

# Chapter 01

The wind blew fiercely, sending leaves swirling through the air. Gray clouds began to gather, forming a massive, ominous black cloud. Soon, raindrops started to fall, one by one, until it poured down as if the sky had burst open, even though it was only eight in the morning.

It might've been some kind of storm causing this unseasonal rain. Someone like "**Wararin**," who never had time to follow the weather forecast, ended up drenched. She jogged into the towering building, panting as she reached her destination. She checked her clothes to see if they were presentable enough for work today.

The petite woman, standing at 163 centimeters tall and 28 years old, forced a smile at her fate. Since Wararin first opened her eyes to this world, she had been a cherished and lovingly raised child. She was the apple of her parents' eyes.

They always supported her growth and chose the best for her. When Wararin graduated from high school, she got accepted into a prestigious university in the capital. Her parents didn't hesitate to send her there, hoping she'd return to work in her hometown after graduation.

They wished she'd work hard to support them better than they had supported her. But as Wararin grew older, her parents aged too. Her mother succumbed to a severe illness just a year after Wararin graduated, and her father passed away from a similar illness five years later.

It was like a nightmare that took everything from Wararin. She became a lonely woman without any relatives. On the day of her father's funeral, she collapsed, sobbing, hoping her tears would heal her broken heart. But they didn't. The tears only helped her release her sorrow; they didn't erase the pain of loss.

Soon after, Wararin heard that a major investor was buying up land in her village, including her own. The investor mentioned plans to develop some real estate projects. Wararin decided to sell all her land and used the money to rent a small apartment in the capital. She couldn't live alone in the house where she had lost her loved ones.

*'The ones who leave don't suffer as much as the ones who stay.'*

This phrase perfectly described Wararin's feelings. Since she wasn't the one who had to leave this world, she had to endure and fight her fate alone, hoping that time would heal everything.

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Kanathip Group was the first company Wararin applied to after deciding to pursue her dreams and find a job in the capital. She submitte d her application, and soon, the company called her for an interview and hired her as the assistant to the chairman. Today was her first day at work. "Are you Wararin? The boss is waiting for you. Please, go inside."

Wararin nodded and thanked the young woman with a round face who was sitting at the executive office's front desk. Her name was "Sunanta," as indicated on her name tag, which made Wararin a bit curious. Her boss must be extremely busy or wealthy to hire another assistant, even though she already had a personal secretary.

"Hello, I'm Wararin. Today is my first day. I'm sorry for being late."

Wararin greeted a woman who was signing documents inside the executive office. She assumed this woman was her boss. The petite woman in a stylish business suit wore an expensive, elegant watch, the only accessory Wararin noticed. Her light brown hair was loose but tucked behind one ear, likely to keep it from falling over her face while reading documents.

"Wararin... that's a lovely name."

The boss spoke kindly, looking up from her pile of documents and smiling broadly. It was impressive for a high-level executive to be so kind to a new employee who was late on her first day. Instead of scolding her harshly, Wararin felt the opposite.

The beautiful, sharp face Wararin saw for the first time made her feel a lump in her chest. She was unable to find the right words. She stood there, silent, as if her soul had left her body, cursing her fate a hundred times over when she realized her boss was '**her**.'

'Her,' who had once been her only best friend. 'Her,' who had taught her about the biggest mistake in her life one that was hard to forget.

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"Is anyone sitting next to you? Can I sit here?"

Wararin turned to the voice behind her. It was her first day at university, and she assumed that a new student from the countryside like her wouldn't have anyone wanting to be friends. Her plain appearance screamed 'country bumpkin,' and she thought no one would want to associate with her.

So, she didn't expect the question to be directed at her. "Hey... you. Is anyone sitting here? Can I sit with you?"

The girl repeated.

"No, no one's sitting here. Go ahead."

Wararin replied, moving her things to make room for the girl. She couldn't help but observe the stranger. The tall, slender girl looked like a model, with radiant skin and a sharp, beautiful face. It was clear she came from a wealthy family. It was strange that no one else wanted to be friends with her, so she ended up talking to Wararin.

"Thanks. I'm Alischa, a freshman. Nice to meet you."

"I'm Wararin, also a freshman. You can call me Aom. Nice to meet you."

The conversation started awkwardly, but Alischa's cheerful personality quickly eased the atmosphere. Wararin and Alischa exchanged stories to get to know each other better throughout the meal. Laughter and smiles filled their conversation, making Wararin feel comfortable. They quickly became close friends.

"I'm thinking of asking my parents to let me move to a dorm near the university. It would be more convenient. You live in a dorm near the university, right? Can I move in with you?"

Alischa asked one evening while they were eating ice cream at a shop near the university.

"Sure, move in as soon as you can. I'm lonely living alone. It'd be great to have you as a roommate."

Wararin replied.

"You said it! I'll ask my parents tonight. If they agree, I'll move in right away."

"You sound like you're eloping with a guy"

Wararin laughed.

"Can I elope with a girl instead? It would be a new experience."

"You're crazy! Just ask your parents first. If you take too long, I won't let you be my roommate."

"Oh, you're so mean! Just wait. Within three days, I'll be standing at your door with my bags."

Alischa puffed her cheeks, making Wararin burst into laughter.

"Alright, Miss Confident. Just don't keep me waiting."

After that day, Alischa did exactly as she said. She got her parents' permission to move into the same dorm as Wararin. They became roommates from that day on.

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"Where did you work before this?"

Alischa asked the first question after Wararin finished introducing herself. The look in Alischa's eyes made Wararin feel tense. She didn't know if Alischa remembered her, and she certainly didn't want to bring up the past. Alischa was now an executive, and Wararin didn't want it to seem like she was using their past relationship to advance her career.

"I worked at a private company near my hometown," Wararin replied.

"Why did you move to Bangkok? Your background says you're from the countryside."

"My father passed away earlier this year. I'm alone now, so I thought it would be better to find a job in Bangkok"

"So, you don't plan to return to the countryside?"

Alischa asked, taking a sip of her coffee. Her relaxed demeanor eased Wararin's anxiety.

"I sold my house in the countryside. The area was bought up by investors for some construction project. I decided to rent a small apartment in Bangkok instead"

"That's a good choice. What about your family? You're not married yet? Your profile says you're single."

"Yes... I'm still single."

Wararin's voice trailed off. She lowered her head, unable to meet Alischa's eyes. She felt a pang of sadness, seeing Alischa ask as if they'd never known each other, even though they'd been close friends for years. Despite their separation, Alischa should have some memory of her.

"That's good. I need someone dedicated to working under Kanathip Group for a long time. I hope you'll be one of them. I'm glad to have you on board."

"Thank you."

Wararin responded politely. Alischa then explained the job details thoroughly. She had prepared a desk for Wararin in the same room, near a long sofa for guests and a small corner for meals or coffee, including a bathroom. It was a comfortable setup, fitting for a high-level executive and heir to Kanathip Group.

Wararin sat reading the documents Alischa had given her, trying to understand the details so she could perform her job smoothly. But she couldn't help glancing at her former best friend, now her boss.

The Alischa Wararin knew was always smiling and laughing at the smallest things. She had a positive energy that always lifted Wararin's spirits. Whenever Wararin was stressed, Alischa was the first to make her smile again. But the Alischa in front of her now seemed distant, as if they had never known each other.

"Are you okay, Ms. Wararin? Are you feeling unwell? You got soaked in the rain this morning."

Alischa's words snapped Wararin out of her thoughts. She quickly shook her head, denied it, and made Alischa smile.

"I'm fine." "Are you sure?"

Alischa asked again.

"You seem distracted. I thought you had a headache."

"No, I'm fine. Um... Ms. Alischa?

"Hmm? What is it?"

"Well... actually, we..."

Wararin hesitated. She wasn't sure if she should bring up their past relationship, hoping Alischa might remember her and they could be friends again. But the situation made her stop. Alischa was now her boss, and she should respect her.

"We... what?"

Alischa asked.

"I just wanted to say that I'm your subordinate. You don't have to call me 'Miss.' You can just call me by my name."

"Oh, right. I saw your profile and thought you were my age. I'm not strict about titles or anything. So, I'll call you Aom, and you can call me Alis."

"Okay, Alis."

"It looks like the rain has stopped. I need to inspect the factory. Come with me."

Alischa got up from her desk, walked to the window, and opened the curtains to check the weather. The sun was starting to shine as the rain stopped, and the outside world was coming back to life.

Wararin didn't dare to refuse her boss's order. She'd already been late on her first day, so staying quiet and following orders seemed the best course of action.

"Okay"

"Let's go now before the weather changes its mind and starts raining again."

Wararin stood up and waited for her boss to lead the way. She chose to follow quietly behind.

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The towering skyscraper housed the headquarters of Kanathip Group, a renowned instant food manufacturing company in the country. The factory itself was about 20 kilometers away from the office building. Alischa preferred driving her own car as it was more convenient than using the company van.

She explained to Wararin that it was important to visit the factory at least once a week to oversee operations and listen to the workers' issues firsthand rather than just hearing about them in meetings. Wararin thought Alischa had a great attitude for a manager, showing dedication and a willingness to get involved.

She seemed much more mature in Wararin's eyes.

"I can drive if you want,"

Wararin offered as Alischa led her to the company parking lot "Why?" Alischa asked.

"Well, you are the boss," Wararin replied.

"But it's my car," Alischa pointed out.

"Oh... sorry,"

Wararin apologized, bowing slightly before quickly getting into the car when she saw Alischa already seated in the driver's seat.

"It's not that I'm possessive about my car," Alischa explained further.

"But you don't know the way, do you? So, if I ever need you to drive, I'll let you know."

She smiled broadly as she drove out of the office, her face still lit up with a smile, which made Wararin feel more at ease. She'd been worried about imposing on Alischa by making her drive, forgetting that it was her personal car. She wondered if Alischa was the type to be possessive about her belongings or if she just didn't like her.

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"Aom, can you drive for a bit?"

Alischa asked, looking frustrated after driving for hours without reaching their destination. She'd stopped at a gas station to use the restroom and stretch her legs for a while. Feeling better, she was ready to continue the journey but started to act childishly, which annoyed Wararin, her travel companion.

"What did you say when you invited me? 'Aom, let's go to the beach. I'll drive, and you just relax. Isn't that what you said?"

Wararin reminded her friend, mimicking her tone.

"But I'm tired," Alischa pouted.

"Well, it's your fault for insisting we go. I told you we only had a three-day break and that staying in the dorm would be enough. But no, you had to go on a trip,"

Wararin complained.

"Oh, dear friend, I was wrong. I'm sorry. Please help me drive. My legs hurt, and I'm sleepy. Driving while tired is dangerous, you know. Haven't you heard the campaigns about not driving when sleepy?"

"Alright, alright. Go sit down. You're really annoying,"

Wararin grumbled, not seriously. Alischa grinned triumphantly, moving to the passenger seat and happily munching on snacks she had bought.

"Didn't you say you were sleepy? Why don't you sleep instead of eating? Are you afraid you'll never get to eat again?"

Wararin teased.

"Are you my wife, nagging me like this? Just drive," Alischa retorted.

"Are you my husband, ordering me around?"

Wararin shot back.

"I'm just your friend. Drive, and I'll play some music to keep you awake and chat with you the whole way," Alischa said in a drawn-out voice.

"Annoying," Wararin muttered.

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The asphalt road narrowed as the car moved towards the outskirts of the city. Alischa turned into a left-hand lane leading to a large factory spread over more than fifty acres. Wararin looked around in awe.

Initially, she wondered why the factory was built 20 kilometers away from the headquarters, but seeing the vast space, she understood it wouldn't be suitable to have it in the city.

The tall fence indicated a high level of security, but the front garden was designed as an ecological zone for the factory, making it look much more pleasant. Wararin observed the surroundings as the car drove in, amazed by the grandeur of Kanathip Group, living up to its reputation as a leading company in the country.

"We're here. Welcome to Kanathip Group's factory. Are you ready to get to work today?"

Alischa asked as she parked the car.

"Yes, I'm ready," Wararin replied.

"Then let's go. Follow me,"

Alischa said with a smile. She got out of the car and walked into the office, with Wararin following quietly. Today had been overwhelming, meeting someone she never expected to see, like Alischa, and realizing she didn't remember her.

**What should she do now?**

# Chapter 02

The employees rushed to welcome and greet Alischa as soon as they arrived. She introduced Wararin to the factory manager and several supervisors before excusing herself to tour the inside of the factory.

The large building was divided into three sections: the office area, the production area, and the warehouse. As Alischa explained, each section was clearly separated to comply with food industry standards.

"The office and the employee cafeteria are kept at a distance from the production area to prevent food scraps or other contaminants from mixing into the production area. This includes food scraps from the cafeteria that could attract pests like rats, cockroaches, and flies. These are things we need to pay close attention to and prioritize,"

Alischa explained as they walked from the office area to the production area. The atmosphere here was gloomier than at the headquarters, causing her to quicken her pace, and Wararin had to hurry to keep up.

She sighed softly, feeling tired and having a throbbing headache, likely from being soaked in the rain since morning and then traveling with Alischa for hours, making her feel like she was coming down with a fever.

"Understood," Wararin replied.

"Just a bit further to the entrance. Let's change our shoes and put on hairnets in the dressing room before we enter the production line,"

Alischa said.

Soon, they reached the production area. The staff in charge quickly found them boots, hairnets, and gowns to change into before leading them to the production line.

"Even a single hair can be a problem, so we need to wear hairnets properly. If you were a customer, you wouldn't want to find hair in your food," Alischa explained further, and Wararin nodded in understanding.

"This area is for sterilization. We need to use high-temperature machinery, making this area quite hot. But we won't stay here long because it's very hot. Are you okay?"

Alischa asked, noticing Wararin's sweaty face. Wararin assured her she was fine and asked to continue the tour, even though her headache was worsening due to the fluctuating temperatures.

After more than an hour of touring the production and warehouse areas, Alischa suggested they return to the front office area. She allowed Wararin to rest in the lounge while she went to discuss work with the factory manager alone.

"Have you been waiting long? It's your first day, and it's already exhausting, isn't it?"

Alischa asked when she returned after finishing her business.

"Just a little, but it's okay,"

Wararin replied.

"There was a small issue inside I need to stay for a meeting with the supervisors this afternoon. I'll have lunch brought to you. Please wait here until I'm done, and we'll return to the headquarters together,"

Alischa said.

"Do you need my help with anything? If there's anything I can do, just let me know,"

Wararin offered.

"No, it's your first day. I already feel bad for dragging you out here. If I make you sit through a meeting, you might quit, and that would be terrible for me,"

Alischa explained with a smile.

"But it's my job. I'm happy to follow orders," Wararin insisted.

"Well, as your boss, I order you to rest here until I'm done with the meeting. Don't disobey your superior."

"Okay,"

Wararin agreed reluctantly, and Alischa smiled in satisfaction before stepping outside.

Alischa had always been like this, kind and attentive to Wararin. She was observant and could tell when Wararin was unwell without her having to say anything. Alischa always took care of her, albeit in her unique way, but Wararin could feel her concern.

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"Give me your bag, I'll carry it for you,"

Alischa said, taking the bag from Wararin's hand one evening as they walked back to their dorm after class Wararin felt feverish, with a headache since the afternoon and an inexplicable fatigue.

"I can carry it myself, Alis,"

Wararin protested.

"No, I want to carry it. Got a problem with that?"

Alischa raised an eyebrow, slinging both her bag and Wararin's over one shoulder and linking her arm with Wararin's. "Why are you linking arms? What's gotten into you?"

Wararin grumbled.

"I just want to. Why are you complaining? Afraid you won't get to talk again?"

"I'm worried about you, Alis. Don't be so snarky,"

Wararin laughed. She knew from the start that Alischa was being extra attentive because she was worried about her, even if her way of showing it wasn't always the most endearing. "Yeah, I'm worried. You're my only friend," Alischa admitted.

Wararin smiled, walking alongside Alischa, who supported her all the way back to the dorm.

"In your past life, you must've done a lot of good deeds to have me as your roommate. Otherwise, you'd be passed out in front of the dorm by now,"

Alischa said, helping Wararin lie down on the bed.

"That's a bit much, Alis. I just have a headache, not heart failure."

"Heart failure from being near someone as beautiful as me, right?" Alischa teased.

"I hate you. You're so annoying,"

Wararin laughed.

"Just kidding. Now, rest quietly. Don't make any noise. I'll make you something to eat so you can take your medicine," Alischa ordered with hands on her hips.

"Thanks," Wararin said, smiling.

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Wararin smiled at the memory. She was glad to have the chance to see Alischa again. Although she felt nervous at first, it was just the feeling of reconnecting after a long time. Now, she felt lucky, even if Alischa didn't remember her yet. She hoped that one day, Alischa would remember who she was.

"Hmm,"

Wararin murmured as she felt someone gently shaking her She opened her eyes groggily to find Alischa looking down at her and lightly holding her arm.

"I'm done with work. Let's go," Alischa said.

"I must've fallen asleep. I'm sorry," Wararin apologized.

"It's good that you slept. Do you feel better?"

"What do you mean?"

Wararin asked, getting up and grabbing her bag, worried that Alischa had been waiting for her.

"You had a headache, right? Do you feel better? Do you need to see a doctor?"

"No, I'm fine. But how did you know I had a headache?"

"Because I'm your boss. Let's go back to the headquarters,"

Alischa said with a laugh, leading the way with Wararin following behind. Wararin glanced at Alischa, feeling a mix of emotions. She missed her. After graduation, they hadn't seen each other, and she knew Alischa had gone abroad for further studies.

"Is there a storm coming? It's getting dark again. I think we'll get caught in the rain,"

Alischa complained as they got into the car.

"I didn't check the weather forecast, but it looks like we won't escape the rain. It's my bad luck. A storm on my first day at work, and I was already late this morning."

"I've never heard you complain before." Alischa laughed.

"Sorry, I shouldn't complain. I just forgot myself,"

Wararin said, embarrassed. She'd indeed forgotten herself, thinking about how she used to know Alischa, forgetting that Alischa didn't remember her. To Alischa, Wararin was just a new acquaintance and, more importantly, her subordinate. It was quite embarrassing.

"It's okay. It's late, and it looks like it's going to rain. Where do you live? I'll drop you off,"

Alischa offered.

"No, it's okay. I don't want to trouble you."

"Don't worry about it. Just tell me the way," Alischa insisted.

In the end, Wararin couldn't refuse Alischa's offer. She gave her directions and let her drop her off at her apartment. She quickly excused herself to rest after a long day and to let Alischa get home before the rain started.

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The morning sun was so bright that Wararin had to shield her eyes. She sighed in frustration at the unpredictable Thai weather. Unlike yesterday's rain, today was scorching hot. She walked quickly to reach her destination.

As a city worker who relied on public transportation, she was familiar with the daily struggle, especially the fight for a seat on the train. She left her apartment earlier than yesterday, hoping for a smooth commute and to avoid being late for work again.

"Aom, is that you?"

Wararin stopped when she heard someone calling her from behind. She was walking out of the train station, about to cross the street ta reach her destination, Kanathip Group.

"Oh, **Pan**! It's me. How have you been? It's been so long."

Wararin greeted cheerfully, shaking hands with her old university friend,

Pan, or Panrisa. Besides Alischa, she had two other friends in her group, Panrisa and Thanamas, but they had all gone their separate ways after graduation.

"I've been good. I didn't expect to see you here. Did you move to Bangkok for work? How's your dad?"

Panrisa asked.

"He passed away, so I moved here," Wararin replied softly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. My condolences,"

Panrisa said, her face turning pale as she squeezed Wararin's hand gently.

"It's okay. I'm fine now. Where are you headed?"

Wararin asked, changing the subject.

"I'm going to work at an office nearby. What about you?"

"I'm going to work, too. Oh no, I'm late. I have to go,"

Wararin said, realizing the time. She checked her watch and saw she only had twenty minutes left before work started, so she quickly said goodbye.

"Wait, let me get your number so we can catch up over lunch,"

Panrisa suggested.

"Sure,"

Wararin agreed, exchanging numbers with Panrisa before hurrying off. She walked quickly, knowing she was only two hundred meters away from Kanathip Group, but she had to stop again when a car pulled up beside her.

"Wararin, want a ride?"

Wararin was relieved to see Alischa smiling at her from the car. Even though it was rush hour, it was better than encountering a creep or something like that.

"Hello, Alis," Wararin greeted.

"Hello, get in. You don't have to walk."

"Thank you,"

Wararin said, not refusing. She sighed in relief as she got into Alischa's car. She felt exhausted already, like a battery that was half- drained before even starting the day.

In just a few minutes, they both arrived at the company with the eyes of the other employees fixed on them, their curiosity piqued. It was a welcome that could easily make one feel irritated.

Wararin quickly assessed the stares of those people, already prepared for such a situation. After all, when the person she was riding with was the heir to the company, it wasn't surprising that she would become the center of attention. With that in mind, Wararin quickly thanked Alischa and excused herself to go another way.

Even though she understood that such behavior was normal in this society, it was like walking past a stinking garbage dump, you'd rather hurry away than stand there and smell it. She wanted to avoid such a situation.

"You didn't wait for me, did you? Anyway, could you please make me some coffee?"

Alischa said as soon as she stepped into the office. Wararin agreed and quickly went to make coffee as her boss requested. She headed to the small kitchen at the back, checking the contents of the fridge and pantry. She initially grabbed some instant coffee but then stopped herself as she remembered something.

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"How can you drink this? It's so bitter."

Wararin grimaced as she tasted the coffee Alischa was drinking Alischa laughed out loud at her reaction before handing her a glass of water to rinse her mouth.

"You're just weak. It's not the coffee's fault"

"Don't even start. You drink this stuff and then can't sleep at night. and I have to stay up watching series with you," Wararin complained.

"You're always finding something to complain about."

"It's the truth. I can't sleep because of you. Every time you get excited about the series' hero, you steal my pillow to clutch."

"You don't understand, Aom. He's my dream husband."

"How could I understand? it bothers me. So, from now on, you need to stop drinking coffee or at least drink less. Got it? Otherwise, I'll send you back home. No more staying at the dorm."

Wararin laid down the law.

"Fine," Alischa pouted.

"Fine, what? Are you going to do it or not?" Wararin glared at her.

"Then what should I drink?"

"Drink milk."

"Your milk?"

"Oh, come on! I really hate you sometimes, Alis. You always tease me."

Wararin slapped Alischa's arm hard enough to make her wince in pain, but she still laughed, making Wararin even more annoyed.

"You're still laughing?"

"Okay, okay. For you, I'll drink less coffee and won't stay up late. Oh, and I'll drink your milk too."

"What?"

Wararin asked, raising her hand, ready to slap again.

"I mean, I'll drink milk with you. Calm down."

"Alright then."

"Sure."

From that day on, Alischa really did stop drinking coffee and switched to milk, as she promised. She went to bed earlier so as not to disturb Wararin, which made Wararin quite happy that Alischa took her words to heart. This became the start of Wararin regularly buying milk for her.

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Wararin put down the coffee in her hand and opened the fridge to look for milk, hoping that Alischa had stocked some. She was pleased to find that Alischa had indeed bought some.

"Hmm? Didn't I ask for coffee?"

Alischa questioned when Wararin served her milk instead of the coffee she had asked for.

"Coffee makes it hard to sleep. Milk is better for your health,"

Wararin explained.

"I'm easily convinced. If you say it's good, I'll drink it."

Alischa drank the milk in one go and handed the glass back to Wararin, who quickly washed it and got ready for the day's work.

"Today, I'll teach you more about the job and assign you some tasks. And in the evening after work, can you come to the mall with me? You don't have to rush home, right?"

"The mall?"

Wararin repeated, puzzled.

"Why?"

"To buy milk for the fridge. I'm not very good at this stuff. Come with me, please?"

Alischa's pleading tone surprised Wararin. Was Alischa always this kind and friendly with all her subordinates?

