's such a terrible thing to say,"

She pouted playfully.

Sadanun just laughed and wiped a bit of dessert off Piangrawin's lips with her thumb. The look on her face made it clear she wasn't actually mad. She even ate like she had been starving for hours.

"I had a dream just now too."

Sadanun said.

"What was it about?" Piangrawin asked.

"Nueng came to say goodbye... and told me to forgive myself. It was a really strange dream. Different from the ones I usually have. Normally, I never dream of something like that."

"Then maybe that's a sign-that Nueng was never angry at you."

"You think so?"

"Of course! P'Nueng loved you so much. I'm sure she knew you were never letting yourself be happy, and that's why she was worried about you. If you love her too, then you have to allow yourself to be happy now. You have to marry me. Let's plan the wedding in two or three months-and we can start researching how to have a baby too. I'll look into everything starting now!"

Sadanun laughed out loud at how fast her girlfriend jumped into planning, even though last night she had acted like it might be too soon. But she leaned in, kissed her on the cheek, then tasted the sweetness from her lips like someone who was completely lovestruck.

Today felt like the brightest day she'd had in eight years-like her whole body was floating.

"Nueng was really sensitive," she said softly.

"She was always healthy growing up, never got seriously sick, never really had to deal with sadness... so she didn't have any emotional immunity. When something truly painful happened, it just broke her. Not like me. I was sick all the time as a kid, like I was always on the verge of dying. People even said my last name was too grand for me-that I didn't have the spiritual strength to carry it, and that's why I was always ill. So no matter how bad things got later on, nothing ever compared to those childhood years where I had to fight just to stay alive."

Sadanun crossed her arms and smiled as she continued telling her story.

Piangrawin nodded in understanding. So that's why Sadanun's last name is just "**Worakit**," even though she's from the royal family "**Worakit Charuwong**." It was because of old beliefs. She'd heard before that in noble families, if a baby was born without enough spiritual strength to carry the family's prestige, something bad could happen. To prevent that, some would give the baby to another family to raise or change their surname to lessen the burden.

But still, she personally believed that older twins were usually stronger than the younger ones.

"It's because you were the younger twin, right? I understand. But now you look so healthy and cool, no one would guess you used to be like that as a kid. I would've thought you came out of the womb walking,"

Piangrawin teased with a smile.

"Well, things got better once I learned to take care of myself. But I do understand Nueng. I don't blame her at all for what happened."

"Everyone has their own way of dealing with pain. But since P'Nueng already made her choice and it's done... let's pray that she found peace, just like she wanted. Who knows-maybe she's already been reborn as some rich family's baby somewhere. Or... maybe she'll be born as our baby instead. If that's the case, she'll definitely look just like you."

"Thank you... ever since you came into my life, I've felt so much better." Sadanan gently ruffled her girlfriend's hair, laughing softly at her wild imagination.

Of course... Piangrawin had been talking about wanting kids since the day she first pointed at her, half-joking and half-serious. She even had names picked out in advance. Looks like after they get married, she'd better get ready to be a mommy to twins.

It might seem like things were moving fast, but she genuinely felt ready to start a new chapter now.

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# Chapter 43: The Punishment for Being Stubborn

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Sadanun had come to Chatpimuk's house many times after work to get to know Piangrawin's family and to win over her grandma. Today was another one of those days.

She took off her "researcher" hat and stepped into the kitchen to cook dinner for everyone because her girlfriend kept saying she wanted to eat her cooking every day.

It was a bit tiring trying to balance her time between her own family and Piangrawin’s family, but she was doing her best to get them to accept her.

Piangrawin’s parents seemed happy with what Sadanun was doing. Her older sister, Matika, was out on a date with another woman, and only Grandma still looked at her with a bit of bias.

The old lady thought Sadanun was just a regular researcher and not good enough for her granddaughter. But at least she wasn’t trying to break them up.

Sadanun had asked Piangrawin not to tell anyone about her real family background. She didn’t want people to accept her because of her social status. If someone was going to accept her, she wanted it to be from the heart.

On the shiny marble dining table, a variety of Thai dishes were neatly arranged. There was panang curry—Grandma’s favorite—and beef massaman, which had a mild spicy aroma and was one of Sadanun's specialties because her own grandma loved it too.

There was also spicy jungle prawn soup, fried fish with herbs, garnished with fried kaffir lime leaves and chilies, and a few vegetable side dishes that the housekeeper helped prepare.

All the delicious food made even the proud and picky Grandma Duangpamorn swallow her saliva. But because of her pride, she just sat there pretending not to care. It was only Piangrawin’s parents and Piangrawin who looked like they were really enjoying the meal, like they had never tasted anything this good before.

“Come over more often, Song. I love your cooking, and you’re fun to talk to,”

Ranee smiled warmly at her daughter’s girlfriend. Now her youngest daughter had officially introduced her future wife, leaving only her oldest daughter whose relationship was still a bit of a mystery.

But that one didn’t worry her—no matter how much Grandma tried to interfere, Matika wasn’t the type to fall into a trap easily.

“That’s right. Ever since you started coming here, Piang seems much happier,”

Tul, her dad, added with a warm smile. Just seeing his daughter happy was more than enough for him.

“Is that okay?”

Sadanun asked politely, smiling nervously. She was sitting across from her girlfriend’s parents—who also happened to be the heads of the company she worked for. But when she asked, both parents nodded with kind smiles.

“This is Panang curry that grandma’s favorite. I really put my heart into making it,”

She said, pushing the bowl a little closer to the head of the household. The elder woman, with her usual prideful attitude, glanced at her and looked away in a dismissive manner.

“Why are you calling me ‘grandma’?”

“Well, since Piang is your granddaughter, I should call you grandma too. But if she were just your daughter, I’d call you mom instead,”

Sadanun explained politely and directly.

“What a sharp tongue.”

Madam Duangpamorn frowned and sighed. She looked innocent but her words sounded sarcastic. It wasn’t clear whether she was being respectful or mocking. Just like Piangrawin’s grandfather used to be.

The older woman took a bite of the curry, pretending to focus on her food and ignore the guest.

Piangrawin watched the scene quietly and smirked, clearly amused. She teased the elder who, despite acting unimpressed, was enjoying the food.

“Delicious, right grandma?”

“It’s edible—not bad enough to make me gag. But it would be better if it were spicier.”

“But Piang said you have health issues. And older people shouldn’t eat too much sodium or fatty stuff. It’s harder for older people to digest, so I made everything balanced and just right,”

Sadanun gently explained. But the older woman, clearly annoyed, snapped back with sarcasm.

“If it’s not tasty, just say so. No need to come up with excuses.”

“Whatever makes you happy, Grandma,”

Sadanun replied calmly.

“I just wanted to say, if you take your time chewing and let the flavors mix in your mouth a bit more, you’ll taste the hidden layers better than when you rush through your meal.”

The elderly woman paused for a moment, then gave it a try—just like the young woman had suggested. It was frustrating how this researcher kept showing up at their house lately and getting involved in the dinner prep. Somehow, on the days the housekeeper cooked instead, the flavors felt oddly off.

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Today’s atmosphere was sweeter than usual—it was Valentine’s season. Sadanun was planning to take Piangrawin out for a nice dinner that evening to celebrate their first Valentine’s Day together.

On her desk sat snacks, coffee, and a small, cute gift: a bunny-shaped desk ornament with a little bow, given by her Holland Lop bunny “mom” that morning. Since she went public about their relationship, no one teased her about her love life anymore.

Sure, some people were still a little bitter because of work, but even though she didn’t win the Best Researcher award anymore, she still had a strong reputation.

“Wow, love really makes people glow, huh?”

Namphrao teased as she walked into the office. Ever since Sadanun got a girlfriend, the vibe in the room had changed. Both sisters seemed to be floating on love. One got sweet treats delivered every day, and today came with a gift and a cutely decorated desk. The other just sat there grinning at her pink-themed chats.

“It’s normal, P'Namphrao. Actually, I think this is nothing—if the two of them had some alone time, I bet it’d be way more romantic,”

The youngest sister joked with a teasing smile toward the middle sister. The one being teased didn’t say anything—just smiled while staring at the bunnies on her desk, looking softer and calmer than usual.

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***Knock knock knock!***

A few moments later, there was a knock at the door. A company staff member appeared holding a huge bouquet of flowers.

“Flower delivery!”

“P’Song, are those from P’Piang?”

Pakjira nudged her playfully.

Thinking the cute, floppy-eared bunny-mom had sent flowers as a belated gift, Sadanun quickly got up from her desk and went to grab them.

It was a bouquet of bright red roses—which was a bit odd. Piangrawin never gave her red roses before. She always stuck to pink.

“Oh, I hate this holiday! Why does no one ever send me flowers?”

Namphrao moaned dramatically, burying her face into her desk, overwhelmed by all the love around her. But the one who just got the flowers glanced over at her older teammate, confused.

“P’Namphrao… they’re not for me.”

“What?”

“They’re for you.”

“What?!”

Namphrao stared, wide-eyed, as Sadanun handed the bouquet to her and then sat back down. Once the team caught on, the youngest member couldn’t resist teasing her again, their usual playful energy lighting up the room even more.

“Ooooh! Someone’s got a secret admirer—this is getting serious!”

“Looks like you’ll have to stop hating Valentine’s Day, P’Namphrao,”

Sadanun added with a sly smile, enjoying the shift in energy—especially since Namphrao used to be the queen of being single and proud.

Like a monk—everything used to feel so ordinary. But once love started blooming, it seemed like everyone around started to brighten up too.

"Crazy! Don’t hang it up yet, kids. I still don’t even know who sent it."

"By the way, P'Song, have you won the chairman’s mom over yet?"

While Namphrao was checking the card that came with the flowers, Phakjira turned the topic to her big sister—whom she admired deeply, even if she wasn't an award-winning researcher anymore. After all, she'd helped the couple open their hearts to each other, even if just a little.

"I'm not sure. She doesn't seem to dislike me, but she’s not exactly fond of me either."

"So that means you’re going to try winning her over again this Saturday, right?"

That made Sadanun smile. She was pretty confident now that the grandmother no longer looked down on her. She was just a tough person— if she gave in too easily, she might feel like she was losing face. Still, Sadanun had never once thought of giving up.

"Yeah. This time I’m planning to talk to her about TV dramas. I heard she enjoys watching them."

"I’m rooting for you! You and Phi Piang are totally going to have a happy ending. Whenever you two get married, I’ll be there with P’Apple. And as for P’Namphrao, well..."

Phakjira’s big round eyes glanced toward the person who was still smiling sweetly at the flowers and the card.

Sadanun glanced over at the team’s oldest sister too and scratched her head with a smile. She figured that right now, Namphrao probably didn’t care about anything else around her.

As for Sadanun herself, she’d already decided—this Saturday, she was going to Piangrawin’s house to show her face more often to Khun Ying Duangpamorn, hoping she’d get used to her presence.

Even though the woman no longer looked down on her and had started to accept her little by little, making both sides’ elders feel at ease was still really important.

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“Your grandma’s just stubborn,”

Said her best friend’s voice through the phone, which Phiengrawin had left on the soft king-size bed.

“I think she’s already softened up a lot. Honestly, you might end up being the one left out if she ends up loving her granddaughter-in-law more than you,”

Her friend teased. After getting dressed, the graceful woman flopped down on the bed, feeling a bit dizzy—she wasn’t feeling well today.

“I think so too. P’Song is no ordinary woman. She’s way more perfect for me than any of the girls Grandma’s tried to set me up with,”

She said with a chuckle. But deep down, she was a little nervous. If Grandma found out about Sadanun's background… well, she might just feel that way. After all, being rich doesn’t compare to coming from a noble, well-off family.

“So, if your P’Song wins your grandma’s heart, what are you gonna do next?”

“She already proposed, remember? I’m thinking we’ll date a bit longer and then just get married.”

Even saying it made her blush. She had already imagined their wedding— something traditional to match her family, held at the Worakit Charuwong Palace, both of them in beautiful Thai outfits. Hair and makeup done just right. Seeing Sadanun in full wedding attire—that was her dream, just once in this life.

“That’s so cool. So fast. Are you sure about this?”

“Totally. Some couples date for ten years and break up after two months of marriage. So how long you date doesn’t guarantee anything. And right now, I’m sure I really love her. We may not have been together long, but I’m ready to be hers and only hers.”

“Then I’ll be your bridesmaid, okay? I’ll take time off work. And if my boss doesn’t let me, I’ll just quit.”

Her friend’s voice was firm. And Piangrawin, feeling like her love life was finally taking a leap forward, smiled so big she forgot she was even sick.

“Thanks, Mun. Honestly, it’s partly because of you that I’m even dating the one I really like.”

At that moment, a knock came at the door. Glancing at the clock, she knew right away it had to be Sadanun—she’d asked her to come at this time, and she was always super punctual, like she had swallowed a clock.

“P’Song’s probably here. Talk later, Mun.”

After hanging up the phone with her best friend, the owner of the bedroom quickly got up and opened the door. When the tall girl walked in, dressed casually with glasses on and closed the door behind her, the one who missed her girlfriend so much wanted to jump right into her arms.

She rushed to hug her tightly and rested her face on her chest, showing how much she missed her. Even though they saw each other every day, seeing the person she love still made her heart flutter every time.

“P’Song, I missed you so much.”

“Are you feeling better now?”

She knew that Piangrawin wasn’t feeling well. Sadanun put down her things and touched her forehead gently with the back of her hand. She still felt a bit warm, not fully recovered yet, but it wasn't too serious.

Yesterday, she had stood out in the sun and wind for too long while overseeing the renovation at her café. She had come back complaining of a headache and fever, which made Sadanun want to drive back here again even though she had just gone home.

“Almost better. I didn’t take my medicine today though… it always gets stuck in my throat.”

Her girlfriend sighed out of concern. Just like she thought—this little princess was always like this. The pill was tiny, but she acted like it was a spear hurting her throat. She didn’t know how much it hurt Sadanun's heart to see someone so delicate like her feeling sick. 😤

She pulled her closer, leaving almost no space between them. One hand gently rubbed her waist, while the other cupped her face before leaning in to whisper by her ear in a slightly teasing tone.

“Don’t be stubborn, my good girl? Otherwise, I'll feed you with my mouth.”

