

**Chapter O: The Arrival of Baby**

**Hospital : Obstetrics and Gynecology Department:**

The unusually loud footsteps belonged to the two doctors, who gave up their free time to come to the **5th floor of Building A.** The owner of the body took long, hurried strides, scanning the surroundings with anxious yet slightly excited eyes. She was about to ask a nurse nearby because she wanted to see her close friend right away. Fortunately, the slender woman with a beautiful face walked out of the room at that moment, so there was no need to wait long.

“How are you, Pleng?” she asked immediately, moving closer and spinning her friend left and right, front and back, until the woman in the white coat had to take a deep breath and gently admonish her with exhale “Calm down.”

“How can I be calm? So, what’s the result?” Dr. Neen asked, raising her eyebrows expectantly, her eyes pressing for an answer until Dr. Pleng had to look away.

“It’s not funny, Pleng. I’m serious,” this time, Dr. Plaifah spoke up, her tone showing she wasn’t amused. In the end, the beautiful doctor had to give in, but before she could say anything, the department doctor walked out of the room with a smile.

“Congratulations, Dr. Pleng.”

That short sentence answered all their questions. The doctor smiled at the group once more before leaving them to talk. Both Dr. Neen and Dr. Plaifah’s eyes lit up, their hearts pounding with excitement and emotion, leaving them speechless. Suddenly, a wave of overwhelming feelings brought tears to their eyes.

“What’s wrong, Neen?” Dr. Pleng was startled to see Dr. Neen’s lips trembling, about to cry. She turned to Dr. Plaifah, but she looked the same. This made Pleng pause, and then the two friends called out and hugged her like children.

“Plenggg!”

“What is this?” Dr. Pleng laughed, raising both hands to comfort her friends who were crying on her shoulders.

It’s like having two daughters.

After returning to the office, the two doctors refused to go anywhere, just staying in the room as if they had no responsibilities. Dr. Pleng could only hand out tissues as Dr. Neen kept crying with a runny nose, while Dr. Plaifah seemed to calm down a bit more.

“In half an hour, we have to go check on the patients,” the office owner reminded her friends, but it seemed no one cared.

“So what do we do next? What do we need to buy? Will you have a C-section or natural birth? Where will the baby go to school? University in Thailand or abroad? International or—”

“Hey, the baby just arrived, still in the womb...” Dr. Plaifah had to stop her friend’s runaway imagination. Preparing for birth was understandable, but planning for university already was a bit much.

“Have you told Khun Akhira yet?”

“I just found out the results a moment ago.”

“Oh, right, I forgot,” Dr. Plaifah said sheepishly. Even though she thought she was calm, she was just as excited as Dr. Neen, forgetting that she’d been with her friend the whole time. When would Pleng have had time to tell her partner?

“How many weeks, Pleng? Is the baby healthy?”

“Three weeks,” Dr. Pleng replied with a smile, looking at her friends who seemed even more excited than she was—maybe even more than the expectant mother herself.

It’s not that Dr. Pleng felt nothing. She was just as excited and happy, but also unsure how to act or whom to tell first, feeling a bit anxious and confused inside.

The moment she knew she had a little one with her, all those feelings couldn’t be put into words. Everything seemed complicated and confusing, and she worried about many things. But seeing her two close friends cry tears of joy, some of those worries faded, replaced by comfort and happiness.

“See, I told you so,” one of them said, wiping away tears, even though she’d already guessed the truth but couldn’t hold back tears of joy.

It’s indescribable. She wanted to see her baby’s face already.

“Yes, I believe you, doctor.”

“Because I’m an ophthalmologist, my vision is sharp.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” Dr. Plaifah was confused by the connection.

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# One Hour Earlier

“I’ve been irritable and easily annoyed lately,” Dr. Pleng told her friends, who stared back at her, blinking. It wasn’t just her who noticed; Dr. Neen and Dr. Plaifah also felt that recently, Pleng’s mood had been unstable.

“Come to think of it, you’ve been acting strange.”

“How so?”

“You seem stricter.” Normally, she was already a beautiful, serious-looking person, but without a smile, she could be intimidating. Lately, she’d become so serious that even her close friends were a bit wary of her.

“I feel the same—my mood’s been unstable,” Dr. Pleng admitted softly. She knew it herself but didn’t know what to do. Controlling her emotions had become strangely difficult.

“When was your last period?” Dr. Neen suddenly blurted out. The room fell silent as everyone thought. The question made Dr. Pleng pause and realize her memory was hazy.

She couldn’t remember.

“Let’s go.”

“Go where?”

**“Obstetrics, 5th floor, Building A.”**

“Why?”

“Why are you even asking?” Dr. Neen didn’t believe Pleng didn’t know, just that she hadn’t thought of it.

“Go get checked, Pleng,” Dr. Plaifah added, nodding in agreement.

“It’s probably nothing.”

“Just check. If it’s nothing, you’ll know.”

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She vaguely remembered seeing this kind of behavior before—probably the first time Dr. Neen told her that Khun Akhira liked her.

Pleng thought of the past and laughed, but her friends weren’t amused, staring at her until she finally agreed to visit the department when she had a break from work.

“Are you going to tell Khun Akhira right away?” Dr. Plaifah’s voice brought Pleng back to the present.

Thinking of Khun Akhira, Pleng didn’t know how to start. She felt anxious, especially since her friends had made such a big deal, crying and all. If Khun Akhira was indifferent or less excited than her friends, she didn’t know how she’d feel. She was afraid her unstable emotions would make her too fragile.

“Hello, is the soon-to-be mom listening?” Dr. Plaifah waved her hand in front of Pleng, who was lost in thought, until she had to stop her friend’s hand because she was starting to feel dizzy.

“I’m listening. .”

You are listening but you are paced out.”

“Sorry, I was just lost in thought.”

“So, what’s the plan?”

“I’ll tell her soon—just need to calm myself first. I don’t know why I’m suddenly so scared, even though Khun Akhira was the one who insisted on having a baby.”

“By the way, do you want a boy or a girl?”

“Definitely a girl, no doubt!” Dr. Neen interjected before the mother-to-be could answer.

“What makes you so sure?” Dr. Plaifah raised her eyebrows.

Dr. Neen, now confident after stopping her tears, shrugged and said, “It’ll be a girl, one hundred percent. I’m sure, as an ophthalmologist, I never miss.”

What does being an eye doctor have to do with babies...

Dr. Plaifah wondered but didn’t argue—there was no point, and she’d never win against Neen anyway.

“Whatever, boy or girl, we’ll love them all the same.”

And Dr. Pleng would too. Parents never care which gender their child is, especially Pleng and Khun Akhira—they’d love their child no matter what.

“Actually, being a girl would be nice. If she looks like Pleng, she’ll be adorable.”

The speaker’s imagination ran wild, making her want to pinch her future niece’s cheeks already. The others smiled at the thought, until someone remembered something.

“But if she looks like Pleng...” Dr. Neen trailed off, turning to smile at Dr. Plaifah. When their eyes met, both doctors shivered in unison.

“If she looks like me, what?” Pleng asked, wanting clarification. Both Neen and Plaifah flinched, snapped out of their thoughts, and looked at their friend.

“Oh, nothing, just saying...” At first, Pleng didn’t think much of it, but Neen’s nervous response was suspicious.

“Your voice went up an octave.”

She didn’t answer, just gave a weak smile. Actually, if the baby looked like Pleng as a child, she’d be cute, but as an adult? Imagine two Plengs—would that be good? Maybe, but if you weren’t close, it’d be intimidating...

The two doctors stared at their friend, then Plaifah leaned in and whispered to Neen.

“Or maybe she’ll look like Khun Akhira?”

“Is it that different...?” Actually, not at all. Both of them imagined the future character of the little one so vividly that they shivered on behalf of anyone who’d cross paths with this child.

They could picture it all before the baby was even born!

# Chapter 1: An Unexpected Event

As soon as the car came to a stop, silence fell. Dr. Pleng was deep in thought, debating whether she should tell Khun Akhira about the baby right now or wait for a better moment. She was so lost in her worries that she unconsciously tightened her seatbelt as she was about to take it off. When she looked at her partner, she saw that she was already looking at her.

“Is something wrong?”

“No, nothing. I’ll go now,” Pleng replied, avoiding her gaze before getting out of the car, leaving Khun Akhira watching her until she disappeared from sight.

Dr. Pleng let out a sigh because she had almost given herself away. Fortunately, Khun Akhira hadn’t noticed anything. She decided she needed more time to figure out how to break the good news to him—and to prepare herself emotionally.

But she hadn’t even reached the hospital entrance when she realized her hand was empty—she’d forgotten an important file. “I must have left it in the car. Has she left yet?” she wondered aloud. Deciding quickly, Pleng turned back, hoping Khun Akhira hadn’t driven off yet. Just seeing the car made her feel better, but as she approached, her feet froze in place at a sight she never expected.

Inside the car, two people were embracing intimately, leaving no doubt about their closeness. It looked like a couple in love. The two women seemed happy, but their actions were hurting someone else deeply.

Pleng stood frozen, numb all over, unable to tell which part of her body was responsible for the sensation. She turned away from the scene, mustering all her strength to walk away without looking back.

Tears began to stream down her cheeks uncontrollably. She didn’t want to cry, but she could only let the tears flow, roughly wiping them away with the back of her hand again and again. She never imagined she’d be this weak.

For the first time, Pleng felt betrayed by someone she trusted most. She never thought Khun Akhira, who once claimed to love her with all his heart, could do this. But as time changes, so do people.

The image of those two in the car haunted her. What hurt even more was that the other woman was a colleague she had just introduced to Khun Akhira not long ago. She couldn’t blame anyone but herself for being so absorbed in work that she had no time for her partner. If Khun Akhira chose to spend that time with someone else, maybe it wasn’t so strange—but it still wasn’t fair.

Though she knew part of the blame was hers, Pleng didn’t think she was entirely at fault. The other side had betrayed her. If Khun Akhira had truly been committed, if her heart was still good, this would never have happened.

Those were the thoughts running through her mind as she sat, fists clenched, hiding her pain. Tears stained her pillow as she listened to the sounds of her partner’s actions.

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The lights in the room were still off. The newcomer only turned on the bedside lamp before heading to the bathroom to wash off the scent of another woman’s perfume. When he returned, now smelling familiar, Pleng felt no desire to be near her. She was so repulsed that she moved to the edge of the bed, not wanting Khun Akhira to come close. She pretended to be asleep, holding her breath, until she lay down beside her—without a hug, just emptiness between them.

All Pleng could do was hold her pain inside. The one who once held her close now turned his back. The love they once cherished seemed faded now that someone had let another person in.

One evening after work, Pleng returned to the condo. She glanced around, quickly starting to pack her essentials. Living separately from Khun Akhira for a while seemed the best option for now.

After days of enduring an awkward atmosphere, Pleng thought she should leave for the sake of the baby, so the stress wouldn’t affect her child.

But before she could finish packing, Khun Akhira returned. Their eyes met before Pleng looked away, focusing on her bag.

“I’m going to stay with my mother for a while.”

“You’re that tired of seeing me?”

“I don’t know.”

Pleng replied flatly, zipping up her bag. Nothing else mattered now—she just wanted to leave as soon as possible. But Khun Akhira wouldn’t let her go so easily. She grabbed her arm and took her bag.

“Khun Akhira, give it back.”

“I won’t let you go. What will you tell your mother if you leave now? Do you want her to worry?”

“That’s all you care about? If that’s the case, don’t worry. I’ll talk to her myself.”

“Are we fighting? Can you tell me what’s wrong?” Khun Akhira asked directly. Lately, their relationship had felt strange, and she was unsure why.

“Do you have someone else?” The question hit a raw nerve. Pleng lifted her chin, taking a deep breath to calm herself, staring him down as he stared back.

“That’s a question you should ask yourself.”

Bang!

The door slammed as she ran inside, collapsing against it in exhaustion, her beautiful eyes trembling. One hand went to her still-flat belly, and then she hugged herself, burying her face in her knees as the tears flowed. Pleng cried quietly inside, while Khun Akhira could only stare at the closed door, hearing nothing.

she dropped her bag onto the sofa, slumping down, not knowing how long he sat there until she drifted off. When she woke, everything was the same—only time and the clock hands had changed. She looked at a photo of her and Pleng, but another face intruded into her memory.

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“Khun Akhira…” a sweet voice pleaded, eyes begging for love—a touch from another woman, not her partner.

she shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts, then went to shower.

The once-closed room was now open. Khun Akhira saw Pleng lying with her back to her. She took a pillow and left the room, making the living room sofa her bed for the night.

Once again, the door closed softly. The one who left did so quietly, while Pleng could only rest her hand on her belly. Others might wonder why the baby had to come now—why not sooner or later?

But for Pleng, she didn’t think having the baby now was a mistake. She was happy to have this child. It wasn’t anyone’s fault—not hers, not the baby’s. She only felt guilty that her child might grow up knowing someone never loved them. But that didn’t matter.

“Mommy will take care of you,” she whispered. Even alone, she could raise her child. Just the two of them would be enough. For the next eight months, no matter how hard things got, she could manage without anyone’s help. Her body, her child—just the two of them. She still had family and close friends. Her baby would never be lonely.

she would be surrounded by love from her, her grandparents, her uncle, and her loving aunties. Pleng believed this child would grow up well, be the happiest child, never needing to beg for anyone’s love.

No need for Khun Akhira…

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It had been two days since their argument, and Pleng hadn’t seen Khun Akhira because she had to fly abroad for urgent work. Now, Pleng didn’t know what to do. So much had happened at once—the good news about the baby and the painful truth that opened her eyes.

She forced a polite smile for a junior doctor who greeted her warmly as she walked by. The scent of perfume was so strong it made her wrinkle her nose. Pleng paused, glancing back at the younger woman for a moment.

Dr. Wanit, or “Dr. Wa” as everyone called her, was new to the Pulmonary and Respiratory Center. She was beautiful, friendly, and well-liked. Pleng had thought highly of her, until she learned the truth a few days ago.

It was hard to believe the other woman could look her in the eye without shame, smiling sweetly as if nothing had happened, even though behind her back she was embracing a married man.

And that man was Pleng’s own partner. She couldn’t help but recall that day, her hands clenched tightly under her white coat.

“Dr. Pleng?” The sound of her name pulled her from her thoughts. She turned to see P’Pum, her close nurse, smiling at her. The nurse must have noticed Pleng lost in thought and called her back.

“Is something wrong, doctor?”

“No, nothing. Has the patient arrived?”

“Yes, doctor,” P’Pum replied with a smile, and they walked off together.

After finishing with her patient, Dr. Panipak’s pen hovered over the paper, pausing before signing the last letter as she caught sight of the diamond ring on Pleng’s finger.

For a moment, her eyes flickered, but no one noticed because Pleng kept her head down, finishing her work and handing it over with a small smile. She could hide her feelings well, even when her heart was weak.

“I’ll be in the clinic this afternoon,” she said.

“I know the schedule, doctor.”

Pleng nodded lightly as she took off her white coat and packed up, trying to shake off her troubling thoughts.

She might have succeeded, if not for running into a colleague who wanted something from her…

“Are you going home, doctor?” the other woman asked, using a familiar tone. Pleng looked at her, keeping her face as expressionless as possible.

“Yes.”

“Drive safely,” the woman said brightly, her lips smile wide. But the smile was sweetly poisonous, like in the story of Snow White. Fortunately, Pleng saw through it, choosing to ignore rather than let it hurt her.

Pleng wondered what others would do in her place. Dr. Plaifah would probably ignore it, just as she did. But if it were Dr. Neen, this woman would never get away with it…

She’s probably standing there with a beautiful smile, but her head must be a mess, scratched up, or maybe she’s been scolded to the point of embarrassment in front of the whole hospital.

“Um, Doctor…”

Once again, Dr. Pleng had to stop in her tracks and turn around, albeit unwillingly. Her beautifully arched eyebrows lifted slightly in curiosity.

“Your girlfriend, Doctor…”

“What about my girlfriend?” she replied, not even referring to herself with the term the other person used.

“Oh, nothing. I was just wondering if your girlfriend isn’t picking you up today?”

Because it was such a prying question, and Dr. Pleng felt she didn’t need to answer that to someone she wasn’t close to, her raised eyebrows returned to their usual place. Her face became so expressionless that it caused the other person’s smile to fade.

“Um… sorry for being rude. It’s just that…”

“It’s okay. I understand,” she said, though what she truly understood was the lack of manners. Dr. Pleng didn’t say the last sentence out loud, but her eyes said it all.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll excuse myself,” she said, then turned and walked away, leaving the other person behind without a care. The once-bright smile on that face was now replaced with emptiness as she watched the beautiful doctor from the Pulmonary and Respiratory Center walk away.

# Chapter 2: Don’t Divorce

“I’m going to get a divorce.”

“What?!” It wasn’t just her mother’s voice, but everyone sitting together exclaimed almost simultaneously when they heard Dr. Pleng’s bold declaration. Everyone’s faces showed shock, but her beautiful eyes, though flickering, still showed confidence in her words.

“Calm down, dear. What happened? Why do you want a divorce?”

“Yes, is there something you want to talk about first?” her older brother added, looking at his sister with concern.

“What happened? Can you tell Mom why you want to divorce So?”

Pimwilai asked with a worried face, because the couple had just recently been sweet together. Why did her daughter suddenly say she wanted a divorce?

“It’s a personal reason, Mom. When I’m ready, I’ll tell you.”

Her sweet voice came out softly. No matter how angry she was at Khun Akhira, she didn’t want to speak ill of her, not even to her family. She just wanted to end things with Khun Akhira and inform the elders in advance.

Her mother was taken aback, with so much to say but unable to speak, as if her mouth was flooded.

The elders fell silent, not pressing her for details when they saw her sad and troubled face. Normally, Dr. Pleng was a reasonable person, but if she spoke so seriously, something must have happened that they didn’t know about.

The two older men looked at each other, communicating silently. Everyone was quiet, only wondering what terrible thing Khun Akhira must have done for Dr. Pleng to speak so seriously about divorce.

The Ananwakul family’s dinner that night was filled with a bit of awkwardness. Only the little niece and nephew were noisy, as little Pot liked to tease his younger sister who responded with a grumpy mood, making noises of displeasure even though she couldn’t even speak yet.

Dr. Pleng watched this scene with a sad smile on her beautiful face, unconsciously rubbing her own stomach, which made the person who saw her worry.

“Are you okay, Pleng? You don’t look well,” her sister-in-law asked with concern. Dr. Pleng just made eye contact and shook her head slightly, not knowing how to explain her feelings.

She turned her gaze to the little one in her sister’s arms, forcing another smile as she remembered the person who once said he wanted a child so badly.

She couldn’t imagine what it would be like if the child had to grow up while Khun Akhira was with someone else. It would be bittersweet. She snapped out of her thoughts when her conversation partner spoke up.

“Can you hold the little one for a bit?” her sister in law said, handing the child over before leaving the living room, heading upstairs.

“Is Pleng okay? She doesn’t look well,” she asked her husband in their private room. It wasn’t just Dr. Pleng who looked unwell; since arriving, everyone seemed troubled, including her parents and the man in front of her. It was strange enough to be suspicious.

“Is something wrong?” she asked again, hearing her husband sigh before turning to meet her eyes and finally speaking about what was weighing on him.

“Pleng said she’s going to divorce Zo.”

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“What? She’s going to divorce Khun Akhira?!” Dr. Plaifah exclaimed in shock, while Dr. Neen, who was enjoying her meal, choked and quickly…

Searching for water to drink to save herself, Pleng felt Dr. Plaifah’s hand gently rubbing her back, all while never taking her eyes off her close friend’s face.

“Why?” The one who asked the question was red-faced, nearly choking, but her friend’s issue seemed even more life-or-death.

Dr. Neen turned to meet Dr. Plaifah’s gaze. Both of them looked completely confused, searching for something in Pleng’s eyes but finding only gravity and seriousness. Both sat up straight when they didn’t find any hint of a joke.

“Pleng, this isn’t a joke. We’re not laughing,” Dr. Plaifah said, her tone just as serious as her friend’s.

“I’m not joking.”

“What happened? Can you tell us?”

They knew it was a personal matter and outsiders shouldn’t intrude, but wouldn’t it be better if someone was there to listen? If something was wrong, at least talking about it was better than keeping it all inside. Maybe they could help. After all, Pleng had just received good news not long ago—why was she suddenly talking about divorce? This wasn’t a laughing matter, and they weren’t amused.

Pleng was silent for a moment, clearly struggling with whether to share the reason. But in the end, she softened when she saw the concerned eyes of her two close friends.

She let out a sigh, met the gaze of the person sitting across from her, and spoke softly, as if not wanting to recount the story that had hurt her.

“Khun Zo has someone else.”

“No way.”

“That’s impossible.” It wasn’t an unexpected reaction—Pleng already knew what words and expressions she’d get from her close friends.

“Someone like Khun Akhira? she loves you so much.”

“If she can love, she can stop loving, can’t she?”

Her flat statement, spoken softly, stunned her friends. They realized that the person they were talking about was just human. Khun Akhira was like anyone else—nothing is certain, and anyone can change one day.

But Dr. Neen still couldn’t believe it. Sure, people’s hearts can change, but for someone like Khun Akhira to fall out of love with Pleng? She’d sooner believe the meteorological department announced snow in Thailand than believe Khun Akhira would cheat on Pleng. The two seemed to love each other too much for either to let go.

Honestly, this was the first time her friend’s words seemed unbelievable. Dr. Neen could only think it, not say it out loud. If Pleng was saying such a thing, there must be a deeper reason—she wouldn’t make it up. Still, she didn’t understand. As she was thinking of what to say, Dr. Plaifah asked instead.

“Pleng, are you sure Khun Akhira really has someone else?”

This time, Pleng nodded, saying nothing more.

“And about the baby—have you told Khun Akhira yet?”

How could she? She hadn’t even had the chance to surprise him—she was the one who got the bigger surprise. Pleng slowly shook her head in response.

The two doctors exchanged glances. Once again, no one spoke, but they understood each other.

Soon, they turned back to the slender figure sitting still, her calm face full of sorrow. Both doctors let out a sigh at the same time before Dr. Neen spoke again.

“So, who is this other person?”

At this point, even if she didn’t want to say, she had to.

“The new doctor in the department.”

“Is it that cute-looking one?” Again, Pleng nodded. The one who got the answer looked more confused and upset. What was So’s relationship with the new doctor in the pulmonary center?

If she was going to have someone new, why not someone from another department? Was the whole world just doctors? Or did Khun Akhira have a thing for women in lab coats? The more she thought, the angrier she felt for her friend.

Actually, it wasn’t surprising if Khun Akhira got close to someone in that department—she picked Pleng up almost every day, and seeing the pretty young doctors so often, maybe one day she just fell for a sweet smile. She clenched her fists, wanting to smack her friend’s lover.

“But how do you know those two are…?”

“I saw them.” That one word stunned both doctors into silence. The evidence must have been clear.

“Then give us every detail—don’t leave anything out.”

Dr. Neen said seriously. She needed to know everything, to find a way to help her friend. If it was all true, she’d go tear those women apart herself. Why sneak around? If they wanted to break up, do it properly! No matter what, she wouldn’t let her niece or nephew be left alone.

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**That night at the Watcharakijkul house**

Everyone was at the dinner table except for Khun Akhira, whose flight was delayed so she couldn’t join the family for dinner.

Pleng sat watching the people she considered family for a moment, waiting for the right time to tell them about her decision.

“Dad, Mom…”

“Is something wrong, dear?” The gentle voice, the kind face, and the worried eyes made Pleng pause.

She pressed her lips together, stopping herself when she saw Khun Ying Narap gaze. She’d planned to tell them about the divorce, but now she didn’t feel ready.

Breaking up with Khun Akhira might be easier than saying goodbye to these people who were like her second parents, who loved her sincerely.

What would she do if she never saw them again? How unhappy would her life be if she couldn’t share a meal with this family? Just thinking about it hurt her chest. But all she could do was suppress her feelings and shake her head at the elders still waiting for an answer.

“No, nothing. I just wanted to say the food is delicious tonight.”

“That’s because Mom made all your favorites,”not Khun Ying Narap, but her son who grumbled that nothing on the table was his favorite. A small, playful argument broke out.

Dr panipak could only smile softly at the warm atmosphere, though inside she felt cold and numb. She quietly ate, afraid Khun Ying Narap would notice her mood. She tried to act normal but froze when the head of the Watcharakijkul family put food on her plate.

“Thank you, Mom”

“When you’re done, go shower and rest—you’ve had a long day,” her father in law said kindly, not prying, just showing fatherly concern. Pleng almost couldn’t hold back her tears, a lump in her throat making it hard to swallow. She finally excused herself from the table.