"Um... I..."

"Please? Or do you have other plans?"

Alischa asked with a disappointed look, making Wararin quickly correct the misunderstanding. She wasn't in a hurry to go home, and she didn't have any other plans.

She was just thinking about how this trip to the mall might affect her relationship with Alischa. Would it bring back old memories, or was it just a simple boss-subordinate task with no deeper meaning?

"I'm not in a hurry to go home. I don't have any other plans."

"Then let's go together. I'll drive. You said drinking milk is good for my health. Don't you want me to be healthy?"

"Alright."

# Chapter 03

The young woman, standing at about one hundred seventy centimeters tall, stopped in front of the ice cream freezer. Her eyes sparkled as she gazed at the various flavors, making Wararin chuckle inwardly.

This evening, Alischa had half-invited, half-forced her to come to the mall, and she had agreed without much fuss. Alischa picked out a brand of plain milk that Wararin remembered well; it was the same brand she used to buy for Alischa back when they were in college. They walked past the ice cream freezer, and Alischa suddenly stopped.

"I want some,"

She murmured softly. Wararin wasn't sure if she was talking to her or to herself, so she didn't say anything.

"Excuse me, I want some,"

Alischa said again, this time grabbing Wararin's arm.

"Then you should buy some," Wararin replied.

"Won't it melt before I get home?"

"I think they have insulated bags for that, don't they? Look, over there,"

Wararin pointed to a nearby counter where red insulated bags were available.

"Will it really work? How long can it keep the ice cream cold? What if there's a traffic jam? What will I do then?"

Wararin thought to herself, 'Then don't buy it', but she didn't dare say it out loud. Luckily, Alischa was her boss now; otherwise, she would have given her an earful.

"I'll go ask the staff how long the bags can keep the ice cream cold, and then you can decide,"

Wararin offered. She was about to walk over to the staff when Alischa grabbed her arm and pouted, which made Wararin think back to their past.

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"There's a new ice cream shop near the university. Have you seen it?"

Alischa had said one morning. It was their day off, and they were lounging around in their dorm. But Alischa, who loved sweets, couldn't resist dragging Wararin out to eat.

"I saw it. Pan told me about it yesterday,"

Wararin replied, flipping through TV channels aimlessly.

"Let's go try it out," Alischa suggested.

"No, I'm too lazy,"

Wararin declined immediately, but Alischa didn't give up.

"I'll treat," Alischa offered.

"Alright, let's go, Alis. I want some, too, and I'm free right now," Wararin said, changing her mind quickly.

"Wow, you change your mind too quickly, my friend Aom," Alischa teased.

"What change? You wanted to eat, so I'm going with you. Now go change your clothes. If you wear something this thin, the staff might get an eye infection,"

Wararin said, turning off the TV and pulling Alischa up. "Oh, just admit you're jealous and want to keep me to yourself," Alischa teased.

"I'm not your wife. Why would I be jealous?"

Wararin shrugged.

"Is that so? Alright then, Aom,"

Alischa said, resisting and pulling Wararin onto her lap, wrapping her arms tightly around Wararin's waist

"What are you doing, Alis?" Wararin protested.

"I'm going to make you my wife for real, so you can't use that excuse anymore,"

Alischa teased.

"Are you crazy? I don't even like girls," Wararin retorted.

"I know, I'm just teasing. Now go change your clothes,"

Alischa said, letting Wararin go and heading to the bathroom. Wararin, regaining her composure, could only grumble about her friend's antics.

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"What are you daydreaming about? Why are you standing still?"

Alischa asked, nudging Wararin's arm lightly. Wararin shook her head, indicating that she was fine. She'd just been lost in thought about the past.

"Sorry, I was just lost in thought,"

Wararin apologized.

"So you weren't listening to me earlier? That's disappointing," Alischa pouted, making Wararin feel awkward.

"I'm sorry, Alis. Could you please repeat what you said?" Wararin asked.

"I said. let's go get some ice cream together. There's a shop nearby. I'll treat,"

Alischa repeated.

"Uh..."

Wararin hesitated, glancing at her watch. It was around 7 PM. If she went for ice cream with Alischa, it would be quite late by the time she got home. "Please, I'll drive you home afterward," Alischa pleaded.

"But..."

Wararin hesitated. This mall trip seemed to be getting out of hand.

"I just got back from abroad and don't have any friends here. You're around my age. Please come with me,"

Alischa said, her voice softening.

In the end, Wararin gave in to Alischa's pleas. She agreed, and Alischa beamed with joy. She quickly paid for the milk and other items before dragging Wararin to a nearby ice cream shop.

Chocolate ice cream was served along with a few other desserts. Alischa's eyes sparkled as she eagerly dug into the ice cream, making Wararin smile. No matter how much time passed, Alischa was still the same Alischa, someone who loved the sweet taste of ice cream.

"Do you know why chocolate is brown?" Alischa asked after eating for a while.

"Why? I don't really know much about this stuff," Wararin admitted.

"I don't know either. That's why I asked you,"

Alischa said, laughing as Wararin looked bewildered. Alischa leaned in and gently poked Wararin's cheek, smiling widely.

"I just wanted to see you smile more. Since you've been working with me, I haven't seen you smile much. Is it stressful working with me?"

"No, not at all. You've been very kind to me. How could I be stressed?" "That's a relief. I thought you felt uncomfortable around me. You know, I almost decided not to hire an assistant,"

Alischa confessed.

"Why?" Wararin asked.

"Well, who would want a boss like me?"

Alischa laughed, continuing to eat her ice cream without a care.

"Should I be happy or sad about that?" Wararin wondered aloud.

"You should be happy. Oh, tomorrow morning, let me pick you up at your apartment. We can go to work together,"

Alischa suggested.

Alischa didn't realize that her words were making Wararin think hard. Should she let go of the past and accept Alischa's friendship, or should she remind Alischa that she was Wararin, her closest friend from six years ago?

"I don't want to trouble you. I feel bad."

"Why feel bad? I'm the one troubling you. I asked you to come shopping with me and then to eat ice cream. You've wasted so much time because of me. Let me pick you up. It's on my way anyway,"

Alischa insisted.

"It seems like I can't say no to you,"

Wararin said, laughing.

"You're alone, right? I don't have any friends either. I think we can be friends."

"But you're my boss," Wararin pointed out.

"Well, in front of others, I'm your boss. But when we're alone like this, we're friends,"

Alischa smiled.

"Alright,"

Wararin agreed. She had to admit that Alischa was right She didn't have anyone else. She had no family here. If she ever felt troubled, she wouldn't know who to turn to. If what Alischa said was true, it was sad that a small woman like her had to bear such heavy responsibilities.

Having someone to talk to and be her friend would be good. Even if Alischa didn't remember her now, it didn't mean they couldn't be friends again.

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"Our dorm has a story passed down. I heard from a senior that a pervert once broke in. It was around midnight, and everyone was asleep. But one student had snuck out to a club with her boyfriend and just got back." Alischa started.

"Stop it, Alis,"

Wararin interrupted, covering Alischa's mouth with her hand. She moved to sit on Alischa's lap, shaking her head and pleading with her to stop telling the scary story

"Mmm... mmm... I can't breathe,"

Alischa tried to say, but Wararin didn't let go.

"I said stop," Wararin insisted.

"Mmmmmm," Alischa mumbled.

"Stop, or I'll really shove my fist in your mouth,"

Wararin threatened, making Alischa go silent. She looked at Wararin with pleading eyes.

"If I let go, you have to stop," Wararin said. Alischa nodded, and Wararin released her.

"Why did you cover my mouth?" "Why were you telling that story?"

Wararin countered.

"A senior told me this afternoon, so I thought I'd share. It's a famous story at the university,"

Alischa explained.

"But I'm scared. Don't you get it?"

Wararin complained, still sitting on Alischa's lap.

"What are you scared of? It happened a long time ago. Now, get off my lap. You're heavy. Do you think you're light just because you have a good figure?"

Alischa teased.

"Yeah, I have a good figure. So what?" Wararin retorted.

"Nothing. Just get off. My legs are cramping."

"That's your problem. You started telling that story knowing I'm scared,"

Wararin said.

"What are you scared of? Seriously," Alischa asked, rolling her eyes.

"I'm scared of the pervert in your story,"

Wararin said, moving closer and wrapping her arms around Alischa's neck.

"Oh my God, you should be more scared of yourself. You're practically attacking me right now."

"You're crazy. You're thinking too much."

"I can think even more and deeper if you keep sitting on me like this," Alischa teased.

"You pervert."

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Wararin smiled at the memory. That evening, Alischa had dropped her off at her apartment before heading home, reminding her not to forget their appointment the next morning.

Alischa had emphasized several times not to go to work without her, even threatening to cause a scene at work if she didn't find Wararin at the apartment. Wararin couldn't help but think that Alischa's actions were more of a command than an invitation.

*Ring!*

The sound of her smartphone snapped Wararin out of her thoughts. She picked it up, curious about the unfamiliar number "Hello," Wararin greeted.

"Aom, is that you? It's Pan. Are you asleep? Am I calling too late?" Panrisa asked, sounding apologetic.

"Oh, Pan. I was just about to go to bed. What's up?"

"I wanted to invite you to dinner tomorrow. I have a lot to talk about. Come on, I'll invite Tha too,"

Panrisa said, referring to their friend Thanamas, whom Wararin hadn't seen in years. Wararin didn't want to miss this chance.

"Tha's coming too? Great! What time should we meet? I miss you guys."

"How about six? After work. I'll text you the location," Panrisa suggested.

"Sounds good. See you tomorrow. I should get to bed now. Goodnight, Pan."

"Okay, goodnight," Panrisa replied.

Wararin hung up and placed her smartphone on the bedside table. She realized she needed to get some rest since she had a busy day ahead. She was a bit worried about what to say if Panrisa and Thanamas asked about Alischa.

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Wararin woke up to the morning light streaming in. She groaned, still feeling sleepy. She hadn't slept well, thinking about what to tell Panrisa and Thanamas about Alischa. She knew they'd ask, but she didn't know how to explain that Alischa didn't remember her-seeing each other now felt like they had never met before.

*Ring!*

The sound of her smartphone ringing annoyed Wararin. She picked it up, still groggy, but her eyes widened when she saw the caller ID.

"Good morning. I'm waiting for you outside your apartment. Are you ready to come down?"

Alischa's cheerful voice greeted her.

Wararin's face turned pale. She glanced at the wall clock and saw it was just past 7 AM.

"No, not yet," Wararin replied.

"I'll wait downstairs then,"

Alischa said brightly

"You can go to work first," Wararin suggested.

"Why? We agreed. Are you going to ditch me?"

"I just woke up. I didn't sleep well last night,"

Wararin confessed softly. Alischa laughed heartily and responded cheerfully.

"I didn't know you were such a heavy sleeper. I guess I'll be waiting for you for a long time. But if I let you go to work on your own, you'll probably be late again. You've already been late once. So, as friends, I'll wait for you in your room. It's too hot out here,"

Alischa explained at length, leaving Wararin no room to refuse. She had to admit her fault for waking up late. If she insisted on sending Alischa away, she would indeed be late as the other predicted. In the end, she had to give her room number and let Alischa wait upstairs.

"My room isn't very big. I hope you won't feel cramped,"

Wararin said apologetically. But Alischa smiled broadly, looking unpretentious and friendly, which eased Wararin's worries. Even though they'd lived together in a small dormitory in the past, Alischa was now the heir to a large company, unlike Wararin, who was just an ordinary office worker living paycheck to paycheck.

"Feel free to shower and get dressed. I'll wait here,"

Alischa said, sitting down on the long sofa and casually playing with her smartphone Wararin hurried to shower and get dressed so Alischa wouldn't have to wait long. She quickly took care of her personal business, and soon everything was ready.

"Let's go, Alis,"

Wararin said when she was ready to leave for work that morning. She looked at the tall figure engrossed in her phone with mixed feelings. This was probably the first time in six years that she had been alone with Alischa in a room again.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes. I'm sorry again for the trouble,"

Wararin said, bowing slightly in apology.

"It's okay. It's good to know you're a heavy sleeper. Next time, I'll call to wake you up."

"Don't trouble yourself. I'll set my alarm every five minutes next time to make sure I wake up."

"That's a good idea. But you won't smash the alarm clock, will you?" Alischa laughed. "I'm not that bad, Alis,"

Wararin replied softly.

"I'm just kidding. Let's go to work. You made me late today, so I'll make you work extra hard to make up for it. How about that?"

"Don't be so harsh on me. I'm sorry,"

Wararin said, laughing. She knew Alischa was just teasing her and didn't take it to heart.

"Alright, I won't be harsh. But on one condition: you have to have dinner with me tonight. Otherwise, I'll be mad,"

Alischa said before walking out with a cheerful smile, in stark contrast to Wararin, who was now worried about the condition. She had plans to meet her old friends Panrisa and Thanamas, whom she hadn't seen in six years.

If she refused her friends, she feared hurting their feelings, but if she refused Alischa, she feared she would really be mad as she had said.

*What should she do...*

# Chapter 04

"Ah. finally done with work. Let's go find something delicious to eat I've been hungry since three in the afternoon,"

Alischa said.

Alischa gathered the documents on her desk and put them away. She grabbed her shoulder bag and walked over to Wararin's desk.

It was five in the evening, and Wararin knew trouble was brewing. Alischa had insisted that they go out for dinner tonight, but Wararin had already promised Panrisa that she'd meet her and Thanamas.

Inviting everyone to dinner together seemed awkward, even though Alischa had been her close friend in the past and was familiar with Panrisa and Thanamas. But now, Alischa didn't remember her and certainly wouldn't remember the other two either.

"Alis," Wararin called out.

"Yes? Don't you want to go home yet?"

Alischa replied with a laugh

"No, actually, I have an appointment tonight. I can't go with you,"

Wararin said softly. She decided to keep her appointment with Panrisa and decline Alischa's invitation. Even though she'd caused trouble in the morning and Alischa had said she would be angry if Wararin refused, Wararin felt she had plenty of time to make it up to Alischa.

After all, she was still Alischa's assistant and could make it up to her later. But with friends like Panrisa and Thanamas, whom she hadn't seen in a long time, opportunities to meet were rare. Wararin also thought that meeting her old friends might give her some good ideas about her forgotten relationship with Alischa.

"You can refuse me, you know. Don't worry about it,"

Alischa said softly, turning her face away. But Wararin noticed the clear look of disappointment in her eyes, similar to how she had looked at her soy years ago. Back then, Wararin hadn't paid attention and thought it was trivial, but now she felt an inexplicable guilt.

"I'm sorry," Wararin apologized

"It's okay. Where's your appointment? Do you want a ride?"

Alischa offered.

"I appreciate it, but I'll take the bus,"

Wararin explained.

"Alright then, take care. I'll head horne first,"

Alischa said, walking out of the office quickly. She didn't look back or smile at Wararin as she usually did, making Wararin wonder if she was really angry as she'd said But there was nothing Wararin could do except let her go, feeling uneasy herself.

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The Italian restaurant was decorated with expensive furniture, giving it a luxurious atmosphere that left Wararin stunned. It'd been a long time since she'd dined in such a place, probably not since her university days. After that, she returned to live in a less-developed province.

Wararin enjoyed the surroundings before smiling as she spotted Panrisa and Thanamas waving at her from a corner of the restaurant.

"Did you wait long? Sorry, I'm late,"

Wararin said, joining her two close friends at the table.

"Not long. We just got here. We missed you so much. It's been years.

How have you been?"

Thanamas greeted, her voice trembling with emotion. She held Wararin's hand and asked about her well-being until Panrisa had to interrupt by ordering food.

"You can't cry all the time, Tha. Order food first. I'm starving,"

Panrisa said.

"I just missed you guys. I didn't think we'd get to have dinner together again. Too bad Alis isn't here," Thanamas said.

"That's right. Have you seen Alischa, Aom? Have you been in touch?" Panrisa asked after ordering.

"No... I haven't been in touch with her since then,"

Wararin lied, taking a sip of water to avoid the conversation.

"Same here. Haven't seen her since graduation," Panrisa added.

"Alis was always so secretive. No one knew anything about her family or where she lived. How are we supposed to find her?"

Panrisa complained, but she wasn't wrong. During their school days, Alischa rarely talked about her family, even to Wararin, whe was her roommate. Wararin had no idea that Alischa was the heir to the Kanathip Group. Otherwise, she wouldn't have applied to work at the company.

"Don't take this the wrong way, Aom, but do you think if you met Alischa again, you'd still be friends?"

Thanamas asked bluntly, prompting Panrisa to pinch her waist as a warning.

"I'm not sure. I don't even know if Alischa still wants to be friends,"

Wararin replied softly. Even though many years had passed and she thought she no longer felt anything, talking about it made her realize she hadn't forgotten those memories. She just chose to remember the good times.

"Come on, it's been years. Don't think too much about it, Aom. Let's eat. The food's here,"

Panrisa said, cutting the conversation short. Wararin and Thanamas had to stop talking about Alischa and focus on the food. They shared stories of what they had experienced during their time apart, rekindling their old friendship.

They talked about their future plans and dreams, making Wararin forget about Alischa for a while. They agreed to meet again when they had the chance.

The cool water from the shower helped Wararin relax from her exhaustion. She chose to shower first when she got back to her room after a long day at work and a late night with friends. It was almost ten by the time she could finally rest.

Being alone in her room made Wararin think about Alischa again. She could still clearly remember the look of disappointment in Alischa's eyes.

Even though she'd been the one who woke up late and made Alischa wait for her in the morning, she'd refused her in the evening. Alischa should've scolded her, but she didn't say a word.

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"Hey, Aom... tomorrow is my boyfriend's birthday. Can you help me pick out a gift for him tonight?"

Panrisa asked Wararin one evening after class. She gave many reasons to persuade her, and Wararin, always willing to help friends, agreed.

"Sure. Who else is going? Is Tha or Alis coming?"

"I have to go home. My grandparents are visiting, and my mom wants me to greet them,"

Thanamas declined.

"Let Tha go, Aom. Her mom is strict. If we take her, her mom will scold us, too,"

Panrisa explained. She'd been friends with Thanamas since high school and was familiar with her family. Often, when she invited Thananas to hang out, her mom would call and scold them both.

"What about you, Alis? Come with us. We can grab something delicious to eat before heading back to the dorm,"

Wararin invited Alischa, who was standing nearby.

"No, thanks. I have a headache. I want to go back and rest,"

Alischa replied weakly, looking pale and worried.

"Really? Are you okay? Do you want me to take you to the doctor?"

Wararin asked, concerned.

"No, you go with Pan. Travel safely,"

Alischa said.

"Will you be okay, Alischa?

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Let's part ways here," Alischa said.

"Okay. Take your medicine, Alis. I'll take Aom to the dorm,"

Panrisa said before walking away with Wararin, while Alischa and Thanamas went the other way.

It was almost eight when Wararin returned to the dorm. She bought Alischa's favorite fish porridge from a nearby vendor, unsure if the sick giri had eaten or taken her medicine. Knowing Alischa hated taking medicine, Wararin doubted she'd followed their advice.

"Alis, have you eaten and taken your medicine?"

Wararin asked as she entered the room. She checked on the sick girl lying on the bed before heading to the kitchen and returning with a bowl of porridge.

"I bought fish porridge from Aunt Jaew's stall. It smells delicious."

Wararin said, sitting on the bed. She pretended to sniff the porridge to cheer Alischa up, but it didn't work as Alischa remained silent.

"What's wrong, Alischa? Is your headache bad?

"It hurts, but not too much. I can handle it." Alischa replied curtly.

"Have you taken your medicine?"

"No. Why should I? Do you even care?"

Alischa said before turning away, making Wararin smile. She could guess what was wrong. Alischa was probably sulking because Wararin hadn't been there when she was sick and had left her to return to the dorm alone.

"Not eating? Then I'll put it away,"

Wararin said, pretending to leave. She glanced at Alischa, who looked even more upset.

"Go ahead," Alischa said.

"I bought it because I care. If I knew you wouldn't eat, I wouldn't have wasted my money. I'd let you starve."

"Wait, Aom. I was just kidding. I'm starving,"

Alischa said, grabbing Wararin's arm. Wararin smiled and sat back down.

"You're sulking like you're my girlfriend. Come on, sit up. I'll feed you."

"I have a headache, not a broken arm. I can eat by myself. Save your hands for your future boyfriend,"

Alischa said.

"You stopped being sulky, and now you're being cheeky. I might have to shut you up,"

Wararin teased, but Alischa just made a funny face, making Wararin feel relieved. If Alischa could joke, she wasn't too sick.

"You're scary, Aom. I might lose my innocence if I stay with you every day,"

Alischa joked.

"Enough. Eat first, then take your medicine."

"Can't I skip the medicine?"

Alischa's face fell at the mention of medicine, but Wararin didn't relent.

"No. I worry about you. Don't you know that?"

"No... you never told me,"

Alischa argued softly.

"Then remember that I care about you a lot. I'm sorry for leaving you alone. I knew you'd be mad, but I'm not afraid. If you sulk, I'll make it up to you. Okay?"

"Aom... why are you so good to me? Are you really Aom? You must be possessed. Get out!"

Alischa joked loudly to hide her embarrassment, making Wararin laugh. She pinched Alischa's waist lightly to stop her teasing before feeding her the porridge.

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Even after many years, Wararin often thought about her time with Alischa.

She remembered the good times they'd shared, even though mistakes and distance had kept them apart. Those memories always brought a smile to her face.

Wararin lay down after finishing her personal tasks. She checked her smartphone and saw it was half past ten. She wondered if Alischa had gone to bed. She wanted to call but didn't want to disturb her boss. In the end, Wararin kept her concerns to herself and tried to sleep.

"Good morning, Alis,"

Wararin greeted her boss with a smile as she saw her step into the office. She paused her task of preparing fish porridge in the back kitchen and walked out to meet Alischa. Today, Wararin had woken up at the crack of dawn.

She left her apartment earlier than usual to stop by the fish porridge shop near her old college dorm to buy some for her beautiful boss. Even though she knew Alischa couldn't remember her or their past, Wararin still chose to make amends just like she used to.

"Why are you at work so early today? I was planning to pick you up at your apartment. Good thing I called first."

"I just had to run some errands. Oh please, have a seat at the dining table in the back. I bought some fish porridge for you," Wararin replied.

"Really? Are you serious?"

Alischa raised an eyebrow in curiosity but followed Wararin without hesitation.

"Here it is... fish porridge from Aunt Jaew's shop. She's been selling it in front of the dorm since my college days. I didn't think she'd still be there. This place is really delicious. I used to eat it all the time,"

Wararin explained.

"Wow, it looks really good. But... why did you buy it for me? Do you have some plans in mind? If it's about a work evaluation, I don't accept bribes."

Alischa laughed, sitting down and starting to eat without delay, making Wararin smile with satisfaction.

"No plan at all. I just felt bad for turning you down yesterday. I'm sorry." "It's okay. It's not a big deal. If we couldn't go yesterday, we can go today,"

Alischa reassured her.

"That's true. So, this evening..."

Wararin stopped mid-sentence when Alischa offered her a spoonful of porridge, gesturing for her to try it. She couldn't refuse.

"Is it good? Let's go eat there again tonight. I'm starting to get hooked,"

Alischa suggested.

"Sure," Wararin agreed, nodding.

They continued eating breakfast together until Alischa tied her hair up, feeling it was getting in the way. Wararin noticed a small scar on Alischa's forehead.

It was so tiny that she'd never seen it before, especially since Alischa usually wore her hair down, which hid it well. But Wararin was sure that six years ago, Alischa didn't have that scar, which piqued her curiosity.

"What happened to you?"

Wararin asked.

"This scar?"

Alischa repeated, pointing to the small mark.

"Yes, may I ask?"