“I’m not being stubborn,”

Piangrawin replied softly, swallowing nervously. Sadanun gently laid her down on the bed, leaning over her and pinning both her hands above her head. One hand slowly slid up her thigh, squeezing her hip, lifting her skirt slightly and sending a chill through her body.

Sadanun leaned in close and kissed her neck, planting soft kisses up to her ear and gently nibbling it. The sensation made Piangrawin close her eyes and tilt her head back, feeling a shiver of pleasure. Her legs shifted slightly, responding to the closeness of the body on top of hers. The tips of the feet that were covered with white socks dug into the bed.

“I want you…”

Piangrawin breathed out, clearly not resisting her girlfriend's gentle touches. The warmth of their bodies pressed together was starting to make her feel a burning desire, like she wanted to be touched more and more. But then— everything stopped, just like that.

“I’m worried about you, Piang. You need to take better care of yourself. If you keep being stubborn like this, I might have to punish you.”

Piangrawin was breathing harder now, clearly affected. Sadanun slowly pulled her face away from her warm neck and tucked her own hair behind her ear to keep it from brushing against her lover’s soft face.

“I know. I’ll stop being stubborn now. I promise,”

Piangrawin replied, eyes darting away in embarrassment. Or maybe… should she act even more stubborn if this was the kind of “punishment” she’d get?

“I’ll go get your medicine, okay? I met your mom and dad downstairs. Your grandma’s not home. I’m staying with you tonight until you’re all better. And you have to take the medicine. Got it?”

“Yes… I got it,”

Piangrawin answered, her voice a little shaky. Her body was still tingling from the hand that had stroked up her thigh and stopped just before reaching a sensitive spot. She was so horny… but Sadanun clearly wasn’t going to take it further.

“Good girl. I’ll be right back,”

Sadanun said with a smile, then got off the bed and quietly closed the door behind her.

She came in, made things all hot and flirty, and just left like that… Was that her way of punishing a stubborn girl? Lying on the bed, Piangrawin covered her flushed face with her hands, trying to calm her racing heart.

No matter how much she wanted to be “eaten up” by her sexy wolf, she kept telling herself—it can’t happen while she’s still sick. She couldn’t let Sadanun get sick too.

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# Chapter : 44.May I Have This Dance?

They waited all afternoon to talk with Grandma Duangpamorn. It was nearly evening by the time she returned. Mom, Ranee, had already gone into the kitchen to prepare snacks for everyone.

Not long after, Grandma came back with the eldest granddaughter, Matika, who had offered to accompany her. Along with them was a ballroom dance teacher from the club Grandma loved to attend. She had brought the teacher along to give the grandchildren another dancing lesson.

“Good evening, Grandma,”

Sadanun greeted politely as always the moment she saw her.

“Hm.”

The elderly woman teased, pretending to accept the greeting with reluctance. But deep down, she was wondering if Sadanun had come to cook something again today—though probably not, since she wasn’t in the kitchen and the maids were likely handling dinner.

“Piang, we haven’t danced together in so long. Today I brought the teacher for dinner. Let him go over some moves with you so we can dance a song together, alright?”

“I really don’t like dancing, Grandma. I’m not some high-society lady or anything. Why do I even need to?”

Piangrawin muttered, clearly not thrilled. She’d learned before, but now the only one she wanted to see was her P’Song.

“But I want to dance with you. Just one song, Piang,”

Grandma insisted stubbornly.

Matika, the older sister, stepped in gently, trying to help since she knew her younger sister still wasn’t feeling 100%.

“Grandma, Piang was sick yesterday. She might not be fully better yet.”

“P’Matmee is right, Grandma.”

Piangrawin chimed in quickly, hoping it would get her out of it.

Grandma reached out and touched her forehead. No fever. No runny nose. No signs of sickness. So she must’ve recovered.

“You’re fine. No fever. Just one song with Grandma, okay? You’re out and about with other people all the time, but you can’t dance with me?”

She said, clearly a little hurt. The words indirectly jabbed at Sadanun too, who quietly looked away to avoid making Grandma feel worse.

“Okay, fine. But let me review the steps first.”

Their house had a big room just for activities. It was spacious, with a grand piano in the center—Mom Ranee’s favorite—and cozy armchairs along the walls. There was also a vintage vinyl player set up, just for Grandma to dance to.

Even though Piangrawin didn’t really want to dance, she had no choice. It seemed like Grandma’s feelings were a bit hurt, and she didn’t want to make her sad. So she went to go over the steps one more time.

“Alright then, but please let me review the steps first,”

Piangrawin said.

Even though she didn’t want to dance, Piangrawin gave in because it looked like Grandma might be feeling a little hurt. So, she reviewed the dance steps with the teacher while her sisters, Matika and Sadanun, sat nearby to cheer her on.

But it had been so long since she last practiced that she completely forgot the rhythm. She ended up stepping on her partner’s feet several times. The

dance teacher looked concerned and gently advised Grandma Duangpamorn,

“Ma’am, I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to dance with Piang today. If she accidentally steps on your foot and you lose your balance, it could be dangerous.”

“But I really want to dance,”

Grandma said, looking disappointed. She turned to her eldest granddaughter instead.

“Matmee, come dance with me.”

“I’ve forgotten the steps too, Grandma. Work’s been keeping me so busy lately,”

Matika replied softly.

With no one else left to dance with, Grandma sighed, clearly disheartened. That’s when someone unexpected stood up and walked over.

“If you don’t hate me so much that you can’t even look at me, would you like to dance with me, Grandma?”

The tall girl offered kindly. She understood Grandma’s feelings well. Maybe she was a little demanding at times, but as people get older, they naturally want more attention and affection from their family. Sadly, life often pulls everyone away from them.

“Do you know how to dance?”

“My twin loves all kinds of dancing, especially slow ballroom dances. I used to be their dance partner a lot, so I learned. I still remember the steps and won’t miss a beat.”

What Sadanun said was true. Her twin loved dancing ever since they were kids, probably because they used to see Grandma dance too.

And she wasn’t lying. She had grown up watching Grandma dance and had picked up more than just a few moves.

Both of them had the chance to learn how to take turns dancing with Grandma. But ever since Nueng passed away she was the only one left to dance with Grandma.

“Let me warn you... if you mess up the rhythm or step on my foot, you can just go home and don’t come back here again.”

Her voice was strict but noticeably softer now. Sadanun stepped a little closer and held out her hand like she used to with her own grandma.

“May I have the honor of one dance with you, madam?”

The elderly lady paused for a moment. That sentence sounded just like what her husband had said the first time they met when they were young.

Memories of those days came rushing back because the way the person in front of her acted reminded her so much of her late husband. Even though she tried to stay composed, she finally reached out her hand.

The song “Khor Hai Muean Derm” (“Let It Be Like Before”) that Sadanun had chosen started playing.

The dance flowed gracefully, thanks to the lady’s experience and her dance partner, Sadanun. Only Piangrawin and Matika, who were watching anxiously, smiled as everything seemed to be going so well.

“Grandma looks like she’s enjoying it, Piang.”

The elegant older sister leaned slightly toward her younger sibling and whispered.

“Really?”

“Yes, Grandma likes it. I can tell.”

Her lips, lightly touched with natural-colored lipstick, curved into a soft smile. Matika could see that Grandma was really starting to soften—not just now, but little by little—because her future granddaughter-in-law had been so thoughtful and kind, and even joined in activities Grandma enjoyed.

Older people don’t usually ask for much. They just want to feel cared for by the younger generation.

“You know, you remind me of Piang’s grandfather,” The old lady said, starting to open up a little.

“He must’ve been a warm and romantic man, right?”

“How did you know?”

“I noticed it from the way your voice and eyes changed when you talked about him,”

Sadanun said. The elderly lady, Khun Ying Duangpamorn, let out a small laugh without meaning to.

“Yes, you remind me a lot of Piang’s grandfather. So much that lately, every time I see you, I think of him. He was warm, caring, and romantic. But sometimes he could be a bit clueless too. My son takes after him completely. And so does Matmee.”

“Your husband was a very lucky man.”

“How so?”

“He was lucky to have a wife like you. Even though he is no longer together, every time you talk about him, your eyes always look happy. That shows how much you loved him — enough to only remember the good things about someone you loved.”

“You’re quite the smooth talker, aren’t you?”

The older woman gave her a playful side-eye, realizing too late that she’d been charmed by the younger woman’s words. She spoke with such grace and thoughtfulness, not like the typical younger generation.

“I just hope you’ll give me a chance. I really want to make Piang happy. Even if one day we’re no longer together, I want her to still smile and feel happy every time she thinks of me — just like how you feel when you think of your husband.”

Suddenly, the dance came to a stop. Sadanun swallowed nervously, worried that she might’ve said something wrong or upset the older woman by talking about her husband too much. But instead of scolding her, Grandma’s eyes welled up with tears.

“Grandma! Are you okay? Why are you crying?”

Matika quickly stepped in and gently held her arm, concerned.

“I’m just hungry. Let’s go eat something. And you too, teacher — come have a meal with us.”

Seeing her girlfriend looking so upset, Piangrawin gently rubbed her arm to comfort her. Sadanun still wasn’t sure what she had done wrong to make Lady Duangpamorn cry like that.

Even though the older woman’s words and reaction made the atmosphere feel really tense, right before she stepped out the door, she turned back and looked at Sadanun with a softer expression.

“You dance pretty well,”

She said, then walked off with her eldest granddaughter and the dance teacher.

At that, Sadanun turned to her partner and let out a big relieved smile.

Piangrawin beamed too, eyes crinkling with joy.

“You did great, P'S̄ ong! Grandma’s accepted you now. You don’t have to worry anymore.”

Sadanun nodded. She wasn’t totally sure yet, but deep down she hoped all her effort hadn’t been for nothing.

After dinner, their guest, who had been at the house since morning, finally got ready to leave. But this time, the lady of the house came to see her off herself at the front hall.

“Come dance with me again sometime,”

Lady Duangpamorn said.

“You reminded me of Matmee and Piang’s grandfather. Talking to you felt like talking to him again. Next time, tell me more about your work, too. I don’t know much about your kind of job.”

“Of course, Grandma. I’ll pick out a nice song for us to dance to next time,”

Sadanun replied, glancing at her partner before turning back to smile at the older woman. She had really done it—just like she’d hoped, Grandma wasn’t cold-hearted at all. She just had her own way of showing love to her granddaughter, and now Sadanun understood that.

“Since you two are planning to get married soon, bring me to meet your family sometime. I’ll give you the chance you asked for,”

The older woman said.

“But let me be clear—if one day you hurt my granddaughter, I won’t let you be happy either.”

She said it half-jokingly, not too seriously this time. And now, Sadanun could smile with peace of mind. She held her partner’s hand warmly, then looked at the older woman and promised sincerely.

“Thank you, Grandma. I’ll make sure Piang is as happy as I say she’ll be. You’ll never have to be heartbroken because of us.”

Lady Duangpamorn gave a faint smile. It wasn’t just her youngest granddaughter who had been given the freedom to love whomever she wanted—regardless of background or family status. For the first time, she stopped trying to control her grandchildren’s hearts. Seeing how happy they were, what kind of grandma would dare stand in the way?

Besides, she thought, she didn’t have many years left. If she kept pushing for wealthy, prestigious matches, she might end up watching her grandchildren live unhappy lives during her final days—and that would be worse than going to hell.

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Today was a special day—Chatpimuk’s family was finally going to meet Sadanun’s family. As soon as the car stopped, everyone got out and took a look at the charming property in front of them. It wasn’t as big or grand as their own home, but it had a spacious, beautiful feel that instantly drew them in.

Matika and her parents had started to understand the moment they drove through the gate. They weren’t shocked or nervous, just a little surprised. The only one who really reacted was Grandma.

“Wait… why are we here?”

She asked, her voice slightly shaken. Her eyes had landed on the large sign above the front porch that read:

*Wang Worakit Charuwong*.

It was the name of the estate.

Lady Duangpamorn suddenly felt just like her youngest granddaughter had felt earlier—caught off guard and a bit thrown. Her voice carried a mix of confusion and alarm as she turned to ask Piangrawin.

The house already looked more impressive than expected, but that name on the sign made it even more intimidating—it didn’t just feel like a nice home, it felt important.

“Well… this is P'Song’s house,”

Piangrawin explained with a bright smile.

“It’s called Wang Worakit Charuwong. It might look like just a rich person’s house, but technically, it’s a palace.”

She’d been there enough times to know the place well, so she took the lead in introducing it proudly.

“…What do you mean?”

Grandma asked, still trying to process it all.

“P’Song is from this family, Grandma,”

Piangrawin said with a smile that hinted she knew something big was coming.

“You’ll finally get to know who she really is.”

Her grandmother felt a strange unease at those words—like something important was about to be revealed. And right then, the owners of the house came out to greet them.

“Good afternoon, Lady Duangpamorn,”

Said a graceful woman with a warm, welcoming voice. It was Lady Salika, and her presence was elegant and poised. Her children and grandchildren greeted everyone politely, and Piangrawin’s family did the same in return.

“You… know who I am?”

Lady Duangpamorn asked, surprised.

“In high society, you’re quite well-known,”

Lady Salika replied with a soft smile.

“I’ve heard a lot about how much you've contributed to society. I never thought we’d actually meet—especially because our grandchildren are in love.”

Seeing that her mother-in-law looked confused, Ranee—who had dressed especially modestly today—stepped in to explain.

“Mother, this is M.R. Salika. She’s the grandmother of your future granddaughter-in-law.”

At that, the older woman turned to look around the group, as if trying to confirm what she just heard. Her expression showed clear disbelief.

“What?! What did you just say, Ranee?”

She asked loudly, totally stunned. The others around her couldn’t help but smile at her reaction.

Ranee leaned in and whispered again, softly but clearly,

“I know you heard me, Mother. Song’s not some poor girl. Her grandmother is a member of the royal family—she’s a Mom Rajawongse. Their family is wealthy and respected. She’s more than worthy of your granddaughter, and she doesn’t even need to prove herself.”

“And how do you know all this? Why didn’t you tell me?”

Lady Duangpamorn shot back, clearly frustrated.

Ranee giggled, covering her mouth with her hand. Then she told the truth— like any caring mother, she had secretly looked into the person her daughter was dating, even if her daughter didn’t realize it.