“Is something wrong?” her Sun asked. Khun Ying Narap looked at the empty chair. She had noticed the odd behavior but didn’t want to pressure Pleng.

“It seems like Pleng has something to tell us, Mom.”

“Yes, is she alright?” her husband and son asked, but Khun Ying Narap didn’t answer.

“I guess I’ll have to talk to Zo,” she said, her tone changing so much it made the two men shiver.

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**Late that night, in Khun Akhira’s private bedroom:**

Dr. panipak was still sitting on the sofa, waiting for her wife to return. Her beautiful eyes watched the clock tick by, over and over. No matter how sleepy she was, she chose to wait for Khun Akhira.

The door opened, and when they finally faced each other, silence filled the room. Once again, Pleng’s heart ached as she looked into those empty eyes.

“Still not asleep?”

Khun Akhira asked, as always, when she saw her up late. But Pleng didn’t feel the same—his question sounded like a habit, not real concern.

“I was waiting for you.”

“Waiting for me? Why?” she stopped, raised her eyebrows a little, and met her gaze. Khun Akhira chose to wait in silence, as if Pleng was weighing her words. Finally—

“I want to divorce you.”

Again, silence filled the room. They looked at each other until one couldn’t take it and had to look away.

“You want a divorce?”

“Yes. I want to divorce you. Let’s get divorced.”

“Fine, let’s divorce.”

Khun Akhira replied coldly, not even pausing to ask why. Maybe she’d been waiting for this moment for a long time…

Right now, no one was more hurt than Pleng. Even though she was the one to ask for the separation, she never thought her lover would agree so easily. She’d foolishly hoped she would care, that she’d say something to make her stay. But it seemed the one desperate to leave was her.

*The one who once pursued her relentlessly.*

*The one who once said she loved her so much.*

*The one who was always by her side.*

*The one who said she wanted to build a family with her.*

*Now, she was just a stranger.*

*She was a Khun Akhira she didn’t recognize.*

“When?”

The next question shattered her heart. It was clear Khun Akhira wanted this too—she wanted to be free, to be with someone new.

she was the unfaithful one who didn’t even have the courage to end things herself, maybe out of respect for the elders. Waiting for her to say it was the only way she wouldn’t be blamed.

“Whenever you’re ready, let me know. I’ll make time. The sooner, the better.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure,” Pleng said firmly.

Khun Akhira nodded slowly, as if he understood, meeting her eyes with no emotion.

Though her beautiful eyes were trembling, tears threatening to fall, and finally, clear tears streamed down her cheeks as she heard Khun Akhira’s next words:

“Divorce is good. I want a divorce too.”

Such calm words cut deeply, as if a sharp knife sliced through her. So cold it made her tremble. Pleng never imagined she’d hear those words. The Khun

Akhira before her was so cruel to her.

# Chapter 3: Just a Dream

Tears fell again and again onto the big pillow. Pleng didn’t know when she’d fallen asleep. When faced with terrible events, sometimes people just wish to sleep, to escape, to not have to know or feel anything, to let the bad things pass as if they were only an unpleasant dream. If lucky, when waking up to a new day, those things will be gone. But for Pleng, that wasn’t the case. Unluckily, today she still had to greet the bright new morning with tears.

The mattress shifted slightly. Pleng was gently awakened by the soft touch of someone sitting beside her on the bed.

“Why are you crying?” The warm voice asked, so different from last night. The beautiful doctor sat up, wiping away her tears, not even daring to look at the other person—then she froze.

“If someone hurt you, tell me,” the speaker said, gently stroking her hair and pulling her into an embrace. Pleng, sitting motionless in the hug, thought she must be dreaming. But the warmth of the hand on her head and the closeness of their bodies told her this was real.

When she looked up, Khun Akhira’s gaze was full of concern—her eyes, voice, and touch were all the same as the Khun Akhira she knew. If this was real, then maybe last night was just a dream.

“Was it a nightmare?” Khun Akhira raised an eyebrow, waiting for an answer, seeing her troubled face and the fact that she’d slept restlessly. she assumed Pleng must have had a nightmare, but what kind of nightmare could make her cry in her sleep?

They looked at each other in silence for several seconds. Pleng said nothing, while Khun Akhira blinked as if she was being scrutinized.

“Did you have a dream, Pleng?”

“I think so,” she replied, though she wasn’t even sure herself. Khun Akhira just went along with it, not knowing what was wrong.

“Are you angry at me? Angry that I didn’t come home last night?”

“You didn’t come home?” Pleng repeated, and Khun Akhira nodded. “I wasn’t here last night. We didn’t talk, did we?”

“No, I wasn’t here. I only just came home this morning. Mother wouldn’t let me in last night,” Khun Akhira said, sounding pitiful.

Last night, Khun Akhira had to go back to his condo because her mother insisted she not come home. She didn’t want to see someone who had a good name but behaved badly.

For some reason, Khun Ying Nara had chased her daughter out like a dog in the middle of the night. Before even stepping into the driveway, her mother told her to go sleep at the condo.

Maybe she was afraid Khun Akhira would hurt Pleng, or maybe she was punishing her daughter for neglecting her wife.. Either way, Khun Akhira didn’t know what she’d done wrong, but it wasn’t as important as Pleng’s condition right now, so she turned the conversation back to her.

“Did you dream about me?” Normally, she’d be glad if his lover dreamed about her, but Pleng’s tears made her unsure what kind of dream it was.

“Yes, just a bit of a nightmare.”

“Can you tell me about it?” Pleng slowly shook her head, not wanting to share the sad story. Khun Akhira just nodded in understanding.

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Later that morning, the atmosphere at the Watcharakijkul house was tense. For those who didn’t know what was going on, everyone’s behavior seemed odd, making Khun Akhira feel uncomfortable. Khun Ying Nara only took care of Pleng, and her daughter wouldn’t even look at her. Mr. Akin sat quietly reading the newspaper and sipping coffee. Only Sun made eye contact.

“Did you do something wrong, Zo?” Son asked as the two of them walked into the garden for privacy.

“What did I do?” Khun Akhira raised her eyebrows, confused. Son studied his sister’s behavior, then fell silent as if pondering something.

“There must be some misunderstanding,” he muttered, and Khun Akhira looked at him curiously before they made eye contact again.

“Yesterday, Pleng didn’t get to say anything before—” Just then, Akhira phone rang, interrupting. Sun glanced at the caller ID, which was a woman’s name he didn’t recognize. Khun Akhira excused herself to take the call, talked for a while, then returned.

“What were you going to say about Pleng?” she asked, but sun shook his head.

“Nothing. I was just going to say she’s not feeling well,” he lied, changing the subject, not wanting to reveal the truth.

“Are you going somewhere? Not waiting for Pleng?”

“Mother doesn’t want me near Pleng. I’ll go take care of something first. If anything comes up, call me.”

Sun nodded slowly, watching Khun Akhira hurry out of the house after taking a call from the mysterious woman. he wondered if his sister was with someone else, since she’d left without even clearing things up with her wife. It didn’t make sense to blame their mother for keeping them apart. If Khun Akhira really cared, nothing would have stopped her from talking to her lover. But she chose to leave easily, without even trying.

Son was sure the mysterious woman wasn’t from the company or a business partner—he worked closely with Khun Akhira and didn’t recognize the name. Who was this woman? Was this why Pleng wanted a divorce?

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**At a restaurant**

Someone dining there widened their eyes in surprise when they saw a familiar face. The dentist quickly nudged her friend to look.

“Isn’t that Khun Akhira with—” she said, turning to look at her friend. The two women exchanged meaningful glances.

“I can’t believe it,” Dr. Plaifah muttered, almost in disbelief.

“What’s going on?” Narak, the dentist and Dr. Plaifah’s partner, who’d just returned from the bathroom, looked confused. Suddenly, both doctors were acting as if they’d seen a ghost.

“Narak, do you remember Khun Akhira?”

“Why?” Dr. Plaifah didn’t answer, just turned to look behind her. Narak followed her gaze and saw Khun Akhira sitting with a woman who was clearly not Pleng.

Maybe, if thinking positively, it was just a work meeting. But the woman sitting across from Khun Akhira was a doctor, which didn’t make sense for her business.

“Maybe it’s nothing,” Narak suggested.

“It has to be something,” Dr. Neen said through gritted teeth. The woman was holding Khun Akhira’s arm. She couldn’t stand it anymore—this was too much!

Her anger boiled over, not just for herself but for her friend. How could someone cheat on her friend like this? Without thinking, Dr. Neen got up and marched straight toward the other table, with Dr. Plaifah and Narak scrambling to catch up.

“Neen, stop!” they called, hurrying after her.

“This is why Pleng wants a divorce,” Neen muttered.

“What’s going on?” the young doctor asked.

“You don’t have to act innocent, and you, Khun Akhira, stop pretending you don’t know what’s going on,” Dr. Neen said, glancing at the new doctor she recognized from the hospital.

“It’s good that Pleng is thinking of divorcing someone like you.”

“That’s enough, Neen,” Dr. Plaifah tried to calm her friend, afraid she’d cause a scene.

“What do you mean?” Khun Akhira stood up to face the three doctors. she didn’t really understand why her wife's friends were being so rude, but the word “divorce” caught her attention more than anything else.

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In the end, Khun Akhira had to leave the new doctor and sit with Pleng’s friends—three against one.

“Not sure if Pleng has talked to you yet…”

“About what?”

“Pleng is planning to divorce you,” Dr. Plaifah explained, leaving Khun Akhira stunned, as if her world was ending.

She was confused and shocked, her beautiful face showing disbelief.

“I don’t understand—why does Pleng want a divorce?”

“You’re still asking? Because you have someone else!” Dr. Neen said bluntly, clearly angry for her friend.

“Someone else?”

“That woman you’re having dinner with! How do you explain this? Or are you going to say it’s nothing? Stop pretending, please.”

Khun Akhira didn’t even know what “pretending” meant, but she could say for sure that there was nothing between her and the new doctor. But Dr. Neen wasn’t convinced.

“And what about holding hands? How do you explain that?” she pressed.

“She just wanted to apologize about that day.”

“That day?” Dr. Neen crossed her arms, raising an eyebrow. What happened that day? What was so important? At this point, nothing was more important than helping her friend.

Khun Akhira, realizing the situation, explained everything from the beginning, including what happened that day. she understood that Dr. Plaifah and Dr. Neen loved Pleng and it was natural for them to be upset.

“Then why are you together again today? That doesn’t make sense,” Dr. Neen continued to press. “If there’s nothing, why meet again?”

“She called me, said she wanted to apologize and had something important about Pleng to tell me. So I came. That’s all—nothing else. I can honestly say my intentions are pure.”

“Are you sure you’re not lying?”

“Do you really think I’m that kind of person?” Khun Akhira’s serious question made Dr. Neen pause and look again. Deep down, she saw only sincerity and suddenly felt a chill.

If she wasn’t Pleng’s friend, who knows what might have happened to her after causing such a scene.

“I’ve explained everything. I hope you understand. I’ve never had anyone else, never cheated on Pleng, and never will. I love only Pleng and I will never divorce her.”

Every word from Khun Akhira was firm and sincere. Her eyes were unwavering—there was no sign of dishonesty.

“In that case, you need to go back and explain to Pleng yourself. She’s probably misunderstood. Go clear things up, but you’ll need proof—because you know what she’s like,” Dr. Plaifah advised.

Dr. Neen sat quietly, feeling guilty for causing a scene. Dr. Ninlaneen was already depressed—she’d lost her temper without thinking.

After discussing everything, the four parted ways. Dr. Neen apologized to Khun Akhira for her behavior, but she didn’t mind, understanding how much she loved her friend.

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All the way home, Khun Akhira kept thinking about what could have made Pleng want a divorce. She was sure she’d never done anything inappropriate with another woman, except for that one day.

When she got home, as soon as he opened the door and looked toward the living room, she saw Pleng looking at her. Khun Akhira slowly walked over. As soon as their eyes met, she felt a chill and his heart trembled, even though she hadn’t done anything wrong. she wanted to cry when she saw Pleng’s cold stare.

“I want a divorce,” Pleng said. Even though he’d been warned and prepared herself, Khun Akhira couldn’t help but feel shocked and hurt. It was as if she was being surprised, even though she’d already been surprised by her friends earlier.

“I won’t divorce you.”

“Why not?”

“You’re misunderstanding me. If it’s about that doctor, I can explain.”

Pleng sat quietly, watching Khun Akhira, who was anxious and refused to agree to a divorce—so different from her dream.

True, last night was just a dream, but what she saw that day was definitely not a dream. She still didn’t dare ask, afraid the answer would hurt her. She was afraid the nightmare would become reality, until Khun Akhira spoke again.

“I only talked to her because I wanted to know about you. I just asked her to help.”

Pleng’s beautiful face showed clear disbelief.

Khun Akhira seemed to understand her doubts and anxieties, so he explained further.

“Lately, I don’t know what’s wrong with you. I was worried, so I asked her to help—just to keep an eye on you. It’s not that I don’t trust you, but you haven’t seemed like yourself,” he said softly. she wanted to know why her lover seemed different, so she asked for help.

Why not ask her friends? Because they were close, and if she’d asked, they would have told her right away. Besides, she didn’t want to bother Dr. Neen or Dr. Plaifah, who worked in different departments and had different schedules. The new doctor worked in the same department and had a similar schedule to Pleng, making her the best choice.

“I asked her to help with you, that’s why we talked—but it was only about you, nothing else.”

“But what I saw that day didn’t look like just talking,” Pleng said. It seemed like Khun Akhira and the new doctor were having a very personal conversation.

“Which day do you mean?”

“Which days did you meet? I think you know best. Were there any secret meetings or anything else besides what I saw? You should know.”

“I only met her a few times. There was never anything inappropriate between us.”

“Are you sure?” Pleng’s icy tone made Khun Akhira look away, then answer again with confidence.

“I’m sure. I never did anything wrong behind your back—except…”

This time, she fell silent while Pleng stared at her with empty eyes, making Khun Akhira anxious again.

“In the car that day—was it because of that?”

Pleng said nothing, but her silence was answer enough. That day was the first and only time she and the woman had been closer than they should have been. Khun Akhira sighed, not making excuses, understanding why Pleng was so upset.

Without delay, she took out his laptop, opened it, and set it in front of Pleng.

She looked at her, confused, but then turned her eyes to the screen, which showed footage from the car at the hospital.

The voices in the car could be heard, discussing Pleng. Khun Akhira asked if anything had happened to her the previous day. The woman replied that everything was normal, that Pleng seemed fine. Pleng listened quietly until she heard the next part.

“But lately, doctors from other departments have been visiting Pleng often, talking to her alone in her office, even going out for meals. I’m not sure if Khun

Akhira knows about this.”

“Yes, the doctor is handsome, rich, and most importantly, single.”

At that moment, the car was silent as Khun Akhira seemed to be thinking. After a while, the woman called her name, followed by what Pleng had seen.

Pleng turned away, not wanting to see anything more than herself walking in, seeing the scene, and walking away a few seconds later.

At that moment, Khun Akhira was frozen, not understanding what was happening. Suddenly, the woman hugged her. Confused by what she said, she lost her composure and let her hug her for a moment. But as soon as she felt her warm breath on her neck, she realized it was wrong and pushed her away.

“I didn’t call you here for this,” she said flatly, with a hint of annoyance. Even though it was just a hug, she knew it shouldn’t have happened.

“I’m married.”

“I’m sorry, really sorry, Khun Akhira,” she said again when she fell silent.

“Please leave.”

Pleng stopped the video herself. The room was silent as both of them fell into their own thoughts.

“I didn’t think she’d do that. I’m sorry, Pleng. You’re not going to divorce me, right? I won’t do it again, I promise.” Even though she hadn’t cheated, Khun Akhira still felt guilty for letting another woman touch her.

Even if it wasn’t intentional and lasted only a few seconds, the guilt lingered. Since that day, Khun Akhira barely dared to hug her wife. feeling too guilty to forgive herself.

Pleng, after learning everything, was silent for a moment, then let out a sigh of relief.

“If you have questions, ask me. Why go behind my back and meet someone in secret?”

“I was afraid you’d be angry if you knew I asked someone to watch you.”

“So, do you think I am angry?

"You are angry..." Akhira replied softly. With that face, that voice, and those eyes looking at her—if the beautiful doctor wasn't angry, she didn't know what to call it.

"Then... how did you end up seeing it?" Akhira remembered that she had dropped the doctor off at work that day, then waited to meet the person she had arranged to see.

"I forgot something in the car, so I came back to get it," Pleng replied. That was how she saw that hurtful scene—the spark that led to the misunderstanding and thoughts of divorce.

"I'm sorry. Please don't be angry at me, Pleng. And also, about that day when I spoke harshly to you," Akhira could only bow her head, having foolishly believed someone else's words and let jealousy get the better of her, picking a fight with her lover over something that wasn't true. Dr. Pleng didn't have anyone else. There was nothing left to say but "I'm sorry," over and over again.

Luckily, Dr. Pleng wasn't the kind of person who refused to listen to reason.

Besides, the evidence was clear about what had happened. She couldn't accuse Akhira of lying. She trusted her lover, but she had to admit there was still some lingering displeasure about how close the two had been.

Even if nothing happened, the painful scene she saw was real. That woman really did get close to her lover, and it hurt her heart. In the end, she managed to recover almost completely, but there was still a lingering sting.

After all, who would like someone else getting close to their own partner?

*She, for one, definitely didn't like it.*

*She really, really didn't like it.*

It was a good thing that Dr. Pleng didn't lose her temper that day, dragging both of them out of the car and causing a scene in the parking lot. Otherwise, it would have been the talk of the hospital: the beautiful doctor, furious with her cheating partner. The rumors and misunderstandings would have spread far and wide if she had acted rashly that day.

But because Dr. Pleng was still herself, even when faced with something so hurtful or upsetting, she simply chose to walk away quietly, dealing with her own feelings and deciding to ask for a divorce later.

She admitted that she lost her composure at the time. But who could keep calm in such a situation? No matter how rational a person is, faced with something like that, it's impossible to think clearly. She was sure of it.

# Chapter 4: Strategy to Win the Heart

“I went to investigate already. It seems that side likes Khun Akhira, but personally, I think Khun Akhira doesn’t think anything. Only that younger girl who feels anything. I don’t want to believe my ears and eyes. Is this really the person who caused a scene with Khun Akhira the other day? Maybe she feels guilty, so today she defends herself fully, like a chameleon changing color. Looking at the situation, Doctor Ninlaneen has already switched camps with the same number.”

But even so, Doctor Plaifah didn’t object, because she herself felt not much different from Doctor Nin. It’s easy to see that Khun Akhira is still the same person, just that there may be people coming around as is normal for someone good-looking, charming, and with status. Even if he wears a ring on her left ring finger, those who want her still want her day and night. And even though Akhira may not think anything, the doctors are not sure if the other side is really sincere. Because something is shouting that she is using the love and care Akhira has for Doctor Pleng to approach.

“The only thing that frustrates me about Khun Akhira is she can’t read people. It’s so annoying. I want Pleng to pinch her hard so she wakes up.”

“Maybe because she only thinks about Pleng, so she doesn’t notice anything.

“Well, she should look too, right? Being so infatuated with Pleng that she’s deaf and blind is not good. Not like helping each other until ending up in bed.”

“Nin, you’re saying too much. she already said she doesn’t think anything.”

“But if that girl tempts her, can she really resist? Before you know it, she might slip. Pleng doesn’t have time to add sweetness, isn’t good at being affectionate, not good at feminine wiles. Nothing is certain. People sometimes…”

Doctor Nin’s words made Doctor Plaifah go quiet. Maybe it’s true as her friend said. People’s hearts are not stone. Even if you’re sure you won’t change, in the end, you might change. When it comes to love and feelings, nothing is really certain.

“But Khun Akhira loves Pleng a lot. she probably won’t change, especially if she knows Pleng is Pregnant…”

“I know. I’m not saying she will change, just being cautious. Better to prevent than to fix.”

“Saying like this, what are you planning to do next?”

Doctor Nin did not answer, only sent a creepy smile to her close friend. Doctor Plaifah could only shake her head.

“Just don’t suggest or have Pleng do anything crazy.”

The listener shrugged like she didn’t care. It’s not something crazy, but a plan to tie the heart of her boyfriend. She guarantees that Khun Akhira won’t go anywhere, won’t look at anyone else for sure. She’s confident!

The conversation between the two doctors had to end when the person just mentioned arrived. It was normal for the three doctors to have meals together if they had time.

Now, Doctor Pleng seemed still normal in everything. Her eating was still the same, but one thing that seemed to change was that Doctor Pleng ate a little more than before. Other than that, there were no symptoms. No nausea, no aversions. If not tested and known for sure that she was pregnant, no one would know. Can only say that baby Pleng is a good child since in mother’s womb.

“Did you clear things up with Khun Akhira already?” The beautiful doctor nodded while there was food in her mouth. Her face, which looked brighter, made both Doctor Nin and Doctor Plaifah relieved.

“And what did Khun Akhira say?”

“ I explained everything, same as I explained to Nin and Fah.” The sweet voice mixed with amusement, because she already heard from her friends what happened the day before. Never thought the two would be so daring, love her enough to go make a scene with Akhira.

“And why does Khun Akhira want someone to help investigate about Pleng?”

“Khun Ahira said lately I seem strange, like…”

“Oh, I understand.” No need to explain in detail. That side probably saw that her lover changed, so she was suspicious. It’s not strange for Akhira to be worried, must have observed her lover a lot to know the other side is not the same.

If saying that Doctor Pleng seems strange because of someone else, it’s not so wrong. But to call it someone else is not quite right. Better to say she’s about to have another loved one, but not in a romantic or handsome guy way, but the little one in her belly is what makes the soon-to-be mother’s mood unstable.

“But to ask someone for help, not ask, but ask someone who isn’t sincere.”

“she probably didn’t think anything. Looks like the other side volunteered to help, so it got worse.”

“Good intentions with bad motives are not okay.” While the two doctors talked, Doctor Pleng just sat quietly, listening and thinking about many things.

“By the way, did Pleng tell Khun Akhira to stop getting involved with that woman yet?”

“Not yet.”

“Then you have to hurry and talk, make it clear and decisive. Give an ultimatum: don’t get involved, even if you don’t think anything. But really, that day they still went out together. Isn’t it frustrating?”

“Sorry.”

“ P’ Zo said that girl called to meet because she felt guilty, wanted to apologize.

“So she went with her?” Really believe that? “Both women, but can’t see through it. What’s with Khun Akhira?”

“Because Khun Akhira doesn’t think anything, so she can’t see.”

“That’s what’s frustrating.” Doctor Nin turned to answer Doctor Plaifah, then both turned their attention to the person sitting across again. “So, Pleng, did you tell Khun Akhira yet about the little one?”

“Not yet.”

Because something happened first, so there was no time. And even though the misunderstanding was cleared, Doctor Pleng still kept quiet about having a little one, not telling anyone. Maybe deep down she was still worried and unsure about many things, so she wasn’t ready to say.

“So when will you tell Khun Akhira? Did you tell your family yet?”

“I’ll probably tell Mom soon. As for Brother So… I don’t know, maybe wait a bit.”

“Not telling about the little one yet is fine, but I have something to say.” Doctor Plaifah even glanced at Doctor Nin with distrust. Doctor Pleng, who didn’t know anything, just raised her eyebrows, waiting to listen.

“Pleng, do you know the strategy to Win Your Wife's heart.

“....”

“Not just Pleng. People around here can listen and use it too.”

“Keep it down, Nin.”

“Quiet and listen.” Doctor Nin raised her finger to stop her close friend before starting to explain the strategy to both of them. What Doctor Nin said made the beautiful doctor’s face turn red.

The single one could say it shamelessly, but the one with a partner was left speechless, just blinking, not knowing what to say, embarrassed at what the other said as if it was something anyone could do easily.

“Even with a baby, you can still have sex, Pleng knows that.”

“Enough.” Doctor Pleng had to raise her hand to stop her friend after sitting with her head in her hands for a long time.

“Why? There’s nothing wrong with it. Acting like you never…”

The last sentence was muttered, but loud enough to make the listener’s face heat up again. Good thing Doctor Plaifah lost patience and stood up to fight, representing those with partners.

“Why does a single person get to teach people with partners?”

“Nin, things like this don’t need direct experience to be told.”

“Before being a teacher, you have to study first.”

“I don’t see how it’s related.”

“It is related… Can a single person teach people with partners? Not even one girlfriend or boyfriend yet.”

“Not teaching, it’s called advising.”

“It’s the same. Do you have experience advising people with partners?”

“Oh, Fah, are you bullying me?”

“Bullying.”