"Of course, we're friends now. This scar is from years ago. I was studying abroad and got hit by a car in front of the university. It was big news 'Clueless Thai student crosses the street without looking,"

Alischa recounted, laughing.

"Were you seriously hurt? A scar on your forehead means you must've hit your head on something, right?" Wararin inquired.

"Yes, the doctor said my brain was concussed, which caused me to lose some memories,"

Alischa explained.

"Really?"

"Yes, I've tried to remember what I forgot, but I can't. When I think about it, I realize that if I could remember, it wouldn't be called forgetting. How silly,"

Alischa laughed, standing up to clear her bowl. Wararin quickly took over, telling her to get back to work. She cleaned up the area, thinking about what Alischa had just shared.

Wararin understood now why Alischa couldn't remember her. It's not great when you've shared good memories with someone, only to be the only one who remembers them.

Even though the memory loss was due to an accident no one wanted,

Wararin couldn't help but feel sad that she didn't exist in Alischa's memories at all.

The friendship she'd built with Alischa over the years was like a vitamin that made her smile on lonely and discouraging days. But for Alischa, there was only emptiness.

# Chapter 05

It'd been over a week since Wararin started working at Kanathip Group as Alischa's assistant. Thanks to Alischa's excellent teaching and guidance, she'd learned almost all the tasks she was directly responsible for.

Alischa even occasionally picked her up and dropped her off, which had brought them closer. Initially, Wararin was upset that Alischa didn't remember her, but now she understands and sympathizes with her.

In fact, there were many things that could serve as evidence for Alischa to realize that Wararin and she were once close friends. These include old photos from college time and gifts they exchanged on special occasions.

However, Wararin chose to keep those memories to herself. She wanted Alischa to remember her, but thinking back to the events leading up to their separation made Wararin reconsider.

Back then, it was Wararin who hurt Alischa, causing her significant distress. Losing those memories might be a blessing for Alischa, as it spared her the pain. However, this also meant Wararin wouldn't have the chance to apologize and make amends for what happened.

This unresolved issue weighed on her for years, and she didn't want to let it go anymore, but she hadn't found the right way to address it yet.

"This afternoon, a technician will come to install new machinery at the factory. I plan to oversee the process. If there's any work here, you can wait for me,"

Alischa said, still engrossed in a pile of documents. She'd been quite busy the past few days as the factory expansion project, which had been ongoing for several months, was nearing completion. The final steps involved installing the machinery and testing the system before it could be operational in two weeks.

"How could I do that? I'm your assistant, I should help you."

"Alright then. We still have some time. If it's not too mnch trouble, could you make me a cup of coffee?"

"Sure,"

Wararin agreed. She walked to the kitchen corner and made coffee as Alischa requested.

"Here you go, Alischa,"

Wararin said, handing over the coffee.

"Thank you," Alischa replied

"Are you sleepy? Is that why you need coffee?"

Wararin asked, sitting across from Alischa, who had leaned back in her chair, looking more relaxed.

"Yes, I took some work home last night, intending to work for an hour, but before I knew it, it was past midnight,"

Alischa explained.

"Don't overwork yourself. Take some rest. It's not worth it if you get sick,"

Wararin scolded, forgetting herself for a moment. Alischa used to be like this, working late into the night, especially during exams. She'd study from evening until late at night, and after the exams, she'd often fall ill, leaving Wararin to take care of her.

"If I do get sick, you can take care of me. You're my assistant, after all," Alischa teased.

"I can take care of you, but not all the time. You need to take care of yourself, too. I'm worried about you,"

Wararin said seriously, making Alischa smile. She sipped her coffee, looking much happier than before. Wararin realized she shouldn't have said that and tried to correct herself, but it was too late.

"I mean, there are many people who care about you. You need to take care of yourself,"

Wararin added.

"Alright, I'll take better care of myself. For now, let's get to work."

"I'll drive today, Alischa,"

Wararin offered.

Alischa stood up, smiled at Wararin, handed her the car keys, and led the way as usual, with Wararin following closely.

The destination today was the production factory, where Wararin had been once before. This time, she volunteered to drive, and Alischa fell asleep within minutes, likely due to accumulated fatigue from working hard for several days. Wararin let her rest and woke her up upon arrival.

"Alis, wake up,"

Wararin gently called.

"Did I fall asleep? I'm sorry,"

Alischa said, rubbing her eyes like a child, making Wararin smile automatically.

"No need to apologize. If you're tired, you should rest," Wararin reassured.

"I understand that, but I shouldn't fall asleep in front of you. What if I drooled or snored loudly? That would be embarrassing."

Alischa joked

"Too late. I saw you drooling and snoring so loudly that I had to stuff tissue in my ears. I didn't want to wake you, so I just endured it,"

Wararin teased, shaking her head in mock dismay. Alischa's eyes widened in shock.

"Really? How embarrassing! I wasn't even this stressed when the company lost money,"

Alischa exclaimed.

"I'm just kidding,"

Wararin laughed, getting out of the car and walking away quickly, knowing Alischa would soon follow to scold her.

"You made me lose my confidence. Should I be mad at you?"

Alischa pouted, catching up and giving Wararin a stern look, but Wararin just laughed. It'd been a long time since she'd teased Alischa like this, so she decided to enjoy it a bit.

"You can be mad, just don't dock my pay," Wararin joked.

"Wait until we finish today's work. I'll show you how mad I can be,"

Alischa retorted, quickening her pace and heading into the office.

Wararin followed, more subdued now that it was time to fulfill her role as Alischa's assistant.

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The high-quality can sealing machine from abroad was installed by skilled technicians. The final step was to test the system, which took over four hours.

Wararin wiped the sweat from her face as she watched every step of the testing process, taking notes on important information. Alischa was also closely monitoring the process, her face covered in sweat, possibly even more than Wararin's.

Wararin noticed that Alischa seemed faint but continued working to avoid wasting time. Wararin moved closer and gently held Alischa's arm.

"The sealed cans will exit here and continue along the conveyor belt to the labeling machine. We need to be cautious and have the technicians test the system multiple times to ensure accuracy. I'll leave this task to the technical team. Thank you all for your cooperation today,"

Alischa announced, smiling as she thanked everyone. She then walked out of the factory, with Wararin following closely. Before they could leave the factory area, a forklift sped towards Alischa, who was too tired to notice. Wararin saw it coming and pulled Alischa out of the way, causing them both to fall.

"I'm sorry, Miss! I didn't see you. I'm really sorry,"

The forklift driver apologized repeatedly, running over to check on them. He was aware of the consequences of his actions, especially since the victim was the youngest daughter of Kanathip Group. Other supervisors in the area also rushed over to help Alischa and Wararin up.

"Are you okay, Ms. Alischa? Ms. Wararin? Should I call an ambulance?"

One supervisor asked.

"I'm fine. Are you? Are you hurt anywhere?"

Alischa replied before turning to ask Wararin, who assured her she was fine, though she was concerned about Alischa's visibly swollen ankle. "I'm fine, but your ankle is swollen. You should see a doctor, Alis," Wararin insisted.

"It's just a minor injury,"

Alischa dismissed, despite the obvious swelling. Wararin felt frustrated that Alischa still prioritized others over herself, but she wouldn't let Alischa continue this way.

"Please send a car to take Ms. Alischa to the front office. I'll take her to the doctor. And you, be more careful next time,"

Wararin said sternly, scolding the forklift driver, who kept apologizing.

"I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to,"

He repeated.

"I apologize on behalf of my employee. I'll make sure he's disciplined. Please forgive us, Ms. Alischa,"

The warehouse supervisor added, rushing to the scene.

"It's partly my fault for not paying attention and walking into the path of the forklift. Don't punish him; it was just an accident,"

Alischa said.

"Thank you, Ms. Alischa. Thank you for not holding it against me,"

The driver said gratefully.

"It's okay. Sorry for scaring everyone. Let's get back to work,"

Alischa said, and everyone returned to their duties. Alischa reluctantly allowed Wararin to take her to the doctor.

Wararin chose a well-known private hospital. She handled everything, and Alischa barely had to do anything. The nurses and doctors were very helpful, which surprised Wararin until she overheard them saying that if they didn't take good care of Alischa, she might withdraw all of Kanathip Group's shares from the hospital. Wararin realized that Kanathip Group held shares in the hospital and likely many other businesses she wasn't aware of.

"All done. It's evening now. I'll take you home so you can rest,"

Wararin said after the treatment, relieved that Alischa only had minor bruises but needed rest to prevent further complications.

"Can I stay at your apartment for a few days?"

Alischa asked.

"Why?" Wararin was surprised.

"I don't want my father to know what happened. He's strict, and if he finds out, the driver will be fired, and maybe even his supervisor,"

Alischa explained.

"Really?"

"Yes. It was my fault for being careless. If they suffer because of me, I won't feel right,"

Alischa said softly, pleading with Wararin, who couldn't help but feel sorry for her. If things were as Alischa said, it wouldn't just be Alischa in trouble but also the driver.

"I don't mind, but I'm worried you'll be uncomfortable. My place is small and lacks amenities," Wararin said.

"It's fine. I can manage. Please let me stay. It's the weekend, so I'll tell my father I'm staying at a friend's house,"

Alischa insisted.

"Alright," Wararin agreed.

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Pannisa dialed Wararin's number for the third time. She'd run into Thanamas at the mall and decided to have dinner together, intending to invite Wararin as well, but Wararin didn't answer.

"No answer?" Thanamas asked.

"No, she must be busy. We didn't plan this in advance,"

Pannisa replied.

"True, we didn't expect to run into each other,"

Thanamas agreed.

"It's okay. We'll meet her next time. I was planning to arrange a gettogether anyway,"

Pannisa said, ordering food.

"Is there good news? Don't tell me you and Peck..."

Thanamas trailed off, eyeing her friend suspiciously.

"Something like that," Pannisa admitted.

"I thought you'd wait until you were old and gray to get married," Thanamas teased.

"You're so rude. We just got the date," Pannisa complained.

"Who are you inviting? Any old friends? I need to prepare in case I run into an old flame,"

Thanamas joked.

"Well, that'd be good if you do, so I can finally tell one of those guys to come and ask for your hand. With a mouth like yours, if you don't die young, you'll definitely end up an old maid."

"Can you go a day without insulting me, Pan? And you still haven't answered my question."

"I'll probably invite our old friends from college. I've managed to get almost everyone's phone numbers except for Alis. No one seems to have heard from her."

Pannisa sighed. She really wanted to ask Wararin about this because Wararin was the closest to Alischa. But the incident that separated them was so intense that she didn't dare bring it up, fearing it'd reopen old wounds and make then both sad again.

So, she chose to stay silent, hoping that one day she'd have the chance to see her dear friend Alischa again.

"Yeah, I miss her too. I wonder how she's doing now."

Thanamas sighed as well, not much different from Pannisa.

"Come on... let's not be sad. The food is here; let's eat."

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Wararin muted her phone and put it back in her bag when she saw that the caller was her old college friend. She chose not to answer Pannisa's call as she was currently walking up the stairs of the apartment with Alischa beside her. It wouldn't be appropriate to talk on the phone with Pannisa in front of Alischa.

"Aren't you going to answer that?"

Alischa asked.

"No, it's just insurance salespeople. I don't feel like talking."

"There's a trick to dealing with those insurance sales calls."

"Oh? What is it?"

"When you answer, just say, 'Hello, are you interested in working from home? Good pay, just 3-4 hours a day. They'll hang up on you right away."

Wararin burst out laughing at Alischa's suggestion. Her boss was not only kind but also had a great sense of humor.

"If you said that to me, I'd hang up, too."

"Exactly, give it a try. I guarantee they'll stop calling."

Alischa laughed and made a funny face.

"I don't have the guts for that. I'd probably start laughing first. Oh, we're here. Let's go in."

The compact apartment felt even smaller today because Wararin wasn't alone as usual. It was the first time in six years that she had a roommate again. And more importantly, her roommate from six years ago and now was the same person.

Although she felt nervous about living with Alischa again, there were some benefits. Maybe living together again could help Alischa regain her memories.

"It might be a bit cramped, but well, I didn't expect anyone else to live here with me."

"Am I bothering you?"

"Not at all. Please, Alis, have a seat. You've walked a lot, you don't want to hurt your ankle."

Wararin helped Alischa sit on the long sofa. She went to the kitchen and returned with a glass of water, which Alischa took and drank in one go.

"Thank you so much. I'm so glad to know you. Since I came back from abroad, I haven't had any friends. I can't remember anything from my time in Thailand, so I don't know if I had friends before or who they were."

Alischa spoke softly, her eyes looking so lonely that Wararin wanted to hug her. Alischa didn't like to talk about her family or her life. She kept her feelings to herself and cried alone, a trait Wararin had overlooked before.

With Alischa's cheerful and bright demeanor, Wararin never realized what feelings she was hiding. She'd been lonely, isolated, and suffering for a long time. By the time she found out, Alischa was no longer there for Wararin to comfort her. She'd gone far away, leaving Wararin with a lot of guilt.

Alischa was cruel for never staying to hear Wararin's apology. Even when they met again, she'd erased Wararin from her memory.

"You did have a friend, Alis. You had a very close friend. Even though you can't remember them now, I'm sure they never forgot you."

"Why do you say that? Do you know my past?"

"No, I was just saying. You should rest, Alis. I'll find you some clothes to change into and make dinner."

With that, Wararin ended the conversation, and Alischa nodded in understanding. She took the clothes Wararin handed her and went to the bathroom with Wararin helping her.

Tonight would be another night Wararin would be lost in her thoughts.

Alischa's story still lingered in her mind. It'd be easier if Wararin pretended to forget the past and started anew with the friendship Alischa offered.

But deep down, she didn't want to go back to being just friends with her.

# Chapter 06

Tonight's dinner was laid out on the dining table, all prepared by Wararin. She crafted a menu that Alischa loved and even picked out her favorite drinks.

"Wow....this looks delicious! Did you make all of this yourself?"

Alischa exclaimed excitedly as she sat down on one side of the table, with Wararin taking the seat opposite her.

"Yes, I did. There's spicy glass noodle salad, garlic fried chicken, and minced pork omelet. I guessed you might like these dishes."

"Wow, you guessed everything right! How did you know I liked these foods? What did you base your guesses on?"

"Don't ask too many questions. I'm hungry. Shall we eat?"

Wararin cut her off because she didn't have an answer to Alischa's question. Alischa didn't seem to mind and nodded, starting to eat immediately.

"Oh my... I'm definitely going to gain weight because of you. I've never eaten this much for dinner before,"

Alischa complained after finishing her meal, rubbing her stomach as if she was really full.

"That's good. I think you're a bit too thin. It would be nice if you gained a little weight."

"Really? Do I look that thin?"

"Yes, much thinner than before. I mean, compared to me, you look much thinner"

Wararin accidentally mentioned the past and tried to correct herself by laughing it off. She diverted Alischa's attention by getting up to clear the dishes and start washing them, not realizing that Alischa had followed her into the kitchen.

"Can I help?"

"No, it's okay. You're not feeling well, remember?"

"I'm much better now. It's just a little bruise."

"Even so, you shouldn't be standing for too long right now."

"Then I'll just sit here and wait."

Alischa looked around for a place to sit and found a chair. She made herself comfortable while waiting for Wararin.

"Why are you alone? I remember you once mentioned on your first day at work that your father passed away. But don't you have any other relatives?" Alischa asked, trying to make conversation.

"No, I don't. It sounds liberating, doesn't it? But sometimes it gets really lonely."

"And you don't have, um... I mean, anyone you're talking to?"

Wararin paused her dishwashing and turned to look at Alischa, trying to gauge her expression. She wanted to know the real reason behind Alischa's question.

She remembered that Alischa used to persistently ask her if she had someone she liked or was talking to and, if she did, to let her know immediately.

Back then, Wararin didn't understand the meaning behind those questions. Now, she wanted to see if Alischa's questions still carried the same hidden meaning.

"If you mean friends, I have two from college. I ran into them when I moved here. As for someone I'm talking to, if you mean a boyfriend, I don't have one."

"And before this, you didn't have a boyfriend?"

Alischa continued to ask.

"You seem a bit strange today, Alis. If you keep asking, I'll start asking you questions, too."

"I just want to get to know you better. We've only known each other for a few days, and I'm already staying over at your place. I'm so careless. What if you tricked me into doing something bad?"

Alischa pretended to look worried, hugging herself and widening her eyes, making Wararin laugh out loud. She deserved an award for overthinking and another for her over-the-top acting.

"You think too much. I'm starting to get a little tired of you."

"Oh, sorry."

Wararin laughed, turning back to finish washing the dishes. She poured two glasses of milk, one for herself and one for Alischa, who was waiting for her.

"I had a boyfriend, but we broke up years ago. What about you? I told you I'd ask you back."

"I don't have a boyfriend either. I used to date a foreigner, but we broke up when I decided to come back to Thailand. It was a no-strings- attached kind of thing."

"Oh, a playgirl, huh? I underestimated you."

"Beautiful people usually have a past. Ah... I'm so full. Thank you for dinner and the milk. I'll probably get fat soon, just like you want. When that happens, don't call me a pig."

"I won't."

"Won't tease me?"

"Won't waste the chance."

Wararin laughed so hard that Alischa pinched her waist. Alischa glared at her and pouted before heading back to the bedroom, with Wararin following closely behind, still laughing.

She told Alischa to take her medicine and rest since she'd been tired all day. Wararin then went to take a shower to freshen up and get ready for bed.

This night was the first time Wararin and Alischa had been together again in six years. Although Alischa saw Wararin as someone she just met, for Wararin, it was the happiest night in six years.

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Since Wararin moved to the city, the morning was brighter than usual. It wasn't often that she woke up to such clear weather, especially since it was the rainy season. If it wasn't raining in the morning, it was usually gloomy.

Wararin put her smartphone back in her bag after receiving a call from Panrisa, who wanted to meet her in the morning to discuss something important. Initially, Wararin wanted to decline because Alischa was still resting in her room, but seeing that Alischa was still asleep, she agreed to meet Panrisa, with the condition that she'd only be out for a short while.

"I'm here. Sorry, I'm late. The traffic was terrible this morning."

Panrisa parked her car by the roadside and greeted Wararin, who was already waiting. They'd arranged to meet at a coffee shop in front of Wararin's apartment because Panrisa didn't want to inconvenience Wararin, who didn't have much free time. Besides, Panrisa had other errands to run, and this route was on her way.

"It's okay. Have you had anything to eat? Do you want to grab something first?"

"That sounds good. I still have some time. What about you?"

"I have about half an hour."

"Great, let's have some coffee together."

Panrisa invited Wararin into the coffee shop. She ordered coffee for herself and Wararin, then handed Wararin a pink card and quickly got to the point, knowing they had limited time.

"What? You and Peck are getting married? Oh, I'm so happy for you! I thought you'd wait until you were old."

"You sound just like Tha. Have you two been talking behind my back?"

"Not at all. But if we did, we'd probably be gossiping about you."

Wararin laughed as she opened the wedding invitation and read it excitedly, happy that Panrisa was finally getting married to the man she'd been dating for a long time.

"You're as annoying as ever. Good thing Alis isn't here, or you two would be a perfect pair."

"That's true. I don't have anyone to banter with."

"Speaking of which, are you okay with Alis' situation? You don't seem serious when you talk about her."

Panrisa asked seriously for the first time. She missed Alischa and was equally worried about Wararin. If she had a choice, she'd want them to talk again, even if they couldn't be as close as before. At least, she hoped they could still be good friends.

"I'm okay, Pan. If I told you I met her, would you believe me?"

"What? You met Alis? When and how?"

"Well... I don't know how to explain it, but Alischa had an accident. She has amnesia and doesn't remember me."

Panrisa was stunned by Wararin's revelation. This was bigger than she had imagined. The last she heard, Alischa was studying abroad. Alischa had personally told her and asked her to keep it a secret until she'd left, only then to inform Wararin.

"So, she doesn't remember any of us?"

"No, including that part,"

Wararin replied softly.

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know. I just hope that one day she'll remember me. But I'm not sure if, when that day comes, she'll still want to be my friend."

"Hang in there, Aom. I believe everything will get better. She knows how much you love her. I believe she'll understand. Oh, and when things get better, bring her to meet us."

Panrisa held Wararin's hand to encourage her friend, and Wararin smiled back. They chatted for a while longer about the upcoming wedding and old college friends before parting ways to continue their day.

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Wararin returned to her apartment, having bought breakfast for Alischa so she wouldn't have to wait for her to cook, as it was already late in the morning.

"You're awake? Are you hungry? I brought breakfast, and it's all delicious,"

Wararin greeted Alischa, who was sitting on the couch with a pout. Alischa was still in her pajamas, but Wararin noticed she'd washed her face and applied a light lip color, making her look as beautiful as ever despite the years that had passed.

"Where did you go? I was worried when I woke up and didn't see you,"

Alischa complained.

"I went to get food for you."

"Why didn't you wake me? I could've gone with you."

"Your foot is still hurt. I didn't want you walking around too much so you can heal faster. Isn't that good?"

Wararin explained as she quickly set the table with the food she had bought, feeling hungry herself. Alischa seemed to understand and followed her to the dining table.

"Sorry for being a brat. I've been bothering you a lot and still acted up,"

Alischa said apologetically, but Wararin didn't mind. She knew Alischa's personality inside and out and had expected her to be a bit difficult.

"Don't worry about it. Let's eat. I'm hungry."

The breakfast went smoothly, filled with conversation and laughter as Alischa kept finding stories to share with Wararin. She invited Wararin to watch TV with her, and of course, she chose to watch a Korean drama, her favorite

Time passed as they watched the romantic scenes of the drama Wararin noticed Alischa's shyness during the kissing scenes. She bit her finger to cope with her embarrassment, which made Wararin blush as well.

Alischa's face turned a rosy red, looking beautiful even without makeup.

Wararin wondered why she hadn't noticed this side of Alischa six years ago.

Alischa was still the same person, living the same life and liking the same things, but Wararin now saw her differently. She noticed Alischa's charm and cuteness, unsure if it was because Alischa had become more attractive or if she'd simply never paid attention before.

"Ah, it's over. It was just getting good,"

Alischa complained, snapping Wararin out of her thoughts. She leaned back and closed her eyes.

"What do you usually do on your days off?"

Wararin asked, trying to make conversation.

"I work. I bring work home or read books and sleep. I haven't sat and watched a drama like this in a long time. The beginning of my job was so hectic that I didn't dare do anything frivolous. I only started relaxing when you became my assistant,"

Alischa replied.

"Hearing about your life makes me feel like I'm wasting mine,"

Wararin laughed.

"What do you usually do?"

"I watch TV, play games, or sometimes go shopping outside. It's the typical life of a salaried worker who craves weekends. Sounds boring, right?"

"I'd die to do something as boring as what you just described."

Alischa let out a big sigh, and Wararin could tell that she was genuinely exhausted from her responsibilities. So, she took the liberty of pulling Alischa down to rest her head on her lap. Alischa didn't resist.

"If I fall asleep, don't blame me."

"That'd be great. I want you to rest. Since you have the chance to do something boring today, why not take it?"

Wararin smiled as Alischa nodded and closed her eyes. Her face looked so enchanting at that moment that Wararin couldn't stop staring.

She must've been a terrible friend in the past, now that she saw Alischa in a different light. Maybe it was because she'd grown up, or perhaps it was because of something Alischa had told her six years ago.

Alischa had been so close that she never noticed the truth until now. Six years was enough time for her to reflect and see Alischa anew, and it was just as she thought..

There was something about Alischa that she'd truly overlooked.

# Chapter 07

Monday morning had arrived, signaling the end of the weekend. Wararin woke up early, knowing she had to go to work, a job she relied on to support herself.

Last night, Alischa had excused herself to return home, saying she didn't want to impose on Wararin any longer and needed to finish some work at home to prepare for today.