Only she knew the full story. Her husband and eldest daughter were probably just finding out now. But she hadn’t told anyone because she felt it wasn’t her place. “I knew everything,”

Ranee said calmly.

“But it wasn’t my place to talk about someone else’s private life.”

That answer only made Lady Duangpamorn even more annoyed. She didn’t know if her daughter-in-law was being clever or just irritating her on purpose.

“Song… is that true?”

The elderly woman turned to ask her granddaughter’s partner directly.

“It’s true, Grandma. That’s my grandmother,”

Sadanun replied gently.

“Then why don’t you use the same last name as the one on the house?”

The name “Worakit Charuwong” was fairly well-known, and people tended not to mess with anyone from that family. They were descendants of the old nobility, a step above your usual high society.

Even though they weren’t royalty anymore, they were still held in high regard. That’s why Lady Duangpamorn had never suspected anything— Sadanun used a different surname, which had made her assume she was from a lower-status background all this time.

“I don’t use the same last name as my grandmother and father because of something we believed in since I was little,”

Sadanun explained calmly.

Lady Duangpamorn had been stunned before, but now she suddenly gave a dry, nervous cough—and then everything seemed to spin out of control.

😅😅

“Matmee… I think I’m going to faint,” she whispered. 😅😅

“Mom! / Grandma!”

Her son and granddaughter cried out at the same time.

Lady Duangpamorn went weak and nearly collapsed, but her son and Piangrawin rushed in to catch and support her. Everything turned chaotic for a moment as everyone scrambled to find smelling salts and help her recover.

In that moment of panic, she scolded herself silently: *Why did I judge Sadanun just based on appearances?*

This girl wasn’t some nobody—she was everything and more than anyone she’d ever tried to set up with her granddaughter. She was perfect.

Once things calmed down, everyone gathered in the large sitting room. The windows were opened wide to let in the breeze so Lady Duangpamorn wouldn’t feel stuffy or faint again. The atmosphere was actually quite relaxing, thanks to how warm and welcoming the homeowners were.

*But not for Lady Duangpamorn.*

Even though she was usually confident and composed, she now felt extremely awkward and tense. Still, she did her best to hide it, holding her usual proud posture while trying to get herself under control.

She got the title “Khun Ying” just because she came from a wealthy family and had done a lot of good for society—like charity work and social services. But the person she once looked down on, without even knowing well, also had the title “Khun Ying”—because she was descended from royalty.

The difference was so big that the older lady felt like she was about to faint again.

“I really looked down on your granddaughter before. I feel so sorry now for not realizing how special Song is.”

Everyone stayed quiet, giving space for the elders to talk. Even Sadanun sat silently, letting her grandmother handle everything.

“Please don’t worry, Khun Ying. I don’t take things personally. Even royal descendants are just regular people, really. And my granddaughter isn’t angry with you either—she loves your granddaughter.”

“Why didn’t you say anything about your family background? How could you let yourself be looked down on like that? Weren’t you afraid it would affect your whole family?”

This time, Khun Ying Duangpamorn turned to scold her soon-to-be granddaughter-in-law.

“I didn’t think it was important to say, Grandma. I didn’t want to win your approval with my family background. I just wanted you to truly accept me for who I am. I’m sorry for doing it this way.”

Hearing the polite words from someone who reminded her of her own husband, Khun Ying Duangpamorn started to calm down. She sighed to herself.

“Ah… getting old makes me like this. Stubborn, judgmental, judging people by appearances without looking deeper. I said some harsh things to you, but you still treated me kindly. I’m really sorry for looking down on you before. And thank you so much for not holding it against me.”

Sadanun slightly lowered her head and smiled. She didn’t stop the elder from apologizing, even though she was her girlfriend's grandmother and much older. Because to her, a truly respectable elder is one who can say sorry—even to someone younger.

“Well, let’s not dwell on the past now, Khun Ying Duang. As elders, seeing the kids happy and in love is more than enough for us.”

“Yes, Khun Ying.”

“Since everyone’s here already, stay for dinner. We can also talk about the wedding the kids asked for.”

“Thank you for being so kind to my daughter, Khun Ying,”

Tul said. He hadn’t been very involved before because of work, but now he was stepping up—happy to see his children growing stronger.

The atmosphere in the room turned warm and heartfelt. Everyone looked at each other and smiled. Especially Piangrawin, who was beaming at the one she loved so brightly that she barely noticed anything else around her.

It wouldn't be long before they were going to get married and be together. She would be the one by Sadanun's side through the nightmares and help her heal from her PTSD.

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**This grandma exactly like Anueng's grandma in Blank....**😅😅😅

# Chapter : 45.The Wedding Ceremony

There was a wedding ceremony taking place at the Wang Worakit Charuwong residence. The main house was beautifully decorated for the event. Khun Ying Duangpamorn and Ranee were busy organizing everything, making sure everything went smoothly.

Anong and Khun Ying Salika were in charge of the ceremony schedule, while the fathers of both families and Matika helped welcome the important guests. Everything was going very smoothly.

The whole area was filled with guests from both families. There was soft chatter and laughter mixing with beautiful music. The floral decorations in white and pink were simple yet elegant, spreading a light fragrance throughout the place.

The only quiet spot was the dressing room, since it wasn’t time for the ceremony yet. After the two brides finished with their hair and makeup, the stylists went out to grab something to eat, invited by the hosts.

“Today, it’s our wedding, P'Song’s.”

Said someone who couldn’t stop admiring her soon-to-be spouse. She was walking back and forth, staring in awe.

Sadanun had taken off the usual serious, quiet researcher vibe and was now dressed in a soft pink traditional Thai Chakri outfit, delicately embroidered by hand. Her long, straight hair flowed naturally, and her makeup was sweet and gentle. She looked even more radiant than the midday sun. Truly a stunning bride.

The speaker herself was wearing a similar style dress, decorated with lotus flowers and silver threads. It was sweet and elegant, just the way she liked it. The two of them looked so perfect together that they made the grand wedding feel like just a background.

“You look so beautiful. So beautiful that I just wanna eat you up right now,”

She said, running her finger down from Sadanun's chest to her stomach, thinking about the toned abs hidden under that traditional outfit.

“Stop it! Someone might see us. Save that for our wedding night,”

Sadanun quickly caught her fiancée’s sneaky hands and glanced around nervously, scared someone might walk in — especially her mom, who kept walking back and forth, busy checking on everything.

“Well then, tonight you’re not getting away. Wife or not, better watch out— your wife might eat you alive.”

With her face done up in soft, sweet tones, Piangrawin narrowed her eyes mischievously and raised her hand like she had claws, pretending to scratch like a cat. But instead of backing off, Sadanun stepped in closer and gently lifted her chin, smirking playfully with a teasing glint in her eyes.

“Let’s see who’s really gonna get eaten tonight,”

She whispered, half-joking.

Sadanun smiled in triumph. Today was the most important day of her life, and although she was usually full of confidence, even she felt a little nervous — her hands were a bit cold. But having Piangrawin standing right there, joking and teasing, made everything feel so much easier and less stressful.

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When the lucky time for the ceremony came, Sadanun had to say a quick goodbye to her bride-to-be so she could join the traditional engagement procession.

Even though the elders said it wasn’t necessary, she wanted to walk as part of the ritual — it was her way of formally asking her fiancée to marry her. The friends of both brides helped out by standing at the traditional “*money gates*.”

After the procession, the brides were brought to the ceremonial area. The dowry, beautifully arranged on golden trays, was displayed and counted in front of important guests from both families.

The thick stacks of cash, along with the sparkling diamonds and jewelry, shimmered brightly under the lights, catching everyone's eyes. Guests couldn’t help but whisper to each other in admiration, impressed by the wealth and status of both families.

“Wow, P'Namphrao, the dowry is huge! I was already surprised when I found out what kind of family P’Song came from. But after seeing this... I’m even more blown away,”

Said a tall girl, around 168 cm, leaning in to chat with her stylishly dressed senior.

"She’s just lucky,"

Someone answered teasingly, making the listener roll her eyes a bit — but honestly, she couldn’t stay jealous for long. That’s because the person next to her suddenly slid an arm around her waist and leaned in to whisper something in a deep, sexy voice, like a fierce lioness talking to a little deer in the woods.

"When it’s our turn to get married, I won’t let you be outshined by anyone, okay? Our wedding’s gonna be way hotter than this — red theme, and we party three days straight!"

Phakjira felt her cheeks heat up as she looked at her girlfriend’s red lips. They’d been dating for a while now. Phichika was completely different from Sadanun— one was calm and gentle, the other warm but fiery. “Stop it! You’re making me blush. Don’t flirt with me like this right now.” She nudged her girlfriend, embarrassed.

Watching the cute couple tease each other, Namphrao — who hadn’t had a serious relationship yet — rolled her eyes dramatically and turned to talk to the other bridesmaid sitting next to her.

“You’re Mun, right? Friend of Piang? Let’s be buddies until the end of the event. Everyone else has someone to talk to — I’m all alone over here.”

“Sure,” the woman smiled brightly.

“I’m happy for everyone in love… but wow, it gets really lonely.”

Luckily, to her left was another solo bridesmaid from Sadanun's side. She came alone too, so they were kind of in the same boat.

On her right, though, was the girlfriend of Matika, someone she didn’t really know. All she knew was that her name was Khwanrin. She was beautiful and calmer than the water in the lake.

She’d also heard that Matika had recently introduced her girlfriend, Khwanrin, to the family officially — no need to ask for permission, no drama, unlike what Piangrawin had gone through before.

That’s when she realized the power gap between those who are already mature, successful professionals and those who just stepped into the adult world.

After the engagement ceremony and ring exchange were done, it was time for the water blessing ritual. Sadanun and Piangrawin sat side by side on an elegant gold Thai-style bench.

The sacred water was poured gently over their hands until they were soaked. The scent of Thai flower water filled the air, mixing with the quiet laughter and warm smiles of the guests. The bridesmaids stayed close, helping everything go smoothly.

“May your love be as cool as a gourd and as steady as a rock,”

One elder said with a kind smile. The couple bowed their heads together, smiling as they received blessing after blessing from each elder in turn.

"Be like a gourd, heavy like the stone, my dear."

The couple bowed their heads and smiled, accepting the blessings from one elder after another.

Sadanun had stopped feeling nervous about the ceremony. She glanced at the person beside her and smiled fondly. Piangrawin was still like a little girl who had to go through this big formal event with so many people, even though they had planned for a simple wedding with only close friends and family.

But since her great-grandmother held a royal title and was highly respected, plus her own family was part of high society, the wedding ended up being much grander than they had imagined.

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By the time the bachelorette party was over, their home had been newly decorated to feel warmer and ready to welcome a new member— Piangrawin. Sadanun's beloved little daughter, nicknamed Moo Krob (crispy pork), was still allowed to sleep in their room like always.

But tonight, the little one seemed to understand and quietly went to sleep at her own condo.

"You should go shower now. It's been a long day,"

Sadanun said, letting her partner use the bathroom first. Just as she finished taking her hair down, she teased by playing with the hem of her dress.

"Want to shower together?"

"I’ll go lock up the house first. You can go in ahead,"

Piangrawin replied. Not getting the playful response she hoped for, Sadanun just smiled secretly and walked into the bathroom. After a while, she let her brand-new wife go in to shower next.

Sadanun spent longer in the bathroom than usual. Her face and hair had been worked on all day. Normally, she didn’t like wearing much makeup, but today she made an exception—she wanted to look her best for Piangrawin.

*Click.*

“P’Song?”

She called sweetly as soon as she heard the bathroom door open.

"Piang."

The person who had just come out of the bathroom stared at the smooth, pale pink body on the bed without blinking. She swallowed hard at the sight of her lover, who was naked and had hastily tied her hair with a long pastel pink bow that hung down to cover her beautiful breasts, which were exposed to the cool air, causing her nipples to harden.

"Why are you in this condition?"

"Just be a wedding gift for P'Song. Come and unwrap it."

Piangrawin sat on the bed, trying to make herself look sexy. Her 0lover, who was already boiling with sexual desire, turned off the big lights, leaving only the orange downlights, and rushed over to her.

She crawled up and grabbed her waist. Her hands were soft and light, as if she was afraid that they would break.

"I can see how good it is without even unwrapping it."

The slender hands touched the smooth skin, dragging from the stomach up to the full mound of breasts that were exposed to the air, then moved to support the beautiful, sweet and sour face before Sadanun's healthy lips gave a kiss to this delicate little bunny.

She licked the kiss, trying to steal the sweetness and softness slowly. Their tongues flicked against each other rhythmically, their eyelids closed slightly.

The atmosphere in the room began to be romantic with the dim orange lights and their kisses, causing the heat in their bodies to slowly build up easily. Her palms left her face, and Sadanun supported her lover's back so that it would not lean down.

The kiss was slow and close, drawing every touch to be immersed in the sweetness of the passion.

Until she broke away from the sweet kiss, the beautiful face full of attraction leaned down to bite the sweet pink nipples and suck them gently, while the slender body in her hands sat arched her back and sucked in her breath, moaning in pleasure.

"Uh,"

Piangrawin's body was supported to lean back against het side, while the other followed to suck on her sensitive part. The young woman lifted her head, hunched her shoulders, letting go of her hair and the tingling sensations from her upper body running down to her lower body.

The legs that were pressed together were slowly separated by the other's palms, and the fingertips lightly kneaded the sensitive point until it became throbbing.

The young woman moaned softly. The heat at the entrance of love began to build up gradually until she felt that it was simmering, ready to perform the duty of a good wife. Piangrawin's toes tensed because of the tingling sensation from being aroused with gentleness.

Until the warm mouth finally released her sensitive part and snuggled her neck instead. She drew her arms around her neck before trying to take off her lover's clothes because they were going to have a wedding ceremony.

The soft clothes were easily hugged by their owner even though they had just put them on. She saw the eleven-inch abs that she liked.

"That's so good. I want to play here too."

At the moment when her eife left her body, she reached out to touch her stomach and stroke it. It was soft and crazy.

"Let me do my homework first and then play."

Then, Sadanun collapsed again. She used her teeth to bite her body lightly all over. It felt so good that she had to twist her body back and forth. Before stopping at her thighs.

Sadanun spread her legs apart to reveal the love canal clearly. She saw how alluring and tempting it was to tease, with how gentle it was.