“Thank you for catching the joke, beautiful. Almost got lung cancer. Good thing someone helped fix it. So touched I want to bow. Never thought those words would come from the usually cold, beautiful doctor. But fitting for a lung disease specialist. Hearing the word ‘smoking’ must be annoying.”

Doctor Pleng shook her head slightly, the corners of her mouth smiling at her close friend who always brought humor.

“Alright, let’s leave it at that.”

“Leave what at that?”

“We don’t know what the other side is planning or how cunning they are. Even if Akhira loves Pleng, she’s not a robot programmed.she’s human. When faced with temptation, she might waver a little. Especially nowadays, kids like to flirt, have many strategies. Pleng can’t be careless. Better to prevent than to fix.”

Doctor Nin nodded firmly, hoping her friends would agree.

Nothing is certain. There are always beautiful girls getting involved, being flirty and seductive. Even if someone doesn’t think anything, they might think a bit. If Akhira slips even a little, no need to say what will happen.

“P’ Zo”

“Pleng , P’ Zo isn’t the problem. But that girl Do you think someone who can hug someone else’s wife with a straight face, knowing she’s married, with a diamond ring, and the wife working in the same department, seeing each other almost every day, can be trusted? Think again what kind of woman she is.

That’s why I say don’t trust her.”

No one argued because everything Doctor Nin said was all things that couldn’t be argued. It’s true as she said. Even knowing the other side is married, she still dares to do that with someone else’s lover. To say she doesn’t think anything isn’t right. If she were sincere, she wouldn’t look at him with such sweet eyes. Doctor Nin can say for sure that junior doctor likes women. Even more, she likes Khun Akhira for sure, one hundred percent!

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After talking and clearing things up, it seemed the couple’s life returned to normal. That evening, Akhira cooked hersellf. Maybe not fancy, but something he thought the doctor would like.

Doctor Pleng looked at the food on her plate, then at the person sitting across. She probably stared too long, so the other noticed and looked up to meet her eyes. One of Akhira’s cheeks puffed from chewing, and when everything in his mouth was swallowed, Akhira’s voice sounded immediately.

“Is it not delicious? Don’t you like it?”

“No, just never knew before that You could cook delicious food.”

“I cook quite often. Maybe not as good as the you, but good enough to get by. At least living together, you won’t starve. But how delicious it is is another matter.”

Doctor Pleng didn’t answer, only a soft laugh in her throat could be heard. Seeing his lover smile made Akhira happy

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The situation between Akhira and Dr. Pleng right now can be called peaceful and normal. Everything is as it should be. But for Dr. Pleng, there is still something that makes her worried. She keeps watching and observing her lover almost all the time. Looking and thinking about how she will tell Akhira about the little one. She often finds herself staring at the other person without realizing it. But the one being stared at knows.

“Did I do something wrong?” She even had to stop what She was doing, sit up straight, and put her hands together after putting her work tools down beside her.

Dr. Pleng almost burst out laughing when she saw that, but luckily she managed to adjust her expression in time, keeping her face expressionless as she asked a question in a flat tone that sent chills down the spine.

“So, did you do anything?” The beautiful face shook side to side quickly in denial, but those beautiful sharp eyes looked shifty. Have you ever not done anything wrong but felt hot and nervous because you’re not sure? Maybe you accidentally did something bad without knowing. Akhira tried to think hard to make sure he didn’t accidentally do something the beautiful doctor didn’t like.

“You look suspicious.”

“I really didn’t do anything.” Even though she acted suspicious. Well, the doctor was staring at her like that. Even if you didn’t do anything wrong, you’d still feel nervous. “Baby” It was time to use her ultimate weapon, the pleading voice and pitiful eyes she had practiced for many years. Akhira looked at the beautiful doctor with a pitiful face, seeking sympathy.

“Pleng was just joking. Look at you.” This time, Dr. Pleng couldn’t hold back her laughter and reached out to pinch the other’s cheek lightly out of mischief. The one being pinched just sat still, blinking.

The atmosphere was going well. The only bad thing was that right now there was an incoming call. On Akhira’s phone screen appeared the name of the woman who almost caused their love to break. Their eyes met unintentionally.

“Are you going to answer?”

“Huh?”

“Answer it.” Cold, whether it was the tone of voice, the eyes, even though there was a slight smile on that beautiful face, it didn’t help at all. Akhira thought the doctor’s smile was creepier than ever. Normally, she loved to see Dr. Pleng smile, but this kind of smile—better not to smile at all.

She could only swallow hard. She was about to reject the call, but the doctor ordered her to answer. Akhira had to press the screen and put the phone to her ear to listen to the caller.

“Hello… If it’s this time, I’m sorry to disturb you.” The tone was so different from the one she used with her lover, like a different person.

[I know. Sorry for calling so late, but I really have something important to tell you. It’s about Dr. Pleng.]

The owner of the name raised her eyebrow. Dr. Pleng let her lover talk to the caller, because she also wanted to know what news the other had to report to call at this time.

“What about Pleng?”

Akhira asked while looking at her lover’s face. Come to think of it, that day she hadn’t had a chance to say anything before the doctor’s friends came in and made a scene.

[Um… Akhira, you’re not mad at me anymore, right? About that day, sorry for interfering, but I just wanted to make sure you’re really not mad at me.]

“Forget about that.” She brushed it off, not caring, because she cared about something else more. “Get to the point. So, what about Pleng?”

[IsDr. Pleng there now?]

Yes!

Moreover, she was on her lap, even though before this she was sitting beside her. Akhira was at a loss when her lover climbed onto her lap, facing her in a provocative position.

“Uh…”

[Is there something wrong?]

In the same position, before slowly moving away, leaving a passionate kiss. “P’ Zo…” The sweet voice called her lover, sharing it with the caller before the slender body leaned down again and whispered in her ear. The third person, who was now like an extra, must have heard, so she went silent.

Of course there is! But she couldn’t answer because those pretty lips pressed down in a kiss.

“If it’s not important, just hang up.”

Just now she forced her to answer, but now she’s telling her to hang up…

“Between Pleng and the phone, which do you choose?”

It could also mean, between her and the caller, who would you choose? Akhira could answer that question immediately without thinking, but she couldn’t say it out loud, as if her mouth was flooded. Seeing the eyes and demeanor of the beautiful doctor, the hand holding the phone was left hanging in mid-air, not caring anymore whether the person on the line was still there or not.

Akhira’s mind drifted far away when the beautiful doctor pulled away and tilted her face to look at her cutely. She didn’t know if the other wanted an answer or not. In that moment, Akhira pressed to hang up without taking her eyes off her lover, and tossed the expensive phone aside carelessly.

She changed from holding the slim phone to touching the slender waist of the person on her lap, slipping her hand under the thin nightgown of the doctor.

Their lips met again, but this time with more intensity.

The thin nightgown was undone. In a provocative position, the short skirt below was lifted up. Akhira swallowed hard as the scene in front of her eyes appeared, but there wasn’t much time to think. A small pain ran up her neck when the doctor leaned down to press her lips to that spot. The beautiful face lifted up, both hands holding the small waist, squeezing gently in rhythm with her feelings. Feeling mischievous, she pushed the slender body away a bit, burying her face in the graceful neck, imitating what Dr. Pleng had just done. But when she changed from kissing to sucking hard, the doctor pulled away and protested.

“Don’t, or there’ll be a mark.”

“But you did it to me.”

“It’s not the same.” Often, Dr. Pleng would accidentally leave marks on Akhira in places others could see, but if Akhira wanted to do the same, she was forbidden, with the reason that she was a doctor.

Akhira looked at her lover, wanting fairness. Look at that—she can do it, but others are forbidden. The doctor is not fair. Where can she complain? It doesn’t look good if others see.

And as an executive, is it any better? Akhira still didn’t understand, but even so, she didn’t want to upset her wife. Whatever the doctor says, she’ll go along with it.

“Don’t make that face.” A little coaxing wouldn’t hurt. She felt sorry, but really couldn’t help it. That spot on the neck was off-limits, but other places under the clothes were allowed, like the chest, for example…

“Here is fine.” Akhira almost choked on the doctor’s passion. Normally, she never spoke like this. Now she both spoke and acted, leading on. What made the beautiful doctor change so much? But at this moment, Akhira didn’t have time to think for an answer, because there was something more important.

Not to mention the slender hand pressing at the nape, making the beautiful face bury in the middle of her chest. Akhira knew what to do. The nose was for smelling the fragrance, the mouth for claiming, the tongue for teasing the two mounds, pampering until the beautiful one twisted, arching her chest in response to the pleasure.

While the beautiful face was buried, Dr. Pleng rewarded and encouraged her by lowering her face to kiss her temple. Suddenly, the sensitive part in the middle felt an intrusion that made her shudder and lift herself up, staying in that position. Both arms clung to her lover’s shoulders for support, breathing unevenly, but soon the sensitive part was released.

“P’ Zo”

The beautiful eyes grew fifty percent fiercer when disappointed, but at times like this Akhira was not afraid of the doctor. On the contrary, she enjoyed teasing her, as shown by the smile at the corner of her mouth. Dr. Pleng couldn’t help but feel annoyed.

That was why the mischievous one lay flat on the sofa, letting the slender body straddle her face, pressing her hips down on the smiling lips. She moved and swayed as she pleased, as if punishing the one who upset her. Akhira was happy to serve, hugging the slender legs knowingly, sending her tongue to collect the nectar the doctor produced.

“Ah, Baby.”

One of Dr. Pleng’s hands gripped the sofa, the other on the older one’s head. The beautiful face flushed red, moaning, making the one below more confident, happy as her lover pleasured her.

“Ah, ah.” Akhira hardly had to do anything and her lover reached climax. The slender body tensed as the beautiful hips were still supported. Dr. Pleng rested to catch her breath before moving down to sit on her lover’s stomach, her face even redder, burning hot, in contrast to the room’s temperature when she saw her own handiwork.

Embarrassed and out of strength, but still reached out to wipe her lover’s lips, because Akhira still held her waist as if not wanting to let go.

“Did you like it?” The owner of the question sent a sweet, big smile like a child, while Dr. Pleng continued to wipe her lover’s face and mouth.

She was silent, not answering. How should she say it? If asked if she liked it, out of ten she’d give a hundred, but someone like Dr. Pleng would never say something like that. Akhira knew this well, which was why she liked to tease her like this.

Dr. Pleng looked into her lover’s eyes. The closer she saw Akhira’s face, a certain feeling came to greet her. Maybe it was the reason that made her abandon her shyness and do something led by her mind and heart.

Before she knew it, the two naked bodies were making love on the bed in the master bedroom. Every part of Akhira’s body was marked as belonging to her. Tonight alone, there were more love marks than in several years of marriage.

The warm breath of the beautiful doctor blew all over the body, from the neck, the flat stomach that had started to have muscles from working out, spreading to the sensitive part, making the owner shudder and try to stop her.

“That’s enough.” Akhira even pleaded, begging the doctor to stop. In her heart she cried, “Darling, please stop, I’m afraid I’ll die of a heart attack,” but she could only swallow and couldn’t say it out loud.

Akhira pulled the slender body up onto her lap as before. Their lips met again. Who knows how long they were lost in the depths of love, the sensitive parts moving in rhythm to the same tune.

“P’ Zo”

“Yes?”

“Faster.”

One of the sentences the beautiful doctor requested made Akhira almost go crazy…

Their eyes continued to gaze at each other. In that moment, the sweet eyes caressed the beautiful lover’s face, then the ears, as if to encourage, while moaning when the pleasure was too much to bear.

Dr. Pleng knew well that she was as possessive as Akhira, only that her jealousy was suppressed by her calmness and reason. That’s why it was rare to see the beautiful doctor show those feelings. But when certain hormones changed, what she used to control could no longer be controlled.

What she never did, she dared to try. Even if embarrassed, maybe because the emotion was stronger. At this moment, Dr. Pleng didn’t care about anything except the person in front of her. The same as Akhira. The two of them wove their relationship closer with their bodies and burning desire. Dr. Pleng abandoned all thoughts, leaving only emotion and need. Must blame the little one, then, for making the mother like this.

**Baby 5: Whose is it, dear?**

Even though last night used up a lot of energy, even so, Doctor Pleng still woke up early out of habit. Her beautiful eyes gazed at the face of the person next to her who was still sleeping soundly. Both lips, nose, eyes that now were covered—everything belonged to her.

Doctor Pleng knew well.

This Akhira is hers alone. The beautiful corner of her mouth lifted in a smile. Normally, Akhira would wake up, look at her face, smile, and greet her in the morning often. But today, she slept deeply and refused to wake up. She couldn’t help but move closer and press her lips to the forehead

of the beautiful one, staying still for a long time, repeating it many times. That touch made the eyelids start to move. This morning, Akhira woke up from the warm touch that came from the beautiful doctor. Slightly dazed, but smiled automatically once she started to understand.

“Good morning.”

The beautiful face smiled brightly, making the just-awakened person blink adorably until her heart hurt, thinking she had died and gone to heaven.

“I’ll go shower first. P’ Zo , you keep sleeping,” even though she was the one who woke her up. It seemed Doctor Pleng just wanted Akhira to wake up so she could say that greeting before getting off the bed, still bending down to kiss her again, making the older one lose her senses.

Really strange...

That sound echoed in her mind. Doubt began to form again. Once she regained her senses, Akhira rolled off the bed, found a robe to wear, and walked out of the room. She looked left and right, and once sure it was clear,

the beautiful one hurried straight to her destination.

It was the favorite bag that the doctor used regularly. It was placed on the shelf in the living room. The zipper was open less than a centimeter. The tall figure jumped in surprise when she heard the sweet voice from behind.

“What are you doing?”

“Uh, I—I’m thirsty. I came out to drink water.” The dry smile and strange excuse made the beautiful eyes narrow. “Thirsty?”

“Yes, I’m thirsty.”

Thirsty and standing here? Very suspicious, and not convincing. But even so, Doctor Pleng didn’t say anything. She stood with arms crossed, looking at

Akhira

for a moment.

“The water is in the kitchen.”

“Oh, right.” She cleared her throat, probably just realizing that if she was thirsty, she should go to the kitchen, not stand sneakily here. “Then I’ll go drink water. My throat is very dry.” Then she walked away, but only got three or four steps.

“P’Zo.”

“Yes?”

“The kitchen is this way.” Not just saying, but this time she took one arm out from being crossed and pointed the way with her finger.

“Oh, right, the kitchen is this way.” The beautiful face smiled awkwardly to cover up, also pointing in the same direction as Doctor Pleng, as if to emphasize. Akhira swallowed dryly, her smile faded as her face turned pale before walking into the kitchen, leaving the doctor watching until out of sight.

What’s with her...

A sigh came out of her mouth. Akhira peeked outside, seemingly still not realizing that Doctor Pleng was suspicious, thinking she was still being subtle.

She took the opportunity to find water to drink as she said, while thinking of a way to prove something. When she thought of it, she smiled at her plan.

Thirty minutes later—

“Wait.” Doctor Pleng’s steps stopped right after Akhira’s, who braked so suddenly she almost fell when she saw the outfit her lover was wearing.

“Are you going to wear this shirt to work?”

“Why?” the beautiful one asked back with innocent eyes.

“You still ask me why?” Akhira looked at Doctor Pleng from head to toe with a judging look, making the owner of the body look down at herself.

What’s wrong? It’s just a shirt...

“I’ll have to wear a lab coat over it anyway,” she said, in case Akhira forgot she was a doctor and had to wear a uniform over her nice daily outfit. But even so, Akhira still shook her head.

Even if the patients don’t see, others will see when walking into the hospital anyway. If she wore the lab coat from getting out of the car, that would be something else. But she had to walk, showing off her smooth shoulders and nice figure all the way to her office. That’s not okay. Akhira thought that didn’t make sense.

Also, the doctor never dressed like this. That shirt seemed a bit far from Doctor Pleng’s usual style. No wonder Akhira commented and objected.

“Too revealing.”

“P’Zo...” Just seeing the shoulders is called revealing? Doctor Pleng held her forehead when she saw her lover’s serious eyes.

“Will you change? If not, take my suit to wear.” “Keep it for yourself,” she said. So generous, not thinking of herself. If Akhira took off her suit, what would be left? She didn’t even see a shirt underneath... And besides, Akhira dressed sexier than her and she never said anything.

Doctor Pleng could only sigh.

“I’ll take a cardigan. End of story.”

Because the doctor gave in, the morning went smoothly until they got to their usual shop. Normally, Akhira would quickly unbuckle her seatbelt and get out to order green tea, but today she hesitated.

“I’ll wait in the car.” “Are you okay?” The slender hand touched her lover’s forehead immediately.

No fever.

“Just feel a bit unwell. I want to rest a bit.”

“Okay, I’ll order coffee for you.”

“Okay.”

According to plan! Got to be alone in the car with Doctor Pleng’s favorite bag. But the plan was about to fail when the doctor searched for another small bag inside. As expected, the well-prepared one quickly handed over her own wallet. “Use mine.”

Doctor Pleng narrowed her eyes at Akhira, who seemed especially eager, but didn’t suspect anything, because this one liked her to use her money anyway. It was normal, just a bit more suspicious than usual...

When the slender figure got out of the car, it was time for the amateur detective to act.

Akhira searched her lover’s bag, took out what she wanted. The small wallet was opened. Sharp eyes quickly found the slot with the blue card. She didn’t hesitate to take it out and look at it.

“Panipak Watcharakijkul.”

She murmured the name on the card.

It was Doctor Pleng’s real name. The person on the card looked just like the one who had just gotten out of the car, only the real one was prettier. Everything confirmed she was the same person, still the wife and daughter-in-law of the Watcharakijkul family.

Even though it’s the same person, why did Doctor Pleng seem so different? Last week, she seemed strangely strict. Last night, she was so cute. Normally, she was affectionate, but not to this extent. What happened?

Besides being affectionate, the doctor even let her walk her into the building. Normally, Doctor Pleng only let Akhira drop her off at the parking lot or in front of the hospital, but today she allowed her to follow.

“This is far enough,” Doctor Pleng said when they reached the hallway.

Suddenly, she caught sight of someone approaching. “Come pick me up this evening, okay?” she said, pulling the taller one down for a light kiss on the cheek as a goodbye, also whispering to remind her not to talk to anyone at all, not even answer the phone. She didn’t allow her lover to talk to anyone except people at the company, which Akhira understood well who Doctor Pleng meant.

“If not, I’ll be mad,” she ended the sentence with a warning and kissed the other cheek so she wouldn’t feel left out, then stood still to let Akhira kiss her back without hesitation.

The person who was walking over stopped in their tracks, watching the two women show affection to each other with a bit of envy. Akhira didn’t even take her eyes off her wife, and kept watching until Doctor Pleng walked away. The third person just stood there watching until the two finished saying goodbye. The beautiful-faced one gave a slight smile to the younger woman who happened to see, before walking past her without even greeting—probably considering that smile as a greeting already. When the door closed behind the junior doctor, inside the office, the beautiful doctor sighed, hoping those two wouldn’t secretly talk behind her back again. It’s not that she didn’t trust her lover, but she was more afraid that woman would tell something she herself hadn’t told Akhira yet.

Because the other party probably already knew about her going to the OB-GYN department. Last night, she called to talk to Akhira, probably about this. That’s why Doctor Pleng ordered her lover to hang up. She didn’t want someone else to tell Akhira something important before she could. That should be her responsibility.

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At the coffee shop

Because there was still something troubling her, Akhira had to sit and confide in the doctor’s friend. Having learned from last time, she didn’t dare ask anyone else for help, afraid there would be another misunderstanding.

“Come to think of it, it’s a bit strange,” Doctor Neen said, half-admitting.

She was one of those who kept the secret about Doctor Pleng being pregnant. “But you don’t have to worry, Akhira. Pleng might just want to be affectionate, that’s all.”

“But last week Pleng was in a bad mood,” to the point it was hard to even face her, almost thinking she had someone else. Both Doctor Neen and Doctor Plaifah could only keep quiet, wanting to tell but couldn’t.

“Maybe it was that time of the month, so her mood was unstable.”

“There have also been a lot of patients lately, so maybe she’s stressed.”

They tried their best to cover it up. Luckily, Akhira didn’t suspect anything more. Hearing that Doctor Pleng was working hard and stressed about work, she just worried, not thinking about anything else except that her lover might be overworking.

“That’s pretty much all there is. As for other guys, definitely not. I guarantee it,” Doctor Neen confirmed, nodding for Akhira to trust her. She was the one who had supported this woman for her friend from the start, never betraying her. Hearing this, Akhira felt a bit relieved. At least the doctor was only stressed about work.

“So... Fa is pregnant?”

“Huh!” Doctor Plaifah exclaimed in surprise when Akhira suddenly asked out of the blue.

“I saw you carrying a book about mothers and children.”

“Oh, no, Fa isn’t pregnant, but her friend is—ouch!”

A cry of pain from being pinched hard. At first, they were playing it cool, but the act was ruined by the pinch and glare.

“Which friend?” Akhira asked with an innocent face. The two doctors looked at each other nervously. Luckily, Akhira didn’t catch on, thinking there must be other friends she didn’t know about. Little did she know,

the friend was actually Doctor Pleng herself.

“She’s a doctor at the same hospital. She’s going to be a mom, so she bought it to read and prepare,” the owner of the statement tried to act as natural as possible. The listener nodded and smiled slightly,

making her think of her own situation.

“Then I won’t bother you two. Thank you so much.” After saying goodbye, both Doctor Neen and Doctor Plaifah let out a big sigh of relief. When the conversation partner walked away, they looked at each other.

“That was close, Fa. If the secret got out, we’d be dead for sure.”

Just saying it gave her goosebumps. The soon-to-be mom was even more strict these days.

“So who was acting suspicious?”

“Why did you bring up the baby thing?”

“Because P’Zo asked,” Doctor Plaifah argued back. She wasn’t the one who started it; it was her friend’s girlfriend who brought it up. How could she be blamed? Besides, she didn’t even say which friend was pregnant. In the end, Akhira still didn’t know and wasn’t suspicious at all. Safe.

**Next week is Akhira’s birthday.**

The businesswoman is turning another year older. Time waits for no one, and Akhira was starting to feel anxious about wanting a child of her own. She thought about it for a long time, debating day and night whether to talk to her lover. But since they were life partners, she should tell her everything.

The one sitting there flinched a little when suddenly her lover lay down, reaching out to hug the waist of the half-sitting, half-lying person and nestling her face on her stomach. The two hugged each other loosely, relaxed. The silence allowed them to pause and think about many things. Akhira kept inhaling

the scent from the slender body for a moment before pulling away and looking up at the beautiful face.

“Fa and Neen said their friend is pregnant.”

“Huh?” Doctor Pleng almost choked, her eyes wide in shock, but when she regained her composure, she acted indifferent, waiting to see what Akhira would say next. “That’s great.” That short sentence made Doctor Pleng’s heart feel lighter. She smiled unconsciously, confident Akhira was still the same person. At least she was relieved that if she told her about the baby, she’d be happy. She looked down

at the one still nestling on her stomach, stroking the older woman’s head fondly.

“Is there anyone in here?”

“What is it?” Doctor Pleng slipped up again, feeling a strange heat on her back when Akhira suddenly brought up what she’d been hiding.

“I think you’ve changed a bit,” the speaker said seriously, making the doctor quickly make excuses.

“Maybe I’ve been eating a lot lately. Neen and Fa keep inviting me out.”

“That’s a shame. I thought we had a little one.”

Doctor Pleng secretly smiled. Actually, her belly wasn’t any different. She was only a few weeks pregnant—nothing had really changed except her mood swings. But Akhira was observant enough to notice her belly was a bit bigger.

But that doubt was dispelled by blaming it on eating. There’s no way she’d know there was a baby. Even she wouldn’t know if she hadn’t checked.

Sigh...

That was the sound of a sigh.

“What’s wrong?” Doctor Pleng lifted her lover’s face to look into her eyes, seeing Akhira looking gloomy.

“About the baby—if you can’t have one, I’ll have one instead,” Akhira thought the doctor might not be healthy or there might be a problem. Actually, anyone could be pregnant. If she did, it’d be fine too, so Doctor Pleng wouldn’t have to struggle.

Even though it was just words, Doctor Pleng was touched by her lover. Some feelings welled up, wanting to tell Akhira the truth right now, but she had to steel herself.

“Can’t you wait a little longer? You’re so impatient.”

“I’ve waited a long time,” came the muffled reply against her stomach, not knowing the little one she asked about was already in mommy’s tummy.

“ You are mad at again”

“Afraid the little one will grow up slower than Nong Port and the youngest girl.”

“Excuses.”

“I just want one.” No excuses. Seeing others have one makes her envious. She wants a little one of her own. Akhira thought she’d show off her baby to everyone at the company. Just thinking about it made the businesswoman happy, wanting to hold a small child in her arms all the time.