Initially, Alischa had offered to pick her up in the morning, but she later sent a message saying she couldn't because her older sister, Anchisa, a highranking executive at Kanathip Group, needed a ride. This left Wararin to rely on the train for her commute.

The crowded train made Wararin feel quite annoyed. Rush hour in the capital was something she despised but couldn't avoid. The only thing she could do was get used to it.

'*Where are you now? Have you reached work yet?'*

The notification from her chat app made Wararin grab her smartphone. It was Alischa, who had sent a series of curious stickers, making Wararin amused and forget the unpleasant train ride.

*'I'm on the subway, almost there, boss. I promise I won't be late today. Don't worry.'*

Wararin typed back.

*'I'm not worried about you being late. I'm worried about you. Travel safely.'* '*You sound like my mom. You should've sent a picture of yellow flowers wishing me a happy Monday.'*

Wararin replied, smiling. She didn't know when she'd become so comfortable talking to Alischa. Maybe it was the two days Alischa had stayed with her that made them closer, or perhaps it was their past relationship that made Alischa feel familiar.

*'I hope you miss your stop.'*

Wararin smiled at Alischa's latest message. If she weren't on the subway, she would've laughed out loud. Alischa was always so playful.

'*No way, I'm almost there. See you at the office, Alis.'*

She typed back and put her smartphone away, preparing to get off as the train approached her station.

She walked towards Kanathip Group, feeling less annoyed than before. The chat with Alischa still made her smile.

"Aom, is that you?"

A voice called from behind. Wararin felt someone approaching quickly, and she sped up when she recognized the voice.

"Wait, Aom, wait for me."

A tall man caught up with her, grabbing her wrist and forcing her to stop.

His handsome face was unchanged, but Wararin didn't want to look at him. She knew well that behind that handsome face was deceit.

"Let go of me. I don't want to talk to you."

Wararin said firmly, looking at the young man with hard eyes. Once, he'd made her the happiest, but 'Singha' was also the man who had broken her heart.

"Don't be so harsh. I miss you, Aom."

"But I don't. Let go of me."

Wararin tried to free her wrist, causing it to redden, but Singha wouldn't let her go.

"Calm down. I just missed you and wanted to talk."

"We don't need to talk. Let me go."

Wararin bit her lip, pulling her wrist with all her strength until she finally broke free. She pushed his chest and ran away, not waiting for him to say anything. The past memories hurt her, even though they shouldave healed Seeing Singha again reopened old wounds.

Singha, who had just been rejected, gritted his teeth as Wararin walked away. His eyes, which had feigned remorse, now showed anger. Wararin was never his ideal woman. He'd dated her because she was beautiful.

Having her on his arm made others envious, and he'd succeeded. Wararin was naive and easily manipulated. When he grew bored and found someone else, he left her without a second thought. Running into her today was just a coincidence, and he felt a pang of regret for what he'd lost.

"Go ahead and be arrogant. Do you think you can escape me, you fool?"

He muttered before walking away, unaware that someone had witnessed everything.

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Wararin slumped into her office chair, feeling weak. She sat there, lost and unable to focus on her work. The past memories hurt her again. The wounds Singha had left years ago were still deep in her heart, now reopened.

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*"I've found someone I want to spend my life with. I'm sorry."*

Singha had called Wararin one evening while she was at the hospital with her mother. Her family was in crisis, her beloved mother was gravely ill Wararin needed support, but Singha chose to leave her and start a new life.

"What about me? I'm struggling. Are you going to leave me to face everything alone?"

Wararin pleaded, hiding in the bathroom and crying, hoping for sympathy. But it was a false hope. Singha's response was cold and heartless, a sentence Wararin used to remind herself even now.

"That's your problem. I won't let you drag me down. Goodbye."

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Wararin let her tears fall slowly. She looked at her wrist, red from Singha's grip, and rubbed it gently, feeling the pain. She quickly wiped her tears and tried to compose herself as Alischa walked in.

"Good morning, Alis."

Wararin greeted Alischa, standing up and bowing politely. She didn't dare look her boss in the eye, fearing Alischa would see her sadness. But Alischa had noticed it the moment she walked in.

"Would you like anything, Alis? I'll prepare it for you."

"Just coffee, please."

Wararin nodded, heading to the kitchen with Alischa following. Wararin felt a bit annoyed at first, not wanting Alischa to see her red eyes. But Alischa's actions made her stop and freeze when she felt a hug from behind.

Alischa took the coffee cup from Wararin's hand and set it down, turning her around and hugging her.

It felt like being lifted up by strong arms when she had no strength to stand.

"Do you want to cry? You can cry."

Alischa's soft words were like a whisper but powerful enough to lift

Wararin. She hugged Alischa and cried without shame. The warmth of Alischa's embrace, which she hadn't felt in over six years, was still the same.

"Crying like a baby, my capable assistant."

Alischa patted Wararin's head as she used to. Wararin couldn't deny that Alischa was still the same, even if she couldn't remember her due to an accident. Wararin felt lucky to receive Alischa's kindness again.

"Hmm,"

Wararin murmured as Alischa ruffled her hair and kissed her forehead.

"Stop crying. You've cried enough. It's breaking my heart."

"You talk like you're in love with me."

Wararin joked, trying to hold back her tears and compose herself.

"I don't know, but I feel bad seeing you cry. I like it when you smile. Stop crying and smile for me. Or if you don't want to smile, you can scold me. How about this? I stayed up late again last night and didn't rest as you told me. Scold me."

Alischa said playfully, still hugging Wararin. Wararin, who had just regained her composure, felt embarrassed by the closeness and Alischa's words.

"You can let me go now."

"If I let go, you can't cry anymore."

"Okay, I won't cry."

When Wararin promised, Alischa let her go but didn't step back, still looking at her

"Look at you... red eyes and nose."

Not just words, Alischa held Wararin's face and pinched her cheeks gently, like coaxing a child to stop crying.

"I'm not a child, Alis."

"I don't care. Does your wrist hurt? I'll take you to the doctor at lunch."

Alischa continued, holding Wararin's wrist and rubbing it gently, making Wararin blush.

"It's okay. Thank you."

"Are you sure? Let's go to the doctor and have lunch together, okay?"

"I can never say no to you."

Wararin pretended to complain, making them both laugh. Thanks to Alischa, who always made her smile, past or present, she forgot her initial sadness.

Alischa let Wararin go after seeing her in a good mood. She assigned the day's tasks and excused herself, needing to talk to Anchisa. She promised to return in time for lunch to take Wararin to the doctor.

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Alischa hurried out of the executive elevator, heading to her sister Anchisa's office.

"Oh, Alis... what brings you here?"

Anchisa greeted her sister warmly, guessing that Alischa's visit was likely related to the morning's incident.

"I'm just frustrated, An. I didn't want to stay in my office and make Aom suspicious."

"It's about this morning, isn't it?" Anchisa smiled.

"Yes," Alischa nodded.

"I planned to ignore Singha, thinking it was over, but he showed up again like a curse."

Alischa spoke tensely, sitting on the guest sofa, frustrated. Just thinking about Singha grabbing Wararin's wrist made her angry. It wasn't the first time Alischa had seen him hurt Wararin repeatedly, but she wouldn't let it happen again.

Over the past month, Alischa had orchestrated everything. She'd people search for Wararin as soon as she returned from abroad. Luck was on her side when Wararin applied to Kanathip Group. Alischa used her power to hire Wararin as her assistant.

But everything wasn't as easy as it seemed. The past events between the two of them still weighed heavily on Alischa, making her hesitant to approach Wararin in the same way.

She'd wronged Wararin so much that she feared Wararin would never forgive her. Alischa had to pretend to have amnesia to avoid talking about the past and to create new, positive memories to replace the old ones.

"Do you still love Aom? It's been a long time," Anchisa asked.

"Yes, I do. I've tried to move on from Aom many times, but I just can't. Seeing her again like this only makes me more certain of how much I need her. I don't want to let her go again, An," Alischa replied.

"And what if the answer is the same as it was years ago? Don't you remember that in the end, it was you who had to leave and nurse your broken heart abroad?"

Anchisa argued with her sister out of concern. She remembered that event well. Even though she didn't fully understand everything that happened, the fact that her only sister had to leave the country in such a hurry was definitely not a good sign.

"I do, and I remember it well. I've been through everything. I know how to handle heartbreak now," Alischa said.

"So, you're not afraid of getting hurt again?"

"No, I'm not. Now, I just want to try my best. I won't run away or be a coward like before. I've wronged Aom a lot, and I don't want her to be hurt by that man again."

"I'm rooting for you. I believe that one day she will understand," Anchisa said.

"You're not mad at me for deciding this way, are you?"

"No, everyone makes mistakes. I just want you to learn from that mistake and make things better now."

"Thank you. I promise I won't make the same mistake again,"

Alischa said gratefully

Alischa thanked her sister with deep gratitude. During her times of suffering, it was only Anchisa who understood and stood by her. Even when she decided to move abroad, it was only her sister who followed her to keep her company.

"So, what will you do if one day she finds out that you lied about the amnesia? What then?" Anchisa asked.

"I plan to tell her the truth, but not now. I want her to know that I love her and want to take care of her. If she gives me a chance, I want it to be because of our current relationship, not out of guilt for what happened six years ago,"

Alischa explained.

"That's good. Do you need any help from me? That guy doesn't seem trustworthy."

"Can you have our people follow Singha? I don't trust him at all,"

Alischa requested. "Sure, I'll take care of it," Anchisa agreed.

"Thank you, An. I'll get back to work now," Alischa said.

With that, Alischa walked away. She didn't know what would happen next, but she'd do everything she could to prove to Wararin how much she loved her.

Even if Wararin ended up overlooking her feelings again, she was okay with that, too. All Alischa wanted was to take care of her and be by her side every day from now on.

# Chapter 08

"Why didn't you tell me that Aom moved back to Bangkok?"

The tall young man asked his close friend late in the morning after he'd accidentally run into his ex-girlfriend earlier that day. He figured that Annop must've known about it but chose to keep it from him.

"Do you think I have to know everything?"

An-nop replied nonchalantly

"Don't play dumb. How could you not know when Aom is friends with your fiancée? I don't believe for a second that Pan didn't tell you anything."

"Yeah, I knew... but I didn't want to tell you. Why do you care? You broke up with her years ago."

"Just because we broke up doesn't mean we can't get back together."

Singha replied with a chuckle, but his eyes gleamed with a mischievous look that made him seem untrustworthy.

"Don't tell me that..."

"Don't be ridiculous. You know how much Aom loves me. If I go after her a bit, there's no way she wouldn't be happy. She might even be eager to get back together with me."

"I can't believe you can be this awful, man."

An-nop said, disappointed in Singha. He knew well how badly his friend had treated Wararin in the past. He didn't agree with it, but since they were a couple, he didn't interfere, thinking it was their business. Now, he wouldn't let Singha do something terrible again.

"If I'm not bad, how can I be a tiger? Just watch, I'll make her love me again."

"Why? The past is over. Why don't you go after other women instead of bothering her again?"

An-nop tried to reason with him.

"You don't understand. This morning, I saw Aom working at Kanathip Group, a big company with a high salary and social status. If I become her boyfriend again, my future at a big company would be within reach."

Singha explained further. He'd previously applied for a job at Kanathip Group but didn't get it. This time, if he got back with Wararin, she could benefit his career, and he could also enjoy being with his ex. It was a double win for him.

"You're really awful. I don't know how I became friends with you."

"It's too late to back out now, my friend. Just watch. I'll make her come back to me soon."

Singha laughed, thinking about the day Wararin would beg him not to leave her. Wararin was like a little bird he could squeeze anytime he wanted, and now he wanted to play with this little bird again. It'd be quite fun.

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As the workday ended, Wararin, who had been working tirelessly all day, stood up and stretched a few times before heading home.

That evening, Alischa had to attend a dinner with the board of directors, so she left before 5 PM and couldn't give Wararin a ride home, leaving Wararin to find her own way back.

Wararin decided to take a taxi instead of the train as she felt exhausted and had a headache. But as she was about to walk out to wait for a taxi in front of the company, she stopped when she saw someone she didn't want to see waiting for her.

Singha stood there with a large bouquet of flowers. He walked towards Wararin and handed her the bouquet.

"For you, Aom,"

The young man smiled.

"I don't want it."

"Please take it. Consider it a gesture of goodwill from me."

Singha insisted, trying to show Wararin that he had good intentions, and it worked when Wararin decided to accept the bouquet.

"Thank you, then."

"How are you getting home? Can I give you a ride?"

"I can go home by myself. You should spend your time taking care of your own people."

Wararin said sarcastically. The last time she remembered, Singha'd broken up with her to date a well-off woman. So why did he have time to bother her now?

"I don't have anyone to take care of. Since we broke up, I've been alone. I can't forget you, Aom. If you don't believe me, you can ask Pan. She knows I've been alone all this time"

Singha feigned a sad tone to gain sympathy. What he said wasn't true at all. Even though he'd broken up with the well-off woman, he wasn't alone. He had become a womanizer, flirting with many pretty women and dumping them as soon as he got bored.

"I don't need to know anything about you anymore. We have nothing to do with each other now. Excuse me."

Wararin said firmly and turned to leave, but Singha wouldn't let her go easily. He ran to block her path and grabbed her wrist tightly, causing her pain.

"Wait, Aom. I know you're very angry with me. It'd be hard for us to get back together, but I want you to know that I still love and care for you. It's late now. Let me give you a ride. Consider it my way of making up for what I did to you. I promise I won't bother you again after this... please."

With Singha's insistence, Wararin didn't refuse. She nodded and got into his car, even though she wasn't entirely willing. If Singha's intentions were pure, she'd forgive him, so there would be no lingering issues between them.

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A luxurious restaurant in a famous hotel was reserved for the board of directors of Kanathip Group that evening to celebrate the success of their first-quarter goals. They discussed future business plans, with Alischa's father as chairman.

"Dad, Alis and I need to go to the restroom for a moment."

Anchisa whispered to her father before taking Alischa's hand and leading her out. They headed to the balcony behind the restaurant instead of the restroom as she'd said. She then showed Alischa some photos.

The photos showed Singha talking to Wararin earlier that evening before they got into a car together. They were taken by Anchisa's trusted subordinate, whom she'd sent to follow Singha at her sister's request. This was the result.

"Tell your man to keep following them and not lose sight of them. This guy can't be trusted. If anything happens, intervene immediately." Alischa said with a tense voice.

"Should you follow them? I can handle things here with Dad."

"That would be great, An. I'm worried about Aom. Please take care of things here."

"Alright, go ahead."

The tall woman hurriedly walked away, dialing Wararin's number as she ran to the parking lot. But she couldn't reach her, which made Alischa even more anxious.

"Damn it!"

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"It's been a long time since we had a meal together,"

Singha said as he drove, but Wararin didn't seem to hear him. She didn't even look at him, choosing to stare out the window instead.

"Let's have dinner together. We haven't seen each other in years. I miss you."

Without waiting for Wararin's response, Singha turned into a restaurant. He sweet-talked her, trying to get her to go along with him. Wararin knew his words well but didn't want to argue, so she just went along with it.

Seeing that Wararin didn't resist, Singha became more confident. He took her hand as they walked into the restaurant, showing off his ownership, making Wararin sigh frequently.

Her initial headache worsened as she found herself in an uncomfortable situation. Wararin barely touched her food, only taking a few bites. She didn't listen much to what Singha was saying, only catching bits about his new job and good position.

He bragged about his achievements and financial status, making Wararin feel nauseous and wanting to leave.

"When you struggled about your mom, I was really worried. I wanted to help, but I was struggling too. I thought I wasn't good enough to help you, so I let you go to find someone better. But I really loved you."

Wararin sipped her orange juice to counter the nausea from Singha's lies. He must've thought she was very gullible to make up such a story to make himself look good and self-sacrificing.

"Thank you for sacrificing for me," Wararin played along

"It's nothing. For you, I'd do anything. I really love you."

This time, Singha didn't just talk. He reached out to hold Wararin's hand, which made someone who had been watching for a while uneasy.

Alischa had followed them and found Wararin having dinner with Singha. She didn't go inside the restaurant, not wanting them to notice her But seeing Singha's actions towards Wararin, Alischa couldn't stay still. She walked straight to their table and pulled Wararin away.

"Aom, let's go home."

Alischa said, grabbing Waratin's hand, who looked very surprised.

"Wait, how did you get here?"

Singha yelled, feeling angry when he saw that the person interrupting was

Alischa, Wararin's close friend whom he'd disliked since college. He knew Alischa had feelings for Wararin. She was trying to win Wararin's heart, but in the end, Wararin chose him. It was a humiliating and pathetic defeat for her.

"That's none of your business. Let's go, Aom."

Alischa led Wararin out of the restaurant without looking back at Singha, despite hearing his curses. She quickly walked to her car and made Wararin get in without saying another word.

Wararin, still confused, sat quietly. She didn't understand why Alischa showed up at the restaurant or why she spoke to Singha that way, considering she shouldn't even remember him.

The car ride was silent. Wararin didn't say anything, making the atmosphere tense. She just stared out the window, while Alischa remained quiet. Deep down, Alischa felt hurt that Wararin had agreed to get in Singha's car, even though he'd made her cry that morning.

"Are you sure you have amnesia?"

Wararin asked. Alischa's actions today made her doubt. If she'd really lost her memory, why did she seem to hate Singha just like in the past?

"What do you mean?"

"You shouldn't be this angry at that man. You don't even know him." Alischa hesitated. She'd completely forgotten.

"I just saw you looked uncomfortable... so I guessed the situation wasn't good and took you out. Did I make you angry?"

Alischa deflected, pretending to be sad. But deep down, she felt hurt that Wararin still thought she was interfering in her personal life, just like in the past.

"I'm not angry. Well, we're here. Thank you... for giving me a ride, Alis."

Wararin said politely when they arrived. She looked at Alischa's still expression with unease. Despite being puzzled by Alischa's actions, Wararin couldn't deny that if Alischa hadn't taken her out, she wouldn't know how to escape that situation.

"I'm sorry for interfering in your personal life. It's my fault. I was just worried about you."

Alischa said, not looking at Wararin but elsewhere, making Wararin feel even more worried. She didn't want Alischa to think she was blaming her when she was just trying to help.

"I didn't mean to blame you. I'm sorry if I made you feel bad."

"It's okay. I'll go now."

"Wait, Alis..."

When she feared that her former close friend might really leave, Wararin impulsively grabbed her wrist. She bowed her head, feeling embarrassed to plead with the person in front of her.

It wasn't that she'd never done this before; in the past, when Alischa was upset with her, she'd often sulk and liked it when Wararin sweet-talked her. But now, Alischa was her boss. If she had to sweet-talk her like before, it'd be embarrassing and probably inappropriate.

"I just sat through a meal listening to a boastful man brag so much that I couldn't eat. If you're not in a hurry, could you join me for a meal in my room?"

"Uh..."

Alischa hesitated. She didn't know how to react when Wararin suddenly softened her tone and invited her with a more pleading voice than usual. "You took me to the doctor this afternoon. Let me cook a meal for you as a thank you."

Wararin continued, looking at Alischa's face, which was now flushed red, even spreading to her ears. Alischa looked adorable in a way Wararin had never seen before. She wasn't sulking like a child, but her reserved demeanor as an adult made her quite charming.

"Please, Alis have dinner with me."

"O-okay."

Wararin beamed when Alischa finally relented. She got out of the car and walked ahead, with Alischa following closely behind. Alischa let out a big sigh of relief. The initial resentment she felt vanished, replaced by embarrassment. Wararin's unintentional cuteness made it impossible for her to stay mad.

The fried rice was beautifully plated. Alischa had suggested the menu, claiming it was simple and not wanting Wararin, who had been tired all day, to exert herself too much. Alischa even volunteered to help pour the juice and set the table.

"You haven't told me why you suddenly showed up at that restaurant," Wararin asked after they had been eating for a while.

"I happened to see you in front of the company, so I followed you."

"Like a stalker," Wararin laughed.

"I was worried. That guy didn't seem trustworthy."

"Honestly, I should be mad at you for interfering in my personal life, but I don't know why I felt relieved when you showed up."

"It sounds like you're scolding me"

Alischa pouted, playfully reaching over to take some rice from Wararin's plate and acting innocent like a child.

"Hey, why are you taking my food?"

Wararin pretended to lift her plate to avoid Alischa, acting as if she was going to eat elsewhere. But Alischa quickly grabbed her arm and playfully tapped her head with a fork, making them both burst into laughter.

"So, that guy was the one who made you cry this morning, right?"

"Yes, he's my ex. He left me years ago and suddenly decided to come back.

He's so annoying."

Wararin answered honestly

"And you..."

"I have no intention of getting back with a guy like that."

"That's the answer I've been wanting to hear my whole life."

"Wait... Why were you expecting the answer from me?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

The dinner was filled with laughter. Wararin chatted and joked with Alischa so comfortably that she completely forgot about Singha. The warmth and comfort she received from Alischa made her feel like she had her close friend back.

Even though Alischa sometimes made her feel embarrassed, it was a good feeling that Wararin didn't mind at all. "I'm heading home now. Thanks for the meal,"

Alischa said after a while.

"Drive safely," Wararin replied.

"Oh, I forgot to mention, that guy doesn't seem trustworthy. Be careful, and don't go anywhere with him again,"

Alischa added seriously.

"You sound like someone I used to know. Back then, I never believed their words and thought they were meddling in my personal life. I was foolish not to see who truly cared for me. But never mind, if it weren't for you today, I would've been in trouble. Thank you for worrying about me and helping me out. I'll try to listen to you from now on,"

Wararin said with a smile, hinting to Alischa that she'd once trusted that man because she didn't believe Alischa's warnings. She wouldn't let that happen again, now that she knew the person who truly cared for her was standing right in front of her.

"If I were that person you're talking about, I wouldn't be able to stay mad at you... Sweet dreams, Ms. Assistant,"

Alischa smiled at Wararin one more time before walking away. She felt happy with Wararin's words, even though Wararin had spoken them without realizing that Alischa remembered the past.

It made Alischa the happiest because she knew that at least her efforts weren't in vain. Wararin saw the love and care she had for her.

And this happiness would turn into motivation for Alischa to continue doing her best for Wararin, even if, in the end, she'd only remain a close friend.

# Chapter 09

The tall young man downed the amber liquid as if it were water. The bitter taste and the alcohol's effect did nothing to quell the rage in his heart.

Instead, it ignited the fire within him even more, just thinking about Alischa's mocking face when she deliberately humiliated him at the restaurant today.

This wasn't the first time Alischa had intentionally tried to keep him away from Wararin. She'd been fueling his anger and hatred since their school days.

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Six years ago, Singha was hanging out with his friends in the university cafeteria. Across from him were An-nop and two other friends in their group.

"Hey Singha, is that Nan from the communication arts faculty hot or what? I saw you took her to the pub last night,"

One of his friends teased, sparking the lunchtime conversation.

"What the hell, man? You already have a girlfriend, and you're still hitting on other girls? What if Aom finds out?"

An-nop objected

"Who cares? That girl is so dumb. All I have to say is she's my junior, and it's over,"

Singha shrugged nonchalantly, confident that Wararin would always believe his words no matter what.

"But you should consider her feelings. Aom is my girlfriend's best friend, you know,"

An-nop insisted.

"Oh, stop acting like some hero from those corny TV shows. Anyone would grab a hot girl if they had the chance, especially a girl like Nan. I can't forget her,"

Singha cut Annop off, annoyed, and returned to talking about his passionate night with the girl.

"So, she is that hot?"

The friend who started the topic asked again Only Annop remained silent, not wanting to get into a fight with Singha.

"Yeah, I barely had to do anything. She was so passionate,"

Singha boasted about his night with the student, unaware that someone had been eavesdropping on their conversation for a while.

"You bastard! How could you cheat on my friend?"