"Let's go in, my good girl."

She nodded to look at her face. Even though it was a bit blurry because she didn't wear glasses, she could feel that her clitoris was dripping with tears of satisfaction. Sadanun smiled and then pressed her lips on the sensitive area that was dripping wet to perfection.

"Ahh..."

Piangrawin moaned as soon as this part was swallowed. Both hands spread out to clench the sheet to fight against the tingling sensation and the throbbing pain. The body was shaking back and forth but the lower part was well-preserved.

The soft tongue that alternately licked and sucked again and again made her moan continuously until she had to move her hands to grab the hair of the other person instead.

The crispy pig pattern at this angle made her see Moo Krob that had not yet fallen asleep. The young woman chose to close her eyes to avoid seeing it, placing the soles of her feet covered with white socks on the bed and moving her hips to rub against her lover's mouth.

"Mmm.."

The clear water dripped into her eyes. The sound of the wet ground and warm mouth rubbing against each other softly rang out, stimulating her mood a little more.

“It was so exciting, like my heart will break."

The tips of Piangrawin's toes clenched until she almost got a cramp. When she moved away, the other person put her hands around her hips and locked her stomach.

"Honey."

Just the excitement of calling out, 'Honey,'" aroused Sadanun's sexual desire so much that she felt the heat at the entrance of her love. She groaned in response while her mouth continued to do its job.

"But I can't take it anymore. I'm almost done."

Knowing that her lover was almost at her peak, her warm lips sped up the pace of kneading her sensitive spot until the soft body in her hands started to beat more wildly and tried to move as if to escape. Until she suddenly stood up and looked at each other. Then she fell down again.

“Ahh...”

Piangrawin moaned out long and hard. Her beautiful hips twitched a few places at the moment of completion. Her legs tensed up cutely.

Sadanun's tongue, which had just finished its job, slowly left the surface before she used the back of her hand to wipe her mouth and moved up to kiss her lover’s cheek who was panting wildly.

“Do you like it?”

“I like it,”

Piangrawin replied with a still shaky voice.

Normally, Sadanun was hot and passionate. Today, she was gentle and soft. However, the feeling was as intense as ever. The young woman used the back of her hand to touch her hair, and it turned out that there was a little sweat. Before it was the other party who wiped her sweat instead.

“Do you want it to be more exciting?"

“I want, but let’s switch.”

Piangrawin regained her composure. At the moment when her wife reached down and felt like she was going to insert her fingers, she quickly grabbed her arm and used her own strength to switch positions.

It turned out that right now, Sadanun was lying down with her body straddling half of her. It's really warm.

"What are you doing? I was just about to go in. Are you being stubborn? Be careful."

Sadanan scolded the stubborn girl, but she didn't flinch. She dragged her fingertip around her stomach instead, as if she was crazy about it.

"Can I bite P'Song's eleventh groove?"

"What... are you going to bite me?"

The question was mixed with a soft laugh.

"Yes, it's just a little bit."

"Okay, but don't bite too hard."

After receiving permission, her lover's beautiful mouth bit down like a puppy teasing her wet food, which made her feel excited.

Sadanun pulled away, revealing faint bite marks and saliva left by the other person. After a while, she returned, turning it into a kiss and caress, creating a different feeling.

"Mmmh..."

Sadanun felt more aroused from the gentle teasing. The lower she licked down to the danger zone, the more she felt it. Since that time when she allowed Piangrawin to do it, she realized that she liked it. She liked being the one to be acted upon, even though she usually preferred to be the one doing.

"I just want to kiss another spot. Can I?"

She knows where her other spot is, and now she can't suppress the curiosity of the little bunny anymore.

"Yes, I allow it."

A tender smile appeared on the sweet face of Piangrawin. She spread Sadanun's long legs apart before swallowing. Her small, full lips descended on the sensitive spot that was hardening in response.

The permission given made Sadanun's breath come out softly. The tall figure looked down, letting her back fall with a sound, while extending her palm to caress her wife's beautiful hair and let physical pleasure grow strong together with happiness.

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When Piangrawin woke up late in the morning, she realized she was fully dressed—because Sadanun had put her clothes back on before they went to sleep.

She turned to look beside her and saw the person who had been switching "homework roles" with her all night was already awake and watching her.

"P'Song, you scared me!"

She said, startled. She still wasn’t used to waking up and seeing someone looking at her like crazy love-struck expression on her face. She still remembered Sadanun were calm, cool, and liked to act all indifferent very well.

"Can you call me that again?"

Sadanun asked. She had been awake long before Piangrawin, and while feeding their crispy pork, the cat, she couldn’t stop thinking about how cute it was when Piangrawin had called her “wife.”

She had loved hearing it, even before she admitted her feelings.

"Huh? Call you what?"

"'Wife, my wife,'"

She teased. Knowing her partner liked it, Piangrawin smiled.

"Ohh, you like it...wife, my wife,"

She said in a sweet, playful voice while gently pinching her partner’s cheek. That made Sadanun’s heart skip a beat. Her lips curled into a soft smile. She was blushing but this time, she didn’t try to hide it.

"I love it. No one’s ever called me that before. Only you, Piang."

"Of course it’s only me. If anyone else dares call you that, I won’t let them off easy."

"My wife is so fierce."

"Well, my wife is hot—good looking and super charming."

She gently cupped her wife's face, still refusing to get out of bed. This was her favorite kind of moment—rolling around in bed with the person she loved, even if she was starving.

"What do you see in me that makes you love me, P'Song?"

"Hmm… I think I made a mistake falling for you."

"You're mean!"

She pouted and tried to pull away, but her body wasn’t strong enough to escape the long arms pulling her into a hug.

"Just kidding. I love everything about you. Even when you're stubborn or annoying—I still love you."

"Then I’ll just be myself, okay? If there’s something you don’t like, tell me. I’ll try to change."

"I love my wife."

Sadanun smiled as she said it, showing her love instead of just saying thanks. Then she gave a soft kiss on her partner’s cheek.

"Love you too, my wife."

"Love you, wifey."

The smaller one in the hug grinned brightly. They both knew neither of them would ever lose in this "I love you more" competition. Maybe it was just the honeymoon phase, but she was determined never to give in.

"Future mommy, let’s have baby Nirin and baby Nira!"

This time, Piangrawin rushed to speak first so she could win this time. But after she said it, her partner’s beautiful, sharp-jawed face looked confused.

"Weren’t we gonna name them Ruean and Rai? I remember dreaming about that once. I couldn’t see the face clearly, but I just knew it had to be you in that dream. You even made that Ruean-Rai joke before. I actually like those names!"

"You weirdo! Those names are so weird. You seriously wanna name our kids after a pun?"

Piangrawin lightly punched her partner’s chest as they both laughed and hugged each other tightly—while their chubby little cat jumped up to join the fun.

They were lying close together, but it seemed like the other person wasn’t flustered at all.

"I think those names are super cute... Soon, little Ruean and little Rai will be right here. I’ll be waiting for crispy pork’s little sisters to be born."

She gently stroked her partner’s soft tummy, then wrapped her arm around that slender waist. Sadanun leaned in and kissed her partner’s lips tenderly.

Even though there had been moments of happiness and laughter before, today was the first time in eight years she truly smiled and laughed from the heart—fully and honestly.

Because now, she knew there’d be someone by her side—through both the happy days and the hard ones.

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**---------THE END-------**

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# Chapter : Special 01

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The crispy pork, her favorite pet pig, was eating wet food in the living room. The breakfast tray for her wife was already prepared and placed neatly on the dining table. The plate was covered to keep anything from falling into it. The cat had been well-trained not to eat human food, so she wasn't worried it would sneak a bite of the breakfast she made for Piangrawin.

She also prepared something else for her- a diamond ring.

Sadanan smiled as she looked at the perfectly sized diamond ring she had secretly bought for her wife as a gift to celebrate their three-month wedding anniversary. She closed the box and placed it next to a surprise card, while her wife was still sleeping on the bed like a lazy cat.

"I hope you'll like it,"

She muttered to herself, getting ready to go to work. She felt sure her wife would be really happy to see the gift she had been eyeing for a while. The other day, she had noticed her looking at this ring for a long time but not buying it, afraid it might be too pretty and outshine her wedding ring.

After waking up and getting ready, Piangrawin was dragged out for lunch at a Japanese restaurant by her older sister. They had planned to visit a factory later too, even though this time, her sister wouldn't be going. A different research team would be handling it.

Before that, her sister wanted to have lunch with her partner, whom Piangrawin had officially met twice-once during the wedding preparations and the second time on the wedding day itself. Although they didn't talk much, she could tell the woman was kind and really suited her sister.

Khwanrin was polite and well-mannered-just the kind of woman their grandma liked. Piangrawin also secretly noticed that their grandma didn't seem to dislike her at all, even though Khwanrin had introduced herself as an orphan who didn't have much.

She had heard that although Khwanrin didn't have anything personally, she actually came from a wealthy family that their grandma knew.

The company was called 124 KT, with a name similar to their own company. It seemed their grandma knew the owner because they were in the same social circle. Khwanrin apparently lived with that family in some capacity, though Piangrawin didn't catch all the details because she was too busy with the wedding that day.

"What's P'Rin relationship with the owner of that company, Phi Matmee She's not really family, right?"

As soon as they arrived at the restaurant, the young woman asked her older sister again.

"She's kind of like a daughter-in-law to that family,"

Her sister replied.

"Even though they are not real siblings, her father-in-law loves her and asks her to stay as a family until she wants to get married and move out."

"Oh, that sounds a bit complicated... but also kind of warm and sweet."

After getting her answer, she looked down and started checking her phone, while Matika was still outside the restaurant, looking for the person she had arranged to meet.

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**Piangrawin:**

**I'm at the ramen restaurant with P'Matmee. After we eat, we're going to check the factory. Before heading home, I'll stop by the mall too. Do you want me to pick up anything for the house?"**

She also sent a picture of the restaurant to her wife. Not even a moment passed before she got a reply, almost like her wife had been waiting for her message the whole time.

**Song :**

**T-bone, ribeye, or tomahawk-Just buy whatever you like. I'll make dinner for us. You saw the ring already, didn't you?**

**Piangrawin :**

**Yes, I saw it. Thank you, my wife. I love it so much. Even though it's so pretty it might outshine our wedding ring... if you want me to wear it, I'll wear it."**

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Piangrawin looked down at her phone and smiled at the pink chat screen. Ever since she got married and moved in with Sadanun, she had noticed she'd gained a little bit of weight-probably because her wife loved to spoil her with food and couldn't stop hugging her, saying she was soft and she didn't want her to lose weight.

Even so, she still made the effort to wake up and exercise every other morning. They were planning to have a baby soon, using medical techniques arranged through a specialist doctor that Namkhing had helped them contact.

"What's got you smiling like that?"

Her older sister asked with a small frown, seeing her younger sister grinning and twisting around for no reason.

"I was just texting with P'Song a bit. She's cooking steak for dinner tonight."

"You're making me jealous, you know that?"

"Oh come on, P'Matmee. You've got someone of your own! Don't be jealous of your little sister. If you want someone to cook for you every day, then be serious-go propose already. Get married and bring her to live with you. Grandma would probably like P'Rin. She loves ladies who are proper and graceful."

"She's..."

Matika started to say something but Piangrawin cut in playfully again.

"Calm, classy, gentle, traditional and lovable. The perfect woman."

Matika laughed at her sister's words. Piangrawin was getting funnier by the day.

"Honestly, I've been serious from the start. I don't care if Grandma likes her or not. I'll do whatever it takes to make sure she never has to deal with anything unpleasant. And now that Grandma doesn't care about social status anymore-when Rin ready to get married, I'll marry her." "Got it," Piangrawin nodded.

"By the way, didn't you say you were meeting her at 11?"

She looked around, noticing they still hadn't gone inside despite the heat. Then the person beside her nudged her arm and motioned toward someone coming their way with a bright smile.

"There she is. That's Noon."

As the two women walked up, Piangrawin recognized one of them as her sister's girlfriend, whom she had met before. She quickly greeted them, just in case the other woman didn't remember her.

"Hi, P'Rin! It's me, Piang. I'm the one P'Matmee brought you to my wedding. Do you remember me?"

But what was it about this beautiful woman who was as tall as Sadanun standing next to Khwanrin, who was smiling so brightly at her? Why was she so cheerful when they didn't even know each other at all?

"Why is she here with another woman?"

Piangrawin leaned close to her sister and whispered the question with suspicion. But the woman in question seemed to hear it and just smiled knowingly.

"She's my little sister, Piang,"

Khwanrin said warmly.

"This is Khem. We had some errands to run together today, so I brought her along. I hope that's okay?"

*The younger sister... the one who said she was the daughter-in-law of the company owner.*

"Oh, not a problem at all,"

Piangrawin replied quickly, showing she understood. The woman with the big smile-so big it made her eyes squint-responded without even a hint of awkwardness.

"Nice to meet you both, P'Matmee and Piang," she said cheerfully.

"Please take care of P'Rin for me. I promise she'll be a wonderful partner."

Hearing that, Piangrawin turned to glance at her sister, then smiled back at Khemjira in a friendly way.

"Nice to meet you too. P'Matmee will also be a great partner. Please take care of my sister too, okay?"

"Khem actually had kids through medical procedures. I heard from Phi Matmee that Nong Piang just wanted to do it. You can ask for advice from her."

Khwanrin said because she remembered what her lover had said about her younger sister. Matika also looked very excited that in the future, she would have children with her.

"That's right,"

Khemjira added with a bright smile, like a golden retriever in human form.

"My wife and I have two kids-twins. If you're interested or have any questions, feel free to ask me anytime."

*Wife? Oh! So she's openly sapphic and proud of it. That's actually... pretty cool.*

"Really? Can I ask you stuff then?"

Piangrawin's eyes lit up with excitement the moment the tall, dog-like cutie smiled at her.

"Of course! I'm happy to share anything you want to know,"

Khemjira said warmly with a big, genuine smile. Piangrawin instantly felt more at ease.

"Then let's head into the restaurant, so that we can talk more comfortable."

She suggested. Since it looked like their two families were going to be spending more time together, she figured it'd be nice to get to know each other better. That way, Khwanrin wouldn't feel like it was just her and her partner all the time.