The doctor had to shake her head, blaming her close friends in her mind. Neen and Fa, what did they say? Look, P’Zo had already forgotten about this. She hadn’t mentioned a baby for months, but just a little nudge and she’s sulking, wanting one again.

“A baby isn’t a doll. You can’t just get one whenever you want.” If it were that easy to buy, it’d be nice, Akhira thought. But what can you do if it doesn’t come?

“I mean it.”

“About what?”

“If you’re not healthy...” Doctor Pleng immediately understood what Akhira meant. She had just hinted about having a baby herself if Pleng wasn’t ready. Once again, the soon-to-be mom felt emotional, almost wanting to cry. Luckily, Akhira was lower down and couldn’t see the emotion in her eyes.

“Thank you,” the sweet voice came with a gentle kiss. Doctor Pleng bent down and pressed her lips to her lover’s temple, whispering sweet words of hope.

“But I’m fine. Still healthy. Just wait a little longer, okay?”

Just a little while. Just a few more days.

She promised she’d share the good news.

# Chapter 6: Happy birthday, Akhira

The party was held at the Watcharakijkul house. In the party, there were only family and close people. It was a simple meal, like a family reunion.

“Happy birthday, Akhira,” the clear voice with cheerful and unique way of calling could only be the first beloved nephew of Akhira, little Pot. The young boy who grew up day by day. She remember that before he still couldn’t speak clearly, cried with a runny nose because he missed his aunty, sat with a sulky face. But today, little Pot is bigger than before, so big that Akhira and Doctor Pleng can’t carry him anymore. If you ask if they could carry him, maybe they could, but aunty’s back might break...

“A gift by me aunty. he said, smiling shyly as is his way. Whatever he buys or does, pot always acts a bit shy when he has to do something sweet. Akhira received the gift box from his nephew, but before he could admire it, little Pot rushed in for a hug, bringing smiles from the tall man and everyone at the party.

Everyone knows that little Pot loves Akhira very much, and they are always together. It’s not strange that on an important day, the boy would act cute and dress up especially for Akhira. The garden in front of the big house today seemed warmer than usual when everyone was present. Doctor Pleng in a white dress seemed to fit best.

Akhira had received gifts from everyone except her wife. The beautiful face smiled as she walked closer, making the birthday person raise an eyebrow in curiosity about why the doctor had to smile so sweetly.

In Doctor Pleng’s hand was not a gift box, but a paper envelope tied with a beautiful ribbon, looking simple and elegant but not trustworthy. Akhira looked again and again, while the doctor just smiled as she handed it over. In the end, she had to accept it unwillingly.

It couldn’t be divorce papers or anything like that, right? Hopefully, the doctor wouldn’t surprise him like that. Otherwise, Akhira’s heart would break on her birthday...

Everyone was excited together. No one knew what was inside the envelope or what it meant or how important it was. Only Doctor Neen and Doctor Plaifah knew what Akhira would get as a birthday present this year.

Doctor Pleng’s gift was the first and only one to be opened immediately. The people around also paid attention and came to gather close. The beautiful eyebrows furrowed, face tense, reading the Thai letters he wasn’t good at. Her beautiful sharp eyes gradually widened automatically before looking up to meet the eyes of the special gift giver.

“***Happy birthday,***” she said.

Akhira was still, his lover’s smiling face blurred as the people around cheered loudly with joy.

“Our family will have a grandchild, dear.”

Khun Ying Narap was delighted. She had envied the Ananwakul house for many years because that house had two cute grandchildren and was never lonely. But the Watcharakijkul family never had one. When it was her turn, tears welled up. She was so happy that her hands shook, just like everyone else.

“Congratulations, Pleng,” Sun was the first to say. The news of Doctor Pleng having a baby not only surprised Akhira but also the other family members. While there was only laughter and smiles around, Akhira was so quiet that Doctor Pleng was startled. Their eyes met, hearts pounding, before all the worry was replaced by a warm hug.

The taller one rested his face on the slender shoulder, feeling the tears. Doctor Pleng stroked her lover’s slightly shaking back as comfort. A slight smile appeared on her beautiful face.

Really cried...

She knew Akhira always wanted a baby, but she didn’t think he would be so happy that she cried with shaking shoulders in front of the family. No one teased or laughed. Everyone was fond and understood that feeling well.

It was a simple surprise and a birthday present that could not be bought anywhere. Nothing could compare. Akhira didn’t think this year she would get such a special gift that made her cry. The feeling was so overwhelming that she couldn’t speak, only able to express it through tears of happiness.

*Now she had her own little one.*

*Really had a baby.*

*. .*

Immediately, Akhira bought a new house, a big single house but not too big for a family of three or four people. Doctor Pleng did not approve of buying a house as big as the Watcharakijkul house, saying it would be tiring to walk.

She also said that one day they would have to live separately from the child, afraid that if the child cried in the middle of the night, they wouldn’t hear. By the time they walked to the baby, the little one might be exhausted. Just a house that’s just right, so the child would be in sight. Hearing that, Akhira understood and chose a suitable project, hurrying to get everything decorated and ready.

Preparing to welcome the baby, because even though the condo was spacious, something was missing. Akhira wanted a lawn in front of the house so the little baby could get fresh air outside. Luckily, the beautiful doctor agreed on that point.

Maybe more than others, ever since Doctor Pleng announced about the baby in front of the family, in the end, she was not allowed to do anything. Even picking up something small, she was told to go rest, even though she hadn’t done anything yet. Of course, Akhira was like that too.

“P’ Zo, I isn’t disabled or ill,” the sweet voice dragged out in exhaustion when her lover fussed over her too much. The beautiful doctor was tired when everyone acted as if she was terminally ill.

“No, dear, don’t walk too much, and don’t work hard. Take leave.”

“Leave what?”

“Take leave from work, take a year off.”

Crazy...

“Maternity leave is enough, no need to take leave for pregnancy. Just pregnant, not sick.”

“But I don’t want you to work hard.”

She sighed for who knows how many times. She knew P’ Zo liked to exaggerate, but she didn’t think it would be this much. Just having a baby, not terminally ill. Maybe she shouldn’t have told her, just wait until eight months...

“If P’ Zo is like this, I don’t want to talk anymore. Next time, I won’t tell.”

“Oh.”

The one who was busily setting the table stopped, looking at his lover with sad eyes. She was worried, but it seemed the doctor didn’t like being worried over. Akhira fell silent, the enthusiasm and smile from earlier gone, making the viewer feel pity. Doctor Pleng sighed again.

“I know you’re worried, but you can’t not let me do anything. If I just sit and lie down, I’ll get sick, and the little one won’t be strong. You want...”

“Okay, okay, I understand.”

When spoken to with reason, he listened. Akhira thought about what Doctor Pleng said and nodded in understanding. It’s true, if the mother is healthy, the child will be healthy too.

“I’m just excited and worried too much.”

“Understood,” she said, as always.

“So today, not going to work?”

“Taking a break to be with the baby.”

Imagination again, the baby isn’t even born...

“Just making excuses.”

“I just want to take care of you, dear.”

“I’m still okay.”

“But from what I read, mothers have many difficulties.”

“Five weeks. I think there shouldn’t be any problems.” Pregnancy shouldn’t be a bother yet. Besides, Doctor Pleng is small, and this is her first child. How big could her belly get?

“Don’t worry, P’ Zo, I’ll take good care of myself. Let’s just live normally.”

“How can it be normal? We’re having a baby.” Akhira’s voice was grumpy. Doctor Pleng smiled at her lover, who seemed excited about everything. This one would wake up in the middle of the night just because she got up to go to the bathroom, watching every step. If she could carry her, she would. The soon-to-be mother was excited and worried more than necessary.

“Are you allergic to anything? Anything you can’t eat? Mom said pregnant women are allergic to food.” That was one reason Akhira was stressed, afraid the doctor and the baby wouldn’t get enough nutrients.

“I don’t feel allergic to anything. I can eat as usual,” Doctor Pleng answered brightly. Until now, she hadn’t found anything that smelled bad or that she couldn’t eat. Everything was still normal.

Until one morning, Doctor Pleng let go of her lover’s hand while walking to the parking lot. Her eyebrows furrowed, her pretty face looked a bit sour, making Akhira stop and turn to look.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, alarmed because she saw Doctor Pleng’s face didn’t look good. Stomachache? Headache? Fever? Or was something wrong with the baby?

“I think I’m allergic to your smell, P’ Zo...” Her face went pale. The executive lost confidence, sniffing her own shirt while still staring at her lover.

“But I showered...”

“Maybe the little one doesn’t like it.” Normally, Doctor Pleng was not allergic to Akhira’s smell, even liked it. Akhira didn’t use strong perfume because she had allergies. But suddenly, Doctor Pleng’s nose became sensitive. Probably because the one inside didn’t like perfume.

“I’ll take my own car, I really can’t stand it.”

Still as a stone, the wind blew by, only eyelids blinking. Akhira was adrift in the parking lot as the doctor’s car slowly passed by until out of sight.

Doctor Pleng glanced at the rearview mirror, feeling sorry but had to be cruel because she really didn’t feel well and couldn’t ride in the same car as her lover. She had never been allergic or disliked anything until today. Now she found what she was allergic to: Akhira Watcharakijkul...

“The baby hates me now... sob...”

How did it come to this...

Sun could only wonder, blinking, not knowing how to comfort his sister. He had never seen Akhira like this before. Crying like this was so unlike Akhira. He understood women could be emotional, but his sister now was like a different person.

“Um, P’ Zo...”

“What should I do, Sun? The baby hates me.”

“Maybe the little one just doesn’t like your smell.”

The words of Doctor Pleng cut deep to the core of the heart. Her sentence echoed over and over, trampling the little heart until nothing was left. Akhira could not shake those words out of her mind, only able to accept the tissue from her younger brother to wipe away her tears.

“P’ Zo, calm down first. Pleng is probably just sensitive to perfume. It’s normal for pregnant women,” Sun explained calmly. If he didn’t already know Doctor Pleng was pregnant, he would have thought that Akhira was the one who was pregnant. Ever since the news about the baby, it seemed the female executive was having it worse. Some days she didn’t come to work—so bad that this morning’s meeting was canceled because Akhira was not ready to attend. At first, Chan was shocked, thinking something serious had happened. But when he entered the room, what he saw was Akhira sitting and crying, sobbing and lamenting that the baby wouldn’t love her.

The young man scratched the back of his neck. Earlier, he had called Khun Ying Narap to consult about what was happening, telling her the details with a serious face. But what he got in return was laughter. She said Akhira was just like Khun Akin when he found out she was pregnant—more sensitive and sulky than his wife...Good grief.

## That Evening

Akhira hurried back to shower and wash her hair, making herself as clean as possible, with no smell of pollution or fragrance on her body except for the shower cream she used—confident that the doctor wouldn’t dislike this scent since she used it every day herself.

After receiving advice from her mother and younger brother, everything on the dressing table was cleared away, leaving only cosmetics—no perfume bottles in sight. Akhira was proud of her work, but when the doctor arrived, she was scolded.

“Threw them away?” Doctor Pleng looked shocked when she heard it from Akhira’s mouth. Akhira nodded sheepishly. The problematic perfume was all thrown in the trash.

“P’ Zo... Is that smart?” Doctor Pleng wanted to ask but didn’t say it, afraid it would hurt her feelings. She thought Akhira probably acted on impulse.

“Just not using them is enough. You could have just left them there, no need to throw them away.” Akhira’s perfumes cost so much per bottle. Doctor Pleng didn’t want to think about the value lost, but it was too late to regret. Even Akhira herself didn’t seem to regret it.

“It’s fine. I have money.”

“Yes...”

The doctor accepted it without arguing. She really did have money—there was no way to argue. Akhira could buy a car or a house and throw away the deeds, let alone perfume. Rich people can do anything.

“Are you okay? Can I sleep with you?” The speaker stood at a distance by the bed. Doctor Pleng laughed before nodding. Right now, she didn’t feel dizzy and thought Akhira could come close.

“I thought the baby hated me already.” Doctor Pleng laughed again. At noon, she had received a call from Chan, who told her about Akhira. She didn’t know whether to laugh or feel sorry for her lover.

“The little one doesn’t hate P’ Zo. Don’t overthink. I am just starting to have morning sickness. Do you know about morning sickness?” Akhira shook her head. Of course, she wouldn’t understand the word “morning sickness.”

“Morning sickness is a symptom of pregnancy. You can be sensitive to food, perfume, allergic to food—it depends on the person. Some people don’t have it at all,” she explained to the person lying beside her. “Mother once told me she was afraid she wouldn’t be able to eat rice.”

“ I can eat everything, just a bit dizzy and sensitive to perfume,” Doctor Pleng answered with a smile. Hearing that, Akhira felt relieved—at least the soon-to-be mother and the little baby could eat.

“It’s late, let’s sleep. The baby can rest too.” She reached out to stroke her lover’s hair, kissed her forehead lightly, then pulled away. Akhira still kept some distance, afraid Doctor Pleng would feel bad and not be able to sleep.

She could see the doctor’s uneasy face, knowing she didn’t want to hurt her feelings. Akhira accepted the situation, thinking of the soon-to-be mother and the baby—she loved them too much to be selfish. Better to sleep lonely than to make her lover have a headache and not sleep, because that wouldn’t be good for either Doctor Pleng or the baby.

That night, Doctor Pleng slept with her back to Akhira, but the older woman didn’t sulk, only watched her back with love, hand still stroking the soft hair as a lullaby. That night, Doctor Pleng did not come to hug her. Akhira knew why, but it wasn’t a big problem because she understood the situation well.

She knew her lover was trying her best to be considerate.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t have allowed even a short hug or kiss. But Akhira was satisfied with just that. Not hugging for a while was no big deal—just endure and it would pass. Maybe four or five months, as Khun Ying Narap had said.

Since telling Akhira about the baby, Doctor Pleng’s symptoms got worse, or maybe it was because of the increased pregnancy and worry. This morning, Doctor Pleng woke up with nausea and had to rush to the bathroom. The sound made Akhira, who was outside, hurry in. Akhira looked worried, gently rubbing her lover’s back, understanding it was a pregnancy symptom. But seeing Doctor Pleng vomit until her face turned pale, she couldn’t help but worry.

“Are you okay?”

Doctor Pleng didn’t answer but nodded after rinsing her mouth. Then, Akhira’s hand came to wipe her mouth without disgust, but Doctor Pleng turned her face away and stepped back two steps. Akhira stopped, seeing her lover’s expression, and immediately realized she shouldn’t get closer, so she stepped back.

“Then I’ll go make food, okay? When you’re ready, come eat,” she said softly, walking out with her head down. Doctor Pleng could only watch her lover’s back and sigh, one hand stroking her belly.

“Little one, don’t tease mommy, or mommy will be sad,” she said softly as she stroked her still-flat belly. She felt sorry for Akhira, but what could she do? She felt bad and couldn’t help but show it. Things like this couldn’t be helped.

# Chapter 7: 7 Weeks Pregnant

Late in the morning, Akhira brought the doctor to the hospital. It was the first time that both soon-to-be mothers came to see the doctor together. Previously, Dr. Pleng had already had her health checked and registered her pregnancy.

However, Akhira still wanted to come again for peace of mind. Fortunately, Dr. Pleng didn’t object and willingly came along.

Dr. Pleng was still in her first trimester. The doctor gave advice and explained basic pregnancy care to both of them. Yet, Akhira remained worried, persistently asking the doctor about Dr. Pleng’s morning sickness. It could be said that she argued with the doctor for quite a while, wanting the doctor to cure her beloved. Dr. Pleng had to gently warn her and gave an apologetic look to the other doctor, who fortunately didn’t mind.

“Please don’t blame Akhira, Dr. Pleng. I understand. New parents are always extra concerned. Akhira must care about you a lot,” the doctor said after Akhira left, continuing a brief conversation with Dr. Pleng.

“Thank you so much for today, doctor. And sorry that P’ Zo was a bit impolite...”

“It’s alright, I understand,” the doctor replied with a sincere, slightly amused smile. She didn’t think Akhira was rude at all—just a bit too worried about her wife and child. Seeing this, she couldn’t help but feel a little envious, thinking how lucky Dr. Pleng was to have such a caring partner.

She had seen many people from various families. Some came alone to register their pregnancy, some husbands showed no interest, never asking any questions and just sitting there, letting their wives bear all the burden, even though there was another life to care for inside.

But for Dr. Pleng, there was nothing to worry about. Besides physical health, mental health is also important. Some mothers have to bear a lot on their own, but in this family, she saw no such problem—only concern for the baby, which is normal. It was clear that Dr. Pleng had good mental health and a strong heart, truly a happy mother-to-be.

It was no surprise why Dr. Pleng was the one to get pregnant first. Perhaps because she’s a doctor, she knows how to take care of herself and is calm and composed—truly ready to have a baby. As for her partner, she was very enthusiastic, clearly loving and caring deeply for Dr. Pleng.

Usually, it’s the pregnant mother who gets stressed, but for Dr. Pleng, it seemed all the stress fell on her partner. For this mother-to-be, everything seemed smooth and well-balanced, with nothing to worry about.

“We’ll meet again next time.”

That was the final farewell. Dr. Pleng smiled at the person who cared for her and her baby before leaving the room. She didn’t know where Akhira had gone, as she didn’t see her after coming out.

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“Doctor, your partner said she went downstairs to buy something.”

“Thank you,” Dr. Pleng smiled at the nurse who came to inform her, glad that Akhira had left a message.

As Dr. Pleng was about to go find her partner, she ran into her two close friends along the way.

“Oh, Pleng! What a coincidence!”

Dr. Pleng shook her head, signaling to her friends that it wasn’t a coincidence at all.

These two had clearly planned to meet her, probably having heard she was at the OB-GYN department.

“Don’t you two have work to do?”

“Do you know what it’s like being a doctor? Just another day at work.”

“What?” Dr. Plaifa turned to ask Dr. Neen, as if the two were about to start bickering.

“It’s nothing, just saying. So, are you done with your checkup? Where’s your sweetheart? I heard you came together.” Quickly changing the subject and firing off questions without pause.

“Checkup’s done. The nurse said P’ Zo went to buy something.”

So, she was about to go find P’ Zo. The two doctors nodded in understanding and said they’d walk together. But they hadn’t gotten far when they caught sight of Akhira from behind.

“Isn’t that Akhira? What’s she doing over there?”

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The shop was on the other side, but the tall figure turned into another hallway of the hospital, a quieter corner. The three doctors’ eyes met. No one said anything, but their feet automatically headed that way. At this moment, the doctors became onlookers, secretly watching people talk. The three women pressed themselves against the wall, thankful that few people passed by here.

"I am," she said. The meaning of that sentence was clear. The person in the white coat, despite her dignity, wanted someone else’s lover so much that she was willing to be the other woman, humble and self-effacing, just hoping the other would accept her. She was ready to do something immoral. Her arms wrapped around the tall woman’s waist, face pleading not to be left. Pleng stood still, watching her lover being hugged from behind. Her heart trembled, even though she was sure Akhira and that woman had nothing more between them. Still, she felt a sharp, itchy pain in her heart, like a thorn that hadn’t been removed.

Fortunately, Akhira didn’t let the situation drag on. She immediately pulled away when attacked, turning to face the shameless woman begging for something wrong.

“Wait a minute, isn’t that…”

Dr. Neen’s eyes froze, just like the others.

“Khu Akhira ,I promise I won’t tell anyone. I’ll stay in my place…”

Pleng watched quietly. The gentle eyes that were always so soft with her were now empty. The beautiful face that usually smiled kindly was now so calm it was chilling. None of the three doctors could remember the last time they’d seen Akhira in this proud, cold way—maybe when they first met.

That Akhira Watcharakijkul hadn’t gone anywhere. She had just become gentle with her lover. For everyone else, Akhira was still the same—aloof, proud, and cold.

“You must be mistaken. I didn’t approach you because I liked you.”

“I understand,” she replied. She’d known from the start why Akhira approached her, but still held onto hope. Dripping water hollows stone—would the stone never soften? But perhaps Akhira was a stone with someone else’s name engraved in her heart, so she never wavered, no matter how hard anyone tried.

“I love you. I’ll do anything you say. Please…”

Akhira looked at the woman in front of her with emptiness mixed with a little disgust. For a doctor, she had no dignity. Akhira shook her beautiful face slightly, exasperated, pitying. Many feelings arose, but none were mixed with hesitation.

“No matter how shameless you think I am, love can’t be helped,” the woman said, tears in her eyes. Akhira understood that well—love can’t be helped.

That might be true. But don’t forget, even if love can’t be helped, we can control ourselves not to do wrong to others. And even if love can’t be helped, that’s no excuse to force someone to love you back. If feelings can’t be forced, how can you make someone love you who doesn’t?

“But I don’t love you. I never have. Not even a little.”

“You said yourself, love can’t be helped. I can’t force my feelings either.”

Akhira cut ties without hesitation, not caring how much the woman in front of her was hurt. Her tears meant nothing, not enough to touch Akhira’s heart.

“If you can’t deal with your feelings, then stop bothering me. I don’t want Pleng to be uncomfortable.” Even if one’s intentions are pure, if the other side clearly has feelings beyond friendship, it should end here. Akhira thought it best to settle this, not wanting any lingering doubts. Besides, it would put her lover at ease.

The woman was about to step forward again as Akhira was about to walk away, but stopped, frozen by Akhira’s fierce gaze—a warning not to come closer again.

This heart, this body, only Dr. Panipak has the right.

The tall figure turned and walked away, not caring about anyone’s tears. Even if she cried herself to death, “That’s her problem,” Akhira thought, leaving the small woman behind, before her sharp eyes widened as she saw her lover and friends.

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“Oh, are you done?”

“Yes,” Pleng replied with a smile. Both Dr. Plaifa and Dr. Neen pretended to greet as if they’d just happened to walk by. Akhira probably thought they were just passing by.

“Shall we go home?” Pleng nodded again, glancing at the woman Akhira had left behind, who was still bowing her head and crying.

Pleng didn’t feel satisfied, but if asked if she felt pity, the answer would also be no. If she had to define her feelings now, it would simply be: indifferent.

She was just relieved that Akhira was clear. Even though she hadn’t seriously talked about it, her lover had handled everything herself—clear and final, leaving no doubts.

From now on, there was no need to worry about a third party. Cut out of their lives. The only thing that mattered now was the little one growing inside.

After getting into the car, Akhira was silent, so quiet that Pleng had to look over. Seeing her lover’s gloomy face was surprising. She knew Akhira wasn’t a cruel person at heart—maybe she felt guilty for hurting that woman. Pleng didn’t intend to bring it up; Akhira had already settled it. She just sat quietly, lost in thought, until her lover’s voice snapped her back.

“Baby.”

“Yes?”

“What does ‘shameless’ mean?”

Pleng almost choked on the water she’d just sipped, bursting out laughing at her lover’s innocent question. Seeing how serious Akhira had looked during the conversation, she thought she was angry, but it turned out she was just stressed about not knowing the meaning of that word.

Oh, P’ Zo

Mother and baby books—three or four sets secretly bought by Akhira, as well as baby supplies. Akhira almost didn’t survive the department store; she wanted to buy everything, but the beautiful doctor forbade her, saying it wasn’t time yet.

So Akhira took out her frustration on books instead.

“In Thai, too.”

“Will you understand it?”

“I can read.”

“

I know,” Pleng replied, but wondered if Akhira could understand or translate it. But looking at the content, it didn’t seem difficult. The words were common. Pleng thought there shouldn’t be any problem. Besides, Akhira wouldn’t be reading alone—she’d read too. That’s why she encouraged buying them. But she forgot that Akhira liked to use her wealth in the wrong way. Who knew if she’d finish reading before the baby was born? At this rate, they could start a national mother-and-child library.

“Will we wear maternity clothes?”

“Yes, but not yet.” Her belly wasn’t big enough for her current clothes to be tight. Pleng thought it would be a while before she needed them, but Akhira had already ordered a full wardrobe, as if she’d be pregnant forever.

The slender woman sat down beside her lover, not feeling sick or nauseous anymore. Maybe today, the baby was letting her get close to mommy. Seeing this, Akhira smiled happily, looking at the beautiful mother-to-be before glancing at her belly. It was hard to believe another life was really in there.

“P’ Zo, do you want a daughter or a son?” It was the first time they’d had an open conversation. With all the chaos before, they hadn’t had a chance to sit and talk like this.

Akhira went quiet, still staring at the doctor’s belly, humming in her throat as she considered. Finally, she replied, “Either is fine.” The real meaning: she couldn’t choose. She probably wanted both a girl and a boy, but didn’t dare say so. But of course, Pleng could tell. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have smiled secretly at her lover. No need to say it—she knew what Akhira was thinking. If they had a daughter, she’d miss having a son, and if they had a son, she’d want a daughter next.