Alischa, who had been eating at the table behind them, stood up and grabbed Singha's collar, not caring that she was just a small woman. Alischa had excused herself from Wararin, Panrisa, and Thanamas to have lunch with a junior from her faculty to discuss upcoming activities.

She'd been there for a while before Singha's group arrived, and he hadn't noticed her, allowing him to speak freely about her close friend.

The previously quiet cafeteria erupted into chaos. Some students, frightened, fled, while others, curious, gathered around to watch. Alischa pulled Singha's collar so hard that his face turned red from lack of air. Luckily, An-nop intervened just in time.

"Calm down, Alis. Let's talk this out," An-nop tried to soothe her.

"I'm not talking to a scumbag like him. He's dating my friend but sleeps with other women,"

Alischa spat out. The students who had gathered whispered among themselves, understanding the situation. Many knew that Singha was dating Wararin, Alischa's close friend. Some criticized Singha's actions, while others felt sorry for Wararin.

"That's quite a mouth you have. Why should I care who I sleep with? If your friend is dumb enough to believe me, that's her problem," Singha snarled, even as Alischa still held his collar.

"You asshole!"

*Slap! Slap!*

Singha's head snapped to the side from Alischa's two hard slaps, feeling the blood trickle from the corner of his mouth. No one dared to intervene, knowing Alischa was furious.

"You dare slap me? Do you think I don't know you're trying to steal your friend away? Should I tell Aom that her dear friend is untrustworthy?"

"That's none of your business," Alischa retorted.

"Ha! Then stay out of mine. You know your friend is dumb. She believes whatever I say Watch, I'll cheat on her every day and make her a fool. Let's see who breaks first, you or her," Singha taunted.

"You scum!"

It was the last straw. Alischa's anger, which she'd tried to suppress, exploded. She took off her high heel and struck Singha's face, splitting his eyebrow. Caught off guard, he couldn't defend himself. The laughter from a group of girls and the pain from the wound made Singha lose his patience.

He lunged at Alischa, but An-nop held him back. At that moment, Wararin's group arrived, having been called by Alischa's junior to help defuse the situation.

"Stop it, both of you!"

Wararin shouted. She rushed to Singha, seeing his wound and the blood still flowing.

"Are you hurt? Let's get you patched up,"

Wararin asked her boyfriend, gently touching his face with concern. Seeing this, Singha seized the opportunity. He gave Wararin a pleading look and complained, making Alischa roll her eyes.

"You're quite the actor,"

Alischa muttered.

"Stop it, Alischa. Haven't you done enough to my boyfriend?"

Wararin raised her voice at Alischa for the first time. She didn't ask Alischa about the cause of the incident but assumed she was at fault, which pleased Singha greatly.

"I'm fine. Don't blame her,"

Singha said.

"Even so, I still have to. Are you hurt badly? Let's see a doctor,"

Wararin insisted. Singha pretended to agree, walking away with Wararin supporting him and not forgetting to give Alischa a mocking look.

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Singha downed another glass of whiskey, recalling the memory The past still made him shake with anger every time he thought about it. The scar on his eyebrow was a constant reminder, fueling his desire for revenge against Alischa.

"Calm down, man. You're drinking like there's no tomorrow,"

An-nop cautioned, seeing his friend downing drink after drink without saying a word Singha had called him to meet at a nightclub, and despite wanting to refuse, he'd come because of Singha's insistence.

"Don't lecture me. You're part of the problem," Singha snapped.

"What the hell?"

"Your girlfriend's friend, acting all high and mighty. How long does she think she can reject me?"

"Aom?"

An-nop raised an eyebrow. He knew from Panrisa that Wararin had moved back to Bangkok, but he hadn't told Singha, not wanting his friend to bother Wararin again.

The past incidents Singha had caused already made him feel guilty for introducing Wararin to such a terrible guy.

"Yeah, and that Alischa. I thought she was dead. Why is she so tough?"

Singha's voice rose, his eyes red with anger. Initially, he wanted to see Wararin for fun, but with Alischa involved, it was a perfect chance for revenge.

"You saw Alis? When?"

"Yeah, she's still a thorn in my side. She lost once and still hasn't learned. This time, I'll make sure she regrets it," Singha growled.

"You can't do that. Your relationship with Aom is over, and you're the one who left her,"

An-nop argued.

"Why should I care? I want her now. Neither you nor Alischa can stop me,"

Singha laughed, downing another glass and pouring more. Tonight was just the beginning of his revenge. The wound Alischa had inflicted still stung, and it was time to settle the score.

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Kanathip Group received an invitation to the opening party of a new subsidiary from a partner company. The management couldn't refuse, as all partner companies were important and had business interests. Building good relationships between organizations was a duty of a good executive.

"Now that our factory expansion project is complete, I think you can spare some time. I want you to attend the event on my behalf,"

Anan, a fifty- seven-year-old man, said to his youngest daughter one morning. He called Alischa in to assign her to attend the party the next day to help her learn to socialize more, a necessary skill for a good executive.

He knew he wouldn't be around forever to support his children, so he tried to prepare Alischa to build good relationships with partner companies without his and Anchisa's help.

"Yes, Father," Alischa agreed.

"Take your assistant with you in case you need help,"

Anan suggested, referring to Wararin. He'd seen her work for a while and was satisfied with her performance, thinking she could be a good assistant for Alischa.

"Yes, Father. Don't worry, I'll do my best,"

Alischa assured him, easing his mind.

"Is there anything else you need, Father? If not, I'll get back to work,"

Alischa asked.

"Wait a moment,"

Anan paused, debating whether to bring up a topic he'd known about from Anchisa for a while but hadn't had the chance to discuss seriously with her.

"What is it, Father?"

"About Wararin... invite her to dinner at home sometimes," Anan said. Alischa froze at the mention.

"What? How long were you planning to hide this from me?"

Anan pressed.

"You know about this?" Alischa asked.

"I'm your father. I knew since you moved abroad, you little rascal," Anan laughed, easing Alischa's initial worry.

"You approve?"

"Of course. Bring her to meet us. We need to see if she's fit to be our daughter-in-law. Oh wait, you haven't won her over yet," Anan teased.

"Father! Did An tell you everything? How embarrassing,"

Alischa hugged her father tightly, making a face as Anan laughed and ruffled her hair. She kissed his cheek in return. Despite her past mistakes, she was lucky to have a loving family.

Her parents always talked and opened up to her, building her resilience. She wasn't afraid to fight for her love, knowing her family supported her. "Go to work. Your assistant must be looking for you by now,"

Anan ended the conversation. Alischa excused herself and hurried back to her office to inform Wararin about the party and prepare for the trip, as the new partner company was located in a distant province, requiring ample travel time.

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Singha opened his eyes, feeling a disturbance on his face. He smiled, pleased to see a woman caused it.

She caressed his face from his jaw to his nose and kissed him lightly with her red lips. Their naked bodies moved with the desire she was reigniting.

Last night, after An-nop left, Singha ran into Rosjarin, a woman he'd hooked up with a few times. She was the daughter of a political influencer and owned several bars. She approached him, already tipsy from alcohol, and after some playful conversation, they ended up in bed.

"You made me miss work again," Singha said.

He teased the young woman playfully as Rosjarin moved her naked body to straddle him. Of course, he wasn't going to let her have all the control.

"I warned you that I'd wear you out until you couldn't get up,"

She said with a teasing smile

"But I have someone I need to deal with."

"Who is it? If it's bothering you that much, I can help take care of it Don't forget who my father is,"

She said.

Singha smirked. He grabbed her slender waist with one hand while the other began to explore her body.

In truth, Singha had never thought of using this method before, but since Rosjarin offered herself so willingly, he couldn't resist.

"Alischa... her name is Alischa. Can you take care of her for me?"

"Make me happy, and I'll help you,"

She responded.

Singha chuckled softly. He quickly flipped Rosjarin onto her back, taking control of the situation. His desire was ignited along with the satisfaction of using the woman beneath him. It was clear how much Rosjarin desired him; she'd approached and offered herself to him countless times.

So, he decided to indulge in her seductive body and let her handle Alischa.

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It wasn't often that her close friend called Wararin during work hours. Seeing Panrisa's number on her smartphone screen, Wararin didn't hesitate to answer.

"What's up, Pan? Why are you calling now?"

Wararin asked.

"Do you have a minute? I need to talk to you for a bit," Panrisa replied.

"Sure, my boss isn't in the office right now. What's up?"

Wararin said, glancing at the office door. Alischa had left to meet her father in the morning and hadn't returned yet, so Wararin figured it was safe to talk.

"Last night, Peck told me that Singha invited him out for drinks and mentioned you and Alis," Panrisa said.

"Really?"

Wararin asked, her voice tense.

"Yes, Aom I want you to be careful. Singha is not to be trusted. Ever since he broke up with you, he's been reckless, chasing women everywhere and holding grudges. You know well that Singha and Alischa don't get along I really don't want them to meet,"

Panrisa warned.

"I'm worried about that too. Thanks for the heads-up, Pan,"

Wararin said.

"Of course, I have to worry. Peck also said that Singha seemed really angry with Alis. And with her memory loss, I'm even more afraid she won't be cautious,"

Panrisa added.

"Do you think Singha will come back to bother us? He was the one who left me. Maybe he doesn't regret anything,"

"You know what Singha is like. If you care about her, you should stay away from him."

"Thanks, Pan. I don't want history to repeat itself either."

"Good. Take care of yourself, too," Panrisa said.

"Will do. Thanks. Oh, my boss just got back. I'll talk to you later,"

Wararin said, ending the call. She sighed deeply, feeling uneasy about what Panrisa had said.

While she tried to stay optimistic, she knew exactly what Singha was capable of.

# Chapter 10

Wararin hung up on her best friend and refocused on her work when she saw Alischa walk into the room. Alischa greeted her with a smile, and Wararin returned the gesture out of politeness.

"I have to attend a social event in a nearby province on behalf of my father tomorrow. Would you come with me?"

Alischa asked, standing in front of Wararin's desk and peering at her intently as she worked on her computer. Wararin, wearing glasses, had her hair tied up in a ponytail and wore minimal makeup, which Alischa found quite charming.

"Statistically speaking, I've never been able to say no to you,"

Wararin replied with a smile.

"Good, because even if you did, I'd still make you go,"

Alischa teased.

Wararin laughed, accustomed to Alischa's playful nature. Alischa was always full of positive energy, making Wararin smile effortlessly.

Yet, Wararin couldn't help but worry about what would happen if something bad occurred and Alischa disappeared from her life again. Would she be strong enough to handle it as she'd before?

"So, what are you working on, Ms. Assistant? Let me take a look,"

Alischa said, walking around to stand behind Wararin and leaning in to read the content on the computer screen.

"Please review these documents up to this point. I've asked Sunanta to handle the rest,"

Alischa explained, pointing out what needed to be done and providing additional instructions. The proximity allowed Wararin to catch a whiff of Alischa's light, floral, or fruity perfume, which was so alluring that Wararin unconsciously moved closer to her.

"This afternoon, please email these documents to Sunanta and leave the project details with her. She'll take over while we are away,"

Alischa continued.

"Okay," Wararin replied.

"As for the trip, we'll leave tomorrow morning. I'll pick you up at your apartment. We might need to stay there for several days because my father wants us to continue with some follow-up work. So, be prepared,"

Alischa said, smiling as she turned to face Wararin, their faces just inches apart.

Wararin felt tense as Alischa's big eyes and beautiful lips were so close that she could feel her warm breath. Memories from the past resurfaced, and the accidental closeness rekindled forgotten feelings, making Wararin's heart race, fearing Alischa might notice.

Ultimately, Wararin looked and moved away, taking Alischa's instructions to heart and refocusing on her work. Alischa then returned to her own desk.

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The next morning, Wararin woke up early despite having a restless night, her thoughts about Alischa keeping her awake. Another concern was

Singha, the potential problem that had returned, as Panrisa had warned.

Wararin knew his nature well enough to understand that he might come back to hurt her again. But if he intended to harm Alischa, she wouldn't stand for it.

"Ready to go?"

Alischa asked as she arrived to pick up Wararin at her apartment, as planned. They were heading to the nearby province for a social event assigned by Anan and might stay for a few days to continue their work. Wararin had prepared herself for her first out-of-town assignment.

"Ready," Wararin replied.

"Then let's go,"

Alischa said with a smile, driving away from the apartment towards a luxurious hotel in the nearby province. She explained the day's plan, estimating a four-hour drive, allowing them to arrive in the afternoon with enough time to rest. Wararin admired Alischa's meticulous planning.

"You can sleep if you want. It'll be a long drive,"

Alischa suggested, glancing at Wararin with a smile before focusing on the road.

"I won't sleep. I don't want the driver to be lonely,"

Wararin replied.

"I'm glad I invited you,"

Alischa said, laughing softly But her mood shifted when she noticed a large motorcycle following them closely in the rearview mirror.

The motorcycle, with two riders dressed in black and wearing helmets, seemed to be tailing them intentionally. Although Alischa wasn't usually paranoid, she couldn't shake the feeling that they were being followed.

"Hold on tight. I think we need to speed up,"

Alischa warned.

Wararin turned pale as Alischa accelerated, her eyes darting between the road ahead and the rearview mirror. Wararin realized they were being pursued by the motorcycle.

"Don't be scared. We'll be safe... trust me,"

Alischa said firmly, glancing at Wararin, whose presence gave her courage.

Behind them, a black car also sped up, trying to force the motorcycle off the road. Eventually, the motorcycle lost control and crashed.

Alischa sighed in relief and slowed down, allowing Wararin to breathe easier. She'd feared for their lives but was grateful for Alischa's quick thinking

"Are you okay? Are you hurt?" Alischa asked with concern. "I'm fine. What about you?"

Wararin replied.

"I'm okay. I'm sorry for putting you in danger,"

Alischa said.

"You mean..."

Wararin began, but Alischa pulled over before she could finish.

Alischa sighed heavily, her face tense. Wararin couldn't help but worry.

"It's probably a business rival. In this line of work, conflicts of interest are inevitable. I shouldn't have put you at risk," Alischa explained.

Seeing Alischa's concern, Wararin reached out and gently squeezed her shoulder for reassurance.

"It's okay. I'm fine. I wouldn't feel right if you were in danger alone," Wararin said.

"But this has nothing to do with you,"

Alischa insisted, trying to downplay the situation. In reality, Anchisa had warned her to be cautious, as someone had reported Singha's involvement with a politician's daughter, potentially putting Alischa in danger.

Anchisa had sent bodyguards to protect Alischa, including the black car that had intervened.

"I don't know what's going on, but I'm worried about you," Wararin said.

"Thank you. I think it's safe now. Let's continue our journey so you can rest."

"Okay,"

Wararin agreed, smiling at Alischa, who returned the smile before they resumed their trip.

The recent incident indicated that Singha wouldn't let Alischa off easily. He wasn't one to back down, and Alischa knew this well.

Once her father's assignment was completed, she would have to deal with Singha decisively, even if it meant taking risks to prevent Wararin from getting hurt again.

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A renowned hotel was chosen for the event to celebrate the opening of a new branch of a long-time business partner of Kanathip Group. Many prominent business figures attended the event, which made Wararin nervous.

"What's wrong, Ms. Assistant?"

Alischa asked, noticing Wararin's anxious expression. They'd arrived slightly later than planned but had enough time to rest before the event. Alischa had booked a room at the same hotel for convenience.

"I'm just a bit nervous. I've never attended an event like this,"

Wararin admitted.

"Then hold my hand,"

Alischa suggested with a smile.

"Won't that look inappropriate? You're my boss," Wararin hesitated.

"Don't worry. You're still my person anyway,"

Alischa said, taking Wararin's hand and leading her into the event. Wararin, who had intended to protest, swallowed her words as Alischa's warm hand eased her nerves.

Alischa wore a pristine white evening gown, her hair cascading down her back, with minimal makeup enhancing her striking features. Wararin, also in a white gown, had her hair styled in loose curls, making her look even more beautiful and drawing attention from the guests.

"Hello, Alis,"

An older man, the event host, greeted Alischa warmly He was familiar with her from his visits to Anan.

"Hello, Uncle,"

Alischa greeted the man, who she respected like her own elderly relative.

"Anan told me you'd be here. Welcome. Let me know if you need anything,"

He said.

"Thank you, Uncle. Oh, this is Wararin, my assistant,"

Alischa introduced.

Wararin greeted the elder politely, feeling more at ease with his friendliness.

"Nice to meet you. Alis, I need to discuss something with you for a moment. I have something for your father,"

The host said, asking Alischa to step aside. She told Wararin to wait and promised to return soon.

The event continued, and Wararin sipped on a glass of orange juice while waiting for Alischa, who was talking to some elders in a corner, occasionally glancing at Wararin to ensure she was okay. Wararin smiled back to reassure her.

"Hello," A voice greeted from behind

"Hello,"

Wararin replied, turning to see a well-dressed young man holding a glass of wine and smiling at her.

"I'm Sorawit, heir to this company. What's your name? I don't recognize you,"

He said.

"I'm Wararin, Ms. Alischa's assistant."

"Ah, one of Ms. Alis' people. It seems your boss is talking to my father over there, leaving you alone. I apologize on his behalf. I'll keep you company until Alischa returns," Sorawit offered.

The young man spoke at length, sending flirtatious glances at Wararin, making her feel awkward. She lifted her glass of orange juice to her lips to cover her discomfort.

However, the young man seemed oblivious and continued to find topics to talk about, mostly boasting about his status and job. Wararin could only nod along, feeling a mix of heat and cold when she accidentally caught Alischa's gaze.

Alischa's eyes no longer held the concern they had earlier, instead, they seemed filled with displeasure.

"You are a very interesting woman, Ms. Wararin. I'm starting to want to get to know you better,"

Sorawit said straightforwardly, his intention clear. He wanted to build a relationship with Wararin, feeling attracted to her. Wararin knew this well but didn't feel the same way.

She wanted to find a way to escape but didn't want to act rashly since she was representing Kanathip Group. It wouldn't be good to upset a partner company's representative.

"Um.. I think..."

"Have you been waiting long, Aom? I was tied up with some business,"

Alischa interrupted before Wararin could finish her sentence. She slipped her arm through Wararin's and greeted the young man standing there. "Hello, Mr. Sorawit. Congratulations on your latest success, and thank you for inviting me to this event,"

Alischa said warmly, smiling at him. He returned the smile out of politeness. Sorawit had met Alischa several times before. She was strikingly beautiful, but her intelligence and slightly stern demeanor made him hesitant to act inappropriately around her.

"It's my pleasure. I saw you were talking business with my father earlier, so I took the opportunity to keep Ms. Wararin company,"

Sorawit explained.

"Thank you for welcoming and taking care of my colleague. I must excuse myself now. See you around,"

Alischa said, leading Wararin away. Her face turned stern as soon as they were out of Sorawit's sight, leaving Wararin puzzled by her behavior and apparent displeasure.

"Are you done with your business, Alis?"

Wararin asked when they stopped at a corner of the event.

"Yes,"

Alischa replied curtly and turned to request a glass of wine from a waiter

"Were you drinking?" Wararin asked.

"Yes," Alischa responded.

Wararin fell silent, noticing that Alischa didn't seem interested in answering her questions. She chose to stand quietly while Alischa continued drinking. When Wararin saw that Alischa had drunk quite a bit, she gathered her courage to speak up again. "That's enough, Alis,"

Wararin said, trying to stop her. Seeing that Alischa wasn't listening, Wararin took Alischa's hand and grabbed the wine glass, handing it back to the waiter. She gave a stern look to her former close friend, now her boss, but she wasn't afraid to scold Alischa if she did something inappropriate.

"Drinking too much isn't good for your health," Wararin said.

"Do you care?" Alischa asked.

"Of course, I do care. What's wrong? Why do you look so stressed? Is something bothering you?" "No," Alischa replied.

""No' means 'yes," Wararin insisted.

"Think whatever you want. I'm leaving... Don't forget to say goodbye to that man. He might be worried,"

Alischa said before walking away.

# Chapter 11

"Think whatever you want. I'm leaving... and don't forget to say goodbye to that guy. He might be worried."

Alischa wasn't just saying it; she was really leaving. She walked over to bid farewell to the elderly host and left the party immediately. Wararin, who had somewhat grasped the situation, couldn't help but smile.

She grabbed Alischa's arm and walked out together without saying goodbye to the young man as Alischa had sarcastically suggested. Once they reached their room, Wararin finally let Alischa go.

The room was silent. Wararin's roommate for the night, Alischa, sat quietly. Alischa took a shower first and then sat still on the bed, refusing to speak. When Wararin finished her own tasks and was ready for bed, Alischa was still sitting there.

"Aren't you going to sleep?"

Wararin asked. She knew exactly what was bothering Alischa. They'd been friends for so long that she could read Alischa like an open book.

"I'm not sleepy yet," Alischa replied.

"But I'm so tired. The party was so boring. When you weren't around, I was so lonely. And I had to put up with that guy bragging non-stop. If I didn't have to be polite, I would've walked away for real"

Wararin pretended to complain about the guy. She knew Alischa was upset seeing her talk to him. Initially, she didn't think Alischa would be possessive since she couldn't remember their past and wouldn't be jealous like before.

But Alischa's behavior was just like a child guarding their toy. So, Wararin decided to indulge herself a little.

"Why didn't you walk away then?"

Alischa asked, this time lying down next to Wararin and facing her.

"I was afraid it'd be rude. People might gossip that Alischa's assistant from

Kanathip Group has no manners, walking away from the host's son."

"No one would think that much,"

Alischa said flatly. She felt quite embarrassed by the term 'Alischa's assistant' that Wararin used but kept her composure. She didn't want to be too unreasonable with Wararin.

She was just annoyed and didn't like seeing Wararin talk to other men. Even though she wasn't anything to Wararin, she couldn't help but feel jealous.

"That's not true. There's someone who thinks more than I do... you."

"Me?"

Alischa stammered, avoiding Wararin's gaze and turning away.

"Yes, you. You're the one who overthinks. You're lucky you only had a little wine; otherwise, you'd be drunk by now."

"Well...."

"If you weren't my boss, I'd think you were jealous."

Wararin teased sweetly. She moved closer to Alischa, who had turned her back, hoping to cheer her up. Alischa quickly turned back and tried to explain that she wasn't jealous, even though her face was as red as a tomato, and her eyes betrayed her feelings.

It was a comical and adorable sight for Wararin.

"Why would I be jealous? I just..."

"Just what?"

Wararin pressed, staring at Alischa, who was just inches away Alischa tried to think of a reason, not realizing her face was turning redder by the second.

"I was just worried you might be in danger. That guy is a stranger." "But he's the heir of a partner company. You should know him well,"

Wararin argued.

"Whether I know him or not, I'm still protective of you."

"Huh?"

"I mean, I'm just worried. I misspoke."

"You seem really flustered."

Wararin laughed while Alischa, embarrassed, puffed her cheeks like a child and turned away again.

Wararin's former close friend, now her boss, was acting like a teenager in love. Wararin could see right through her. She knew Alischa well enough to understand her feelings. But she didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

She felt the same way but wanted everything to happen naturally. Even if their relationship remained just close friends, she was happy as long as Alischa was in her life.

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The packaging company, which produced various food containers like cans and bottles, was about ten kilometers from the hotel where Alischa was staying. She woke up early to prepare for the company visit, with Wararin as her assistant for the day.

They arrived on time and were warmly welcomed, reflecting the longstanding good relationship between their companies.

"Good morning again, Ms. Alischa, Ms. Wararin,"

Sorawit greeted them formally. His father had assigned him to take care of the important guests, Alischa and Wararin. They exchanged pleasantries before preparing to tour the facility.

The young man gave a brief history of the company and showcased some interesting innovations. He also demonstrated modern machinery, which Alischa found fascinating as she aimed to use his knowledge and experience to improve Kanathip Group.

"Are you tired, Ms. Wararin?"