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"The steak for my beautiful wife is ready,"

Sadanun said sweetly as she set a hot plate of thick ribeye steak down on the dining table.

The smoky aroma filled the whole house, with barbecue sauce dripping off the meat, making it look extra juicy and delicious. The steak was grilled to perfection, and the smell made Piangrawin-who had been starving all daygo a little weak in the knees.

"Thank you, my wife. It smells so good, my stomach is literally about to jump on the table and do a dance!"

She said with a laugh, waving the scent toward her nose. Her silliness made Sadanun chuckle softly... until she noticed something.

"Wait a sec... why are you wearing the ring on that finger? I bought it for your index finger. Didn't you say you wanted a ring for your right index finger?"

"It's too loose."

"....."

Sadanun blinked in surprise, looking a bit disappointed. She had imagined everything going perfectly and romantically-but now there was a mistake? Why did this happen?

"The ring is too loose on my index finger. I was afraid it would fall off, so I had to wear it on this one instead,"

Piangrawin explained, showing her middle finger with the ring on it. That made the person sitting across from her laugh again and reach over to gently lower her hand. Then Piangrawin started eating, worried she might get hangry and take it out on her girlfriend.

"Sorry, I just guessed. I thought your fingers were about the same size as mine. Didn't you say you gained weight lately? But you don't look it at allyou're still tiny,"

Sadanun said with a soft smile. Piangrawin had this natural sex appeal, but when she ate, she looked so cute-like a little kid. Sadanun gently patted her head with affection. Even though Piangrawin had complained about gaining weight, to her, she still looked delicate and huggable-someone she always wanted to keep close.

"It's okay. I'll just wear it on this finger. Thank you so much. It looks really good on me-I love it,"

Piangrawin said with a smile, knowing her wife had picked it out with care. She put her fork and spoon down, leaned in to touch her lover's cheek in thanks, then went back to eating-she was super hungry.

Both the lovely ring and the delicious food, her sweet wife was being so kind to her, that she started to miss that cold-hearted "wolf" version of her from before.

"Alright then, I'll take you to get the ring resized. But I'm just happy you like it,"

Sadanun said with a soft smile, watching her wife eat with such focus. Life had been full of surprises since they started dating. She no longer dreamed about her twin sister. She didn't have to be a model for her anymore, or keep being someone else for her sake.

She was so much happier now-more than she ever expected.

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# Chapter : Special 02

With Namkhing, is it considered they ended on good terms?

It would probably be good. For Namkhing's mom and grandma, and

Piangrawin's grandma, they're probably not so sure. But for Piangwarin and Namkhing, they're like real siblings-like friends who are complete opposites and never really clicked.

Still, Namkhing played an important role in her life and Sadanun. She helped them find a specialist for ICSI treatment.

Right now, they're going through the egg stimulation phase to collect them for the lab. She learned all these steps months ago from Khemjira, Khwanrin's younger sister. It sounded complicated and painful. But she really want a baby. So even though she's a bit spoiled, she's willing to go through all this discomfort if it means they can have a little one as part of their family.

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**9:00 PM**

It was time to inject Phiangrawin with egg stimulating drugs. Sadanun washed her hands thoroughly and then gently gives the injection to her lover, as she does every day. Today, it seemed like her stomach was a little swollen, like she was going to have a fever.

"Ouch..."

The slender body twitched slightly, closing her eyes and not looking at the moment when her lover was inserting a small needle into her skin layer, her stomach, to inject the egg stimulating injection. After a short while, the stinging sensation disappeared.

"It's done."

Even though it was just a small needle wound, because her lover seemed to feel bad. Sadanun prepared a cute patterned plaster to cover the wound to make her feel better.

"Does it hurt?"

"Of course it does! What kind of question is that?"

That irritated tone made Sadanun pause. Looking at the other person's face, she knew that it was not okay. She noticed that Piangrawin seemed in a bad mood all day, so she didn't hold it against her.

"I'm sorry. I'll try to be more gentle next time."

The slender hands stroked her stomach to comfort her before kissing her again. Piangrawin knew that she had just done something inappropriate closed her eyes gently and opened them to look at her lover with guilt.

*That was really a bad attitude...*

Piangrawin realized she had just snapped at her partner for no reason. Her voice softened right away. Tears welled up in her eyes, not because she was mad at her partner, but because she was upset with herself. She had taken it out on Sadanun, even though she hadn't done anything wrong at all.

"If I got fat, had pimples, started losing hair, and got grumpy all the time... would you still love me?"

"Of course I'd still love you. I understand. You don't need to worry about that."

"Really? Even if I'm ugly, you'd still love me?"

Her sniffly voice and red-tipped nose made Sadanun's heart melt. Lately, Piangrawin had been going through a sensitive phase, so Sadanun wanted to take extra good care of her.

"You're always beautiful to me, no matter what. Come here, don't cry."

She gently pulled Piangrawin's hand and led her to sit at the end of the bed to play with their chubby calico cat. It would help her relax a bit. Then Sadanun headed off to the kitchen.

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"What are you doing?"

Piangrawin asked, curious, as she saw her partner carrying a hot water pot, a drink box, and a coffee cup over to the table by the wall. She was making some noise, clearly doing something. Meanwhile, Piangrawin absentmindedly petted the cat's soft back - it always made her feel better.

"You didn't eat anything this evening. I thought I'd make you a warm ginger drink, so your stomach feels better before bed. Play with Mr. Crispy Pork for now, okay?"

*She's so sweet...*

Piangrawin watched her partner's back with a gloomy expression, hormones messing with her mood - but deep down, her heart felt warm.

The way she glowed with kindness... it made Piangrawin feel even guiltier for sometimes snapping at her without any real reason. The worst part wasshe'd even said she was annoyed with her.

She didn't know how those words had come out of her mouth. Just thinking about it hurt already... she couldn't imagine how much it must've hurt Sadanun to hear them.

"P'Song..."

Wearing her soft pajamas, the petite woman walked up and hugged her partner from behind, gently resting her cheek against her back with emotion.

"Do you want something special?"

Even though Piangrawin hadn't been very sweet lately, Sadanun was still the same as always.

"I'm sorry for snapping at you... I'm sorry for not being nice. I shouldn't have done that. I was just frustrated with myself, but I kept taking it out on you."

As soon as she said that, Sadanun-who was stirring the warm, fragrant ginger drink-turned to her and gently stroked her head.

"I already told you-I understand. I'm not mad at you. Don't forget, I was there with you when the doctor explained all the side effects. I'm glad you trust me enough to let it all out."

That soft smile was always just for her. Sadanun never took anything to heart. She understood everything about women-especially her own wife. She knew Piangrawin didn't want to be like this... it was just the hormones messing with her emotions. Her body was probably exhausted already, having to deal with everything going on inside.

"It might sound weird... but thank you,"

Piangrawin said. She wasn't sure if it was romantic or not, but she felt deeply grateful. And this time-this was going to be the last time she hurt Sadanun like that. She couldn't bear to see her looking worn down... even if Sadanun never once showed it.

"Alright then-drink this. And tomorrow morning, you better eat all the breakfast I make, okay? No skipping meals like tonight."

The warm ginger tea was handed to her. Piangrawin took it and downed it all, even though she didn't really like the spicy taste.

"All done. Let's watch a movie together tonight, okay?"

"Of course! You pick anything you want. I'll watch anything with you."

That reply brought a wide, happy smile to Piangrawin's face. Dressed in her short pajamas and cozy socks, she quickly queued up a romantic movie, turned off the big light, and held the hand of her lover to cuddle up and sleep on the bed.

Their chubby calico cat, lovingly called "Crispy Pork," had already been tucked into her little bed by her mommy before the movie started.

"I love you so much, P'Song. There's nothing better than falling asleep snuggled in your arms,"

Piangrawin whispered.

As she spoke, her soft hand slid under her partner's shirt, gently stroking her toned stomach. These days, Sadanun didn't seem to mind at all-in fact, she actually seemed to like it when Piangrawin did this before bed.

"I love you too, Piang. Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes... but honestly, just seeing your gorgeous face and that sexy body of yours made all my bad mood disappear. You're my magic cure."

"You can get moody with me anytime. I might not be able to take the pain away, but at least let me help ease your feelings a bit."

Sadanun gently ran her hand over her lover's head, full of understanding and care. She knew that before they could welcome their little ones, Piangrawin would have to go through a lot-physically and emotionally. And this little bunny of hers was naturally anxious and sensitive.

"No... I'll try my best to control my mood. I don't want to make you sad,"

Piangrawin said softly.

Then silence fell, leaving only the sound of the TV playing in the background.

A few minutes later, the warm little body curled up in her arms had already drifted off to sleep, breathing evenly and peacefully.

Sadanun looked down at her and smiled gently. She pulled the blanket up a bit more to keep her warm, then leaned down and kissed her on the head with all the love in the world.

Very soon, their life would be filled with the sounds and joy of the twins they had wished for. When that time came, she was ready to be both the loving wife and the best mommy for her little family.

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# Chapter : Special 03

Normally, Sadanun wakes up early to prepare breakfast for her beloved. The sleepyhead, on the other hand, usually wakes up only when Sadanun comes to say goodbye before going to work, then goes back to sleep until her own wake-up time.

Today was no different. Fish porridge and soy milk were all ready. Sadanun smiled, thinking of how her gentle bunny would finish all of it just like every day.

Just then, a message from her mother came in. She took off her apron, hung it up, and picked up her phone.

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**Mom:**

**Song, today the main house has green curry with fish balls that Piang likes. I’ll bring some over when it’s ready. Grandma is also making sweet glutinous rice balls with egg. Do you want some too?**

**Song:**

**I actually already made fish porridge for Piang, but it’s okay if you bring some. Lately, she hasn’t been eating much. Maybe she’ll like it. As for the dessert, please bring it just for Piang. I have to hurry off to work. Please thank Grandma for me.**

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Once everything was done, Sadanun returned to the bedroom to change again. As usual, the sleepyhead slowly opened her eyes and looked at her quietly. The one curled up in bed suddenly felt—

What’s that smell?

Piangrawin felt queasy as soon as a strange scent drifted into the room. The door had been left open, so the smell of food from outside wasn’t too strong, but it still made her feel like throwing up.

She pulled the little stuffed pig close to her. The pig’s shampoo smelled nice and helped a bit.

“Are you leaving already?”

“It’s seven o’clock,”

Sadanun replied, smiling at the sleepy voice and drowsy face. The little Moo Krob looked just as sleepy lying next to her. These two were so close lately—it was adorable.

“Lately, the little cat’s been snuggling with you a lot more.”

Wearing her work outfit, Sadanun sat down beside the bed, kissed Piangrawin’s forehead, and then reached out to pet the chubby little “daughter” cuddled next to her.

Lately, the cat had been unusually attached to Piangrawin—so much so that Sadanun almost felt like she was being left out.

“I think it’s because I’ve been at home with her almost all the time, while you go to work every day,”

Piengrawin replied.

“She likes to cuddle up next to me. She’s so clingy—really cute.”

“She really is. But why do you look a bit pale today? Are you feeling unwell?”

Sadanun touched her partner’s forehead with the back of her hand, then moved her hand down to the side of her neck. Her temperature seemed normal, but Piangrawin still looked a little green—like she was about to be sick. She had eaten very little last evening too.

Sadanun wondered if Piangrawin was still feeling heartbroken that the medical procedure to have children hadn’t worked. The sadness that came slowly afterward worried her. Even though Piangrawin could still smile like normal, who knew what she was feeling deep inside?

“I just had a lot of dreams last night,” Piangrawin mumbled sleepily.

“I guess I didn’t really sleep well.”

But it wasn’t just that—she’d actually been feeling unwell for the past few days. Nausea came and went, and her body felt more uncomfortable than usual today. Still, she didn’t want to get up. She was tired but wanted to at least wake up to see her partner off to work.

“If you’re still sad about the baby, please don’t be. We still have lots of time. It’ll happen eventually. We can try again.”

Sadanun gently stroked Piangrawin’s head, her warm touch full of comfort and affection. But even so, the sweet woman’s smile looked more like one of quiet strength than true peace.

“I’m really okay,”

Piangrawin said softly.

“Alright, then get some more rest. I have to go to work now. Breakfast is on the table. Make sure to eat all of it when you wake up. And if you feel worse, please tell me, okay?”

She leaned down to kiss her lover’s forehead again and tucked the blanket around her gently before heading off.

Before leaving, she even texted her mother to say that her daughter-in-law didn’t seem well—just in case, since her mother always helped keep an eye on things. Then she would probably be worried all day.

After her wife left the room and gently closed the door, Piangrawin gave a sly smile, like she had something planned. She slowly got up... but then had to rush straight to the bathroom to throw up. She couldn’t hold back the nausea anymore.

"Be kind to mommy, okay kids?"

Even though it was miserable throwing up with an empty stomach, she still smiled happily and gently rubbed her belly.

About two weeks ago, she’d taken a pregnancy test just like the doctor suggested. She told Sadanun the result was negative because the second line was still very faint. So she waited a bit and took another test yesterday— this time, using a digital one.

The result she had been waiting for finally showed up clearly. And today, she was going to tell her the good news—because tomorrow was Sadanun's birthday. What she was doing might seem a little sneaky… but she knew it would be her best birthday ever.

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**9:30 AM**

Team Three had a meeting scheduled for 10 o'clock. Both Sadanun and Nong Lek (Phakjira) were focused on reviewing the info they needed for their presentation. The room was pretty much silent, except for Namphrao, who had stepped out to grab a bite before the meeting.

"All the info’s ready now. I’ve highlighted the parts P’Song needs to present. You can just read those parts."

Phakjira handed the presentation documents to Sadanun. Even though someone else had won the best researcher award and she wasn’t in the spotlight anymore, she still worked hard.

Some jealous coworkers still had their eyes on her—especially Sarut, who was the king of petty jealousy. But at least he didn’t dare talk bad about Matika or Piangrawin in front of her anymore, since now they were clearly all on the same side.

Then suddenly, a message notification dinged on her phone.

A message from Piang.

Even though she was in the middle of prepping for the meeting, the message was long—looked like something important. So Sadanun took a break from her work and read it carefully.