“And what about you, Pleng? Do you want a girl or a boy?”

“Either is fine, but Neen says we’ll have a girl,” Pleng replied slowly, thinking of her confident friend and couldn’t help sharing with Akhira.

“Why does she think that?”

“She’s just guessing.” Dr. Neen was probably sneezing a lot, being gossiped about.

Akhira chuckled softly at her lover’s expression, then rested her head on the doctor’s lap, knowing that if the belly got any bigger, she wouldn’t dare.

“Can I name the baby?”

“Of course. Why not?”

“I thought you’d want to name them, or maybe your parents would.”

“They won’t mind. Just let them know,” Pleng said, stroking her lover’s hair. Akhira seemed to worry about everything.

Lately, everyone said if they didn’t know Pleng was pregnant, they’d think

Akhira was the one. The other soon-to-be mom was so dramatic—sensitive and teary. Pleng was only irritable at first, but once she knew she had a baby, her mood stabilized. The one who was really adrift was Akhira.

Even her mother teased that all the stress must have gone to Akhira. Pleng didn’t seem pregnant at all. She’d even overheard that P’So had cried at the dinner table at home. Pleng was surprised since Akhira never said anything.

“Are you stressed, P’ Zo”

“I just don’t want you to be unwell.”

“I’m not unwell,” Pleng protested. She had a baby, and before she did, she’d accepted that some symptoms might happen. If she wanted a baby, she had to accept and get through these times.

“I don’t want you to be in pain.”

“I won’t be, P’ Zo. Medicine has come a long way.”

“I’m scared.”

“So, who’s giving birth, really?” she teased, thinking it was a good thing Akhira wasn’t the one pregnant. Otherwise, the baby would be stressed out, coming out with a permanent frown.

“I just don’t want you to be in pain, and I worry about the baby’s future.”

“That’s a long way off. Don’t stress. The baby has a lot of growing to do.”

“I just want to raise them well, see their face soon, know how cute they’ll be.”

Just thinking about it made her heart swell. She pictured hugging, kissing, holding, talking, playing with the baby on weekends, taking them to school for the first time, bathing, shampooing, cooking, buying toys, telling bedtime stories—everything a parent should do. Akhira dreamed of it all.

“I’m excited.”

But before that, Akhira felt sorry for her lover. Seeing what Pleng had to go through with pregnancy, Akhira realized she couldn’t help at all. She felt guilty, and it showed so clearly that Pleng sighed.

“Don’t worry about me. I’m fine. The doctor said my belly won’t be that big. I’ll be comfortable.”

“But I’ve seen other women with huge bellies.”

“Maybe it’s their second baby. There are many factors—it depends on the mother,” Pleng explained calmly. Akhira had seen all those heavily pregnant women at the hospital and worried her lover would have a hard time.

“I’m really fine. And even if I’m not, I have you, right?”

Her slender hand stroked her lover’s face, who immediately hugged and kissed her, making the beautiful doctor smile.

“I love you. And I love our little baby, too.”

“I love you, P’ Zo. And our little baby loves you, too.” The doctor’s laughter

echoed softly from both of them, happiness floating in the air. They were sure the future would be even happier.

# Chapter 8: 13 Weeks Pregnant

Pleng was still going to work as usual, but the people around her, including her overly concerned lover, were anything but normal.

“The maid is here, doctor.”

“Let her in, please.”

The owner of the sweet, but calm, voice replied in her usual style. Her beautiful face was focused, not looking up from her file. The tip of her pen moved neatly across the paper, her handwriting clear and tidy—not the messy scribbles often seen online.

Her well-shaped brows furrowed as the front door opened, making Pleng look up in surprise when she saw her lover smiling at her.

The tall figure walked in shyly, her sharp, beautiful face unchanged from the first day they met, but the feeling was completely different. In Pleng’s eyes, Akhira no longer seemed proud or unfriendly, but rather bashful, contrary to her looks and demeanor. Pleng even had to glance at the name on her computer screen again before looking back at the tall woman slowly stepping in.

“Stop right there.”

The one being ordered froze like a rock, blinking sadly at the beautiful doctor. She wanted to hug her so badly, but could only stand and watch from a distance, not daring to come any closer. The doctor’s office door pressed against her back, and she could only encourage herself that getting this far was already good enough. If Pleng had known she was coming, Akhira would have only been able to peek her face through the slightly open door to look at that beautiful face.

“Is your name Sommai?”

“My name is Akhira.”

“So, what are you doing here?”

She asked, glancing behind her as the door moved again. This time, it was a nurse who came in smiling awkwardly, saying, “The maid called to reschedule, doctor. Akhira was waiting for you, so I let her in. Sorry for not informing you earlier.”

The sweet voice, at the same time, sent chills through the listener. The nurse gave another awkward smile before quickly leaving the room. It was her fault for not telling the doctor first—she saw the doctor’s girlfriend and didn’t think much of it, forgetting that the beautiful doctor wasn’t always so gentle.

“How are you? Any dizziness?”

“No.”

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.” She was fine—until the other showed up.

Pleng didn’t say what was on her mind, but Akhira could guess. Lately, Pleng had been complaining that Akhira’s presence made her nauseous, even though Akhira didn’t use any perfume and only smelled of freshly washed clothes and her usual soap. Still, Pleng felt sick every time she saw her. The symptoms had gotten so bad that she didn’t want Akhira near her, and they even had to sleep in separate rooms. Akhira Watcharakijkul was forbidden to get within three meters of the mom-to-be—surely the baby’s orders, Akhira was convinced.

“Are you sick, P’ Zo? Is that why you’re at the hospital?”

“I came to take you for an ultrasound,” Akhira replied with a smile. Who was taking whom, really? The one already at the hospital, or the one who drove in from the company?

“Are you done with work? Should we go?”

Pleng agreed without protest, took off her white coat and hung it up, and left the room with Akhira to another department.

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**Obstetrics and Gynecology Department**

It was the first time for both of them to see the baby in the womb. Akhira sat holding her own hands, heart pounding, as the doctor in charge of Pleng announced they were about to show the baby on screen.

The image on the monitor left them both stunned. They called the baby “little one” because it really was so tiny. Pleng’s eyes blurred with tears, even though she’d prepared herself. She couldn’t help but feel deeply moved, just like Akhira, who reached out to hold her lover’s hand, and the other squeezed back. They smiled at each other.

“Do you want to know the baby’s gender?”

“You can tell already?”

“At thirteen weeks, we can usually tell, but to be sure, we’d need to check again. But your baby seems shy!” the doctor teased, as the baby was curled up in a way that made it hard to see the gender.

“We can wait,” Pleng replied.

“Oh, you want to be surprised?” The doctor smiled at the new title. Usually, she was called by her position and name, but now she was being called “mom.” It felt strange and a little embarrassing.

“Now your little one can start to hear sounds. You can talk to your baby.”

“Can I read stories to the baby?”

“Of course!”

Akhira grinned from ear to ear at the answer. She had already bought plenty of storybooks, ready to start reading to the baby that very night.

The soon-to-be moms were both excited, especially Akhira, who had already prepared everything at home. There were stacks of little storybooks, and she was picking out which to read first. While Akhira was lost in thought, Pleng shook her head and bent to pick up the books Akhira had left scattered.

Most were about pregnancy. Akhira had read several, almost every night, as if these books were addictive novels. Pleng smiled, not annoyed at her lover’s messiness, but more at the fact that she wasn’t finishing her work. The desk was covered with documents mixed in with mother-and-child books.

She was touched by how much Akhira cared, but the mess was irritating. She’d have to complain a little, or it might become a habit. Not seeing her in the kitchen, she guessed Akhira must be in the bedroom. As she opened the door, she paused.

Akhira was rolling around on the bed, looking at a photo in her hand and grinning with her eyes closed, then rolling again.

“What is P’ Zo doing?”

She couldn’t help but exclaim, forgetting what she’d planned to complain about. What could make her so happy? It could only be the ultrasound photo from the hospital.

Who would have thought Akhira could be like this? Even Pleng, her lover, never imagined seeing the usually composed executive rolling around just because of one ultrasound photo.

Pleng pushed the door back and knocked for formality before entering. Akhira sat up straight and smiled at her.

“What are you doing?” She could see, but didn’t tease.

“Look, darling! Isn’t it cute?” Akhira handed her the small photo.

“I saw it.”

“And are you okay?” The same question she heard every day, but Pleng never got tired of it. She shook her head slowly, saying she was fine.

“Do I still smell bad to you?”

“It’s okay now,” she replied, half and half. She didn’t feel as bad being near Akhira as she did in the mornings, when she’d get nauseous and dizzy and didn’t want to be close. But at night, the symptoms weren’t as strong.

“My mom sent food. Did you eat? She said it helps with morning sickness.”

“I had some.”

“Are you going to sleep? Come to bed, I’ll read a story to the baby.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to wait until the baby is born?”

“I want to read now. The doctor said…”

“Okay, okay.” If she wanted to read, let her read. Pleng lay down with her, and Akhira beamed, picking up the books she’d prepared, planning to read four or five stories that night.

But she only got through one before the doctor fell asleep, probably from exhaustion and the baby growing inside. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she drifted off to the sound of Akhira’s voice.

Akhira watched her sleeping lover, a gentle smile on her lips. She glanced from

Pleng’s beautiful face down to her belly, placing her hand gently there, afraid to wake her. She smiled again, kissed her softly, wishing the baby and mom goodnight, and carefully pulled up the blanket.

“Goodnight, darling.”

**Second Trimester**

For mothers at this stage, morning sickness usually eases. For Akhira, it felt like heaven, having survived the period when Pleng couldn’t stand her. Now, everything seemed back to normal. Akhira could be as close to the mom-to-be as she wanted.

One ordinary evening, Akhira sat on the carpet with her back against the sofa where Pleng was sitting. The giant TV was playing cartoons—someone had suggested watching together, using the baby as an excuse, claiming the baby wanted to watch.

Her big, beautiful eyes stared at the screen as the cute cartoon characters moved around. Akhira watched, fascinated, as if seeing something new.

“Does the baby really want to watch this kind of thing?”

“Why?”

“I don’t think it’s very useful. I won’t let the baby watch TV.”

Akhira turned to look at her lover.

“You won’t let the baby watch cartoons?” Akhira fought for their baby’s right to cartoons even before birth, while Pleng was already showing signs of being a strict mom.

Pleng saw her lover’s disappointed face and felt sorry for the unborn baby. She remembered the first time Akhira took care of little Pod, she accused Pleng of spoiling her nephew too much. But over time, it was Akhira who spoiled Pot, while Pleng became the strict aunt.

“I’m not saying never, just only when the baby’s older and only for a set time. Do you want the baby to get addicted to TV more than you?” Pleng shook her head, and Akhira immediately switched sides to agree with her.

“I won’t let the baby watch TV.”

“I don’t want to watch anymore either,” Pleng said, wrapping her arms around Akhira’s neck. Akhira swallowed hard—if the beautiful doctor didn’t want to watch TV, what did she want to do? Akhira could only wonder, unable to ask, as Pleng’s lips pressed against hers.

The soon-to-be mom was unusually clingy, affectionate for no reason. Akhira had to handle her lover’s mood swings, but it wasn’t a problem—she even liked it. It was rare for this to happen.

Their bodies moved together, with Akhira cooperating fully. Pleng clung to her lover’s shoulders, biting her neck gently when overwhelmed, before her body tensed as she reached her climax, having initiated everything herself.

Who would have thought watching cartoons would end like this? Pleng hadn’t planned it, just let her feelings take over.

Maybe it was the hormones, but her feelings were stronger than ever, and Akhira was the only one who could help. A little nudge was all it took for her to understand what Pleng wanted, so the beautiful doctor didn’t have to struggle.

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The once slim figure was now in a light maternity dress, her face still beautiful but with a healthy glow.

The soon-to-be mom walked into her lover’s company, a rare visit, but she was well-known. Everyone greeted her respectfully.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, ma’am. If you need anything, just call,” the secretary smiled at the boss’s wife, bowing before leaving her at the office door.

Pleng smiled shyly, still not used to the new title. She waited until the secretary left before knocking and entering. The office owner, focused on paperwork, looked up in surprise.

“How did you get here?”

“The driver brought me.”

“Did you need something?” Pleng rarely came unless it was important. Since they’d been together, she could count on one hand the number of times she’d visited.

“Are you feeling unwell? Want me to take you to the doctor?”

“No, I just missed you.”

Akhira blinked in surprise. Someone please tell her she wasn’t hearing things. While she was stunned, her sharp eyes watched as Pleng approached, pushing her down into the chair she’d just stood from, then straddling her.

“Darling,” she called softly, trying to get her attention, but Pleng didn’t listen or answer. Akhira got no explanation, only a sweet kiss from the beautiful doctor.

The soon-to-be mom used her lover’s shoulder for support, nuzzling her neck. Akhira shivered as warm breath hit her ear, heat enveloping them both, and they let their feelings lead.

Akhira supported Pleng’s belly, feeling the baby kick inside. But she couldn’t resist the mom’s passion, so she let it happen.

The sound of heavy breathing filled the room. Afterward, the exhausted mom-to-be lay down on the sofa, eyes closed, breathing gradually returning to normal. Akhira covered her with a shirt, gazing at her beautiful face, sitting close and gently stroking her cheek.

“Why are you so clingy? Maybe we’ll have a daughter?” Akhira mused, recalling an old tale she’d heard somewhere. A smile spread across her face. Since the baby came, she’d been so happy she feared it was just a dream.

But everything in front of her was real, tangible. Akhira didn’t need to chase happiness—just living each day, waiting to raise her own baby, was enough to bring joy.

Right now, no one could be more ready to raise this little one than the Watcharakijkul family—not just financially, but emotionally, with all the love and time in the world. The baby would be born into a family with everything, lacking nothing.

The Watcharakijkul and Ananwakul families were ready for this grandchild, just waiting for the day the baby would open their eyes to the world.

She couldn’t wait to see how adorable the baby would be.

# Chapter 9: Baby is Born

Entering the final trimester of pregnancy, Pleng was about 34 weeks along. She had moved back home with her mother at her mother’s and many others’ insistence—including Akhira, who agreed that someone needed to be there to take care of her.

Pleng was forbidden from doing any heavy work. Everyone insisted she take maternity leave to prepare herself. The workaholic, who had planned to work until the very last possible day, had to give up that plan because her mother put her foot down. Even Khun Ying Narap joined in to pressure Pleng to stop working.

So today was another day of Pleng relaxing at home, reading in the garden, enjoying the cool breeze. One hand held a book, while the other gently stroked her rounded belly. She couldn’t help but smile when she thought of her lover, who always looked so serious, sometimes even startled when the little one in her belly kicked.

The first time Akhira felt it, her eyes went wide with excitement. They had both been worried for a while because the baby hadn’t moved, and rushed to consult the doctor, afraid something was wrong. Thankfully, the little one was perfectly safe and healthy. The doctor even teased them, saying the baby was probably well-behaved like the mother, which was why there wasn’t much kicking.

As for the baby’s gender, everyone agreed to keep it a surprise until the birth. Predictions varied, depending on people’s experiences and secret wishes—some said girl, some said boy. But there were two who insisted the baby would be a girl: Dr. Neen, her close friend, and soon-to-be mommy P’ Zo.

When asked why she was so sure, Akhira simply said it was because Pleng had become so clingy since getting pregnant—so she thought they’d have a daughter. Even if she didn’t want to admit it, it was true that she’d been extra affectionate.

But as for whether Akhira’s theory was true, who knew? Pleng didn’t know where Akhira got the idea, but she was convinced the baby was a girl. Evidence: Akhira hadn’t bought any boy toys—everything from clothes to shoes was for a girl.

“Mama and Auntie Neen say you’re a girl. What will we do if you’re a boy?”

Pleng teased the baby in her belly, laughing at how confident they’d been with their purchases—everything was so sweet and girly. But Pleng didn’t think pink was just for girls; she believed color didn’t define gender. After all, boys can like pink, too. But some things, like the frilly flower dresses Akhira bought, were definitely for girls. If the baby was a boy and she made him wear them, he’d probably be mad at her!

Despite some worries about the little one, Pleng’s face usually wore a smile. She was healthy—physically and mentally—and happy. Other than the baby, nothing really troubled her. Work issues were minor and not worth worrying about.

As for necessities for mother and baby, there was no need to worry. Everyone was prepared—on both her parents’ and Akhira’s sides, and even at their own place. Every inch of space was filled with things for the newborn.

They were also ready for the birth—hospital, everything was according to plan. But perhaps the little one thought things were going too smoothly. Sometimes life throws the unexpected.

Her hand holding the book suddenly trembled. Her face went pale. Pleng pushed herself up from her seat, using her hands to steady herself and keep from falling, the other hand supporting her belly. Her breathing grew rapid.

“Mom…” she called softly. The person she called probably wouldn’t have heard, but luckily, her mother came out just in time.

“Pleng, my child!”

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Inside the large office, the company president sat frowning, pen in hand, signing documents. Akhira was caught up in her work and wouldn’t have looked away if her phone hadn’t rung.

Her brows furrowed slightly in surprise—why was Khun Ying Narap calling at this hour? Not letting the curiosity linger, she answered the call.

“What?!” Akhira shot up from her chair in alarm, rushing out of the company without caring about the unfinished work. The luxury car, whose speedometer had never gone above 80 since her wife got pregnant, now raced past 100, and it looked like it would go even higher with her growing anxiety.

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Akhira arrived at the hospital soon after. The elders who were already there quickly got up to greet her, their faces full of worry.

“Zo” she could only hold Khun Pimwilai’s hand and look at everyone else waiting anxiously. Even she could do nothing but sit and wait for news with the others.

“She’s having stomach pains.”

That was all Akhira could take in. Everything around her felt like chaos, her ears ringing, unable to process anything else. The next thing she knew, she was allowed to visit her lover. The pale face of the woman on the bed made her heart drop. Akhira’s beautiful eyes filled with tears, on the verge of falling, before she finally let them flow as she rested her face on the back of Pleng’s hand.

“Don’t cry. I’m fine, and the baby is fine too,” Pleng said gently, looking at the woman who wouldn’t look up. Even after knowing mother and baby were safe, Akhira just sat there crying like a child, overwhelmed by the stress of the past hour.

Pleng’s slender hand was used to wipe away Akhira’s tears. Akhira trembled a little, making it impossible not to feel sorry for her. Pleng reached out to gently comfort her.

“P’ Zo,” she sighed, “aren’t you embarrassed in front of our parents?” Even though they had left to give them some privacy, they’d be back soon. She’d also heard that little Pot was on his way.

“If Pot sees you crying, he’ll tease you for sure.” Hearing the name, Akhira finally looked up so Pleng could wipe her tears. Pleng’s warm, gentle voice reassured her again that both she and the baby were safe—it was just stomach pain, nothing dangerous.

She understood her lover’s panic—she herself had been scared too. But after the checkup showed nothing was wrong, there was no need to worry. Besides, she was in the doctors’ hands now, and the pain had almost completely subsided.

“I’m not working anymore,” Akhira declared.

One birth, but two leaves of absence! Thankfully, Akhira had the privilege to misuse if she wanted. So the following week, she handed over her duties to Chan, stepping down as president temporarily to stay by her wife and baby’s side.

The next week, the two soon-to-be moms packed up, preparing to move into the hospital. Pleng said it was too early, but Akhira shook her head—being near doctors was best. “I’m a doctor too, in case you forgot,” Pleng joked, but it didn’t work. Akhira’s face stayed serious, not accepting her usual excuse.

“You’re a pulmonologist, not an obstetrician,” Akhira replied seriously as she packed. For the first time, Pleng felt like she was being scolded. She pouted at her lover—P’ Zo wasn’t indulging her anymore and even watched her closely for anything risky or that might affect her health. Her P’ Zo had turned into the old, strict Akhira she’d first met.

But no matter how strict, at heart she was still the same. She could only keep up the stern act for so long before she softened, gently pulling her lover into her arms, making sure Pleng was comfortable, and tenderly stroking her belly.

“Are you uncomfortable?” Akhira asked softly after Pleng settled in. Pleng shook her head—she was getting used to her body. Akhira smiled back. Even though Pleng’s belly wasn’t as big as some others, she had changed, and her little bump showed there was a baby inside.

“Are you scared of the pain?”

“A little,” Pleng admitted. She couldn’t say she wasn’t scared at all, but she believed she could handle it—because something more important was waiting.

She found herself thinking about the birth, even trying to estimate the pain in advance, but her thoughts were interrupted by Akhira’s gentle voice, talking to the baby.

“You’ll be out next week, little one. Don’t hurt your mommy, okay?”

“But I’m having a C-section, so it shouldn’t hurt during the birth,” Pleng replied, though the pain would probably come after. Akhira seemed to think about it too.

“If the doctor hurts you, tell me.”

“Why?”

“I’ll take care of the doctor.”

“Then who’ll deliver the baby?” Pleng laughed, imagining the scene. If anything happened to the doctor, would the businesswoman deliver the baby herself? “I’m kidding.”

“You’re always joking. You don’t even know how to deliver a baby!” It was a simple conversation, but both wore smiles almost the entire time. In just a few days, Pleng would be admitted to the hospital to prepare for delivery. It was hard to say who was more excited—both were nervous and excited, knowing they’d soon meet their little one.

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Next Week:

The sound of a pounding heart filled Akhira’s ears as she followed the nurse who called her, giving permission to enter the delivery room.

Since learning Pleng was pregnant, seeing the first ultrasound, and feeling the baby’s first kicks, Akhira had dreamed of seeing their child’s face. Today, that dream was coming true.

“It’s a girl.”

The baby’s face was blurry through Akhira’s tear-filled eyes, just like the woman lying in bed. Akhira looked at her lover with deep concern. Pleng, her face bare of makeup, gave a small, reassuring smile and mouthed that she was okay.

“She’s so tiny,” Akhira whispered gently, taking the swaddled baby from the nurse. She hardly dared to move; the first touch made her heart pound. Even though it wasn’t her first time holding a baby, holding her own daughter was so exciting her arms felt weak.

“The nurse will take a photo for you.”

Afterward, Akhira was invited to leave the room with the baby, while Pleng remained inside. As she followed the nurse, Akhira kept glancing back until the nurse smiled at her.

“Have you chosen a name yet?” the nurse asked. Akhira smiled shyly and nodded. Of course, someone this prepared had already chosen a name.

*Miss Pakhira Watcharakijkul*

Akhira looked at the name with pride. It was almost identical to her own—just one letter different. She smiled, remembering a quiet day spent talking with Pleng about baby names.

“If we have a daughter, I want to name her this. What do you think?” Pleng read the name Akhira handed her, smiled, and asked,

“And if it’s a boy?”

“The same name,” Akhira replied softly, still smiling. No matter the baby’s gender, she intended to use this name.

“Do you know where the name comes from?”

“I do,” Pleng replied. She wasn’t surprised—her lover was doing what Akhira’s own parents had done. Akhira’s name came from her parents’ names, Akin and Narap, combined. Akhira believed the name meant so much more than whether it suited a boy or girl—her parents had chosen it for their child, regardless of gender.

Akhira had never once disliked her name; she was proud of it, feeling like a representative of her parents. They had always told her they liked it and gave it with love, no matter what gender their child would be. So she believed with all her heart that their baby would love it too, because it was a name chosen with love by both her and Pleng. None of the relatives objected; in fact, everyone agreed:

Miss Pakhira Watcharakijkul

Akhira looked at the name with pride. It was almost identical to her own—just one letter different. She smiled, remembering that peaceful day spent talking with her lover about baby names.

As expected, it had to be this name.

It wasn’t difficult to decide... because neither Pleng nor Akhira were the type to break tradition. It followed the custom: Akhira and Panipak combined became Phakhira

No surprise..

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The hospital’s recovery room for the new mom allowed visitors only at certain times. Both sets of parents had already left earlier, not wanting to disturb their rest. As for meeting the new family member, they all agreed to wait until the baby was discharged from the hospital.

Because newborns need to be protected from infection, even if they’re healthy, you can’t be too careful. Since birth until now, no one but the nurses, Pleng, and Akhira had held little Phakhira.

Even Dr. Neen and Dr. Plaifa, who often snuck away from work to peek, didn’t dare enter the room. They met many people and didn’t want to risk it, so they waited patiently. But they did sneak a peek at the baby’s face and could only say she was heartbreakingly cute—so much so that Dr. Neen secretly went to the cardiology department, worried she might be having heart trouble.

Inside the room, it was peaceful—just the couple spending time together. Akhira took care of Pleng with perfect attention.

“Does your incision hurt?”

“A little, but I can handle it.” That smile was proof. Pleng didn’t look exhausted or sick at all. She was still bright and cheerful, even though she’d just had a C-section the day before.