The young man asked Wararin while Alischa was engrossed in the machinery. He smiled at her with the same flirtatious look as the previous right, wanting to get to know her better.

"Just a little, but I'm fine. Don't worry."

"How can I not worry? You're my guest. I have to take the best care of you."

"Uh... thank you."

"Aom, over here, please."

Before Wararin could continue the conversation, Alischa called her.

Alischa had been annoyed since she found out Sorawit would be taking care of them. Seeing him flirt with her assistant openly made her even more irritated

"Do you need my help, Alis?"

Wararin asked, walking over to Alischa.

"Nothing much. I just wanted you to see this with me."

She smiled, and Wararin smiled back

"Are you particularly interested in this? You seem unusually focused."

"Hmm... am I not usually focused?"

"You are, but especially so today. You're always looking for a reason to pick on me."

Wararin grumbled, which seemed to amuse Alischa. She lightly touched Wararin's back, guiding her to continue the tour together, ignoring the young man. Sorawit seemed quite frustrated as Alischa kept Wararin close, calling her attention to various things, leaving him unable to capture Wararin's attention.

"I've learned a lot today. Thank you for allowing Kanathip Group to visit your facility. I'm glad we're good partners, and I hope we continue to be so."

Alischa said as the tour ended. She thanked Sorawit briefly and excused herself to return to the hotel to rest. She and Wararin planned to head back to Bangkok the next morning.

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The sound of a slap echoed, and the person on the receiving end teared up from the pain. Rosjarin held her face, which had been slapped hard by her father.

"You fool! I raised you well, gave you a good education, and you still mess up. All you do is cause trouble!"

The older man spoke harshly. He was furious when he found out his youngest daughter had ordered his men to harm Alischa.

Yesterday, representatives from Kanathip Group came to see him with evidence showing his men had attacked Alischa with the intent to kill. Kanathip Group was displeased and demanded the issue be resolved quickly, even threatening to take serious action if it happened again. This could jeopardize his political career.

"What are you talking about, Father? I don't know anything about this." Rosjarin said, her voice trembling.

"Don't play dumb. Weren't you the one who sent people to attack Alischa? Don't you know she's the heir to Kanathip Group? You'll get us all in trouble, you wretched child!"

"Her?"

Rosjarin asked in disbelief. She'd made a mistake by not investigating who Alischa was before agreeing to help Singha, trying to show off her influence. But now, it'd backfired.

"Of course! You know how powerful Kanathip Group is. How could you send people to attack one of their own? What were you thinking? I should disown you and see if you can survive without me."

"I really didn't know, Father. I'm sorry."

Rosjarin pleaded, raising her hands in a traditional gesture of respect, fearing another slap. She cried in fear, knowing how severe her father's anger could be. She might lose her credit cards or, worse, be cut off from the inheritance.

"Tell me why you did it. Did someone order you? Tell me now."

"I didn't mean to. Singha told me to do it. I didn't know anything. If I knew she was important, I wouldn't have done it."

Rosjarin confessed everything to her father. Even though she'd volunteered to help Singha, she was ready to betray him now that things had escalated.

"He tricked me. He orchestrated everything. You have to believe me, Father."

"Singha, huh?"

Rosjarin nodded. She felt a bit relieved as her father seemed to calm down. She was also angry at herself for being used by Singha. It wasn't fair for her to take all the blame.

"Yes, Father. He told me to do it. I really didn't know."

"How could you let him trick you? Who is he? I'll deal with him right now."

Rosjarin watched her father storm out. She sighed deeply, rubbing her face, which was starting to swell from the slap.

She never thought she'd mess up this badly by trusting Singha. She'd thought he was just a playboy, not realizing he had issues with the Kanathip family. No wonder he seemed so pleased when she offered to handle it. The more she thought about it, the angrier she got.

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"Are you tired today? Did I overwork you?"

Alischa asked while driving back to the hotel. She glanced at the clock and saw they still had some time, so she wanted to invite Wararin for a walk before heading back.

Alischa felt the need to step up her game since Singha had re-entered Wararin's life. He was her number one rival, and deep down, she feared that one day, Wararin might choose Singha and leave her, just like before.

"Yes, I'm tired. Give me a raise,"

Wararin joked.

"Wow, you're quite greedy."

"What did you say?"

"I mean, you're beautiful, with a healthy glow. Hehe."

Alischa tried to cover up, but Wararin didn't mind. She was used to Alischa's antics. Alischa might be a formidable executive and a role model for many, but with Wararin, she was always playful and teasing.

"Oh... okay then."

"Do you want to go for a walk? Since we're here, let's check out the famous walking street."

Alischa suggested.

"Do you want to go? I'll follow your lead because you're the boss. You don't have to cater to me. Wherever you want to go, I'll go with you."

"I just want to take care of you."

"Why do you want to take care of me? Is it because I'm your subordinate?" This time, it was Wararin's turn to tease the other person.

"For heaven's sake, I thought you could tell how I feel about you."

Alischa frowned. She pouted and turned the steering wheel, taking a different route instead of heading back to the hotel.

"Honestly, I do know. You get so jealous. It's obvious."

"Please, give me some space to be embarrassed, will you?"

"Why be embarrassed? You look adorable when you're jealous."

Wararin just smiled and didn't say anything more. She kept smiling the whole way, occasionally glancing at Alischa's blushing face.

The famous walking street in the city started bustling from around three in the afternoon and got even busier in the evening, just like now. This brought out locals to shop and tourists who kept coming in a steady stream.

Wararin looked at the many shops lined up on both sides of the street Most of the goods and food here were local products and handmade itens. The atmosphere, which she rarely experienced in Bangkok, made her feel very excited.

"Can I hold your hand?"

Alischa asked as they wandered around, looking at various things.

"Is that a question or a request?"

"A request."

Wararin laughed. She grabbed Alischa's hand, and they continued walking.

This was probably the first time in six years that she held Alischa's hand again. It was also the first time Wararin felt her heart race like this. The good feelings that started to grow in her heart were getting stronger every day, just like the memories of the past that were becoming more influential.

"Do you know, Alis, that I've been to a place like this before?"

Wararin said.

"Really?"

"Yes, I once went to the beach with my best friend. In the evening, we walked around a walking street like this. But it was a long time ago. I think she might've forgotten about it, but I still remember it well."

Wararin kept talking, her face lit up with a smile, and Alischa was no different. How could she not know that the best friend Wararin mentioned was her? And she remembered that night well. Wararin went around tasting delicious food from almost every stall, and when she couldn't finish, Alischa had to take care of the leftovers.

"If I had to guess, you probably ate so much that your stomach was about to burst."

"How did you know? Do you remember?"

Wararin was surprised and asked directly, but Alischa denied it.

"Remember what? Did you ever tell me about it?"

"No, I just thought you spoke like you knew."

"I was just talking. By the way... that shop looks delicious. Shall we check it out? I'm hungry."

Alischa led Wararin into a restaurant. She ordered food without hesitation and even ordered for Wararin.

This made Wararin forget her suspicions about Alischa and focus on the present moment instead.

# Chapter 12

The moments of happiness passed so quickly that it was almost regrettable. Wararin had eaten dinner until she was completely full. She and Alischa decided to take a walk for a while before heading back to the hotel at a more appropriate time.

"You go ahead and take a shower first. I'll call my sister for a bit."

Wararin didn't object and disappeared into the bathroom. Alischa immediately dialed Anchisa's number as she'd planned.

"Hey, troublemaker,"

Anchisa greeted over the phone, making Alischa's heart sink. Every time Alischa caused trouble that required Anchisa to step in and fix it, Anchisa would call her by this nickname as a gentle reminder that she'd done something wrong and should avoid causing more issues.

"I miss you, sis," Alischa said.

"Don't try to sweet-talk me. How are you? Are you safe?"

"I'm safe, but it was a close call. That guy is really dangerous,"

Alischa replied honestly. On the day of the incident, if she hadn't sped up and escaped in time, it would've been difficult. But then again, if she'd driven too fast, something unexpected might've happened.

"So, you know that Singha was behind it all, right?"

"I don't want to accuse anyone unfairly, but who else could it be besides him?"

"Exactly. It's good that you know. I've already sent our people to handle it, but you still need to be careful. He might not be able to harm you, but Wararin is another story," Anchisa warned.

"I'll take care of her as best as I can. I won't let anything happen to her. Thank you so much for everything, An,"

Alischa said gratefully.

"No problem. As long as you're safe, that's all that matters. Don't worry about work, I've got it covered. You can take a few more days off to relax if you want,"

Anchisa offered.

"Thank you. Everything is fine here, so there's nothing to worry about," Alischa assured her.

"Good. I'll go to bed now,"

Anchisa said, ending the conversation.

"Going to bed or talking to someone special?"

Alischa teased, knowing that a young businessman was currently courting her sister, and it seemed like Anchisa was interested.

"You know too much. Goodnight," Anchisa replied.

"Goodnight, sis,"

Alischa said, hanging up with a smile just as Wararin stepped out of the bathroom

"Why are you smiling so much?"

Wararin teased, noticing Alischa's grin.

"I'm happy because I get to slack off. My sister said I can stay and enjoy a few more days. Do you want to go anywhere?"

"You're spoiling me again. I just told you not to pamper me too much, or I'll get used to it."

"I already told you I want to take care of you," Alischa said with a wide smile.

"In that case, I'd like to visit my parents. It's not far from here," Wararin suggested.

"I thought your parents passed away,"

Alischa said, raising an eyebrow in confusion.

"Their graves, at the temple," Wararin clarified.

"Oh, sure. You go to bed first. I'll take a shower."

"Okay," Wararin replied.

Alischa took about half an hour in the shower, letting the warm water wash away her fatigue and allowing her mind to wander.

"Oh, she's already asleep,"

Alischa murmured softly after finishing her shower and finding Wararin fast asleep. She walked to the bedside and gazed at Wararin's peaceful face, captivated.

Today had been a happy day for Alischa, spending time with Wararin. She felt that her actions were clear enough. Even though Wararin saw her as just a boss, some of Wararin's actions made Alischa believe that Wararin didn't dislike her, giving her a glimmer of hope.

Alischa remembered a question Anchisa had asked her long ago: why did she choose Wararin when Wararin didn't love her? At that time, Alischa had answered that she chose Wararin because she believed that if she did everything for Wararin, one day Wararin might come to love her. And Alischa still believed that.

Alischa gently kissed Wararin's lips, holding the kiss without going further, before whispering softly in Wararin's ear,

*"I love you. Sweet dreams."*

Alischa looked at Wararin's sleeping face, smiling to herself. She chuckled at her own boldness before deciding to walk around to the other side and lie down next to her.

Unbeknownst to Alischa, Wararin had felt everything. She'd pretended to be asleep at just the right time.

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A young woman with a delicate face was about to step into her house after offering alms early in the morning. The sound of a car pulling up behind her made her stop and turn to greet the newcomer out of courtesy.

"Hello, Tha. Long time no see. How have you been?"

It was Singha who greeted her. He stepped out of the car, clearly intending to see Thanamas rather than just coincidentally running into her.

"I've been well. How about you, Singha?"

"I'm good. I was just passing by and thought I'd stop to say hi. I also have a small favor to ask," Singha said.

"What is it?"

"I ran into Wararin the other day. We had lunch together, but I forgot to get her contact number. Could you help me out?"

Singha asked, feigning a sad expression to gain Thanamas's sympathy. As expected, Thanamas, unlike Panrisa, wasn't very cautious. She easily gave him Wararin's phone number, thinking it was no big deal.

"Here you go," she said.

"Thank you. I won't bother you anymore. See you at Pan's wedding,"

Singha said.

"Okay, goodbye, Singha,"

Thanamas replied as Singha quickly drove away. She remembered that Singha had once dated Wararin but had broken up. She didn't know why he wanted Wararin's number, but since he wasn't a stranger, she gave it to him.

Singha, now with Wararin's number, couldn't help but smile smugly. He knew Wararin was soft-hearted and couldn't say no. If he kept pursuing her, he was sure he'd succeed. And when that time came, he'd take Wararin to Panrisa's wedding and make Alischa's heart break.

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The asphalt road narrowed as Alischa drove further from the city, with Wararin giving directions from the passenger seat.

They'd checked out of the hotel early in the morning and were heading to Wararin's hometown as planned. Alischa had planned that after Wararin's visit, they'd drive to a famous waterfall resort to stay overnight.

"It feels more like a vacation than a work trip,"

Wararin commented as they drove along.

"That's normal. Everyone feels relaxed around me because I'm so beautiful,"

Alischa joked.

"Wait how did we get to you complimenting yourself?" Wararin asked, amused.

"You don't want me to compliment myself because you want to do it instead, right?"

"I won't argue that you're beautiful, but complimenting yourself so much is a bit much,"

Wararin teased.

"I'm sulking," Alischa said.

Wararin laughed out loud. Her boss was playful, and she didn't mind being teased in return. "Do I need to apologize?" Wararin asked playfully.

"Yes, you have two minutes to apologize," Alischa replied.

"And if I'm late?"

"If you're late, I'll stop pouting on my own. I'd rather save the time for flirting,"

Alischa said, winking.

"Oh, so we were flirting? I didn't notice."

"You're not very gentle, are you, Ms. Assistant?"

Alischa pretended to grumble, shaking her head while keeping her eyes on the road.

Wararin felt that Alischa was very sweet to her. She joked with her like they were close friends, and Wararin felt comfortable enough to joke back.

Sometimes, Wararin forgot that Alischa had amnesia and almost forgot the terrible things that had happened to them.

After about two hours of driving, Alischa got out of the car and stretched. She must have been very tired from driving for so long.

"Are you tired? Thank you for bringing me here. Without you, I wouldn't know when I'd be able to come back,"

Wararin said sincerely. She hadn't returned since losing her parents.

"It sounds like I'm a pretty good person," Alischa said with a smile.

"You are. You've been very good to me."

"Looks like I might win you over,"

Alischa teased.

"Sigh, you're being too proud of yourself, again,"

Wararin said, rolling her eyes and walking away, with Alischa quickly following.

"Just kidding, wait for me,"

Alischa called, running along the narrow path behind Wararin. The temple was small and not as grand as the city temples, but Wararin was familiar with it as it was her hometown.

As a child, she often came here with her mother. Alischa, on the other hand, was fascinated by the atmosphere and excited to learn more about Wararin. She regretted not having met Wararin's parents while they were alive.

Rows of small stupas containing ashes lined the path. Wararin stopped in front of one, knelt down, and looked at the photo of a man and woman, her parents, whose faces still bore smiles. Wararin couldn't help but smile back.

How long had it been since she received a smile from her parents? The laughter, the words of concern, and their teachings. Wararin knew that the circle of birth, aging, sickness, and death was natural and unavoidable. She understood why her parents had to leave and didn't regret being their daughter.

"Heaven must be wonderful for you to follow Mom so quickly. I'm sorry I haven't come back and even sold our house. I thought it was too dangerous to live here alone. Please don't be mad at me,"

Wararin said, tears streaming down her cheeks. Alischa, watching, sat beside her and gently patted her back in comfort.

"I've moved to Bangkok now, so I might not come back often. Don't worry about me. Rest in peace. I promise to take care of myself. I love you both so much,"

Wararin continued, wiping her tears and arranging the flowers she'd brought in a vase in front of the stupa, with Alischa helping.

"Thank you, Alis," Wararin said.

"It's nothing. I'm glad I got to know you better. Don't worry, I'll help take care of your daughter,"

Alischa said with a smile, holding Wararin's hand and speaking to the stupa as Wararin had to her parents.

It might seem like a simple gesture, and no one knew if the deceased could hear their words, but Wararin felt deeply moved by Alischa's actions

She didn't disdain her ordinary family and made her feel incredibly warm. Wararin couldn't help but think that if Alischa were the one by her side during her difficult times, she wouldn't have let go of her like Singha did. The more she thought about it, the more she realized how foolish she'd been to let Alischa go six years ago.

"When I graduated, I came back here. I planned to find a job nearby to take care of my parents, but my mom fell ill. My dad and I struggled to find money for her treatment. It was a tough time, and no one understood me Even Singha, my ex-boyfriend, abandoned me. Eventually, my mom passed away, and five years later, my dad followed,"

Wararin recounted.

Wararin spoke up. It was the first time she shared her story with Alischa. She didn't know why she was saying it, but she just needed to vent to someone, and Alischa didn't refuse. Instead, she held Wararin's hand tightly.

"I'm sorry for telling you all this. I just didn't know who else to talk to."

"It's okay. You have me now. You can tell me anything."

"Thank you. I'm so glad I met you."

Wararin said nothing more, and Alischa just sat beside her. In truth, Alischa felt terrible hearing Wararin's story. If she'd been stronger back then and hadn't fled abroad, she could've been there for Wararin, at least as a close friend. Instead, she left Wararin to face everything alone.

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Wararin chose the riverside resort when Alischa gave her the freedom to book any hotel she liked. She picked this place because it wasn't far and had a great atmosphere.

"I used to pass by here often. If I remember correctly, this place was being built when I was in high school."

Wararin shared her memories of the place as they arrived at the resort they had booked.

"So, this is your turf, huh?"

"Of course. You can tell whose turf this is, right?" Wararin pretended to be stern.

"Scary, like a mafia boss. Am I going to be in danger?"

"Just kidding. Who would dare harm a beautiful boss like you? I'd lose my bonus."

"I never said I was giving one."

"Oh."

Alischa laughed heartily, pleased with her comeback. They carried some of their essential belongings into the room, leaving some in the car since they planned to stay only one night and head back to Bangkok the next day.

"Why isn't it a big bed? Did you book a twin room?"

Alischa complained as soon as she stepped into the room. She felt a pang of regret seeing that Wararin had booked a twin room. How was she supposed to cuddle with Wararin now?

"Yes, so I won't disturb your sleep."

"But then I can't..."

"Can't what?"

Wararin squinted at Alischa, pretending to catch her in the act. She just wanted to tease her since Alischa had tried to steal a kiss the previous night. So, it couldn't be helped.

"Nothing. I'll take this bed then."

Wararin nodded, trying hard to stifle her laughter as Alischa's disappointment was evident. But the moment was short-lived as Wararin's smartphone rang.

She looked at the unfamiliar number, torn between rejecting the call and worrying that it might be important. She decided to answer and stepped out onto the balcony.

"Hello."

"Hello. I thought you wouldn't pick up."

Wararin sighed deeply, recognizing the voice. It was the man who had shattered her heart. She couldn't believe he had the nerve to call.

"Where did you get my number?"

"I got it from Tha. But don't be mad at her. She just felt sorry for me. I miss you."

"I understand. But I have nothing to say to you. Goodbye."

"Wait..." م Wararin shook her head and hung up before he could say more. She returned inside, trying to look normal, but Alischa noticed. She knew it was Singha calling. She'd seen this scenario many times before.

Whenever Singha called, Wararin would step out to talk, leaving Alischa waiting. Though she hated seeing Wararin talk to Singha, as a close friend, she had no right to be jealous. So, she kept her feelings to herself.

"Is something bothering you?"

Alischa asked, sitting on Wararin's bed and watching her unpack.

"It's nothing, just nonsense."

Alischa nodded, feeling a pang as Wararin's response was the same as in the past. But she couldn't do anything.

As a friend, she didn't have the right to know everything. If Wararin didn't want to share, all she could do was keep her concerns to herself and stay by Wararin's side.

# Chapter 13

"Aom, come eat. It's hot and ready."

Alischa waved at Wararin, who was sitting on the couch watching a series, to come join her for dinner. Today, she'd volunteered to be the chef.

"Sure, I'm coming right now."

Wararin said as she quickly got up and ran to the dining table. She took a deep breath, inhaling the delicious aroma of the food in front of her, making Alischa, who had put in her best effort, smile with joy at the sight.

"It smells amazing, Alis. You've got some serious skills."

"Are you complimenting me just to get me to cook for you more often?"

"Oh... you caught on too quickly. That's no fun."

Alischa didn't respond but shrugged playfully at Wararin, who didn't argue back as her smartphone rang. She turned her attention to it instead.

For over an hour, Alischa sat at the dining table without touching the food, even though she was starving. Wararin was still on the phone on the balcony, looking very happy as she smiled throughout the conversation.

Even though Wararin told Alischa to start eating without her, it didn't matter when the person Alischa had cooked for was paying attention to someone else.

"Why didn't you start eating, Alis?"

Wararin asked as she finished her call and came back inside.

"I was waiting for you."

"Why wait? We're not sharing the same stomach."

"Well... never mind. Let's eat. I'm hungry."

Alischa cut the conversation short and invited Wararin to join her for dinner. There was no further conversation, one person continued to play on her phone while the other glanced at her actions with a sense of disappointment.

That incident happened over six years ago, but Alischa still remembered those feelings well. She sighed as she began to see similarities between the past and the present.

Even though Wararin was more considerate now, it didn't guarantee that Wararin would choose her in the end. Wararin might choose Singha again, just like she did once before.

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Singha's handsome face turned with the force of the slap. He rubbed his cheek, which had turned red from the impact. Clenching his fists in anger, he glared at Rosjarin, who had come to his office and slapped him in front of hundreds of employees.

"How dare you slap me?"

He growled in a low voice, gritting his teeth in anger. He grabbed Rosjarin and dragged her away from the prying eyes of the other employees.

"Why wouldn't I dare? A scumbag like you, who only uses women, is pathetic. You can't handle things on your own, can you? Pathetic" Rosjarin spat out her insults, furious that Singha had used her before Luckily, her father hadn't punished her more severely.

"Weren't you the one who offered yourself? A woman who spends her days boasting about her powerful father is just as pathetic."

Singha shouted, grabbing Rosjarin's chin and squeezing it hard until her eyes filled with tears.

"You bastard. Keep talking. Do you know the woman you messed with is the daughter of the Kanathip Group? If they find out you orchestrated the attack on their daughter, you're done for Watch your back."

"What did you say?"

Singha asked in disbelief. Everyone knew the Kanathip Group, a giant business empire in the country. But he had no idea that Alischa was an heir.

"Consider this a warning. The Kanathip Group is sending people to hunt down the mastermind. Good luck."

"I'll be fine because the one who ordered the attack was you. Those guys are your father's men, not mine."

"You bastard. You can't pin this on me. I'll tell everyone you're behind this."

"Go ahead and try. Let's see what happens to you."

Singha threatened Rosjarin with a fierce look, pushing her to the ground. She screamed in anger, but Singha ignored her and walked away immediately.

Singha was furious that Rosjarin had slapped him in front of hundreds of employees and angry at himself for letting a fool like Rosjarin help him. He hadn't considered that she might escalate the situation.

Worse, he'd just learned that Alischa was an heir to the Kanathip Group, so he couldn't use his old plan anymore.

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The mountain range stretched out beautifully, with the golden light of the setting sun creating a picturesque scene. Wararin and Alischa sat on the balcony of their room, designed to let guests fully enjoy the beauty of nature.

Since dinner, Wararin and Alischa had been sitting there, chatting until nightfall. But the evening was frequently interrupted by Wararin's phone ringing. She didn't answer because it was Singha calling, but he kept trying Finally, Wararin answered to stop the annoyance, excusing herself to talk inside the room while Alischa waited on the balcony.

"Why are you calling again? I told you I have nothing to say to you."

Wararin asked curtly, glancing worriedly at Alischa, who was waiting outside, afraid she might overhear the conversation.

"Why are you being so cruel to me? I'm hurt that you're so cold to me."

"Stop whining and leave me alone. We're over. I'm annoyed."

"But I miss you, Aom. I want to take care of you. I want to make up for my mistakes. Can you give me another chance?"

Singha pleaded over the phone, smiling at the thought that Wararin might soften and give him another chance. But things didn't go as he hoped.

"I will never go back to a jerk like you. Goodbye."

"What about Alischa's safety? Would that make you come back?"

"What do you mean?"