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*To my dearest wife,*

*Today, I took another pregnancy test, and the result is different from last time. I'm officially pregnant! I've been feeling really sick, dizzy, and I can’t even get out of bed.*

*I’ve thrown up so many times that I had to come lie down and rest. I think our little Moo Krob (Crispy Pork) probably already knew—no wonder she has been so clingy lately, hanging out near my belly like that.*

*This evening, could you please bring home something nutritious for both me and the baby? And tomorrow, can you take me to see the doctor?*

*Happy Birthday.*

*From... your beautiful wife*

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Sadanun’s heart suddenly skipped a beat.

Morning sickness? So…medical infertility treatment works?

She looked again at the photo attached—a clear result from the digital test that read "Pregnant." It confirmed that those little twins were now truly on their way.

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**Piang:**

**Sorry I lied that day and said I wasn’t pregnant. The second line was so faint that I wasn’t sure. I didn’t want to go to the hospital and be heartbroken if the result was wrong. I just wanted to be 100% sure first. And now I am. I really wanted this to be P’Song’s birthday present.**

**Song:**

**It’s really okay. I’m not mad at all. I just didn’t want you to feel sad if the treatment didn't worked. Now that you’re not upset anymore, I’m at peace. Take good care of yourself until I’m back, okay?**

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Sadanun smiled widely, unable to hide her joy. She quickly forwarded the picture Piangrawin had sent her to Phichika, proudly showing off that she was going to be a mom. Even though she’d been disappointed before, thinking the baby hadn’t made it, she was now overwhelmed with joy knowing those little ones were really on their way.

“P’Song, what are you smiling about all by yourself? Did you win the lottery or something?”

Nong Lek looked at her curiously, raising an eyebrow at how unusually cheerful her team leader seemed for a regular workday.

“Piang messaged me… she’s pregnant.”

“What?!”

The younger teammate nodded like she understood, but then her eyes widened with surprise and happiness.

“Wait—she’s pregnant? I’m going to be an auntie?!”

“Yup! And it looks like she’s got pretty bad morning sickness too,”

Sadanun smiled through the tears welling up in her eyes, staring at the pregnancy test photo Piangwarin sent. From all the symptoms, she was sure both babies were in there—twins were coming, no doubt about it. “Wow, you're so happy you're crying! I’m so happy for you!”

Pakjira paused her work and handed over a tissue, giving her a quick, comforting pat on the shoulder.

“I really want to go home now.”

Sadanun squeezed her own cold hands, trying to keep it together—this was the first time in her life that she couldn’t control her emotions like this. Just then, the team’s eldest member walked back into the room, smiling warmly and carrying a few snacks.

“You can go now, soon-to-be mommy of twins. I’m officially giving you emergency leave under staff welfare.”

“But what about the meeting? I was supposed to present too.”

“Ploy and I will take care of it. And I’m sure the boss won’t mind either.

This is big news—you should go home and be with your wife and babies. Congratulations! Wishing all three of you good health.”

Her teammate gave her a strong, happy pat on the shoulder.

“Thank you so much, P’Namphrao.”

Sadanun smiled so wide she couldn’t stop, quickly packing her things to rush home to the one she loved most. Her hand stayed wrapped around her phone the whole time. The next person she planned to tell?

The boss—who she’d be meeting with in just a few minutes. She wanted to let her know why she’d be skipping the meeting… and to share this longawaited good news with everyone.

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As soon as she got home, the tall woman rushed out of the car and strode into the house with a big, happy smile. But that smile quickly vanished the moment she saw her wife lying unconscious on the carpet in front of the sofa. Her face turned pale.

Sadanun dropped everything she was carrying and hurried over, her heart pounding with panic, afraid that something had happened.

"Piang! Piang, what’s wrong? Did you faint?"

"Uh… P’Song?"

The woman stirred, blinking up at her with a dazed look. First, she was confused about how Sadanun was suddenly here. Second, why did she look so freaked out?

"Are you hurt anywhere? Tell me, where does it hurt?"

"I was just lying down playing with Moo Krob and accidentally fell asleep,"

Piangrawin answered with a sheepish smile. Sadanun immediately pulled her into a gentle hug, holding her like she was made of glass.

"Oh my gosh, why didn’t you lie down somewhere more comfortable? I was so scared,"

She said, her voice trembling as she stroked her younger wife’s head. Seeing her lying like that had truly shaken her.

"Sorry… but Moo Krob was sleeping under the sofa, and I couldn’t get her out. Plus, it’s nice and cool here, and not too hard."

Piangrawin patted the soft furry rug under her to confirm.

"If my wife buys something like this, do I need to install an additional cat's camera?"

Sadanun said with a straight face, frowning a little. But then, she couldn’t stay upset for long—her heart melted at the sight of her adorable pregnant bunny with big round eyes. She sighed in defeat and gently stroked her lover’s soft cheek.

"So, you're really okay, right?"

"Yes, I feel totally fine. But why are you home already? Didn’t you just start work a little while ago?"

"I was worried about you. Did you eat already?"

"Yes, but I couldn’t eat the porridge you made. It was way too fishy. So Mom made me something else."

Even though her partner admitted she couldn’t eat the fish porridge she had made, Sadanun still smiled, just happy that her love had managed to eat something. She imagined how thrilled Grandma would be when she finally gets to hold her great-grandchild.

"Are you feeling okay today? I was thinking we could go to the doctor for your first prenatal check-up. Eating should help with the morning sickness too."

She gently helped her partner up from the floor and onto the sofa.

"I’m okay. It usually gets better late in the morning. I might feel a bit dizzy though."

"Then let’s get ready to see the doctor, okay?"

"Sure. Actually, I’m ready now if you want to go."

"Alright, let me just pack a few things really quick."

Sadanun started rushing around, grabbing things they might need—bottled water, a small trash bin in case of nausea, wet wipes, and most importantly, her partner’s inhaler.

But just then, everything around her seemed to go dark for a moment. She suddenly felt weak and almost collapsed—but luckily managed to catch herself on the sofa.

"P’Song! What’s wrong? Are you sick?"

Her partner quickly dropped her phone, which she had been using to reply to congratulatory messages, and rushed over to help her sit on the sofa. She started fanning her, alarmed at how pale her partner had become.

"It’s nothing… I just feel kind of dizzy. Been feeling like this since I left work."

"Then how did you even drive here by yourself? If you’re sick, you should rest first."

The sweet voice turned a little scolding as Piangrawin ran off to get her balm and a cool towel, then started gently wiping her partner’s face. Clearly, Sadanun was in no condition to do anything.

"I was just worried about you. You’re home all alone."

"How am I alone? Mom, Grandma, and a bunch of others are in the main house. They just left not long ago. And don’t forget crispy pork's here too!"

Piangrawin gave her partner a look and gestured toward the calico cat that had crawled out from under the sofa and was now trailing her closely, as if on guard duty. The cat acted just like a proud big sister excited about a new baby in the house.

"Still, I can’t help but worry about you."

"Don’t tell me…"

Piangrawin raised an eyebrow suspiciously as she looked at her partner. "What?"

"You’re having sympathy symptoms, aren’t you? I’m starting to feel better now, but you’re the one getting sick instead!"

That explanation made Sadanun chuckle nervously, though she found it kind of cute.

"I doubt it. That usually happens to guys, right? I’m probably just overly excited. When I found out, my heart was racing, my hands went cold—I seriously thought I was going to faint."

Her reasoning made sense, but Piangrawin still liked her own idea better— it sounded more romantic.

"Well, maybe. Then let’s just go to the hospital tomorrow. You should rest today, you really don’t look well."

"I can manage. Let’s go today. If it really looks unsafe, I’ll have the driver take you, okay?"

There was no more time to waste. Sadanun stood up again and started packing everything up. She couldn’t bring herself to wait another day— knowing that Piangrawin was carrying their precious little baby, every moment felt important.

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# Chapter : Special 04

This year, the award ceremony was held in the company’s banquet hall.

Last time, Sadanun asked the boss to take her name off the nominee list. But this time, the boss couldn’t do that because the higher-ups from every department insisted she be included.

Her work in the research department really stood out this year, especially the new product she proposed for the international market—it’s doing really well.

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**10:35 PM**

Sadanun just got home from the award party at work. She went alone because Piangrawin is still in her early pregnancy. Lately, Piangrawin’s been sleeping more and has strong morning sickness, especially with food smells, so going to a party like that wouldn’t be good for her.

The “126 Mega Excellence – Outstanding Researcher” award is back in Sadanun’s hands once again.

Looking sharp in her formal clothes, she walked quietly into the house holding her trophy. All the lights were off, except for the front porch light that her partner had left on for her. It seemed like the one who left it on had already gone to sleep, so Sadanun used her phone flashlight to unlock the door.

She smiled at the trophy and gently placed it on the shelf with her other three trophies from past years. She thought she’d show it to Piangrawin tomorrow. She’d probably be really happy she won again.

Meanwhile, Piangrawin wasn’t sleeping early tonight…

“Ah…”

Lost in a rush of rising desire, she didn’t hear anything from the other side of the door. Her body leaned back slightly, legs bent and parted a little. One hand rested on the bed, while the other held a toy gently against her sensitive spot. Her head tilted back as she let out a soft moan. Pleasure was overwhelming her, clouding her mind, until suddenly…

***Click!***

The bedroom door opened.

“Piang! It’s me,”

Said the voice that made her jump in surprise. She turned quickly toward the source of the voice, accidentally dropping the toy from her hand. Thankfully, it was her own wife. If it had been anyone else, she probably would’ve died from embarrassment.

“Piang…”

Sadanan softly whispered her lover’s name. She stood frozen, staring at her wife on the bed, lower half completely bare, hair messy but somehow still incredibly sexy under the warm orange downlight. What… is going on?

But then it clicked. From Piangrawin’s body language, her expression, and the cute little toys scattered across the bed—it was obvious. She had been taking care of herself while Sadanun was out. Was it because Sadanun wasn’t there for her? Even though she had been doing her “wifely duties” nearly every day already?

“I thought you were asleep, so I didn’t knock… I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,”

Piangrawin blinked up at her, not exactly embarrassed, though maybe a little shy. But honestly, she’d much rather her wife take over for those toys right now.

“Are you okay, Piang?”

Sadanun asked gently. Piangrawin paused for a moment, thinking, then responded honestly.

“If you take a shower first, it might take too long… Can you help me now instead?”

Hearing her wife ask so sweetly, the woman who had just come home smiled tenderly.

“Of course. Looks like my baby needs me pretty badly. I’m sorry I came home late,”

Sadanun said as she set her things down and leaned in for a kiss.

After a gentle kiss, Sadanan pulled away, remembering she shouldn’t jump in to help her wife just yet.

“I’ll be right back, okay? Just a minute.”

She stepped away from the bed, quickly changed clothes, and made sure to wash her hands thoroughly before returning to her lover—who was now looking even more dreamy-eyed with anticipation.

“How are you feeling, hmm? Let me see,”

Sadanun said softly, gently pressing her wife down onto the bed and leaning in close to her ear.

Immediately, Piangrawin wrapped her arms around her wife’s neck, speaking in a sweet, needy tone.

“Lately, I’ve been getting turned on so easily… I don’t know why. I can’t sleep, I just keep thinking about you, and then… well, I get like this.” “Really now?”

Sadanun murmured, brushing her nose along Piangrawin’s neck and taking in the light scent of lotion on her warm skin. Her hand slowly slid along her wife's leg, reaching her hips and gently squeezing them, earning a soft moan from the woman beneath her.

“Yes… even after I finished a couple times already, I still horny. I keep getting turned on just thinking about your face,”

Piangrawin admitted, her voice full of sweet longing.

“Aww, that makes me happy to hear. So just thinking about me make you feel horny?”

“It happens more than usual too… Do you think it’s because of the babies?”

She asked, gently placing Sadanun’s hand on her lower belly, which had started to show a small bump.

Sadanun softly rubbed her warm palm over the tiny bump, then slowly slid her hand lower, greeting the delicate, already wet petals between her lover’s legs. Her fingers gently circled the sensitive spot, just enough to make Piangrawin arch her back and breathe in sharply.

“Ah… I don’t know,”

Piangrawin whispered breathlessly, tilting her head back and gripping her partner’s shirt with both hands. Her body arched and shifted restlessly as waves of pleasure began surging through her again—deeper this time, more intense, more satisfying than ever.

“Let me see how you’re doing,”

Sadanun said gently.

“More…”

Piangrawin swallowed hard as Sadanun’s fingers slid deeper inside, pressing just the right spot that sent a trembling wave through her lower belly.

“Ahh… my love…”

She moaned, curling her toes as a familiar rush of pleasure washed over her.

“So sweet…”

Sadanun murmured with a warm smile, sensing how wet and ready her partner was. It must’ve been building up for a while now, she thought with tender affection.

She carefully braced herself with an elbow on the bed, not wanting to put too much of her weight on Piangrawin’s body—especially now with their little one growing inside. She could tell her wife was starting to feel a bit more sensitive and full.

Looking down at Piangrawin’s extremely arousing face, Sadanun leaned in for a kiss. Her hands cradled that familiar face with care, and their lips met in a passionate kiss. Their tongues moved together slowly, sweetly, building up heat with every soft, loving movement.

“Piang…”

She breathed, voice husky with emotion.

“I miss you all the time too, sweetheart,”

Sadanun whispered, her forehead resting gently against Piangrawin’s.

Then she did something that made Piangrawin pout a little—she pulled her fingers away, causing a moment of longing to flash across her wife’s beautiful face.

“Don’t tease me,”

Piangrawin pleaded softly.

“Put it in…” “I’m not teasing,”

Sadanun replied gently.

"No, I just want you to change your position."

She helped Piangrawin into a sitting position, leaning her against the headboard, then carefully guided her to straddle her lap. Sadanun settled back, her hands steadying the soft body now sitting above her.

One hand moved back to touch her gently, fingers returning to explore into the sweet channel again. That’s when she noticed something—under that soft white T-shirt, Piangrawin wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

With a loving smile, she continued.

Sadanun’s hands gently traced along her wife’s soft waist, moving up to cup her beautiful breasts with a loving touch, massaging lightly.

“Ah… it feels so good,”

Piangrawin gasped.

“I tried doing it myself for so long, and it never felt anything like this…”

Her hands gripped Sadanun’s shoulders, hips moving slowly and rhythmically. The pleasure was so intense, her eyes fluttered half-shut. She had spent so long trying on her own, but with just a little from Sadanan, she was already close.