They hadn’t talked for long when there was a knock at the door. The nurse brought in little Phakhira. Akhira was just as excited as Pleng. It was time for feeding, the nurse said, before handing the tiny bundle to her mother. Pleng took her daughter, gazing at her with all the love in the world. The little one was so adorable.

“You can feed her now. I’ll come back in about an hour,” the nurse said before leaving them in privacy. Pleng knew what to do and immediately nursed the baby.

She’d learned a bit already. Feeding wasn’t difficult—just a touch and the little one latched on hungrily, sometimes making Pleng wince, wondering how she could be so hungry. Meanwhile, Akhira stared so intently that Pleng felt shy, but she had to keep feeding the baby anyway.

“She’s so tiny.” Pleng thought she’d heard that line before. She looked at the baby in her arms as Akhira kept repeating how small and cute she was, gently stroking the baby as she drank.

Once their little girl was full, mommy beamed, standing tall and excited to hold her. Even though it wasn’t Akhira’s first time holding a baby, she was still excited, constantly saying how cute she was.

“She looking so good, too.” Akhira nuzzled the little one’s head before looking up, eyes crinkling with delight. She was absolutely smitten, wanting to see her daughter morning and night, and feeling sad every time the nurse took her away.

This was a time of pure happiness. The tall figure walked around with her daughter, playing with her, eyes never leaving her tiny face—except to glance at the mother on the bed.

For a moment, she paused, looking back and forth between mother and baby. The little mouth, the tiny nose, the round white cheeks—all so beautiful and cute. Suddenly, a thought popped into her head: The baby looks like my darling...

“She’s so cute. I think she’ll be a doctor, too.”

Pleng raised an eyebrow. How could Akhira tell a newborn had the makings of a doctor? Pleng didn’t know, but she was sure the baby didn’t have any such sign yet—though it was clear mommy wanted her to be one.

“Don’t you think so, Pleng? I think our daughter has the makings of a doctor.”

This time, Akhira looked at her lover, seeking an ally. But Pleng didn’t answer, instead asking, “How do you even know what ‘the makings of a doctor’ look like?”

“Pleng… I’m Thai,” Akhira said, her smile fading as Pleng burst out laughing. Akhira squinted at her—her doctor always caught her out.

“You’re just imagining things.”

“I’m not! Look, she really looks like a doctor,” Akhira insisted, showing off the baby. Pleng just shook her head. The baby was so tiny—how could she look like a doctor?

“Don’t you think she might want to be like you, P’ Zo?” Pleng said. Akhira paused, then smiled warmly.

“She will, for sure. There’s no way around it.”

“She’ll have to take care of my company anyway. But I just think, if the Watcharakijkul empire is to go to anyone, it should be this little one who just opened her eyes to the world. But if she really follows her dream, I think she’ll want to be a doctor like her mom.”

If their little girl grew up wanting to be a doctor like her beautiful, talented mother, Akhira would be so proud. She was sure her daughter would be proud of her mom, too.

“Don’t jump to conclusions, P’ Zo. Have you even asked her yet?”

“Oh.” Akhira looked sheepish as Pleng gave her a look. The baby was only born yesterday—how could she already want to be a doctor?

Oh, P’ Zo...

“Do you love doctors that much?”

“Well, I love you. You’re a doctor, so I love doctors.”

“So you want our daughter to be a doctor?”

Akhira nodded seriously, her eyes determined. Pleng could only sigh—so this was her reason! Akhira always had these funny ideas, ever since she accused Pleng of liking green just because she drank green tea, to now wanting their child to be a doctor just because Pleng was one.

“And what do you want her to be?” Akhira asked. Pleng snapped out of her thoughts, was quiet for a moment, then shook her head.

“I don’t know. Whatever she wants to be.”

Pleng didn’t have expectations or plans for her little girl’s future. She just wanted to pave the way for her daughter to walk in whatever direction she chose. Whatever she wanted to do or liked, Pleng would support her as much as any mother could. All she wanted was to see her happy, to see her grow and develop, to the day she could take care of herself. That would be enough.

Her daughter didn’t have to be a doctor for her, didn’t have to be a successful businesswoman like her mommy. She could do whatever she wanted, be anything she wished. Even if she failed or had no dreams, that was fine. All Pleng wanted was for her to be happy, healthy, and grow up strong.

That’s what Pleng thought. At the same time, she remembered when she and Akhira had gone to look at schools when she was newly pregnant. In truth, both she and Akhira had planned far ahead—when their little one hadn’t even been in the world for twenty-four hours. The adults were already planning her future. Who knew if it was true that they had no expectations…

# Chapter 10: The Family

The Watcharakijkul house welcomed their first grandchild with warmth—and, more importantly, with extravagance. You wouldn’t be wrong to use those words. Pleng was dizzy just looking at the gifts the grandparents had prepared for their first grandchild. The Watcharakijkul name lived up to its reputation as a prominent family. Sometimes they lived simply and without arrogance, to the point that Pleng herself forgot that, in truth, the Watcharakijkul family was extremely wealthy. This grand house was a constant reminder, even though both families were close. When it came to assets, Akhira’s side always had more, thanks to the businesses they owned.

How could she have forgotten that her lover was a billionaire? She only realized it now.

“Let Grandma see her grandchild!” Khun Ying Narap lovingly took the little one into her arms. Calling her a doting grandma would be no exaggeration—she was completely smitten. Even Chan joined in, trying to get a turn holding the baby.

“She’s so cute. Looks just like Pleng,” Sun said with a smile, craning his neck because he couldn’t compete with the grandparents for a turn.

“But her eyes look like Zo” said Khun Akin after studying the baby. Akhira’s ears perked up and she hurried over.

“That’s true, she looks just like Zo,” Khun Ying Narap agreed excitedly, rushing to find a childhood photo of Akhira to compare.

Pleng smiled at the scene. She’d known from the first moment she looked into her daughter’s eyes—every part of the little one’s face looked like her, except for those eyes, which were exactly like Akhira’s, a perfect match. If someone said they were the same pair of eyes, she’d believe it.

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Akhira and Pleng chose to temporarily move back to the big house because Akhira wanted help taking care of both her daughter and her wife. She didn’t want Pleng to be too exhausted after just giving birth. But even so, Pleng still did everything for her daughter herself, not relying much on anyone else. The only real helper was Akhira—but calling her a helper didn’t feel quite right, because when it came to anything about the baby, Akhira did it all herself. It seemed Pleng’s main job was just feeding the baby.

Voices came from the bathroom, making Pleng, who had just walked back into the room, peek in to see what mommy was doing with their little girl. Pleng leaned against the doorframe, smiling at the sight. Akhira was giving her daughter a bath, chatting and smiling the whole time. She looked so skilled—no wonder, since they’d taken a baby bathing course together.

“Do you like it? Is it cold?” Akhira’s warm voice came at intervals, pausing when the baby wriggled and splashed water on her face. “Are you teasing mommy?” she asked, playfully scratching the baby’s tummy, making the little one kick and giggle, delighted by mommy’s teasing. Laughter from the little one mixed with Pleng’s as she watched. Akhira realized Pleng was back.

“Why didn’t you wait like I asked?” Pleng said, wishing they could bathe the baby together, but Akhira had gone alone.

“Well, you were talking to Grandma for so long. Better to bathe her first, right?”

Akhira answered, talking to their daughter as if looking for an ally. Pleng chose not to argue and was about to help, but Akhira said she was almost done.

“Really not going to let me help?”

“She’s so tiny. You get her clothes ready, darling. Once she’s all clean and smelling good, we’ll go see Grandma and Pot.” The last part Akhira said to their daughter, and Pleng decided to do as asked, since Akhira clearly had things under control.

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The Watcharakijkul house was lively, welcoming guests because of the first granddaughter. Khun Pimwilai beamed with joy as she held her grandchild. The two grandmothers chatted happily about the little one.

“Pot wants to hold her!”

“She’s still little. She’s heavy, Pot. You might not be able to hold her.”

“I can hold her! I’ve held my little sister before,” Pot boasted. As a big brother, he really had held his little sister before. Pot fussed, wanting to hold the baby, but no one supported the idea except Akhira. The adults were all

worried—even though the baby was small, she was still heavy for a child, and it could be dangerous. But Akhira indulged her nephew, letting Pot hold the baby while she stayed close, making sure both baby and Pod were safe.

“Is she heavy?”

“No, she’s light!” Pot replied, but his face turned red from the effort, making the adults laugh. He stood stiffly, afraid the baby would slip. His gentle eyes looked at the baby, wide with wonder at her cuteness. Pod loved the baby and wanted to hold her longer, but he wasn’t big enough to take care of her without adults around.

“When you’re bigger, you can hold her again,” Pleng said, taking her daughter back, feeling sorry for her nephew’s red face.

“I’ll eat a lot and get big fast, then I’ll hold her again!” Pot set his goal.

“What’s the baby’s name?” Not holding the baby anymore, Pod turned to his aunt. Akhira smiled at the boy.

“Her name is Pakhira”.”

“Same as Aunt Akhira! What about her nickname?”

The mention of a nickname made both new moms pause—they realized the baby didn’t have a nickname yet.

“Are you okay with it, P’ Zo?”

“With what?”

“With the baby’s name,” Pleng asked after her family left.

“If you’re okay, I’m okay.”

“Are you sure? Not just going along with Pot?”

“I think it’s a beautiful name, and the meaning is good too,” Akhira said, liking it from the start. In English, the word means “Pride (Proud),” and it was a name Pot had chosen. How could she not like it?

“Or do you not like it?” Akhira raised an eyebrow. Pleng shook her head.

“I like it.”

“Then let’s use this name.” The beautiful doctor smiled and nodded in agreement. She actually loved the name, since it came from their beloved nephew and had a lovely meaning.

“ Nong Pawn, Pot named her so she’d be like him.” Now it was clear—the baby was part of the “P” family. The “S” family still had no new members, but Akhira didn’t mind. In fact, she felt everything about the baby’s name and identity was just right.

The nickname came from her cousin, the real name from combining her mothers’ names, and the surname from mommy’s side. Nothing could be more perfect.

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***Baby Pawn at 2 Months Old:***

“Hello, cutie!”

The just-awakened baby opened her eyes at the sound. Pleng smiled at the adorable sight: Akhira holding their little daughter, greeting her in English. Pleng couldn’t help but find her lover endearing. She’d forgotten that Akhira had grown up abroad—Thai might even be her second language. Pleng couldn’t remember if she’d ever heard Akhira speak a foreign language before, since her lover always used Thai with her.

Sometimes she understood, sometimes she didn’t, but they’d made it this far. Lately, she’d noticed Akhira using English more often, as if she didn’t want to speak Thai with the baby. Pleng watched the sweet scene before getting up to greet both baby and mommy, then got herself ready for the day—they had an appointment.

“Today we’re going to see Aunt Plaifa,” she told her daughter as if she understood. It was time for Nong Pawn ’s checkup, and Pleng trusted her close friend to take care of her baby. Today, little Pound wore a cute white outfit with a bear print and a matching hat.

“Eeeek!” Pleng stopped in her tracks, looking at the woman in a white coat waiting eagerly. The beautiful doctor rolled her eyes in mock annoyance, but her friend was unfazed.

“The eye department is here, huh…”

**Note - if you find anywhere “Pound” so you can understand this mean “ Nong Pawn” or Nong pakhira.**

“I’m here to see my niece! Nong pawn, come to Aunt Neen!” she said, arms outstretched, clapping to entice the baby. pawn still in her mother’s arms, didn’t know what was going on. Pleng watched her friend’s sparkling eyes and, despite pretending to be annoyed, handed the baby over.

“So cute! And she smells so good!” Dr. Neen’s eyes widened with excitement as she took the baby, leading Pleng to the exam room where Dr. Plaifa was waiting. Neen played the role of second mommy, stepping in for Akhira, who could only shake her head.

She’s so in love with her niece, she probably can’t find her way back to her own department.

“Is she too chubby, Fa?”

“No, just a little more to go,” Dr. Plaifa replied gently.

“P’ Zo, says Nong pawn is too skinny.” Pleng was annoyed—she and Akhira argued about this a lot. Akhira always said the baby was thin, even though her arms and legs were getting chubby. Pleng worried she might be overweight.

“She’s fine—healthy and not too skinny,” Plaifa said. “But any more and it might be too much. She’s right at the top of the weight chart, almost over the limit, but not quite.”

“And Fa says she doesn’t need gloves anymore,” Pleng added. Akhira frowned at that, her previously cheerful face turning serious, so Plaifa explained the reasoning.

“Can she wear gloves just at night?” Akhira negotiated. Was it her businesswoman side? Pleng didn’t know, but hearing the next sentence, she softened. “When we’re asleep, we can’t watch her. I don’t want her to get scratched—I feel sorry for her.” Akhira was serious. Seeing her lover’s sad face, Pleng relented.

They compromised—gloves only at night. They’d gradually wean her off. Pleng worried about their daughter just as much as Akhira, but sometimes she had to be strong for the baby’s own good.

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***Baby at 6 Months Old***

Pleng’s daughter was so cute!

That’s what everyone said, but not many in the department had seen Nong Pawn in person. Pleng didn’t bring her to work. But today, the little celebrity made an appearance with her mommy.

The nurses who had free time would stop by to greet her, asking Akhira for permission to see her daughter—but no one touched Pound. Just meeting her big, bright eyes melted everyone’s heart.

Chubby white cheeks, a round little body, big bright eyes, a tiny mouth and nose—she wore a bright green frog outfit. Even as a baby, everyone agreed she was a miniature Pleng.

Akhira waited for her beautiful wife with their daughter. When she saw her lover approach, she smiled warmly, just like their little one, who beamed when her mom greeted her. The three walked off together, heading for the children’s department.

The warm family scene made everyone who saw it a little envious. Nurse Pum, who had worked there for years, stood clutching her heart with joy. She’d seen everything since Akhira...

Akhira had been picking up and dropping off Dr. Pleng so often that they eventually became a couple, then got married, and now they had this adorable baby as a testament to their love.

From now on, no matter who tried to come between them, it just wouldn’t work. Akhira and the new doctor in the department—rumors had reached her ears, but it turned out to be a misunderstanding. Now it was clear: no one could ever replace Dr. Pleng.

The beautiful doctor was still number one in everyone’s heart in the department—and, of course, she remained number one in Akhira’s heart as well.

**Pediatrics Department**

“Hello!” The cheerful smile of the person in the room greeted the newcomers right away. Even though they were close friends, Dr. Plaifa remained professional while on duty.

Today, everyone was present. The little one dressed as a frog stared at Aunt Plaifa without looking away.

“Let’s see you stand up for Auntie,” she said, gently helping the chubby little one stand. Dr. Plaifa examined her briefly before letting Pound lie down again.

“She’s learning to put weight on her feet already—very good.”

“P’ Zo bought so many things, I don’t even know what’s useful,” Pleng said.

“If it’s a lot, just send me pictures and I’ll tell you what’s good and what’s not. But the one thing you shouldn’t use is a baby walker.”

“Not recommended, right?”

Dr. Plaifa smiled. “Not at all. It’s dangerous and actually slows down walking development, so I don’t recommend it.”

She turned to Akhira, who was sitting quietly, listening intently. Pleng had complained that P’ Zo just wanted to please their daughter and wouldn’t listen to anything else, but if she heard it from the pediatrician, maybe she’d understand and follow the advice—for the sake of the baby’s development.

“See? I told you there was no need to buy it,” Pleng whispered to her lover, since Akhira had bought everything she could find for babies, not knowing what was useful or not.

“I’ll just throw it away then.”

“Sure,” Pleng replied—after all, when you’re rich, you can do anything.

Pleng just sighed and didn’t argue, turning her attention to Nong Pawn. Dr. Plaifa smiled at the couple—it seemed their relationship was growing stronger every day. They might argue or disagree sometimes, but it was never a big problem.

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It was just the flavor of married life that everyone experiences. Pleng and Akhira got along incredibly well. If they didn’t understand something, they talked it out—like parenting, which was often their main issue.

One was strict and by the book, maybe even too much, while the other spoiled their daughter excessively. Too strict or too lenient—after some adjustment, they found a balance. It worked out well.

In terms of Nong Pawn development, there was nothing to worry about. She was growing well for her age, healthy, and seemed very happy too.

Her big, bright eyes already had a hint of fierceness as she stared at her aunt, probably wondering about something. Seeing this, Dr. Plaifa couldn’t resist and pinched her chubby cheek, earning a burst of laughter from the little one, making Dr. Plaifa smile as well.

She adored her niece and wanted to hug and kiss her, but had to restrain herself—her white coat meant she had to stay professional. She promised herself that next time, when she wasn’t on duty, she’d shower her niece with affection.

After Dr. Plaifa the little one went to see her aunt’s partner.

Narak looked at the squirming baby with affection. “Let me take a look,” she said warmly to the little one, who stared back, curious about who this was. At her age, Pound didn’t really understand, but she cooperated well. She fussed a little when uncomfortable, but didn’t cry, since her moms were close by. She allowed the dentist to check her mouth, and everything went smoothly.

You could say little Phakhira was born lucky. Her moms were truly ready for her, and she was surrounded by aunts who all had “Doctor” in front of their names.

If she had dental needs, Aunt Plaifa was there. For her mouth, there was Aunt Plaifa’s partner. If she had vision problems as she grew, Aunt Neen was on standby. And of course, she had her loving moms. If you could measure the

quality of life and readiness for this little one, it would be at 98%. The rest would depend on her own life and fate in the future.

# Chapter 11: Boss Baby

The image of the elegant executive carrying an adorable, chubby little girl into the company had become a familiar sight. Once, it was the chairman’s nephew who was the little boy running around, but now it was her own daughter.

Akhira often brought her daughter to the office because she was so attached to her. She would only leave her with the grandparents when work was truly overwhelming and she had no free time. The life of this woman had come a long way, and so much had changed—more than she ever expected. For example, her car: from a luxury coupe with barely enough seats, she’d switched to a family car or even a van with a driver. It was rare for Akhira to drive her beloved luxury car to the office anymore, as she prioritized her family’s safety.

In Akhira’s eyes, life after marriage and having a baby had changed only a little. But to outsiders, she was almost unrecognizable. The once single, beautiful chairman was now a full-time mommy, completely smitten with her daughter.

Her once aloof, icy face was now often adorned with a smile. Her sharp, beautiful eyes softened and narrowed whenever the little princess of the Watcharakijkul family was with her. People even gossiped that they wished the “little chairman” would visit often, because Akhira was much less intimidating then.

For Akhira, if it wasn’t about family or work, nothing else mattered. Her long, slender strides had slowed, because wherever she went, her daughter was always with her. No one got more of the chairman’s time than little Pawn. And Akhira never left space or opportunity for anyone—man or woman—to flirt with her. If anyone tried to approach her, just seeing the little girl who looked so much like her mother would send them scattering. And of course, Akhira never looked at anyone else—her eyes were only for her daughter.

“She looks so much like Dr. Pleng,” the secretary blurted out, unable to resist commenting on the cuteness. She looked at little Pakhira in her cow-print outfit, babbling and playing with her saliva, looking up at Akhira.

Akhira just smiled, not replying, because it was true—Nong Pawn looked so much like Pleng, it was almost shocking. But then again, why be shocked? That’s her mother, after all.

“But her eyes look like yours, Akhira,” the secretary added.

“Really?” For the first time, Akhira looked up at her secretary, her eyes shining. Every time someone said that, her heart swelled with pride.

“Yes, very much. It’s like they’re the same person Eyes.” If it weren’t for the several-kilogram child on her lap, Akhira might have floated up to the ceiling. That day, she was in a good mood all day—work, childcare, anything. Just hearing that her daughter looked like her was enough to keep her happy for three days.

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## 9:20 PM

A feeling of discomfort, both physical and mental, crept in. Her breathing grew shallower with each moment. In her dream, Akhira felt like she was dying. Gasp! Her lips and nose gulped for air as she shot up in bed—only to find Pleng had saved her by lifting their daughter off her chest.

The sound of her wife’s laughter brought Akhira back to her senses. She turned to look at the two of them, confused. “What happened?”

“You and Nong Pawn fell asleep,” Pleng replied. Their chubby little girl had fallen asleep on Akhira’s chest, rolling up onto her face. If Pleng hadn’t come in, their little one might have accidentally suffocated her mommy! Pleng couldn’t help but laugh. It was normal for Akhira to lull her daughter to sleep on her chest, but she’d forgotten that babies grow and gain weight. Good thing Pleng checked in when it got too quiet.

“I had a nightmare—I thought I was dying,” Akhira said, prompting even more laughter from her beautiful wife. Pleng didn’t explain, just reached out to gently stroke her lover’s cheek in comfort.

Akhira still didn’t realize she’d almost suffocated because of her daughter’s weight. You often hear stories about mothers accidentally rolling onto their babies, but in this house, it was the baby who nearly suffocated her mommy!

“Go back to sleep, P’ Zo . I’ll take Pound to bed,” Pleng said, soothing the little one as she carried her away. Since she’d picked her up mid-sleep, Pound was still groggy but thankfully didn’t cry. Pleng wanted Akhira to rest too—she must have been exhausted from work and looking after their daughter. No wonder she’d fallen asleep with her.

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Someone once said, “Time changes people.” Maybe it’s not always what you imagine or expect. Pleng used to enjoy her work, or spending time with friends, or visiting family on her days off. But now, she discovered something new that brought her joy—choosing outfits for her baby.

She’d never imagined she’d enjoy it this much. Even when she was pregnant, she hadn’t expected it. It was always Akhira who was overly excited, buying so many clothes that Pleng had to ask her to stop.

But now, Pleng had changed her mind. She was grateful Akhira had bought so many outfits, because picking clothes for her daughter was so much fun! Still, it never seemed enough—sometimes she’d get the urge to buy more, telling herself the old ones didn’t fit anymore.

*Kids grow so fast.*

From the doctor who used to scold her lover for being extravagant, now she’d joined in fully. With such a cute daughter, Pleng wanted to dress her up all the time. Whenever she passed a store with a new baby collection, she’d buy everything, afraid the brand would stop selling it, regardless of her daughter’s age. She bought for the future, too. For the first time, she spent money like she was Akhira’s twin. She figured she’d better enjoy it while she could—soon, when N’ Pawn grew up, she wouldn’t be able to do this anymore.

One afternoon, the two new moms took their daughter shopping together. Of course, the job of carrying the baby bag fell to Akhira. When they were first dating, Akhira used to complain about back pain from sleeping on the sofa. Now, she had back pain again—from carrying their daughter everywhere. Pleng tried to help, but Akhira wouldn’t let her, saying she’d already carried the baby for nine months.

And Akhira was happy to do it. Even though they had a stroller, she rarely used it—she just wanted to hold her daughter, unless Pound was asleep. Akhira never complained, no matter how many times she had to wake up in the night with Pleng, bathe the baby, change diapers, read stories, or play with her.

She didn’t do these things out of duty, but out of love. Akhira was happy and willing. Just holding her daughter was enough—she could do it for a lifetime.

“What would you like?” she asked.

Whenever their daughter reached for something, Akhira would put it in the shopping cart—without checking if it was useful or not. Pleng had to take things out again, putting back what Akhira had grabbed.

“This one’s okay…”

This time, Pleng stopped shopping, turning to face her oblivious wife. “Can you stop now?” she asked, putting back the latest item. Akhira blinked at her.

“But the baby…”

“N’ Pawn doesn’t really want it, P’ Zo. You’re just imagining it.” At this age, babies are just curious—they don’t really want things. Pleng wasn’t sure if Akhira really didn’t know, or if she was just teasing her.

“Put everything you picked back,” Pleng said, taking their daughter herself and making Akhira return all the items. She needed to know how tiring it was!

While the happy family was spending time together, an uninvited guest appeared. Akhira wasn’t sure whether to thank the man for interrupting Pleng’s scolding or not.

Her beautiful brows twitched—she didn’t like this man. She sensed something insincere about him: sparkling eyes, a wide smile. He was clearly a member of the “admirers of Dr. Pleng” club. Akhira could tell with one glance.

Even now that Pleng was a mom, she still had fake fans coming around, making Akhira, the owner of her heart, annoyed. She’d resigned herself to this ever since falling for the beautiful doctor, but no matter how much she tried to understand, she couldn’t help feeling jealous.

She knew her lover was just being polite, but no matter what reason Pleng gave, Akhira would still sulk.

Seeing her lover holding their daughter and talking to someone else stung. She couldn’t bear it and walked away before Pleng noticed. When Pleng turned back, Akhira was gone, and N’ Pawn started fussing when she couldn’t see her mommy. She was about to cry in thirty seconds if Pleng kept talking to the other man, so Pleng used that as an excuse to say goodbye to the young doctor who’d come to consult her at the wrong time.

“I’ll excuse myself now.”