"If you're not stupid, you'd know that if the accident hadn't happened, that motorcycle would have succeeded."

Singha laughed lightly at the end. Since Wararin was playing hard to get, he couldn't use a soft approach anymore.

"Was that your doing?"

"This is just a warning. I'll give you two days to decide. Stay away from Alischa, or don't blame me for being cruel."

Wararin gritted her teeth as Singha ended the call. Stress and fear overwhelmed her. Panrisa's warning was true, Singha wouldn't give up easily. He was like a mad dog, getting crazier by the day.

The past incident where Alischa had hurt him badly must have fueled his long-standing grudge. Back then, Wararin was also at fault for not seeking the truth. She sided with him without considering Alischa's feelings, causing her immense pain. Now, Wararin wouldn't let that happen again.

"Is something wrong? You seem worried."

Alischa asked, seeing that Wararin had ended the call and looked troubled. She decided to ask out of concern.

"It's nothing. I was just about to go stargazing with you."

"Great. The atmosphere is perfect right now."

Wararin nodded and followed Alischa back to the balcony. The atmosphere was indeed perfect, but it didn't ease Wararin's worries. She tried to distract herself by chatting with Alischa about various topics.

"The stars here are so beautiful, unlike in Bangkok.

Wararin said, looking up at the starry sky. Alischa did the same but alternated between looking at the sky and Wararin's face.

"Do you have a favorite star?"

Alischa asked.

"No, I think all the stars are equally beautiful. Do you have a favorite star, Alis?"

"Yes. What do you think I should do? Should I admire its beauty from afar or try to capture it?"

Alischa asked, smiling slightly to hide the fear growing in her heart. The call from Singha and Wararin's anxious behavior made her feel like she was back in the same painful place. The past pain resurfaced, making her unsure whether to fight or retreat.

"If it were me, I'd try to capture it if I had the chance. Which star do you like?"

"The one right in front of me."

For some reason, Alischa decided to speak honestly. She looked at Wararin's slightly shocked face, knowing she understood the hidden meaning But Wararin chose not to say anything, her eyes showing confusion and hesitation that Alischa couldn't understand.

Silence fell, creating an awkward atmosphere. Alischa moved closer to Wararin, a fleeting thought urging her to capture the person in front of her, just like Wararin's answer.

"If there's a chance, I'd capture it."

Yes... Alischa wanted to capture Wararin. She wanted to tell Wararin how much she loved her, wanted to take care of her, and be by her side in every moment of life. She wanted to be the one Wararin chose, but she didn't know if that chance would come...

Her eyes burned with tears at the thought. Alischa felt so scared she wanted to cry. She didn't know if Wararin would still be there for her to love tomorrow. Maybe tomorrow, Singha would take Wararin away from her again, and she wouldn't have the chance to be by Wararin's side like now.

Alischa looked at Wararin's face with a painful lump in her chest. She moved closer until she could feel Wararin's warm breath. Then, Alischa decided to press her lips gently against Wararin's, holding the kiss before pulling away when she regained her composure.

"I'm sorry."

The soft apology slipped from Alischa's lips. She looked away, feeling cowardly, afraid to see Wararin's reaction. But Wararin said nothing.

Maybe it was the shock of her former close friend doing something so unexpected. Wararin knew how Alischa felt about her, and she felt the same. If it were before, she would've agreed without hesitation.

But with Singha as a major obstacle, Wararin had to hide her feelings. Since she was the reason Alischa was in danger, what choice did she have but to step back?

"I'm tired. I'm going to bed, Alis."

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The work atmosphere today was unusually quiet. Since that night when Alischa kissed Wararin, she hadn't said anything except to apologize before Wararin excused herself to bed.

They hadn't talked since. The tension and silence grew between then, even on the way back to Bangkok, with only the radio playing. There were no conversations like before.

Alischa didn't know why Wararin seemed distant. She tried to think positively, assuming Wararin was worried about something. But that was just a way to comfort herself. It was clear that Wararin didn't want her.

The shadow of defeat loomed larger, making Alischa scared. She tried to stay strong and smile through everything, acting normal like a friend should, but Wararin didn't seem pleased.

"Let's go out for lunch. My treat."

Alischa said, getting up to find her assistant when lunchtime arrived.

"I already have plans, Alis. Sorry."

Wararin declined, standing up and preparing to leave the office, but Alischa stopped her.

"Who are you meeting? Can you tell me?"

"Singha. Excuse me, I don't want to keep him waiting."

Wararin used Singha's name as an excuse, even though she didn't have any plans with anyone. The reason she did this was simply to make Alischa give up on her.

"Okay,"

Alischa replied. She let Wararin go, and Wararin didn't hesitate to leave. It felt like the past was repeating itself. Everything started to feel like the day Wararin began to distance herself from Alischa.

Even though they were close enough to touch, it felt like a huge wall stood between them. Alischa could sense the despair surrounding her. Her eyes, filled with sadness, followed Wararin with a heart full of pain. She didn't follow her out but instead returned to her desk.

Alischa opened the file in front of her and got back to work, using it as a distraction from her troubled thoughts, hoping it would help.

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"Oh, Aom I thought Alischa asked you to get lunch. Why did you come back empty-handed?"

Sunanta asked Wararin after seeing her return to work at exactly one o'clock. Normally, Sunanta saw Wararin and Alischa having lunch together, but today she saw Wararin go out alone.

At first, she didn't think much of it, assuming Alischa was busy and had asked her assistant to get lunch for her. But when she saw Wararin return empty-handed, she felt puzzled.

"No, she didn't. Didn't she go down for lunch?"

"No, I saw her in her office. I thought about checking on her but didn't want to disturb her, so I waited for you to come back."

"I'll check on her myself, Su. Don't worry."

Wararin replied, smiling at her senior before heading to Alischa's office. She felt an inexplicable guilt. She'd noticed Alischa's unusual behavior since yesterday but chose to ignore it, even though she was deeply concerned about her.

"Alischa, have you had lunch?"

Wararin asked hesitantly, looking at her former close friend, who was engrossed in her documents. Alischa didn't look up, but Wararin noticed the signs of tear-stained eyes. It seemed Alischa had been crying heavily. Wararin's heart ached to see Alischa like this. She wanted to hug her and tell her she loved her too, but she couldn't.

"I'm not hungry."

"Okay, if you need anything, just let me know"

"Thank you."

After the brief conversation, Wararin focused on her work but kept glancing at Alischa. She looked a bit exhausted, probably because she hadn't eaten since lunch. Wararin wanted to go get her some food multiple times but reminded herself that she'd chosen to distance herself, so she had to stay strong.

*Bzzzz Bzzzz*

The vibration of her smartphone snapped Wararin out of her thoughts. She quickly read the message from Singha, almost forgetting he'd given her only two days. It seemed the time was up.

*'It's time for an answer, Aom. Alischa's safety depends on you. I'll be waiting in front of the company, my dear'.*

Singha's few sentences were enough to make Wararin anxious. She quickly gathered her things as it was almost time to leave work. She glanced at Alischa, still buried in her documents, and decided to ask for permission to leave a bit early. But Alischa didn't allow it..

"Can't you stay?"

Alischa asked, her voice trembling.

In just a few hours, Alischa had been overwhelmed by the coldness Wararin showed her, making her almost unable to hold back her tears.

She knew Wararin's urgency was because of Singha, but she wanted to ask clearly. At least she would know whether to stop or keep fighting

*"Can't you stay with me? Choose me just once. Choose your friend just once."*

# Chapter 14

"We need to talk right now, Alis!"

Wararin shouted at the person who was about to lie down, urging her to turn around and talk. After taking Singha to the infirmary, she hadn't seen Alischa again. Wararin searched the entire university but couldn't find even a shadow of her.

She tried calling Alischa dozens of times, but there was no response. Out of options, she returned to the dorm to wait. It was nearly midnight when Alischa finally came back, clearly drunk.

"Why did you have to go drinking?"

Wararin asked, pulling the drunk girl up to sit and talk. There were many important issues she needed to clear up with her today.

"It's my business. Stay out of it."

"And what about our business? Why do you have to interfere?"

"Because that guy is a scum! He sleeps around with any woman he can find, and you still believe him? Wake up, Aom!"

*Slap!*

Alischa turned her head from the force of the slap. She looked at her best friend's face in shock, not expecting Wararin to disbelieve her and think she was slandering her boyfriend.

"Do you think I'm stupid, Alis? You're the one who's biased against him." "But he's deceiving you, Aom. Everyone knows it."

"Even so, it's our business. Someone who only knows how to use violence like you has no right to judge anyone."

"But he.."

Alischa got up and approached Wararin, intending to explain and ask her to calm down, but Wararin wouldn't listen anymore.

"Stop right there. Don't touch me."

"Aom, I'm worried about you. I care about you. You know that guy deceives women all the time. Why don't you believe me?"

"Because it's our business, Alls. Whether I'm deceived or not, it's our problem. Why do you have to interfere? If you're going to be this annoying and cause problems, just move out."

Wararin didn't just say it, she threw Alischa's pillow at her face with full force. She went to the wardrobe and started pulling out Alischa's clothes, but Alischa rushed to hug Wararin from behind.

They struggled for a long time. Wararin was furious, upset that Alischa was meddling in her personal life and had hurt her boyfriend. Alischa, on the other hand, was too drunk to control her emotions properly.

"No. I want to stay with you. Please don't do this."

Alischa pleaded, grabbing a shirt Wararin had pulled out and throwing it back into the wardrobe. She then used her strength to push Wararin onto the bed and climbed on top of her, pinning her down so she couldn't get up. Everything finally calmed down.

"Let go. What are you doing?"

"No!"

Alischa refused, still panting. The alcohol made her face flush and her mind foggy.

"Let me go, Alis... You're making me hate you."

"I'm sorry, but I can't let you go. I want to be with you, Aom. I'm sorry for meddling in your personal life. I just don't want you to get hurt by that guy again. I'm sorry."

Alischa spoke at length, looking at Wararin with tear-filled eyes before tears streamed down her cheeks. The frustration with her best friend overwhelmed her, and she couldn't hide her vulnerability anymore. She buried her face in Wararin's shoulder and cried without shame.

All her dignity was gone. The strength Alischa had used as a shield for months crumbled completely.

"I'm worried about you. How can I live if I have to see you get hurt by that guy? I can't."

Alischa explained, her voice trembling. Wararin heard it clearly, even though she was still angry with her friend.

"I know you're worried about me, but what you did was wrong. You hurt Singha so badly, and you still want me to understand you?"

"Why do you have to protect him? I had my reasons. Do you trust him more than me?"

Alischa asked, her voice shaking.

"Because he's my boyfriend. You've never loved anyone, so you wouldn't understand."

*"You... I love you. I've always loved you. Don't you know that?"*

Alischa pushed herself up, still straddling Wararin, and looked deeply into her beautiful eyes to confirm that what she'd just said was from her heart Alischa didn't realize that her actions were making Wararin's heart race. "Wha... What did you say?"

"I love you. I want to protect you. Do you understand, Aom?"

Alischa confirmed her words by pressing a kiss on Wararin's lips, not giving her a chance to react. She kissed and sucked on Wararin's lips repeatedly until Wararin made a protesting sound in her throat, feeling short of breath.

Wararin panted when Alischa released her lips, but only for a moment before Alischa kissed her again. This time, Wararin didn't resist. She didn't understand why she felt good about Alischa's touch

In fact, Wararin had once thought she had feelings for Alischa, but she tried to ignore them, convincing herself it was just closeness and attachment. When Singha came into her life, Wararin gave him a chance, hoping he would make her feelings for Alischa disappear.

It seemed to work as those feelings started to fade. But when Alischa confessed her love, Wararin realized that all her efforts were in vain. She felt herself being pulled back into those feelings again.

"Mmm."

A sweet sound escaped Wararin's lips when Alischa released her lips Alischa moved her face down to Wararin's neck, kissing and nuzzling like a child playing with a favorite toy, making Wararin feel like she was about to lose her mind. Her brain went blank, and she could barely control her emotions

"Stop. Stop it, Alis Please don't do this."

Wararin pleaded, her remaining bit of sanity telling Alischa to stop.

"What's wrong with me? I love you so much. I take care of you so well. Can't you choose me? Can't you give me a chance, Aom?"

Alischa spoke softly, her words of reproach making Wararin's heart soften.

She didn't answer her friend's question but instead wrapped her arms around Alischa's neck. What else could she do when Alischa had ignited the fire of desire?

Seeing that Wararin didn't resist, Alischa's desire for her friend flared up uncontrollably She kissed Wararin's lips again, more forcefully this time, using her tongue to explore Wararin's mouth.

The faint smell of alcohol mixed with Wararin's sweet scent Alischa's tongue intertwined with Wararin's until she could no longer resist. The desire surged, and Alischa didn't hold back.

She unbuttoned Wararin's shirt and removed her nightgown before Wararin could react. Then she undressed herself, leaving them both naked.

Their lovermaking happened unexpectedly. Alischa never thought she'd cross this line with her best friend, but it happened, and she didn't realize that her mistake that night would become a turning point in their relationship, making it difficult to mend.

The next morning, Alischa woke up with a heart full of happiness. She turned over, hoping to hug the woman she'd held all night, but found only emptiness. Wararin was no longer there.

Alischa got up, hastily putting on her clothes, and went to the kitchen, hoping Wararin would be there. She wanted to talk and make amends, to tell Wararin how much she loved and wanted to take care of her. But Alischa was disappointed to find no trace of Wararin, only a letter left on the dining table.

*'I can't face you anymore. Please move out of my room. Our friendship is over. I'll pretend nothing happened last night. Sorry I couldn't tell you in person, but Singha is waiting for me.'*

Everything was clear, even though Wararin had written only a few lines. Alischa collapsed, sitting and crying right there. The sorrow overwhelmed her, making it impossible to stand.

Everything was revealed: all her efforts and words never reached Wararin's heart. She didn't choose her.

*She didn't choose her... and probably never would.*

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After that day, Alischa moved out of Wararin's room and returned home. Her family knew about it, especially Anchisa, who listened to everything and talked to their father to let Alischa study abroad as she wanted.

From that day on, Alischa never saw Wararin again.

Wararin wasn't happy either. She cried all night when she returned to find her room empty. Alischa had really moved out. She didn't come back to apologize like she usually did.

At first, Wararin tried to convince herself she was angry because Alischa had crossed the line, but as time passed and she calmed down, she realized she felt the same way.

She enjoyed every touch Alischa gave her, her heart racing every time she remembered Alischa's confession.

But even though she felt that way, it was too late when she learned Alischa had moved abroad.

Everything continued without addressing the problem. No one tried to fix it. They both thought differently.

Alischa was hurt that her best friend never saw her efforts and never reciprocated her feelings. Wararin acted like their love meant nothing.

Wararin felt guilty for never noticing Alischa's love and care. She let her be alone, even though Alischa always thought of and did things for her. She was foolish for not seeing what was valuable.

Foolish for not even knowing her true feelings.

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Alischa's hands and shoulders trembled. She didn't look at the face of the person who had ignored her for the past two days but bowed her head and cried without shame.

Even though she never wanted things to end this way, in the final moment before losing Wararin again, she wanted to do what she'd always wanted to do.

"I didn't lose my memory. I came back here and tried to find you. I wanted to take care of you like before, but I was a coward. I thought you would be angry and hate me. There was no way I could take care of you again without you feeling hurt by what I did... I'm sorry, but I can't stop loving you"

Alischa spoke through her tears, still holding Wararin's hand tightly, before looking up to meet her eyes.

"I know Singha is waiting for you. I know everything he's doing. I could get rid of him, but if you choose him... like you did before, I'll step aside."

Wararin was silent after hearing everything from her former best friend. She was shocked to learn Alischa hadn't lost her memory and was a bit angry at her lie. But knowing Alischa had always tried to take care of and be with her was enough for Wararin to overlook that mistake and forgive her.

Moreover, knowing the truth made Wararin happy that Alischa hadn't forgotten her She was still the same Alischa and still loved her.

"Aom... please choose."

"Enough, Alis."

Alischa's words were abruptly cut off when Wararin interrupted her. She twisted her wrist free from Alischa's grasp, an action that left Alischa feeling disheartened.

"You lied to me."

Wararin said, her voice trembling.

"I'm sorry, but there was no other way. I just wanted to take care of you. I wanted to do good things for you like before. But if I didn't do this, you wouldn't give me a chance. You would choose to walk away from a friend who hurt you, like me. After this, you can push me out of your life again, but please don't go with that guy. I don't want him to hurt you again,"

Alischa pleaded through her tears, but Wararin didn't respond. She thought about what Alischa said. It was true; if Alischa had suddenly come back and asked to be close friends again, she would've walked away just as Alischa had predicted.

"Stop crying,"

Wararin said softly. She raised her hand to cradle Alischa's beautiful face and gently wiped away her tears with her fingertips.

"I understand why you did what you did. And honestly, I'm glad we're back together like this. But it's not that simple. You know how Singha is. The reason I've been distant these past few days is because I didn't want him to bother you. I care about you, too,"

Wararin poured out everything she had been holding back. She stopped wiping Alischa's tears and instead held her hand.

"So, you distanced yourself from me because you were worried about me?"

"Yes, Alis, you have everything. I believe there must be a good woman out there who is ready to love and stand by you. So, please don't let me be a problem in your life,"

Wararin said, her voice shaking. She meant every word. If Alischa continued to cling to her, it'd only bring more trouble. She still remembered the fear when Singha's men chased them in their car the other day.

Alischa shouldn't have to go through that again. So, no matter what, walking away from Alischa's life was the best decision.

"Everyone has problems, whether they seem perfect or flawed. To me, you've never been a problem. No matter what you're worried about, whether it's Singha or anything else, if you truly care about me, just say you choose me. We'll face and solve every problem together,"

Alischa said earnestly, even though her tears continued to flow. She wanted Wararin to believe in her.

"I want to choose you. I want to choose my stubborn best friend, who is now my boss but still as stubborn as ever. I really want to choose you, Alis, but I don't know if it will cause you more trouble. If Singha goes crazy and does something again, what will we do?"

"Are you serious? Do you really choose me?"

Alischa asked again to make sure she hadn't misheard. Wararin had just said she wanted to choose her, the former best friend she had loved for many years. Today, her feelings were finally reciprocated.

"Yes, I choose you, Alis. I've been foolish for not realizing it sooner. After that night I mean, the night you confessed your love to me six years ago, I kept thinking about it almost all the time. Eventually, I realized I felt the same way, but you weren't here anymore. I'm sorry fot making you sad back then and now,"

Wararin said, and before she could say more, Alischa pulled her into a tight hug. She kissed Wararin's soft hair and nestled her face into her shoulder.

"Do you know how long I've waited to hear that from you?"

Alischa whispered, her voice breaking. She sobbed softly, overwhelmed with joy.

"I regret that day, too. Even now, I regret being so scared that I almost let you slip away again. Alis, please give a fool like me another chance. Tell me what I need to do to keep you in my life," Wararin said.

"You don't have to do anything. Just stay with me, and I'll stay with you. No matter what happens, don't let go of each other again,"

Alischa replied.

With those words, Wararin hugged Alischa tightly, and Alischa hugged her back just as tightly. She gently stroked Wararin's hair, letting her know that her embrace would always be Wararin's.

No matter what problems lay ahead or how many tears they might shed, this embrace would always be Wararin's.

"Thank you, Alis,"

Wararin sobbed into Alischa's ear. She was crying, thanking Alischa for still loving her and repeatedly apologizing for hurting her and not seeing her love. Alischa responded by wiping her tears and kissing her forehead.

There were no more accusations, only apologies and a flood of emotions. The wounds that had never healed over the past six years were now being mended with love and understanding.

Back then, they were so young. They couldn't manage their feelings or solve their problems. Each relied on their own thoughts, even though they were best friends who knew each other better than anyone else.

They let their emotions take over reason. But as time passed and they grew up, they realized it wasn't just one person's fault. They were both to blame.

The lesson from that time always reminded them. Even when they reunited, there were obstacles and feelings that confused them.

But in the end, what they wanted most was to be by each other's side and take care of each other, just like before.... that's all.

# Chapter 15

The sound of Wararin's message notification kept going off repeatedly. She'd completely forgotten that someone was waiting for her. Singha, who was waiting for her response, was probably getting annoyed that she hadn't come down as he'd asked.

"Do you still want to go see him?"

Alischa asked, her face pouting as she continued to hold Wararin tightly, refusing to let go.

"Of course, I want to go."

"And what about me?"

"You're so sensitive. I wasn't even finished talking yet."

Wararin laughed softly. She moved out of Alischa's embrace and wiped her tears until they were completely dry. She sighed lightly to calm herself down, thinking it was time to deal with Singha and finally go home.

"I'm just afraid of losing you again." "I thought we'd already talked this through." Wararin laughed softly before continuing.

"You don't have to be afraid. You said you would stay with me, and I will stay with you. No matter what problems we face, we won't let go of each other. So, let's go down together."

Wararin smiled at Alischa. She grabbed her own bag and handed Alischa's bag to her. The gentle demeanor, the warm smile, and the reassuring words that they'd never let go of each other made Alischa feel warm inside and able to smile a bit.

"I understand. But since we've cleared everything up, does that mean we're back to being friends like before?"

Alischa asked as she took her bag from Wararin.

"Do you just want to be friends? You were crying your eyes out because you wanted to be just friends? What you did with me that night went beyond friendship."

"Uh..."

Alischa's face turned bright red as she remembered that night It's true they used to be friends, but friends wouldn't do what they did.

"So, what do you say, boss? If you want to be just friends again, I'm okay with that. Being friends with a high-level executive isn't bad."

Wararin teased to lighten the mood.

"No, I don't want to be friends. I don't want to be just friends with you anymore. *Can we be girlfriends now*?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

Laughter filled the air, and the previous tension between them disappeared completely, replaced by immense happiness. Alischa extended her hand, smiling at Wararin, who smiled even wider as she took Alischa's hand, and they walked out together.

From this moment on, they were no longer just friends.

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It was the end of the workday, and some employees were still waiting for their rides in front of the company. They occasionally glanced at Alischa and Wararin, who had just walked out of the building and smiled at their actions, except for one person who was so angry his face turned red.

Singha rushed over to the pair as soon as he saw Wararin holding Alischa's arm tightly. Both of them were smiling as if nothing had happened. Wararin showed no fear of his threats, which only fueled his anger, but he tried to keep it in check.

"Hello, Aom. I've been waiting for you for a long time"

"Let's not beat around the bush. I don't have much time."

Wararin's face grew tense. Deep down, she wasn't sure if Singha would let them go easily

"Can I talk to you privately?"

Singha asked, glancing at Alischa, who stood nearby with an unreadable expression. For a moment, he felt nervous, remembering Rosjarin's words. He'd just learned that Alischa was the heir to the Kanathip Group, and if she was displeased with him, she could easily deal with him.

His plan to pressure Wararin wasn't going as expected, as it seemed Wararin had chosen Alischa over him. This game wasn't as simple as before. No, maybe this game was already over, and he was just stubbornly refusing to accept defeat.

"Alischa and I are together, and we have no secrets from each other. I can't talk to you alone."

Wararin explained calmly, but her eyes showed clear worry. Alischa squeezed her hand gently and told Wararin to wait in her car while she handled this Wararin reluctantly agreed.

The atmosphere grew tense as Alischa chose to confront Singha directly She looked at him with a calm, emotionless gaze that sent a chill down his spine. His anxiety increased when six men in black suits, looking like bodyguards, stood behind Alischa.

"What are you doing here?"

Alischa asked in a calm voice, crossing her arms and waiting for an answer.

"I'm here for Aom. It has nothing to do with you."

Singha replied, gritting his teeth in frustration. Alischa was now in a position he couldn't challenge. Her calm and authoritative demeanor was a stark contrast to the hot-headed student who used to argue with him six years ago.

"It does. She just told you she's with me. You're the one who doesn't belong here.