“Let me take care of you, okay?”

Sadanun whispered.

“However much you want, just tell me.”

“Oh… I can’t take it, it feels too good. You came back just in time, you know that?”

“What were you thinking about when you were doing it earlier?”

Sadanun asked with a soft smile.

“I… mmm… I was thinking about your face, your fingers… your lips. I just missed you so much,”

Piangrawin murmured, her small hands gently brushing through Sadanun’s dark hair.

“Then move your hips, love. Grind my fingers and show me just how much you missed me.”

She did just that, moving against her lover’s hand, pressing deeper into her touch. On the inside, Sadanun’s fingers moved just right, while her palm gave gentle pressure from the outside. Piangrawin could barely hold herself together—the pleasure was overwhelming.

“Ahh… I can’t hold it anymore, it’s too much this time… it’s so intense…”

Her legs trembled, her body grinding instinctively, and soft, breathy moans spilled from her lips with no attempt to hide them.

“If you can’t hold it… then just let go.”

Piangrawin couldn’t hold back anymore. She wrapped her arms tightly around Sadanun’s neck, her body trembling as a wave of intense pleasure washed over her. Her eyes fluttered shut in bliss as she reached her peak.

“Harder… I’m almost… ah!”

She gasped, her voice filled with urgency.

Even after Piangrawin had reached her climax, Sadanun’s gentle movements didn’t stop. She always found her wife the most beautiful and tender in these moments of vulnerability.

“It’s like your body is saying ‘I love you,’”

Sadanun whispered with a soft smile, sensing the rhythm of Piangrawin’s body still responding to her touch.

“Can’t I have a little break?”

Piangrawin asked breathlessly, but her eyes were still filled with affection.

Sadanun gently helped her lie down, lifting her soft shirt to reveal the beauty she adored. She smiled and said,

“No breaks tonight, love. You’re staying up late, so let me lull you to sleep my way.”

"Hmmm..."

As soon as the beautiful lips sucked the sweet-colored nipples, along with the fingertips that moved to rub the sensitive spot inside again, the person below twisted her body back and forth, moaning pleasantly.

Maybe it was the hormones or maybe it was just the deep love they shared — but either way, Sadanun was more than willing to shower her with all the tenderness she needed.

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# Chapter : Special 05

Now that Piangrawin is in her third trimester, the soon-to-be first-time mom spends most of her time lying down or resting, especially when they’re on the way to see the doctor at the hospital. Today is no different.

“So cute,”

Sadanun gently reached over to unbuckle her seatbelt and softly rubbed her big belly — the one carrying two little babies inside. The babies must be feeling cramped, and mom’s probably feeling uncomfortable too.

But in less than a month, it’ll be time for the little ones to be born. Then, the babies who keep moving around so much they won’t let their mom sleep can finally wriggle freely outside.

“Hey sweetheart, wake up, we’re home now,”

She said as Piangrawin sleepily looked up at her, the one who had opened the car door for her. She glanced to the back seat and saw that all their stuff was already gone — probably her wife had carried them inside. Hard to believe that the cold-hearted “wolf” she once knew had turned into this warm, fluffy one.

“Still sleepy? Want to keep napping?”

“No, that’s enough or I won’t be able to sleep tonight. But… what did the doctor say again? I kind of forgot.”

“The doctor checked the amniotic fluid, the placenta, the babies' weights, their positions, and your pregnancy stage. He said you can go for a natural birth. Your pelvis looks normal, and both babies are really healthy. But… are you scared? Do you want to have a C-section? I can talk to the doctor again if you’d prefer.”

Piangrawin’s face went pale — it wasn’t an easy decision. She had always wanted kids, but never really thought about the actual delivery part. It’s definitely not going to be as easy as in a game.

She looked up, deep in thought. Natural birth seems like what they do in dramas. But a C-section? That means they’ll cut her open while she’s awake and pull the babies out through a big hole.

“That last part sounds terrifying,”

Piangrawin shut her eyes tight like she just sucked on a lemon. Just thinking about it made her want to scream. No matter what she chose, both options were terrifying. But in the end, she had to make a decision.

“I think I’d rather go with natural birth. It might just hurt for a little while. If I have surgery, they’ll cut all the way to the uterus, and who knows how many months it’ll take to heal. Plus there’ll be a scar. Ugh, just thinking about it makes my stomach feel weird. One spot on my body feeling weird is more than enough in this lifetime.”

Even though her joke sounded funny, Sadanun gently kissed her forehead with love and sympathy. From the very beginning of this journey, all the way to the upcoming birth, Piangrawin had taken it all on herself. Sadanun was just the one helping and supporting her through it.

“If I could take the pain for you, I would’ve done it already.”

“Then why didn’t you get pregnant instead?”

Piangrawin shot back playfully.

“W-what? But you’re the one who said you wanted to be the one pregnant,”

Sadanun stuttered, caught off guard.

Piangrawin thought about it for a second. Yeah, that’s true. She never would’ve dared to ask her partner to carry the babies anyway. Sadanun was just too perfect — super responsible, a workaholic, and honestly, probably not that interested in being pregnant herself.

“I’ll hang in there. As long as you stay by my side and don’t leave me, that’s all I need.”

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"Waaahh!"

It was the sound that made Piangrawin feel more anxious than ever before. She and Sadanun were overjoyed that their babies could cry out loud and strong… but that sound also marked the start of something completely new. It was overwhelming — a mix of joy and worry all crashing in at once.

They're worried that they might not be good enough at raising their babies —this is their first time taking care of newborns.

The little babies, wrapped in soft blankets, were nicknamed **Nirin** and **Nira**.

They were strong, healthy baby girls with red skin and adorable little faces. They looked beautiful from the moment they were born, just like their mom.

“Piang, are you okay?”

That was the first thing both families asked her. They came straight to her without even looking at the babies first. It was comforting and helped ease her worries. That’s right—she was surrounded by people who loved her, and they were always ready to help take care of the babies.

But once everyone left, a strange feeling of loneliness crept in again. She used to talk to her babies all the time when they were still in her belly. Her little “crispy pork” (a nickname for her baby) used to follow her around everywhere. Now that both babies were out in the world, it just felt... quiet.

The hospital room went back to being calm and peaceful. The soft yellow lights from the ceiling lamp and floor lamp made the room feel cozy and relaxing.

Piangrawin looked at her hand with the IV still attached, then picked up a small mirror from the side table to check her face while waiting for Sadanun to come back after dropping everyone off. No one else would visit today—she really needed the rest. They said they’d come tomorrow. Phichika would probably come tomorrow too.

“Oh my gosh...”

When she saw her reflection in the mirror, she put a hand to her forehead and let out a tired sigh. She felt like crying. Her face looked even “fresher” than fish at the market! Pale and worn-out because she hadn’t put on any makeup—and she didn’t bring any either. She’d been so focused on other things.

She was exhausted, her belly still ached, her wound hurt, her chest was sore… If she was feeling this bad, then why had Sadanun been gone for so long?

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***Knock knock knock.***

There was a soft knock at the door, and then the face she wanted to see most appeared. But this time, Sadanun wasn’t alone.

“It’s time to feed the babies, new mommy,”

Said the nurse gently as she pushed in a cart carrying the twins. Another nurse followed in behind. Sadanun smiled sweetly at the tired new mom resting on the bed.

Piangrawin felt like she’d just been through hell, but the moment she saw her wife's perfect face, it felt like she’d gone straight to heaven again.

How did she still look that good—like she was glowing—even in the middle of all this chaos and lack of sleep? Meanwhile, she looked like a corpse from a horror movie with not even a trace of makeup on.

When the two children were pushed to the bedside, she leaned over to peek at the tiny faces in the cart… and made a face like she’d just seen a bill. Sure, she was falling more in love with those adorable little faces every second, but it all still felt a little unreal.

“Why that face? That’s Nirin and Nira, your girls.”

“Can I be honest? I’m just… kind of confused.”

“Confused? About breastfeeding? Don’t worry, the nurse can teach you again.”

“No, not that,”

Piangrawin said with a nervous smile.

“I mean, I’m just feeling really mixed up. It used to be just the two of us… and now suddenly—these two!”

She gestured toward the baby girls who looked so much like her.

“Two tiny humans just showed up out of nowhere. Don’t you feel weird or confused at all, Phi Song?”

Sadanun chuckled softly, clearly amused but trying not to laugh too loud so the babies wouldn’t get startled. The nurse smiled quietly too—she completely understood how Piangrawin felt. She’d been there too, once, as a new mom.

“Well, yeah, a little bit. But I think it’s normal to feel like this, right nurse?” She gently stroked Piangrawin's head, both to comfort and to show how much she adored her, then turned to the nurse for backup.

“Yes, many parents go through this. It’s normal when everything suddenly changes. But don’t worry, you’ll both get used to it quickly. There won’t be time to feel confused after this.”

That sentence sounded like a nice reassurance, but somehow it felt a little strange. Piangrawin looked at her partner, then at the nurse, and gave a small awkward smile.

“Piang, after you finish breastfeeding, I have something for you,”

Her partner said, taking something out of her bag and holding it up. It was something she had rushed out to buy after everyone had left.

“That’s…”

Piangrawin’s eyes lit up when she saw it was makeup. She had been feeling down about how she looked, so seeing that gave her a little spark of life again.

“Let’s get you feeling pretty after you finish feeding. I’ll help you,”

Her partner said warmly. Piangrawin smiled shyly and felt grateful that her partner understood her so well. Her mood lifted, and soon the baby was gently placed back into her arms.

“Don’t worry, okay? I’ll help you take care of our baby. We can do this together.”

Sadanun knew exactly what her partner was worrying about. She spoke gently, softly placing her hand on Piangrawin’s head. Then the nurse, whom she had asked for help earlier, began a new lesson for them.

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Piangrawin felt like their home had become warmer, even though they were still at the hospital. Her family came to visit her every day, especially her grandmother and mother, who did not have any work.

They came late in the morning and stayed until she fell asleep. Her older sister had to go to work, but even so, this kind of quiet care and support was their way of saying “I love you” without actually saying the words — and it always made her feel happy.

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The Wang Worakit Charuwong house was full of joy, as both families had gathered to welcome the baby home from the hospital. The big house had its windows wide open to let in the fresh breeze, and snacks were beautifully prepared for the guests.

“Ranée, look! The baby is staring at me with those big eyes,”

Duangpamorn said with a delighted laugh, happy that the baby wouldn’t stop looking at her, as if trying to say something.

“I see it, Mom,” Ranée replied.

“Anong always says we’re young and beautiful grandmas, so the babies love looking at us. Kids always love looking at pretty people,”

She added with a smile.

The two grandmas—one elegant and proper, the other playful and lively— looked at each other and smiled. They were very different, but got along well because their daughters loved each other.

That last comment made the older woman glance at her usually feisty daughter-in-law, who for once was saying something nice. Even though she pretended not to care, she was secretly pleased.

“While we’re here, Anong and I will help take care of the twins too. Don’t worry about a thing,”

She said warmly.

“How are you feeling now, Khun Ying Duang? Are you more at ease now that the babies are home?”

Asked Khun Ying Salika, smiling gently as she looked at the babies in other people’s arms. She had held them a bit earlier, but decided not to hold them again today, thinking everyone might be tired from passing the babies around too much.

“I feel much better now,”

Khun Ying Duang replied.

“Our little ones have filled out so much since that first day. What did the nurses feed them? Look at those lips—bright red like baby tomatoes!”

“It’s all breast milk, Grandma,”

Sadanun said with a laugh.

“The nurse said Piang is producing milk like a waterfall. These babies are basically getting an all-you-can-eat buffet every time!”

Everyone chuckled at her playful words, though Piangrawin, the one being talked about, felt a little shy—even though it was all completely normal.

“I was so worried at first I almost fainted,”

The grandmother admitted.

“But now, seeing their bright little eyes, I feel so relieved.”

“Please don’t worry, Grandma,”

Sadanun reassured her.

“The doctor said both mom and babies are healthy. Piang never missed a single dose of her medicine, so the babies reached the right weight and were born right on schedule. Everything is perfectly fine—they’re healthy and easy to care for.”

Everyone smiled, now feeling much more relaxed after hearing that.

“The day after tomorrow, I’d like to invite a monk over to bless the babies and tie their wrists for good luck,”

The son spoke up. That reminded M.R. Sathika of something important.

“Oh, right! Since the babies are twins, we should do a blessing ceremony and offer food to monks,”

Said the elder warmly.

“We did the same when Neung and Song were born. Are you guys okay with that?”

She asked thoughtfully, knowing the other side might not share the same beliefs or feel comfortable with such traditions.

“I think it’s a good idea. What do you think, Mom?”

Tul nodded and turned to his mother for her opinion.

“I agree. It’s good to have something sacred protect the babies from illness. Can I count on you to help arrange everything, Tul?”

“Of course,” He replied.

After the great-grandmother had her turn cuddling the babies to her heart’s content, she passed them along to the grandparents. Eventually, little Nirin ended up in Matika’s arms.

She gazed at her sweet-faced niece with big, curious eyes like longan fruits and completely fell in love. Then, she reached into her bag and pulled out a small item to hand to her younger sister.

“Piang, this is a blessing gift for the twins. Keep it safe, okay?”

Piangrawin accepted the small velvet pouch and opened it—her eyes instantly widened in shock. She silently gasped and showed it to her partner, who also looked amazed.

Inside were two sparkling diamonds in individual boxes, finely cut and estimated to be about 10 carats each. The certificate of authenticity confirmed it—they were real and flawless.

They sparkled so brightly, it was almost blinding.

“P’Matmee… with this diamond, our kids could live off it for life!”

She joked, holding the gems up for everyone to see. The room buzzed with excitement, especially Grandma, who seemed especially pleased with the extravagant gift.

Everyone knew Matika was wealthy—she had dividends from her company shares, various investments, and a big CEO salary—but no one had ever seen her give such an expensive gift before.

“You’re being dramatic,”

Matika replied coolly.

“These diamonds are nothing. My nieces are so cute, I could give even more.”

That made everyone even more stunned. A quiet, elegant spender with a low-key style but massive wealth—her big sister really was something else. Piangrawin quickly tucked the diamonds away and moved closer to pinch her sister’s cheeks playfully.