“Sure, I’ll send you the paper to review.”

Pleng nodded and went to find her wife. Who knew where P’ Zo had gone off to sulk this time? Would she leave her and their daughter and go home alone? It was always like this—never scolding or arguing, just sulking and walking off.

Good thing they’d finished shopping, or it would have ruined the mood for buying baby things.

Akhira’s face was tight and expressionless—no Botox needed. Her voice was flat; the only time you’d hear her sweet, gentle tone was when she talked to their daughter. With Pleng, she was as hard as stone.

“We were just chatting about work and a few other things,” Pleng explained, even though Akhira hadn’t asked. But it seemed her wife’s ears were as stiff as her face.

Akhira ignored her, not caring what “chatting” meant—she was sulking. She didn’t ask for clarification, just drove home in silence. Pleng could tell she was being sulked at, all the way to the Watcharakijkul house.

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Grandpa and Grandma came out to welcome them. It was rare for Pleng and Akhira to let their daughter stay overnight at the big house. Khun Ying Narap was always prepared, with plenty of things ready for her beloved grandchild…

A wide smile appeared on Khun Ying Narap’s face as she took her chubby granddaughter into her arms.

“What’s wrong with her this time?” she asked, nodding toward Akhira, who was standing a little distance away. Pleng gave her second mother a gentle smile.

“She’s just sulking a little.”

“So sensitive,” her mother teased, but didn’t really mind. Akhira’s ranking in the family dropped to the bottom whenever Pleng was around. And now with the baby, Akhira was even more out of favor. Still, Khun Ying Narap loved her, which is why she offered,

“Pleng and Zo, go get some rest. I’ll watch the baby. Just put up with her pouting a bit.” She spoke with mock exasperation. Pleng could only smile and thank her before saying goodbye to her mother-in-law and daughter. But before she could leave, she kissed her daughter’s chubby cheeks several times until Khun Akin teased that she should just take the baby back with her. Only then did the beautiful doctor finally stop and head to the car, where Akhira was already waiting with the engine running.

Pleng wasn’t worried about leaving her daughter with her grandparents. She was just concerned the baby might wake up and cry in the night, disturbing their sleep. Luckily, Sun was also at the house and promised to help, so both mothers could relax.

By now, Pleng wasn’t sure if Akhira remembered what they’d planned to do after dropping the baby off with her grandparents. Judging by the atmosphere, any plans for a date or dinner together had ended that afternoon. It just turned into a normal day—only without Pound.

The room was silent. Akhira lay on the bed, playing with her phone, not saying a word. Pleng only heard her voice when she called her mom to check on Pound. When she saw an opportunity, she went over and sat on the bed. But Akhira remained unresponsive, so Pleng sighed.

“We have a child together and you still don’t trust me?”

Pleng was just asking. She knew it wasn’t about trust—Akhira was just a little too jealous. She couldn’t even talk to anyone else. Akhira probably wanted her to have only two friends in her whole life.

“So? Why aren’t you answering? How long are you going to mad ? I didn’t do anything wrong. We were just talking. When you let someone hug you, I didn’t—”

“Okay, okay, I get it,” Akhira quickly interrupted, surrendering without a fight.

She didn’t want Pleng to bring up that incident. If anyone was going to get hurt by someone trying to come between them, it would be Pleng, who had to watch her beloved being hugged by someone else.

On the other hand, even though people often came to chat with Pleng, no one had ever touched her—not even held her hand. If anyone ever hugged her, Akhira would probably have a meltdown right there.

Besides, Akhira knew it wasn’t Pleng’s fault. She just couldn’t help being jealous. She didn’t like the way men looked at Pleng, or the fact that she never outright rejected them for the sake of politeness. It annoyed Akhira, even though she knew Pleng never looked at anyone else.

The sulking didn’t last more than three hours once they talked. Pleng wasn’t especially affectionate that day because she knew she hadn’t done anything wrong, but she still softened and talked things out. If she were any less kind, she might have let Akhira sulk until she got over it herself.

Maybe she was just worried about her lover’s feelings. For something this small, it was easier to let it go.

“Sorry, I was being silly,” Akhira said.

“It’s nothing. You’re always like this,” Pleng replied with a laugh. She didn’t think it was a big deal. When people are close, there are bound to be little clashes. Besides, it was just a minor issue—she knew exactly how to handle it.

“I just get annoyed when people keep bothering you,” Akhira confessed. She was frustrated by Pleng’s beauty—even after having a child, she was still as beautiful as ever. It was both annoying and pleasing at the same time.

“I was just talking about work,” Pleng assured her. “Never about personal things, and I never flirt with anyone. Sometimes I mention our child, but that’s normal. I always respond politely, but never in a romantic way—I promise.” “You’re the only one for me, P’ Zo. Just in case you didn’t know,” she added with a sweet smile, sealing her words with a look that made Akhira melt. She smiled and nodded in understanding.

“So you’re not sulking (Mad) anymore?”

“The baby’s not here today.”

“So?”

“I… want to know…”

“Want to know what?” Pleng asked, annoyed at the pause.

“I want to know why the baby likes drinking your milk. I want to know if it’s tasty…”

“Oh,” Pleng said, getting up from the bed. Akhira was confused. Why did she get up? Soon, Pleng returned with a bottle of milk she’d pumped and handed it to her wife.

“Try it. I pumped this for Little pawn” Pleng said, her eyes sparkling with mischief. Akhira took the bottle, looking a bit sulky. Pleng watched her expectantly, as if to say, “Go ahead, try it.”

“You’re teasing me, aren’t you?”

“What teasing? You said you wanted to try. I went and got it from the fridge for you.”

“Do you really not know, or are you just pretending?” Akhira asked, looking into her lover’s eyes as she put the nipple to her mouth. Well, since it was there, she might as well try it. She grumbled, but still tasted the milk Pleng had pumped for their daughter. Pleng couldn’t help but laugh.

Akhira looked at her lover as she tasted their daughter’s milk. At first, it was strange, a taste she couldn’t describe, but she didn’t stop drinking. Pleng started to think it was getting weird…

“Is it good?” Pleng asked, curious. Akhira was now just like N’ Pawn when she drank milk—she seemed to really like it. Even when asked, she didn’t take the bottle from her mouth, just nodded.

“You’re not just teasing me, right?” Pleng asked. Akhira shook her head. If Pleng was brave enough to give it, she was brave enough to drink it. And it turned out to be delicious! Akhira enjoyed it so much that Pleng wondered if she’d have to rock her to sleep, too—just like their daughter.

“Do you want to try?” Akhira asked, eyes twinkling. Pleng was about to refuse, but Akhira quickly pulled her onto her lap.

“P’ Zo!” Pleng’s voice rose a notch, scolding her wife, but Akhira wasn’t scared at all. She even brought the bottle to Pleng’s mouth, trying to feed her, but Pleng turned away.

“I’m not drinking it.”

“It’s really good. Are you sure you don’t want to try?”

“If it’s good, you can have it all,” Pleng said, not wanting to join in.

“You gave me permission, remember?” Pleng was a few seconds behind Akhira in realizing what was happening—by the time she did, her shirt buttons had been undone, revealing the source of Pound’s milk.

“P’ Zo—”

Before she could protest, Akhira’s beautiful face was already at her chest. Akhira just wanted to drink milk, but this time, instead of a fake nipple, she used the real one—the same one their daughter nursed from. The sensation made Pleng shiver. The feeling of her daughter and her wife nursing was completely different.

At that point, she couldn’t resist and just gave in. Her hands clung to Akhira’s shoulders, her head tilting back as pleasure washed over her. Her breathing quickened, matching the embarrassing sounds coming from her wife’s actions.

Akhira’s beautiful mouth sucked and pulled just like the baby, but the feeling she gave Pleng was many times more intense. Both breasts were claimed in turn, as if afraid one would get jealous. Whenever one was free, Akhira’s hands took over.

“Are they bigger?” Akhira teased…

Pleng wanted to retort but couldn’t. All she could do was moan softly, threading her fingers through Akhira’s hair and biting her ear in retaliation for her cheeky words. Akhira just chuckled, clearly enjoying herself.

The one who led and seduced her into this loving moment smiled with satisfaction, happy to drink from her wife. Now she was no less than their daughter. Akhira laughed to herself, but didn’t stop nursing from Pleng.

She liked it so much she wanted to do it every day, but Pleng probably wouldn’t allow that. So today, she had to make the most of it. In her heart, she apologized to her little daughter—Mommy just needs to borrow for a bit, N’Pawn.

I promise I won’t drink it all…

# Chapter 12: JA JA

**04:35 a.m.**

The digital clock glowed brightly. The beautiful doctor blinked her eyes open, looking at the person getting dressed, then glanced at the clock by the bed again.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to pick up the little one,” Akhira replied, leaning down to kiss her beautiful wife on the cheek. She couldn’t stand missing their daughter any longer and wanted to bring her home.

“At four in the morning? You’ll disturb your parents.”

“I miss her.”

“You could wait until morning. She’s probably still asleep,” Pleng reasoned.

Nong pawn had probably fallen asleep with her grandparents a long time ago. Pleng thought everything should be fine—no phone calls, no disturbances. If there were any problems, the grandparents would have called by now.

“But I miss our daughter,” Akhira said, looking sad. It wouldn’t be long before she’d be racing off to the big house to see her daughter—unless something distracted her. Pleng knew exactly what to do to keep her from leaving. She slowly sat up, reached out to hold Akhira’s arm, and pulled her back, while the blanket slipped down, revealing her bare body beneath.

“Let’s pick her up together in the morning. For now, stay with me,” Pleng said.

Akhira paused, letting Pleng pull her down for a kiss. She missed their daughter, but it wasn’t often that her wife was this affectionate. Since Pound’s birth, most of their time and attention had gone to their child, and they’d neglected each other for a while.

A little sweetness now and then was a good thing. So Akhira didn’t resist and stayed to “drink milk” in the early morning. But before long, she pulled away, afraid she’d use up all the milk meant for their daughter, and decided to “drink” something else instead.

Now, little Pakhira Watcharakijkul was over 8 months old. She could sit and grab things by herself, and she babbled more often.

Her little arms stretched out, chubby hands grabbing at the air, looking at Akhira with wide eyes, mouth moving as if to tell mommy to feed her.

“Num. Num”

“What did you say?”

“Num”

“This one or this one?” Akhira held up two food bowls. The baby looked at her beautiful mommy with bright eyes, then slapped her little table and bounced up and down, making Akhira laugh.

“You’re teasing her again.”

“I’m not teasing her at all,” Akhira protested, then set the food in front of their daughter. Pawn could now grab some food and feed herself. Both moms had been instructed by Dr. Plaifa to start letting the baby try feeding herself, alternating with being spoon-fed.

Both mothers watched their little one eat on her own, proud that she was starting to feed herself—even if it was a bit messy. Sometimes food flew past the moms’ faces, but it was a sight they never got tired of.

Pleng occasionally wiped her daughter’s cheeks and mouth, as a tidy doctor would, but she didn’t interfere with her daughter’s eating or playing with food, even if she made a mess.

The table and floor were covered in food, but Pleng was sure her daughter’s little stomach wasn’t full yet…

Aaa~~

The dramatic little one’s wailing made Pleng stop what she was doing and rush to comfort her daughter, who was now crying with tears and a runny nose. She quickly picked her up, holding her close and rubbing her back, checking to see if anything was wrong.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart? Where does it hurt?” As soon as her mom held and soothed her, the little one stopped crying, leaving only hiccups and a runny nose.

“Why are you crying? Tell mommy.”

Pleng took her daughter out of the room, realizing that Nong Pawn was just crying because she couldn’t see her. Dr. Plaifa had said that at this age, babies often seek attention and show signs of being attached to their mothers. Even though her friend advised her not to pay too much attention, as a mother, Pleng couldn’t help but worry.

She couldn’t bear to let her daughter cry her heart out, so she carried her everywhere, letting her see her all the time. Still, the little one would look around and start to pout again.

“Mommy will be back soon, okay? Mommy’s going to work,” she explained, stroking her daughter’s head and kissing her lovingly. Lately, Nong Pawn had been especially fussy, probably because she hadn’t seen Akhira. She wouldn’t fuss if she could see her mommy on a video call, but that wasn’t enough.

The little one sat quietly, eyes brimming with tears, her round face showing her displeasure, lips pouting, tears about to fall, but she didn’t cry out loud—just enough for Pleng to keep kissing and comforting her, feeling both sorry and amused.

Then, a sound came from the front door. Nong Pawn’s eyes went wide, ears alert. She froze, staring at the door, all her attention focused there. A little voice came from her throat, as if asking who was there—was it mommy?

“Who’s here? Let’s see, is it mommy?” Pleng teased.

When Akhira appeared, Pawn's arms and legs moved in sync, and her chubby body crawled quickly toward her returning mommy, face beaming with joy—matched by Akhira’s own wide smile as her daughter rushed to greet her.

“Hi love!” Akhira immediately scooped up the little one and showered her with kisses on her chubby cheeks. Pleng was about to tell her to wash her hands first, but it was too late—N’ Pawn was already clinging to Akhira, and if she didn’t get her way, she’d start the drama again. So today, Pleng let it slide.

“Ja ja,” N’ Pawn mumbled.

“Ja Ja?” Akhira repeated, raising her eyebrow, wanting an answer. But the little one didn’t say it again. Instead, she snuggled into her mommy’s shoulder, chubby arms hugging her tight. The little one was so affectionate—anyone who saw her would melt.

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Pleng greeted her lover, whom she hadn’t seen for days, with a loose hug before leaving mommy and daughter to spend time together. Akhira carried the little one into the room so the beautiful doctor could have some time to rest.

After freshening up, the two moms and their daughter sat together on the bed. Akhira assumed the little girl wanted to read picture books together, so she brought out a stack. The little one sat, wide-eyed and focused on what mommy had brought, fully cooperating.

N’ Pawn babbled from time to time, her little hand slapping the picture book in front of her as if she was telling a story—or maybe complaining that mommy had fallen asleep, leaving her alone. Pleng smiled at the scene: Akhira had dozed off, but her arm was still wrapped protectively around their daughter.

Her beautiful face, tired from hours of travel, was peacefully asleep. She must have been exhausted—she’d just gotten off a flight and rushed home to help with their daughter, but her body couldn’t keep up. Pleng felt a wave of affection for her wife, then turned to look at her daughter, who looked up at her with wide, blinking eyes.

“Are you telling mommy a story?” Pleng asked, not knowing if her daughter understood, but the little one babbled back as best she could, making her mom smile. Pleng lay down on the bed next to her daughter, with Akhira sleeping beside them. She picked up a storybook and helped her daughter read to mommy. Before long, Pound was swaying, eyelids drooping, almost asleep.

It was amazing—once she was with Akhira, she didn’t fuss at all. She must have missed her a lot, not having seen her for days. Now, both mother and daughter were asleep in the same pose. Pleng looked at them and smiled, thinking she could watch her daughter and her mommy like this all day and never get bored. She couldn’t describe how happy she was—maybe this was the happiest she’d ever been.

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Time passed. From the day little Pakhira opened her eyes to the world and started babbling, to when she learned to roll over and crawl—those moments flew by. Now, their little girl could walk by herself, though she wasn’t very steady yet. She was so eager to walk that both moms often got headaches. Akhira watched her little feet as she walked on her own, barely believing they’d reached this day. It felt like only yesterday that Pakhira was born. The sight of their little one toddling in the garden was like a dream Akhira once had. Baby N’ pawn was trying to keep up with her older siblings, stumbling and nearly falling, making everyone anxious. But her big brother, Pot, was there to catch her. The boy who was once small and whiny was now a big brother to two little sisters, and he handled the role perfectly.

While the kids played together, on the other side, the grandparents chatted and laughed. One side was the adults, the other was the children. The

Watcharakijkul and Ananwakul families had become a big family when they gathered. Gifts for the youngest grandchild were lined up. In Akhira’s arms was the beautiful doctor, watching their daughter’s every step as they leaned on each other. She couldn’t remember when Akhira started smiling all the time, her sharp eyes always glowing with warmth.

“She’s already a year old.”

Akhira’s gentle voice broke the silence. She just wanted to freeze these moments in time, but her wife always told her to let go, because one day their daughter would have to grow up. Pleng was sure Akhira would be happy with every moment spent with their daughter, watching her grow at every stage.

“If she goes to school, I’ll be so lonely.”

“No, you won’t. By then, you might even like it,” Pleng replied with a soft laugh.

“I just want to be with her forever.”

“One day, she’ll have to grow up.” Pleng stroked her lover’s hand in comfort. She knew what Akhira was thinking, because she felt the same, but maybe she was better at understanding and accepting it. What we can’t stop, we just have to let happen. That included N’ Pawns growing up.

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Thud!

“Oh no! My poor niece!” Aunt Neen, who had come for the birthday party, cried out in alarm, reaching N’ Pawn before anyone else. Akhira and Pleng hadn’t even gotten up yet, and there she was, already comforting the little one.

But the little girl, who had just tripped and fallen, sat there looking confused at the fuss, making Aunt Neen stop in her tracks. When their eyes met, Neen was full of questions—would she cry, was she hurt, or what?

It wasn’t just N’ Pawn who was confused—her aunt was too. Still, she helped the little one up, brushed the dirt off, and praised her for being so brave. And it wasn’t just empty praise— Pawn really was tough; she didn’t cry at all.

Aunt Neen’s eyes filled with tears, though she didn’t know why. But before she could finish praising her niece, the little one saw her moms hugging each other and immediately launched into a dramatic crying fit, confusing all the adults. Even though both beautiful aunts tried to comfort her, she wouldn’t stop.

No one—grandparents, brother Pot, or anyone else—could calm her until Pleng stepped in.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart? Where does it hurt?” As soon as her mom picked her up, she quieted down. It was clear she wasn’t hurt from the fall, just upset because she saw her moms hugging without her. Pleng only held her for a moment before Pawn squirmed to go to Akhira. As soon as she was in her mommy’s arms, she snuggled right in. It was always like this.

N’ Pawn loved being comforted and kissed by her mom, loved hearing her sweet voice ask what was wrong, where it hurt, or what she wanted. She loved being lulled to sleep by her beautiful mom. But she also loved snuggling with her mommy the most. When Akhira held her, Pawn felt safe.

N’ Pawn loved hugging her mommy.

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Thump, thump, thump.

The little one ran as fast as her legs could carry her, hoping to get there before she fell. After her mom announced it was time to eat, she ran straight to the room where Akhira was working. Akhira looked up from her work to see her daughter running toward her, clutching her favorite teddy bear that mommy had bought her.

“Jaja, num, num!”

Her little arms stretched out, wanting Akhira to pick her up at mealtime. Over the past months, she’d learned who spoiled her more. Her mom always made her eat everything, even what she didn’t like, to ensure a balanced diet. But mommy never forced her, only giving her favorite foods. So it was no surprise that at mealtime, she always called for mommy first—unless she wanted milk.

Pleng, who walked in just in time to hear, narrowed her eyes at her daughter. Now, Pound could say a few words. “Num num (Jaja)” she understood, because both she and Akhira often said it. But this new word—where did it come from?

At first, she wondered what N’ Pawn wanted. What did “jaja” mean in baby language? Eventually, she realized it was what her daughter called Akhira. Other than “mommy,” the little one never used that word for anyone else—not even for Pleng, whom she was trying to call “mama.”

“Did you teach her that, P’ Zo?”

“No,” Akhira shook her head, looking innocent. “I don’t know where she picked it up.” Akhira decided her daughter must be a genius for coming up with it herself.

Suddenly, the little one just started calling her that. Of course, Akhira had no intention of changing it or correcting her daughter. She could call her whatever she wanted—as long as she kept calling for her. Just knowing Pawn loved her was enough to make her heart swell with happiness.

After dinner, a bath, powder, and getting dressed, when bedtime came, Pleng would put Pawn to bed. She’d pick a storybook to read, and soon the little one would drift off to sleep.

N’ Pawn had been trained to sleep in her own room from a young age. At first, it was a bit hard, but it wasn’t really a problem for the baby. The ones who struggled the most were Pleng and Akhira, who had to be strong and not go to her when she sat alone in the dark, waiting for them.

It was another thing they had to endure for their daughter, but it broke their hearts every time they heard N’ Pawn cry. One night, Pleng even cried hard herself because she felt so sorry for her daughter. Luckily, Akhira was there to comfort her. The two of them watched their daughter get up and cry on the baby monitor, and they almost gave up on the idea of teaching her to sleep alone. But together, they made it through those painful times. It was hard to believe they could really be so strong—especially Akhira.

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Now N’ Pawnwas doing great. She might wake up and fuss a bit, but if no one came to comfort her, she’d go back to sleep on her own. Pleng couldn’t help but admire her daughter’s progress, thinking that soon the little one wouldn’t get up and call for them anymore. As Pawn grew stronger, it seemed her moms

grew weaker, missing her so much even though she was just in the next room—only a few steps away.

# Chapter 13: A Time of Happiness

Beautiful, warm eyes gazed at little Pakhira as she walked barefoot on the sand.

The first time she learned to walk, it was on the sand, with both Pleng and Akhira taking turns holding her hands. Now, their little one was old enough to walk steadily on her own.

It wasn’t the first time Nong Pawn had been to the beach, but it might be the first time she’d remember and be able to tell the story herself when she grew up. Both Dr. Neen and Dr. Plaifa came along as babysitters, spending the whole day with their niece from morning till evening, giving the couple some personal time. Still, Pleng and Akhira never strayed far from their daughter. They seemed perfectly happy living this way.

“She’s grown up so fast,” Dr. Plaifa remarked as the two sat in front of the beach house, watching Pound and Dr. Neen playing tag. Pleng thought about it—it was true. From the little baby wrapped in a blanket, she’d grown so much that even her grandparents couldn’t carry her anymore. Even Pleng and Akhira couldn’t hold her all the time like before. Their little girl was a bit chubby from being spoiled, mostly by the grandparents, who let her eat snacks whenever she wanted. Now, Pound was starting to pick up the habit.

If you looked away for just a moment, it was as if the little one knew she was being talked about—she’d run straight back to her mom, looking for attention.

“Mommy, Nong Pawn wants a snack. Can I have a snack?” The little one came over, pouting and asking sweetly. Her speech wasn’t always clear, but she got her point across. Pleng glanced at the time before reluctantly refusing.

“It’s almost dinner time. You can have a snack later, okay?”

“But I wants one now,” she whined, used to getting snacks from her grandparents or anyone but her mom.

“No, or you won’t eat your dinner.” Pakhira twisted left and right, thinking about whether to keep pleading. She looked at her mom with big, sparkling eyes. Dr. Neen and Dr. Plaifa were already melting, but they couldn’t help her since her mom had said no. Pakhira knew how to use her cuteness to get her way, and Pleng knew how dangerous that could be. So she avoided eye contact, not wanting to give in.

Her little lips pouted when her mom didn’t pay attention.

“Nong Pawn will going to ask jaja.”

“It’s ‘mommy,’” Pleng gently corrected, but the little one didn’t care—she’d always called Akhira that.

The chubby little girl ran off into the house before anyone could stop her. If her mom said no, but mommy said yes, she’d get her snack.

“Jaja!” she called out, running into the living room.

“Jaja, can I have some chocolate?”

“Did you ask mom?” Akhira asked, raising an eyebrow. Pakhira looked away, then nodded.

“What did mom say?” Akhira sighed, picked her up, and gently explained the same reason Pleng had given.

“No…” Pakhira replied quietly, looking sad. Akhira felt bad for her, but understood why Pleng said no.

The little one was disappointed but nodded in understanding, especially when mommy promised to take her out for treats and toys the next day—if she listened to both her moms.

**Note - “Pound”means” Nong Pawn( Nong Pakhira) And “Ja Ja” means “Mommy” (Akhira/Pleng)**

**Evening:**

In front of the beach house, the doctors held a barbecue party. Pleng didn’t forget to prepare a nutritious meal for her daughter, earning teasing from friends for being such a strict mom.

Pakhira helped her mom and aunts with the food, enjoying the evening breeze and the company of her beautiful aunts, who kept her from being too closely watched by her mom.

“Where’s the sauce?” Dr. Plaifa looked around.

“In the kitchen, I think,” Pleng replied after looking around.

“If you can’t find it, ask P’ Zo” Pleng added before her friend went inside, since Akhira was preparing things in the kitchen.

Dr. Plaifa had only been inside a moment, but to Pakhira it felt like forever. She wanted to go find her aunt and mommy, so she ran inside, heading for the kitchen.

“It should be in a bag, but I’m not sure which one.”

“Is it this one?”

“Oh, yes!” The conversation and scene made Nong pawn freeze in confusion. Before she could ask for anything, she suddenly screamed, crying and running out.