“Thank you so much! If you ever feel like giving more, just say the word. I’ll save it all for the kids,” she teased.

Everyone laughed. Honestly, she might need to buy a safe soon. The other day, Phichika gave her a gold necklace. Then Mun gave her several gold bars. And let’s not even talk about the gifts from her and her partner’s grandmothers—so many precious things!

At this point, she was starting to think her twin daughters were literally born into a mountain of gold. Even if she never gave them anything else herself, just selling all the baby gifts would keep them well-off for years.

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Later, after everyone had gone home, the twin babies were brought back to the smaller house. The windows were opened to let in the fresh breeze. Moo Krob (Crispy Pork)—the family’s eldest cat—came over to check on the babies right away and lay down nearby, calm and unbothered.

Piangrawin felt that it was a lovely, peaceful day, so she took out her phone and snapped a few pictures of her little family, including Crispy Pork, and sent them to her best friend.

'*So cute! I’m coming to visit the babies this Saturday. Don’t go anywhere, okay?'*

Her best friend replied after seeing the photo of the twins in their bunny outfits—the same ones she had gifted. The babies were lying on a baby mattress layered over their big bed.

After being fed and burped, they usually lay quietly for a bit before drifting off to sleep, and that was Piangrawin’s favorite time. It gave her a chance to rest too.

“Are you going to Apple’s wedding?”

She asked her partner, who was lying on the other side, looking pretty and relaxed, with the two babies sleeping in between them.

The wedding was just a few days away—Phichika and little Phakjira were finally tying the knot.

Piangrawin really wanted to go and share in their happiness, but since she had just given birth and the babies were still tiny, it didn’t seem very practical.

Sadanun bit her lip, deep in thought. On one hand, it was her best friend— her lifelong best friend—getting married. A once-in-a-lifetime moment.

One was her wife who had just given birth a few days ago.

“I do want to go,” Sadanun said.

“But I also want to help you take care of the babies. They’re just born—I don’t want to leave you alone with them.”

“It’s just one day,” Piangrawin replied.

“It’s your best friend’s wedding, you should go. P'Apple came to our wedding too, and she visited us right after the babies were born.”

“And are you really okay with it?”

Sadanun asked, a little concerned.

Piangrawin smiled warmly, showing her teeth a little to reassure her.

“Of course. There are so many people around to help. Your mom, my mom —they’re definitely going to visit the twins again soon. And I also want to send a gift for Ploy.”

“Thank you,”

Sadanun said with a soft smile.

“Okay, I’ll go, but not for long. Apple will understand for sure.”

She gently reached out and stroked Piangrawin’s head lovingly.

“P’Song…”

“Hm?”

“The babies are asleep now.”

Her voice lowered to a whisper as she looked down at the little ones lying peacefully between them, soaking up the warmth from their parents.

Sadanun looked too and saw the tiny humans sleeping soundly. She reached out and lightly touched one of them, a soft smile forming as memories came flooding back—of her and her sister, of their parents caring for them with so much love and effort.

It must have been just as tiring and joyful as this. She felt incredibly happy now. And her sister, wherever she was, must be feeling just as happy too.

“They’re so sweet. Such good babies.”

“Do you think you’ll win another best researcher award at the next ceremony?”

“I don’t know,” Sadanun replied.

“But even if I don’t, I won’t be sad. Before, I didn’t really care about anything else—work was all I had. But now… I have everything I need. Right here. All three of you.”

She gently touched the cheeks of each of them, one by one, smiling with certainty.

“You really won’t be sad?”

“No,” Sadanun replied softly.

“Awards are just recognition. Not winning one doesn’t mean I’m not good at what I do, right?”

“Exactly. My wife is amazing at everything—I know that for sure.”

“Then let’s get some sleep, okay? In two hours, we’ll have to feed the babies again. Mommy needs her rest too,”

She said gently, shifting her body to pull the blanket over her wife and their two little ones.

Just before she closed her eyes, Piangrawin looked at her partner’s caring, loving expression.

This is what the end of the road looks like, she thought.

She had gone through so much heartbreak. No matter how hard she searched, no one ever turned out to be the right one. So many disappointments.

But in the end, it was worth it because she found love, which was Sadanun, the big-faced, sharp-tongued wolf back then, who had changed into her warm wife today.

*What a blessing it is… that we found each other.*

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# Chapter : Special 06

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"Ae!"

The baby's little voice tried to compete with the adults, making everyoneboth young and old-smile.

The three-month-old baby was now starting to get chubbier, no longer looking like a newborn. Since it was Saturday, everyone from the Chatpimuk family usually came to visit the babies late in the morning.

So, the people from the main house came to see the babies first, giving the other house the rest of the day to spend time with them. They didn't want the babies to get overwhelmed with too many visitors at once.

"Next week will be the 100th day already. Has the other side said anything about the merit-making ceremony?"

Khun Ying Salika asked her son. Since the babies were twins, both sides of the family were very attentive about this.

"Next Saturday, Mom. I've already arranged for the monks. Everyone from Khun Ying Duang's side can make it too. Actually, the 100th day is earlier, but I picked Saturday so Song can join the ceremony too,"

He explained. Khun Ying nodded in agreement.

While the rest of the family was discussing the upcoming ceremony to mark the babies' 100th day, someone else-who had proudly declared herself a totally-in-love "mommy"-was completely focused on the babies lying on the soft bed, happily cooing.

"Why do you smell so good?"

Sadanun giggled as she sniffed her babies' chubby legs, switching from one to the other. She felt like she was going crazy, addicted to their baby smell. She never thought the little ones who kept her up all night would smell this amazing.

"Baby scent is always like that, Song. At this age, they're the most lovable,"

Her mother, Anong, said softly, smiling at how much her daughter acted like her own father did when their kids were newborns. She also thought of her eldest daughter-wondering where she was now, or if maybe she had been reborn as one of these grandchildren.

"Mom, when you raised me and Nueng, how did you sleep? These two cry one after the other, and when they cry at the same time, it feels like the world is ending."

"It was me, Song,"

Her dad said, and the whole room went quiet.

"Really?"

Sadanun raised an eyebrow, curious.

"I was the one who carried both of you and walked around, while your mom got some rest."

Just imagining her father in law walking around with both baby twins made Piangrawin think of Sadanun. Her warm-hearted partner sometimes did the same thing too.

"Wow, that means you and mom were amazing parents. That's probably why P'Song turned out so well."

"Not that amazing. Actually, these babies are pretty easy to take care of. Even your twins seem pretty easy too."

He looked over at the two babies-one was lying there quietly, chewing on a cloth, while the other was smiling and babbling at their mommy. Seeing that made Piangrawin let out a dry chuckle.

"Easy... only when they're full,"

She thought to herself. The truth was written all over the dark circles under their eyes. Thankfully, Sadanun was loving and selfless, and sometimes Grandma or Mom would take the babies to give them a break. So things weren't totally overwhelming.

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Today was actually the first day Piangrawin got a full night's sleep in a long time. The babies had reached the stage where they didn't need milk every 2-

3 hours anymore, and they could switch between the bottle and breastfeeding. That meant sometimes their mommy fed them, letting her sleep a little longer.

When she finally opened her eyes, she glanced at the clock.

6 a.m.

It was still early, but she felt refreshed-she had woken up naturally, not because of crying babies. When she turned to look at them, she saw one lying on the playmat playing quietly with a soft toy.

But the other one was gone.

She quickly sat up, looking around the room to see where the other baby was. A mother's instinct to worry about her baby.

"My baby!!!"

But as soon as she looked around and saw her wife, Piangrawin had to cover her mouth to stop herself from screaming. She looked so good. Hair tied up messily, glasses on, no makeup look-yet she stood there holding the baby securely with one arm while using the other to warm up milk with some high-tech gadget.

To other people, that might look like an ordinary morning moment. But to her? It was everything-worth at least fifteen extra baht, she joked to herself.

Piangrawin squealed silently at her wife's early-morning look. She looked so effortlessly beautiful-meanwhile, she felt like a mess. Even with no makeup and just waking up, Sadanun still looked great.

"Oh hi, you're up early, Piang. Want to sleep a little more? You were up pumping milk for a long time last night."

"No, I'm good. I feel totally recharged-seeing my cute wife and baby first thing in the morning,"

She teased, pulling the blanket aside and leaning in to gently check the forehead of the older twin, who was still lying there kicking happily. Then she popped up and gave a kiss to both the younger twin and her wife, blaming them for being too cute.

By the way, Sadanun was really good at it. Piangrawin didn't hear the baby cry at all. Did she sneak out and comfort the baby quietly, then lay her back down like her dad used to?

"I didn't hear the baby cry at all."

"I changed her diaper before she woke up. If she had to stay in a wet diaper until morning, she'd definitely be fussy. Also, playing some white noise softly helps keep her calm. As for little Nira-if she gets too hungry, she gets cranky too, so I warmed the milk early."

Right then, the bottle was ready. Sadanun handed baby Nira to her wife and checked the bottle's temperature.

"Aeh!"

The moment she saw the milk, the hungry little one reached out her tiny hands eagerly, making both moms look at each other and laugh.

"Nong Nira eats even more than her big sister,"

Piangrawin commented playfully-though it was no surprise. That's exactly how the younger twin, who was born smaller, had caught up in size with her sister.

"Well then, come here, little ones. It's feeding time,"

Sadanun said warmly.

"Piang, can you help me feed them before you go wash up? That way, they won't get fussy." "Of course, dear love,"

She replied with a grin.

Once the babies had finished their bottles, their doting mommy placed them into their stroller and handed them over to the main house along with all the baby supplies.

Piangrawin had told her wife she wanted to spend half the day out togetherand planned to pick out some nice cuts of meat so her beloved could make steak later.

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After dropping the babies off with her mother and mother-in-law, Sadanun returned, expecting to get ready to head out-but found her wife still lying in bed, not even changed yet, just rolling around lazily on the mattress.

"You're not getting dressed?"

"Nope. Because I'm not going anywhere."

Piangrawin sprang up and pinched her wife's cheek playfully, but the moment she saw the disappointment on Sadanun's face, she knew she had to explain fast.

"Wait-you're not coming with me? I thought we were gonna have a half-day date. I even planned to take you out for something delicious..."

Seeing her spouse's crestfallen expression, Piangrawin quickly revealed her true intentions, not wanting her to sulk another second.

"It's not that, love."

"....."

"I don't want to go out. I just want to be with you... in a dark room... just the two of us,"

She whispered with a mischievous smile.

"Ever since I gave birth, we haven't done our 'homework' at all. I don't want to go eat something spicy outside... I want something spicy in the bedroom with you instead, owner of account **S2S**."

Being teased by the old account used to find spicy dates when she was still single, Sadanun picked her up, then gently wrapped her arms around her slim waist and placed her light body on the TV shelf next to the condo of Moo Krob, with a soft heart.

"Are you in the mood?"

A deep voice whispered in her ear. It's not that she didn't want to, but seeing her exhausted from taking care of two babies at once, she preferred to let her rest during her free time.

"Yes, but just seeing P'Song I'm already in the mood.."

"Is it a lot? Do you need help?"

"Very much. I want to be eaten right now."

Not just saying it, but her beautiful face with a mischievous smile leaned in to kiss her lover's neck, leaving a clear lipstick mark. Knowing she's being selfish, but this is a great opportunity to deepen the bond that a wife and wife should have.

"There's a lipstick mark on your neck, You can't go out and show it to anyone."

Even though Sadanun planned to go out to buy groceries and go on a date, she felt that she couldn't resist the charm of Piangrawin. Day by day, this Holland Lop rabbit became even more cuddly and fit, and she even used tricks to become her little prey.

"That really naughty. Well, I'll go out in the evening then."

After saying that, the beautiful face with a clear jaw pressed a kiss on the soft lips. She sucked her lover's lips until she heard a gasp, before pulling away and dragging her down to her neck to lick her madly.

The slender body got goosebumps with a sensation of thrill after several months. The warm palms held her legs higher and higher. Piangrawin let go of her body.

Her body started to get hotter. The warm lips kissed lower until they stopped at her breasts. Sadanun knew that sucking her breasts might make the good food source of her children in the fields go crazy.

As her wife, she could only bury her face in her lover's breasts, lightly nibbling them through the fabric. But that alone made Piangrawin feel sexually aroused. Every touch from Sadanun made her sensitive body feel warm as if there was a fire inside her body.

"Ahhh...,"

Piangrawin moaned at the moment when the other person removed her lower half and used her warm hand to touch the sensitive part that was starting to get wet.

At the moment when it was about to get serious, her eyes glanced over and saw the owner of that cat condo looking at the two of us. It was a look that was full of curiosity that made her feel embarrassed.

"Oops... Nong Moo Krob is here."

So she raised her hand to push her lover to stop her. The beautiful face that was her type moved away from her chest and looked after her before starting to talk to her....

"Mommy, let me do my homework first. Mommy might be a bit loud. Don't be startled."

Being teased back that she moaned loudly, Piangrawin held back her smile and lightly hit her lover.

"Crazy, Phi Song is crazy. Is Piang moaned so loud? Who can moan as deep as Phi Song?"

The two of them laughed before Piangrawin's thin body was carried to the nursery instead. And the tall man started to caress her again until the fire in her body burned brighter and brighter as if she herself was hungry for lovemaking as well.

"I love you, Piang,"

Sadanan panted beside her lover's ear while their bodies were completely naked.

"I also love you, Phi Song."

The soft lips kissed each other passionately and then pulled away. Sadanan always remembered that she used to recite the multiplication table to cover up the feeling that she didn't want. But that didn't make everything go as she had hoped. It didn't help make that feeling fade. That might be because she used it at the wrong time.

"I'll multiply."

"What do you mean?"

Piangrawin's face was puzzled by that sentence, but her eyes still held on to the heat.

"The feelings I have for you, I'll keep multiplying them endlessly. Please, accept them."

The one beneath smile, her eyes sparkling in place of a response. The beautiful face, so deeply etched in memory, leaned down to offer another tender, gentle kiss.

In Sadanun's life, there were only a few things she loved most-her family, her work, her friends, crispy pork, her own life, and above all else, this soft, fluffy mama bunny... and their two little baby bunnies.

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**---------THE END-------**