“Oh, Little Pawn!”Dr. Plaifa turned to see her niece running out. The babysitter nearby rushed over, worried about what had happened. Why did she run out so suddenly?

“What’s wrong, Little Pawn ? Did someone do something to you?”

Both Pleng and Dr. Neen wondered what Akhira and Dr. Plaifa had done to make N’ Pawn run out in tears, clinging to her mom’s leg.

“What happened?” Pleng put everything down, pulled her daughter into her arms, and looked at her wife and friend, confused. Then Pawn explained to the adults,

“Mommy can’t speak Thai!” she accused, pointing at Akhira.

“Mommy is Thai,, Nong Pawn” Akhira replied in Thai, making Pound’s eyes widen in shock. Her mouth dropped open—mommy spoke Thai perfectly!

The adults laughed, except for Akhira, who looked resigned—just like her own mother. It wasn’t surprising that Nong Pawn was shocked, since Akhira had hardly ever spoken Thai in front of her since she started understanding language. Even when talking to Pleng, if Nong Pawn was around, Akhira always used English. So Pound thought her mommy couldn’t speak Thai.

After the confusion was cleared up and Nong Pawn realized her mommy could speak both languages, she calmed down and the barbecue party began. The little one wanted to eat by herself, and the adults didn’t stop her. But no one knew how many mouths Nong Pawn had—sauce ended up everywhere, from her face to her arms and legs. If it weren’t for the bib, her clothes would have been a mess.

Akhira sat nearby, wiping her daughter’s face. Nong Pawn loved being spoiled and had already made a mess of mommy’s clothes. The scene made Pleng think of the past—Pod used to cling to Akhira like this, and P’ Zo had always been kind. Now, she was just as kind and indulgent with their daughter.

“Is it good?” she asked. The little one nodded enthusiastically, her chubby cheeks proof of her answer. Nong Pawn was so happy, eating almost everything on the table. No wonder she was so chubby.

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**Late at night:**

The sound of little hands patting the bed echoed as Nong Pawn signaled that she wanted her moms to read her a bedtime story. She smiled, picking out a stack of books with her favorite teddy bear in her arms.

Akhira and Pleng sat up against the headboard, and the little one seemed to know the middle spot was hers, so she sat right there, leaning against mommy.

Pleng’s sweet voice read the story, with Akhira playing the supporting roles, making Nong Pawn giggle. She especially loved when mommy spoke Thai—it was new and exciting.

No one knew if bedtime stories were really meant to put kids to sleep, because after one book, Nong Pawn still wasn’t sleepy—maybe she was having too much fun. Finally, her mom said it would be the last story because it was so late. Nong Pawn seemed to listen, nodding, her big eyes drooping halfway through.

Akhira smiled at Pleng when she saw their little one getting drowsy. Seeing this, both moms gently laid her down, each kissing her and holding her close. Pleng volunteered to finish the story, sending N’ Pawn off to dreamland. The three of them fell asleep together.

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Every morning, Pakhira would wake up to see her mom. The little one would sit sleepily in her own bed, blinking as she watched her mom open the curtains, then look back at her.

“Are you awake, little piggy?” That was her new nickname from her grandparents after their last visit. Pleng laughed and doted on her little girl, who opened her arms for a hug.

Both cheeks were stamped with kisses, and Pakhira tried to squirm away from her beautiful mom’s affection. Suddenly, she remembered something, scrambled out of bed, and toddled out of the room, leaving her mom to tidy up.

Pleng watched her daughter go, knowing exactly where she was headed—it was her daily routine to go find mommy.

Just a few steps away, as soon as she left her room, she found the door to mommy’s room slightly open—her mom had left it that way, knowing Pound would come. Her little hand pushed the door open to find Akhira still asleep. N’ Pawn climbed onto the bed, stared at her mommy’s face for a moment, then snuggled in and hugged her tightly until Akhira slowly woke up.

“Good morning,” Akhira greeted, wrapping her arms around her little girl. They hugged each other tightly until Pleng came in and saw them. She shook her head—so Nong Pawn had left her room just to come sleep with mommy.

“Time to shower, both of you.”

Neither moved—both child and adult.

“Pound, do you want to shower with mommy or with me?”

“I want to shower with mommy,” came the muffled little voice, her face still buried in Akhira’s shoulder. Hearing this, Pleng reminded her wife to get out of bed within five minutes, while she went to prepare breakfast for their daughter.

Akhira murmured her agreement, so Pleng left the room, confident that everything would be fine. Soon, N’ Pawn would come out all fresh and dressed, because Akhira was an expert at bathing their daughter.

**Thirty minutes later—**

“What is this…?” Pleng stood frozen, plate in hand, staring at Pakhira in a bright pink outfit. If she wasn’t mistaken, her daughter was now in a pig cosplay costume.

The answer came quickly.

“P’ Zo…” Pleng’s voice dropped, tilting her head at her wife.

“Well, you always call her ‘little piggy,’ so today I dressed her as a pig—just to match her nickname.” Pleng didn’t know what to say, because her little piggy seemed happy and proud to wear the outfit her mommy picked.

“Will she be able to eat in that?” Pleng muttered, shaking her head, but not really annoyed—just a little exasperated. Seeing her daughter happily feeding herself, she couldn’t say anything. The sight was just too cute to scold.

Their daily routines repeated over and over, but no one ever got tired of them. As time passed, many things changed.

But Akhira and Pleng’s hearts remained steady and true to each other. Their love was never divided, except for the special case of their little daughter.

Nong Pawn received all the love they could give. Akhira was so attached to her daughter that there wasn’t a second she didn’t think of her. Whenever she had to leave Pakhira at the big house, she felt lonely—until the moment she could kiss her wife’s soft lips again.

Their arms wrapped around each other as they kissed. Pleng didn’t resist, letting her wife do as she pleased, until Akhira’s hands moved—one up, one down—making the mother of her daughter shiver, arching her neck for Akhira to claim with kisses.

Soft moans filled the air, their feelings intensifying. Just as things were heating up, a little voice called from downstairs—

“ Where is Mom and Mommy?” Nong Pawn footsteps echoed as she ran upstairs, just as her moms quickly straightened their clothes. Thankfully, nothing had gone too far yet.

“Don’t run, Pound, you’ll fall!”

“Why does mommy’s face look so red?” Pleng almost didn’t know how to respond, but quickly regained her composure and made up an excuse, while Akhira just smiled at her wife.

“Mommy’s just hot. And who did you come with, Little pawn aren't you playing with Pot.

“I came with Uncle.”

“Oh…” Pleng didn’t know what to say. She and Akhira hadn’t heard the car arrive, which explained why they were caught off guard.

“So Uncle’s downstairs, right?”

“Yes,” Nong Pawn nodded, before her mom suggested they all go downstairs. N’ pawn raised her arms, asking mommy to carry her—even though she’d just run up herself and interrupted her moms. Akhira picked her up, feeling how heavy she’d gotten, but didn’t complain or get upset. She just felt a little regret, but nothing more. She could always nudge her beautiful wife later, since Pot had asked if Non pawn could spend the night at the big house.

The incident made the couple laugh. It wasn’t often something like that happened, because Akhira and Pleng never did anything in secret from their daughter. With Nong pawn around, there was hardly any intimacy—just hugs and kisses as usual.

Even if they didn’t get much time alone, their love never faded. They still made time for each other, not often, but never absent—just in different ways. Having a child changed many things, and they didn’t have as much private time as before, but they both knew how much they loved each other.

Just meeting each other’s eyes was enough to show their love and care, reminding them that nothing had changed between them. Their love was as strong as ever, just adapted to new roles and responsibilities. It wasn’t as passionate as when it was just the two of them, but it was still happy—and even happier with little Pakhira in their lives. Both pairs of eyes sparkled as they watched their little girl running around.

“Mom says she wants a grandson—or another granddaughter,” .

“Are you sure it was your mom?” Pleng narrowed her eyes at her wife, who just smiled.

“She really said”

“I don’t approve,” Pleng replied, cutting off the idea. She wanted to focus on their first daughter and wasn’t ready for another child. She still wanted to give all her love to Pound. Akhira nodded, accepting her wife’s decision.

“If you’re this easy to please, you deserve a reward,” Pleng teased. Akhira’s eyes lit up at the word “reward,” already imagining things, especially since Pound wasn’t around.

“I’ll make your favorite Food tonight.”

Daydream shattered, Akhira was pulled back to reality as Pleng dragged her into the kitchen.

Her beautiful face showed clear disappointment. Pleng knew exactly what Akhira was thinking and couldn’t help but giggle. Akhira was probably still frustrated from being interrupted by Nong Pawn, and just as she started to dream, Pleng snapped her back.

Pleng couldn’t believe she’d seen so many sides of Akhira beyond her usual calm expression. She honestly couldn’t imagine what Akhira’s smile looked like when they first met, but now she knew—she’d known for a long time how adorable her wife truly was, and how sensitive she could be.

Once again, Pleng reflected on how far she’d come—her career, her love life, even her daughter.

“Thank you for giving me our little one. She’s so cute,” Akhira said, her heart full. Just seeing her daughter made her feel like her heart was floating.

“You’ve told me that so many times, P’ Zo.”

“I just want you to know.”

“I know,” Pleng replied. She knew how much Akhira loved her and Nong pawn She could only look at Akhira, not knowing how to express her feelings.

She felt grateful too—without Akhira, none of this would have been possible. She was thankful for Akhira’s patience and for holding her hand through everything, waiting for Pakhira arrival. The first moment she saw her daughter, Pleng knew she loved her unconditionally.

Just as P’ Zo had captured her heart, so had Nong pound. It was like a thick chain binding her, but not in a painful way—she’d learned that being chained like this brought her happiness.

She was a willing prisoner in this happy prison of love. Even if she were

declared free, she’d never want to leave. Pleng was happy to be a willing captive, staying with her lover and daughter forever.

# Chapter 14: Little Girl Pakhira

The first time Nong Pakhira wore her school uniform, her mom dressed her herself. Both mommy and mama took their daughter to school on her first day. Pleng looked at her little girl, surprised to see no sign of anxiety, while other children her age were crying so much that their parents could barely control them.

“Aren’t you excited? It’s your first day at school.”

“Mommy told me school is fun.” The beautiful doctor smiled as Akhira handed Nong Pakhira her little backpack and then went off to talk to the welcoming teacher. Pleng turned away from her wife, stroked her daughter’s head, and kissed her cheeks twice.

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Mommy will come pick you up in the evening, okay?” Pakhira nodded in understanding, then went to hug and say goodbye to Akhira. The little one walked into school, turning to wave back a few more times. Nong Pakhira seemed to have no problem at all—not a single tear. But her moms…

“She’ll be fine,” Pleng said to the person next to her, reassuring herself not to worry too much about her daughter.

Akhira and Pleng stood arm in arm, watching Nong Pakhira until she disappeared from view. Every step showed how much she was growing up.

There were no problems on the first day of school, nor on the days that followed. Soon, Akhira and Pleng felt at ease and stopped worrying about their daughter going to school. The only thing left was missing her. Still, caring for their daughter remained their top priority. Akhira often picked Nong pakhira up from school herself; on days she couldn’t, it was rare and only because of important work. If not, beautiful mommy would always be the first face Pakhira saw after school.

Afterward, they’d stop by to see Pleng at the clinic or hospital, exchanging hugs and kisses that made everyone who saw them smile. If mommy was free, she’d take little Pakhira shopping and sneak her some treats. Of course, those outings were their little secret, because otherwise, mommy would scold them. Even Akhira couldn’t help if Pleng got strict—she might look sweet and kind, but she’d made Nong pakhira cry before, and the second time was happening right now.

“Nong Pawn”

At the sound of her mom’s icy voice, Pawn turned and hugged Akhira, tears falling onto her mommy’s shirt. Her small body shook as she sobbed, making even the one comforting her feel sad. Akhira looked at her wife while gently rubbing Nong Pawn's back.

“Don’t cry, okay? Mommy will take you to bed.”

She decided to carry pakhira upstairs, and it took a long time to calm her down enough to fall asleep, still sniffling. After kissing her goodnight, Akhira came downstairs and saw Pleng’s trembling shoulders. She pulled her wife into a hug—after comforting their daughter, she had to comfort her wife too.

“See? I told you, it hurts us too,” Akhira said gently, not blaming her.

“If I don’t scold her, she won’t listen. No one else can handle her because everyone spoils her,” Pleng said, still hugging her wife. “You won’t scold her either, so what am I supposed to do?” Her muffled voice was pitiful. Akhira understood how Pleng felt and had to admit her wife was the strong one, because Akhira herself couldn’t bring herself to scold Pakhira—she was afraid of making her sad. That’s why Pleng had to play the “mean mom” sometimes. She scolded out of love, but always ended up crying herself afterward.

“Both mommy and daughter have runny noses,” Akhira teased, trying to cheer Pleng up as she continued to rub her back. “Come on, let’s go to bed.”

So that night, Akhira had to cuddle and comfort her wife all night long.

**At “Nong Pawn” School:**

Screams filled the classroom as boys and girls ran in every direction—including the latest victim. But the little girl with pigtails didn’t hide in a corner or sit and cry. Her short legs ran straight to the room where she knew someone would be.

“Teacher! Nong Pakhira scared her friend with a cockroach!”

Little **Nirin Asawame** cried to the teacher. She was scared, but brave, because her mom had taught her to fight back if someone bullied her, or to tell the teacher if she couldn’t.

That’s why Pleng was called in to hear the complaint. The teacher explained what happened but didn’t scold Pakhira,thinking it was a misunderstanding. Nong Pakhira was usually a good, well-behaved child—unlikely to bully anyone. After discussing what happened, they were allowed to go home.

The car ride was silent. Pound sat quietly until her beautiful mom finally asked,

“Why did you tease your friend, Nong Pawn?”

“I didn’t tease her.”

“But the teacher said you scared your friend with a cockroach.”

“I found it on the floor and didn’t know whose it was, so I wanted to return it to the owner,” Nong Pawn explained.

That was the truth. She’d found a little wooden box and wanted to return it, but since she wasn’t very talkative, she just looked for the owner and handed it over. When the other kids opened it, they found a cockroach and screamed, running away.

It wasn’t easy to find the owner, and Nirin, one of the “victims,” went to tell the teacher. But Nong Pakhira didn’t give up, still trying to return the box until the teacher heard about it.

“But you have to explain, okay? If you don’t tell your friends, they’ll think you’re teasing them,” Pleng said, reaching over to stroke her daughter’s head at a red light. She believed her daughter meant well, but Nong pakhira was just too quiet trying to return a strange toy ended up looking like bullying.

“Did you apologize to your friends? I heard a lot of them cried.”

“I didn’t do anything wrong,” Nong Pakhira insisted.

And there it was—if she thought she wasn’t wrong, she wouldn’t apologize, and she still didn’t understand why everyone else cried.

“What if someone gave you a cockroach, Nong Pawn”

“I’m not scared of cockroaches,” she replied, brave and bold, just like her doctor mom. Pleng sighed. If Nong Pakhira thought she wasn’t wrong, she really wouldn’t back down. In the end, Pleng had to vent to Akhira, hoping her wife could explain it better.

But when she told Akhira about the school incident, Akhira just burst out laughing, making Pleng glare at her until she stopped.

“Girls screaming from a young age, huh?” Akhira teased, though Nong Pawn didn’t really understand why that was funny.

“P’ Zo!” Pleng’s icy voice cut in. Since she couldn’t get through to Nong Pawn, she scolded her wife instead. Akhira put her fork down and got ready to talk to their daughter.

“I didn’t tease anyone,” Nong Pawn said before Akhira could speak, looking up with sad, innocent eyes that melted Akhira’s heart. But the mission to teach her continued, since Pleng was watching.

“Mommy knows, but your friends don’t. Even if you’re not wrong, you can still apologize, okay?”

“Why?”

“At least apologize for making your friends cry. Or do you want to say you didn’t do it?” This time, Nong Pakhira went quiet. “Mommy knows you didn’t mean to tease anyone, but you made your friends cry, right? That’s why you should apologize.”

Who knows if Nong Pakhira really understood, but she seemed to listen. That night, Akhira volunteered to put her to bed. Pleng secretly listened and heard the two of them talking, not reading a story but having a real discussion. She didn’t interrupt—Akhira might spoil Nong Pakhira, but she always had a reason, and Pleng was sure her wife could explain things in a way their daughter would understand.

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**At the Asawame House:**

“Nee, I won’t let this go.”

“Darling, they’re just kids playing.”

“Playing? That was clearly bullying! I want you to do something about that kid,” Nicha said. She wasn’t vengeful or plotting harm, just worried about her daughter and thought maybe that child should be moved to another school for her daughter’s safety. But Rinrat didn’t agree.

“I can’t do that. If you want me to handle it, it’s not so simple.”

“Why not?” Nicha was confused. Was there anything Rinrat couldn’t handle? But then she got her answer.

“That kid’s last name is Watcharakijkul.”

Even though she was just a little girl, PakhiraWatcharakijkul wasn’t someone you could easily deal with. Rinrat knew right away she’d have to disappoint her partner as soon as she heard the name.

Besides, it really was just kids playing. Even though Nirin had cried and run to tell on her, Rinrat was sure that if it happened again, Nirin wouldn’t let it go and could stand up for herself.

Little Nirin knew how to handle anyone who tried to tease her. Those determined eyes, even through tears, showed she was ready for anything. “Nirin is tough, just like you. No one can do anything to her.” As much as they loved their daughter, if she was raised too protectively, what would happen? Besides, it was just kids being kids, and no one was hurt. If Nirin had even a scratch, Rinrat wouldn’t let it go, but in this case, it was just a cockroach—no need to make a mountain out of a molehill. Rinrat didn’t want to take action that could affect their business. It wasn’t that the Asawame family couldn’t stand up to the Watcharakijkuls, but it was better for everyone to just live and let live, as they always had. As long as no one crossed any lines, there would be no problems.

The Asawame family loved their daughter as much as the Watcharakijkuls did, and Rinrat made the right decision to let it go. There was no need to make a big deal out of something small, especially since the next day, she heard that Pakhira had apologized to her classmate.

Even so, Nong Pakhira apologized with a straight face, as if she didn’t feel guilty. The teacher had to step in and explain things to the children. The sharp eyes, just like her mommy’s, looked at the girl standing tall with clear dislike.

No matter how this incident ended, one thing was certain: Nong Pawn had developed a dislike for the girl with pigtails, because she’d run to tell the teacher and accused Nong Pawn of bringing a cockroach to school, causing her to be misunderstood and scolded by her mom.

A fragrant white flower, the symbol of Mother’s Day, was given to the two women she loved most. Little hands pressed together in a wai before bowing down, making both Pleng and Akhira freeze.

“Nong Pawn Loves mommy and mama.” Those were the words from the little girl’s mouth before both mothers pulled her into a tight hug. Pleng’s eyes filled with tears, not knowing where her daughter had learned that, but she covered it up by kissing her soft cheeks.

The little one squirmed, trying to escape from the overwhelming love, breathing hard from all the ticklish kisses.

The sound of laughter from all ages blended together, a clear sign that this family was happy.

After escaping her moms, Nong Pawn ran to her nanny for help—she came in sweetly but left a mess, her hair wild, making Pleng want to brush it but unable to catch her in time.

The sight of the little one playing in the garden repeated every day, but the feeling was different. Maybe it wasn’t love that had changed, but an awareness.

A falling leaf made both Pleng and Akhira think the same thing.

“I want to be with our daughter for a long time,” Akhira said.

“You’re not old yet.”

“You always say I’m old,” Pleng laughed softly, admitting she was the one who always teased Akhira for being an old softie.

“I’m just kidding. You’re not old at all. Let me see—where are the wrinkles?” she said, turning Akhira’s face and pretending to look for signs of age. Akhira laughed at her wife’s serious expression.

Their hands clasped tightly, warmth spreading through their hearts. The smiles on their faces were the answer to everything.

*Someone once said that humans are born only half complete, spending their lives searching for the missing piece. No one knows for sure what that piece is—*

What is it? What does that missing piece look like? There’s no definition until you find it. Everyone’s desires and expectations are different. No one can really say what will complete our lives. Pleng and Akhira are just lucky to know the answer.

“I love you, and I love our little piggy too.” No matter how many years pass,

Akhira never tires of saying those words, and Pleng never tires of hearing them.

“I thought you said not to call her ‘little piggy’ anymore.”

“But I like calling her that.”

“She’s growing up. Soon she won’t like it anymore.”

“No matter what, she’ll always be our little piggy.”

“The other day, Nong Pawn asked me, ‘Between me and P’ Zo, who do you love more?’”

“And what did you answer?” Akhira raised an eyebrow, curious about the answer and wondering when the two had this conversation.

“I’m not telling,” Pleng mumbled.

The older one could only smile, suddenly remembering the day she told her daughter she loved her, when Nong Pakhira was old enough to understand. Nong pakhira asked how much her mommy loved her—was it as big as the sky or the sea?

“When she asks me, I’ll know what to say.”

“You have to think for yourself,” Pleng insisted, not letting her copy.

Akhira couldn’t answer right away, because the love she had for Pound and Pleng was too great to compare to anything. But the little one kept pressing for an answer. In the end, Akhira told her:

*Not the sky. Not the vast ocean.*

*But something even bigger.*

“Why are you smiling?” Pleng asked, noticing Akhira’s silence and smile.

“Nothing, just remembering when our little one asked me how much I loved her. If it was as big as the sky.”

“And what did you say?”

“The universe.”

So like Akhira. Pleng smiled at the answer.

“For you, it’s the same answer.”

“I haven’t even asked yet,” Pleng laughed.

“And you?”

“What?”

“When you say you love me, how much do you love me?” The smile faded for a moment as she thought, then she looked at Akhira, who watched her hopefully, ready to let Pleng copy her answer.

But Pleng wouldn’t meet her eyes, instead leaning in and whispering the answer in her ear before walking off to find their daughter, leaving Akhira sitting there, stunned, her mind replaying the words:

*“I love you, P’ Zo, as much as infinity.”*

And just how much is infinity, anyway!

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Time passes quickly—no one knows how fast. Whether happy or sad, everything comes and goes. The same is true for Pleng and Akhira’s married life.

*One day has twenty-four hours, seven days make a week, about thirty days make a month, and twelve months make a year. It might sound long, but in truth, it’s just a blink of an eye. And many things change.*

This familiar embrace was tinged with sadness, knowing they wouldn’t meet at the dinner table that evening as they had for decades. The tall figure, almost as tall as Akhira, smiled at her mother, who was still beautiful despite the traces of time that showed her age.

“Mommy and mom, take care of yourselves.”

“I’m going now.”

That’s the sentence you have to say when it’s time to part. On that day, Nong Pakhira had grown up to be an adult in her own way—a Pakhira of her own choosing.

A small card, neatly written inside, was picked up and read. The corner of her mouth lifted in a faint smile—so faint you’d miss it if you weren’t looking closely. Then the card and a photo were placed in a memory box as the sound of a knock came from the door.

“It’s time, doctor.”

The owner of the room nodded, stood up without hesitation, and walked down the long hallway. Those she passed held their breath, and the new nurse stopped in awe at her beauty, even though she’d already heard the rumors.

She couldn’t help glancing down, curious, reading the name as the figure in the white coat walked quickly past.

***Dr. Pakhira Watcharakijkul***

**The End**

# Author’s Note

Thank you to every reader who made it this far. I always want to chat with you. For this story, I wanted to include every emotion—drama, romance, even comedy, as well as the parenting of P’ Zo and Dr. Pleng. All of it was intentional and, I hope, fitting for “Chain: Rak Phook Jai.” I don’t know how much you liked it, but thank you for taking the time to read it. (Thanks to the **Asawame** family for guest-starring! If you don’t know where they’re from, Reverse is telling you: it’s from “**Mai Kor Hai Ma Rak.”)**

A bit of promotion: If you haven’t read it and want to know more about Nirin’s family, you can check it out! 555

Now, a word about goodbyes.

By “goodbye” here, I mean the author and the story “CHAIN: Rak Phook Jai.” There will not be a fourth, fifth, or any more special episodes for this novel.

“Baby Zen” is the last volume Reverse will write about the lives of these two characters. As the saying goes, all parties must end. If you miss P’ Zo and Dr. Pleng, you can always reread the main story, or the first special episode, or the audio drama “Dr. Pleng’s Holiday.”

But P’ Zo and Dr. Pleng aren’t going anywhere. You might see them again as guests or as moms in other novels by Reverse.

As for Nong Pawn( Pakhira), She grew up to be a doctor like her mom. But will her love life be like her mom’s? If you want to follow her story, please support her. Reverse hopes she’ll agree to take the lead role! 555

Finally, I sincerely hope you enjoyed reading this novel. Thank you for your support and love for “CHAIN: Rak Phook Jai” all along.

See you next time!