"Are you insulting me?

"If that's how you take it, I can't help it. But I just want to remind you of my and Aom's status and where you should stand"

"You!"

Singha clenched his jaw. He was so angry at Alischa that he wanted to strangle her, but he couldn't do anything.

"Calm down. We're not kids anymore to be fighting like before."

Alischa spoke nonchalantly, which only made Singha angrier, feeling that she was deliberately provoking him.

"Don't lecture me."

"I'm not lecturing you. I want you to stop whatever you're planning It's clear that she didn't choose you. What do you gain by being stubborn?"

"That's my business."

Singha said firmly, his eyes hard with anger. But only for a moment, as the six men in black moved closer, making him swallow his anger. He knew that acting rashly now would not end well.

"You know... I never wanted to use my family's influence against you. I understand if you're still angry about what I did to you before. But please, Singha, let this end and let Aom be free. You don't love her anymore, do you?"

"So what. Why shoûld I believe you?"

"Because what I'm saying is the best option for you. Didn't Rosjarin tell you she's on my side? Getting you thrown in jail would be easy."

Singha's face turned pale. He hadn't expected Rosjarin to betray him and side with Alischa.

"So, what will it be? I'll give you some money as compensation for what I did to you. Start over. Choose whether to end this peacefully or force me to take stronger action. You know the influence of the Kanathip Group, don't you?"

Singha hesitated, glancing at the men in black and swallowing hard His plans had fallen apart. He couldn't fight Alischa's power. Even if he didn't want to accept defeat, he had to choose the option that would hurt him the least.

"Last time, Wararin chose you, so I left. But this time, she chose me, and I won't let you go if you keep bothering her."

Alischa's voice grew stern, her fierce eyes making Singha realize she wasn't joking. She had power over him in every way. If he didn't accept her offer and continued to be stubborn, his future would be bleak.

"Fine, fine. I'll accept your offer. I won't bother Aom or you anymore." "Good. I'll have my people handle the money. I hope we won't have to see each other again... Please take care of him."

Alischa said to Singha and then instructed her bodyguards to handle the rest. She didn't want to keep Wararin waiting any longer.

Everything was over. The problem for Alischa wasn't this man, she could deal with him anytime. The real issue was Wararin. Now that Wararin had clearly chosen her, Alischa didn't hesitate to remove this man from their path. She just hoped he'd keep his promise and not cause any more trouble.

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"Is everything okay? I was so worried about you. You should've let me stay with you."

Wararin asked as Alischa returned to the parking lot. She'd been very anxious, fearing Singha might harm Alischa, but she didn't want to cause more problems, so she waited in the car as Alischa had asked.

"Everything's fine. He won't bother you anymore."

"He didn't do anything to you, did he?"

Wararın asked again, worried that something bad might have happened to Alischa and she was keeping it to herself like before.

"No. My sister sent almost ten bodyguards to watch over me. I felt like a mafia boss."

Alischa said with a laugh.

"That's good. I was just worried about you."

"If you're worried about me, let me stay with you tonight."

Alischa said, narrowing her eyes at Wararin, making her blush.

"What does that have to do with anything? Don't be sneaky."

"Come on... I've been losing sleep over you for days. Won't you comfort me a little?"

"Who told you to keep thinking about me?"

"If I don't think about the person I love, who should I think about?"

"Just kidding. I've been losing sleep thinking about you, too. So, let's stay together tonight."

Alischa beamed when Wararin agreed. She opened the car door for Wararin to get in the passenger seat, then quickly walked around to the driver's side. Alischa volunteered to drive again today.

"How many nights have you been losing sleep?"

Alischa asked as she drove away from the company.

"Hmm, about two nights, I think. Why?"

"I was just thinking. If I keep you up again tonight, would that be okay?"

"What? Why wouldn't you let me sleep? What are you planning to do to me? Tell me now."

"Well, when a couple is alone together all night, what do you think I want to do?"

Alischa said with a mischievous smile, glancing at Wararin's blushing face before looking back at the road. "You're so naughty. Just drive."

Wararin cut her off, her face now bright red, even her ears. Alischa was so cunning and always found ways to tease her.

How was she supposed to handle Alischa's cuteness?

Their journey continued with Alischa's laughter, enjoying teasing Wararin. Little did she know, Wararin was planning her own way to get back at her.

In Wararin's apartment, this was their first night together as a couple But the atmosphere wasn't entirely sweet.

They reminisced about their past, trips they took together during their school days, and various antics they used to tease each other. It was the first time they could talk about old times so comfortably.

"It'd be nice if we could move back in together like before."

Alischa said, lying on the bed and staring at the white ceiling while Wararin lay beside her.

"If we move back in together, you'll just find ways to annoy me every day"

"Of course. You're so fun to tease and pinch. Do you know that?"

"You're just as annoying, Ms. Alischa."

Wararin pouted playfully at Alischa, who was now lying on her side, looking at her. Alischa laughed softly before asking.

"Why are you still calling me Miss? You can call me by just my nickname. We're not strangers anymore."

"If I call you the same way, we'll just be friends. Do you want to be my friend?"

"No, I don't."

Alischa shook her head vigorously She pouted like a child about to cry, but Wararin knew well that Alischa was just pretending to get her attention. She used to see this almost every day.

"I'll call you that because you're my boss, but only during work hours Outside of work, I can call you *'darling'.*

"Good, then call me that now. I can't wait to hear you call me 'darling'.

"I've changed my mind. I'll call you like before. That way, I can scold you properly."

Wararin said with a wink. She reverted to using the same pronouns they used when they were close friends, even though their relationship had now evolved into lovers. When they were alone, she preferred to talk to Alischa like in the old days, and Alischa felt the same.

However, Alischa couldn't help but protest when Wararin's reason for reverting was just to scold her more effectively. It was a reason that didn't hold water at all.

"You're so mean, always teasing me. You need to be punished."

Alischa didn't just talk, she quickly moved to straddle Wararin. Her sharp, beautiful face was just inches away from Wararin's sweet face, so close they could feel each other's warm breath

"Punished how? Don't tease me."

Wararin stammered as Alischa looked at her with eyes so sweet they could melt her. Alischa's slender hand roamed playfully along Wararin's slim waist, making her breath hitch.

"I'm not teasing, I'm serious."

Alischa whispered in her ear, her nose brushing against Wararin's ear, then trailing down her smooth cheek to her chin, and back up to her nose

"Alis... what are you doing?"

Wararin asked, her voice trembling. She felt something stirring inside her, awakened by Alischa.

"Can't you tell? I'm going to tell you I love you, just like that night

Remember?"

"I remember, but can't you give me a moment to prepare?"

Wararin argued, her face flushed. She recalled their first night together, even though they weren't lovers then. The passionate touch Alischa gave her that night was still vivid in her memory.

"But I love you so much, and I missed that night a lot. In the six years we were apart, I never had anyone else. Please, prepare yourself quickly and let me love you like that night."

"Alis."

Wararin called out softly, her face turning a deeper shade of red. She didn't give verbal permission because she was too shy, but she cupped Alischa's face instead, hoping her eyes conveyed her love and desire.

"It looks like I've got my answer from your eyes."

"If you can tell, then get on with it. Are you going to talk until morning?"

"Ah you're impatient"

Alischa laughed softly at Wararin, who was complaining without daring to look at her Wararin's shyness was so endearing that Alischa could hardly contain herself.

She traced her slender fingers along Wararin's beautiful face, her cheeks turning a rosy red, her nose, and her full lips, before giving Wararin a sweet kiss to express all the feelings overflowing in her heart.

Wararin didn't resist, she even reciprocated. She held Alischa's face and kissed her back. It wasn't just Alischa who wanted to convey her feelings through this kiss, Wararin wanted to do the same

After a while, Alischa broke the kiss and looked into Wararin's eyes. She felt that Wararin was incredibly beautiful at that moment and wanted to keep looking at her. But that was just a thought, as Wararin gave her a playful glare, clearly embarrassed by Alischa's intense gaze.

"Are you just going to keep looking? If you're not going to do anything, I'm going to sleep."

Wararin asked, teasing at the end.

"Don't be so impatient... let me look at you a bit more."

"What more do you need to see? You've seen everything already."

Wararin complained, her face red. She wasn't angry at Alischa for taking her time, but she was so flustered by her gaze that she didn't know what to do.

"I've seen it all, but that night, you didn't love me like you do tonight."

Alischa replied, moving closer to Wararin and looking deep into her beautiful eyes, making Wararin's heart race.

"Aom, I love you. I'm sorry for that night. I know I shouldn't have done that, but I just wanted you to know how I felt. I really love you. Please forgive me for acting without thinking."

Hearing this, Wararin's heart pounded so hard it felt like it would burst out of her chest. She felt regret for overlooking Alischa's feelings and immense joy that even after six years and all the pain she caused Alischa, Alischa still loved her.

From now on, she wanted to spend her life loving and caring for Alischa as best as she could. She would never let go of her and would always stand by her side, no matter what obstacles they faced.

"I love you too, Alis. I'm sorry I never noticed your love before. You don't have to feel guilty about what you did because I was at fault, too. So, from now on, let's work together to make everything better. Let me stay by your side and take care of you. Let me love you, Alis"

Alischa smiled at Wararin in response. She didn't say anything more but moved her face closer to Wararin's. Alischa's warm breath sent shivers down Wararin's spine, reigniting her emotions. This time, it seemed Alischa wouldn't hold back.

To say 'almost dying' wouldn't be an exaggeration. Wararin had learned that Alischa's love was warm, gentle, and passionate Tonight, Wararin would have to brace herself for Alischa's touch for a long time, as she wouldn't stop there. And, of course, Wararin wouldn't miss the chance to return the favor After all, she loved Alischa just as much.

The love scene that began gently was heating up with their mutual desire. Everything progressed slowly and unhurriedly. They had the whole night ahead of them.

Even though it wasn't their first time, it was the first time they'd hold hands with love. Tonight would be another night to remember for both of them.

# Chapter 16

In the dead of night, when most people are fast asleep in their own homes, there was one person still out exploring the night.

Singha drove along a familiar road. He'd just left a nightclub, having spent the hundred thousand baht he received from Alischa on fine liquor and the company of beautiful women.

Although it was a shame that he felt too tired to bring one of the girls back to his condo, he knew there would be plenty of opportunities to indulge in such pleasures again.

He smirked slightly at the thought of Alischa and Wararin. Even though the ending he'd planned didn't turn out this way, getting a large sum of money from Alischa was a worthwhile bonus.

Singha turned his car towards the outskirts of the city. His place wasn't far from there. At this late hour, the traffic had thinned out, leaving the road clear and allowing him to drive faster.

In his drunken and careless state, Singha didn't notice the black car speeding behind him. Suddenly, the car cut in front of him, forcing him to slam on the brakes, causing his car to skid off the road.

The happiness he felt earlier seemed like a dream, and now the pain was the only thing he could feel. His car crashed violently into a barrier, and his body was trapped in the wreckage. Singha tried to call for help, but his throat was dry.

He was barely conscious, unable to comprehend the extent of the damage to his car or his injuries. All he could hear were the faint voices of two men. "He's not going to make it,"

One man said. He was the driver of the black car.

"Good, he deserved it for messing with Mr. Songpol's daughter,"

The other man replied. He took pictures of Singha's bloodied body, likely to report back to their boss that the job was done. Then, they quickly got back into their car and drove away.

'Songpol', a powerful politician and the father of Rosjarin. This must've been his way of punishing Singha for using Rosjarin to deal with Alischa.

Singha tried to open his eyes and call out again, but his eyelids felt heavy. His body couldn't move, likely because some parts were crushed from the impact. His consciousness slowly faded, along with his increasingly labored breaths.

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It seemed that two people didn't get much sleep last night. As the morning arrived, Wararin and Alischa were still asleep in bed, wrapped in each other's arms, completely naked. Alischa began to stir, disturbed by the sunlight.

'So cute, like a kitten', Alischa thought as she opened her eyes and saw Wararin snuggled against her chest, still lost in a pleasant dream.

Alischa smiled, reminiscing about six years ago. That morning, after she'd crossed a line with Wararin, she intended to apologize and ask Wararin to be in a proper relationship.

But Wararin was no longer there. The empty bed made Alischa's heart sink, just like the letter Wararin left, asking her to leave the dorm and end their friendship.

Now, Alischa was overjoyed that such an event didn't happen again Wararin was still beside her, or rather, on top of her chest.

"Mmm,"

Wararin murmured as she felt Alischa's hands caressing her body. When she opened her eyes, she found Alischa gazing at her with such tender eyes that it made her blush.

"Why didn't you wake me up when you got up?"

Wararin mumbled, moving slightly away from Alischa to avoid making her uncomfortable.

"I was going to, but you looked so cute and snuggled up like a little kitten. I couldn't help but watch,"

Alischa explained with a smile

"Me? A kitten?"

"Yes, very much so."

"Hmph where?"

Wararin argued.

"Well, you usually complain about me, but sometimes you act all cuddly and demanding. It's totally cat-like behavior."

""Then you're a dog,"

Wararin retorted, unable to come up with a better argument.

"Why a dog?"

"No reason. You're just a dog, a little puppy."

Wararin said, sticking her tongue out at Alischa, making her laugh.

"Then I'll be your puppy, okay? Puppies are loyal to their owners,"

Alischa said, pulling Wararin into another embrace and making Wararin blush even more. She tried to hide her embarrassment, knowing that if she showed too much, Alischa would never let her live it down.

"Just try not to be loyal, and this cat will scratch your face off,"

Wararin teased

"Scary," Alischa replied

"Just kidding. I know you'll never leave me, no matter how bad things get. You'll always love me and stay by my side,"

Wararin said with a smile, looking into Alischa's eyes filled with love, making Alischa blush this time.

"Thank you for believing in me. I promise I won't let you down."

"I promise, too, that I'll love you and stay by your side forever. Let's learn about each other together from now on,"

Wararin said, making Alischa nod and kiss her forehead lightly before they both got up to shower and get ready for work.

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"I've cleared all the documents in this file. Is there anything else you need help with, Ms. Alischa?"

Wararin asked Alischa, who was busy with paperwork. After arriving at work, they both got down to business

"So, you're really going to call me that at work?"

"Yes, you're my boss after all"

"Well, I can't argue with that. Since you've finished that file, could you handle this one too?"

Alischa said, getting up from her desk and handing another file to Wararin

"Sure,"

Wararin replied, taking the file and preparing to work on it Alischa walked around the desk and stood behind Wararin, placing her hands on her shoulders and leaning down to talk to her Wararin looked up to meet her gaze.

"If you get tired, let me know. I don't want you to overwork yourself,"

Alischa said gently.

"I'm not tired. I enjoy this work, and I want to help lighten your load. I see you working hard every day, and I can't help but worry about you,"

Wararin replied.

"Thank you,"

Alischa said with a smile.

"You're welcome. Oh, wait a moment,"

Wararin said, pausing as her phone rang. The number on the screen was Panrisa's. Wararin was surprised to see Panrisa calling during work hours. She looked at Alischa, who nodded, giving her permission to answer.

"Hello, Pan?"

Wararin answered. It was the first time she'd answered Panrisa's call in front of Alischa, but she knew Alischa hadn't really lost her memory. She planned to introduce Alischa to Panrisa and Thanamas soon, so talking to Panrisa now might help set up a meeting.

"Yes, it's me. Do you have a moment to talk?"

Panrisa asked, her voice sounding off

"Sure, what's up? You don't sound well," Wararin replied.

"It's Singha He had an accident last night. He's dead,"

Panrisa said, her voice breaking

Wararin's face went pale. Even though she no longer had romantic feelings for Singha, he was still a friend she'd known for a long time. Hearing about his sudden death was shocking.

"Singha is dead? What happened?"

Wararin asked, her voice trembling Alischa, who was standing nearby and overheard the conversation, was also shocked. She'd just spoken to Singha yesterday Despite their differences, she never wished for his death.

"Last night, Singha lost control of his car and crashed into a barrier. I don't know all the details, but Peck told me he died at the scene. He was probably drunk and driving too fast,"

Panrisa explained.

"I see. Thanks for letting me know, Pan,"

Wararin said.

"No problem. Are you going to the funeral? I'm planning to go with Peck and Tha this evening," Panrisa said.

Wararin hesitated, looking at Alischa, who nodded.

"Pan, can you send me the details of the funeral? I'll go with Alis."

"Alis? I thought she lost her memory," Panrisa said, confused.

"It's a long story. I'll explain later."

"Okay, talk to you later. Get back to work."

"Sure, see you later, Pan,"

Wararin said, hanging up and sighing heavily. She couldn't believe Singha's fate had ended this way.

"What happened?"

Alischa asked. Wararin then explained everything to her.

"I never thought it would end like this. I didn't get along with him, but I never expected to hear this news so soon,"

Alischa said, gently stroking Wararin's hair to comfort her. She understood that despite their bad breakup, Wararin and Singha had once loved each other, so Wararin must be feeling sad.

"Yeah, I didn't expect it either. But life and death are natural. Let's go to the funeral together this evening and pay our respects." Wararin said.

"Sure, let's go after work. Don't worry too much," Alischa said.

"Okay. Are you ready to see Pan and Tha?"

"Yes, I miss them a lot, even though I wish it were under different circumstances."

"Alright, let's go together,"

Wararin said.

Alischa smiled at Wararin again, kissing her temple lightly before returning to her desk to continue working.

As the evening approached, Alischa suggested they leave work a bit early. She dropped Wararin off at her apartment to shower and change while she went home to do the same. Then, she picked Wararin up again.

They arrived at the temple where the funeral was being held. Panrisa and Thanamas, who were already there, rushed to greet them.

"Wararin, Alischa, I missed you both so much,"

Thanamas said, hugging them tightly. Her face showed joy and tears of happiness

"I missed you too. Move over, Tha, let me hug them too,"

Panrisa said, spreading her arms and joining the group hug. It looked like a bunch of kids hugging tightly. It'd been over six years since they had all been together. Despite the time apart and the challenges they faced, the good memories and pure friendship they built remained strong.

"I missed you both so much as well. I'm sorry for disappearing and not keeping in touch,"

Alischa said, her voice shaking as she hugged everyone, especially Thanamas, who seemed to be crying the most.

"It's okay, Alis. We're just happy to see you're doing well," Panrisa said.

Thanamas spoke, still crying, prompting Panrisa to pull away from the embrace and find tissues for Thanamas to wipe her tears. Wararin couldn't help but chuckle along

"You sure cry a lot. From now on, we'll probably be in touch more often, right, Aom, Alis?"

Panrisa nodded at Wararin and Alischa.

"Yes, we have so many stories to share with you two. But for now, shall we join the event first?"

Alischa suggested, and everyone agreed, heading into the event together.

The atmosphere at the event was somber. Both Wararin and Alischa paid their respects to Singha's body and sought forgiveness for everything that had happened.

Everything seemed to have ended, even though Singha couldn't start a new life as Alischa had told him. Alischa and Wararin could only hope he'd move on to a better place. Those still living had to continue with their lives.

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"Are you two leaving already?"

Panrisa asked Wararin and Alischa after the funeral service ended that night. She and Thanamas walked them out.

"Yeah, we've been busy. Not sure if we'll have a chance to come again tomorrow night."

Alischa replied, leaving room for Wararin to decide if she wanted to come again.

"It's okay Just having you two here tonight is already great. Singha wasn't always kind to you when he was alive."

"It's alright, Pan. It's all in the past. I hold no grudges," Alischa responded.

"That's right. My issues with Singha ended long ago. Today, we're just here to say goodbye After this, there will be no unfinished business," Wararin added.

"Well, take care on your way back. Oh, Alis, I'm getting married. Here's the invitation."

Panrisa said with a smile, pulling a pink envelope from her bag and handing it to Alischa.

"Wow, congratulations, Pan! So, you're going to be a bride. I'm so jealous. Maybe I should get married, too."

Alischa said, glancing at Wararin standing beside her, causing Wararin to blush. Panrisa and Thanamas noticed it easily.

"What's this? Alis talks about wanting to get married, and Aom turns red? Something's going on here."

Panrisa teased, making a face that made Wararin blush even more, now spreading to her ears.

"Yeah, there's definitely something."

Thanamas added with a mischievous smile.

"You two have such sharp noses. My future bride is getting embarrassed,"

Alischa played along, loosely wrapping her arm around Wararin's shoulder

"So, what's the deal? You can't just tease us and not explain, Alis,"

Panrisa pressed. She'd seen these two stick together for a long time. It wouldn't be surprising if they had special feelings for each other or were dating. It'd be something to celebrate.

"We're dating. We just recently decided. For now, we're getting to know each other better When we're sure, we'll send you both an invitation."

Alischa replied firmly, making Wararin, who was blushing deeply, lightly hit Alischa's arm to stop her from saying more.

"That's enough, Alis. I'm embarrassed," Wararin said.

"Why be embarrassed? It's the truth. Pan and Tha, get ready to be bridesmaids," Alischa said.

"Alis!"

Wararin hit Alischa's arm again, making Panrisa and Thanamas burst into laughter. The atmosphere was just like when they were in college. Wararin and Alischa would find reasons to bicker like kids almost every day, but everyone knew how much they cared for each other.

When they had to part ways, they hoped that one day Alischa and Wararin would be friends again. Seeing this now, Panrisa and Tharnamas couldn't help but feel happy.

"Alright, you two should head back. Travel safely. And Aom, stop being embarrassed. Tha and I know you inside out,"

Panrisa concluded with a light laugh.

"That's right, Aom. We'll see you at Pan's wedding. And we'll be waiting to be your bridesmaids, too,"

Thanamas added with a smile.

After that, the four of them said their goodbyes officially before Alischa and Wararin left.

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"Are you okay with everything about Singha?"

Alischa asked Wararin as they drove away from the funeral.

"I'm okay. Are you worried about me?"

"Of course I am. You two used to date. With everything that happened, I have to be concerned about your feelings."

"Thank you, Alis."

"Sure,"

Alischa replied, giving Wararin a small smile before focusing back on the road.

"When you talked about marriage with those two, were you serious?"

Wararin asked. It wasn't that she doubted their relationship or didn't want to be Alischa's bride. She just wanted to know what Alischa was thinking.

"I was serious. I want to marry you. But I'm not in a rush. Like you said this morning, we'll get to know each other better. I want you to be more confident. When the time comes, I'll propose to you."

"Then let's make every day the best it can be. When we're both ready, I'll be your bride"

"You're so sweet. Can I stay over tonight?"

"What does that have to do with anything, you little puppy?"

Wararin teased, calling Alischa by the nickname she'd given her that morning.

They drove along familiar roads, with Alischa constantly finding sweet words to say, and Wararin, despite being showered with affection, continued to complain playfully.

# Chapter 17

After Singha's funeral, it was time for some people to confess their sins.

The last evening of the week was reserved for two best friends, Panrisa and Thanamas. Their meeting tonight was about what Wararin had told Panrisa about Alischa losing her memory due to some incident.

"Didn't Aom say you had amnesia? What's the real story?"

Alischa turned pale when Panrisa pressed her. Panrisa played the role of a vigilante, scrutinizing Alischa with a suspicious gaze. Thanamas, who was also eager to hear the answer, knew from Panrisa that Alischa had lost her memory.

They both learned at Singha's funeral that Alischa remembered everything but hadn't had the chance to discuss the details. So, the four of them met at a café that evening.

"Well... I told Aom that I had an accident while studying abroad and hit my head, right?"

Alischa recounted, sipping her green tea frappé to ease the pressure from Panrisa's intense stare. She was lucky Wararin wasn't as stern as Panrisa, otherwise, her confession might've ended with her ear being pulled out or a slap.

"And then...?" Panrisa urged for more.

"Well I did have an accident, but I didn't lose my memory. I just took the opportunity to make up a story about not remembering anything so I could approach Aom without bringing up our fight before I went abroad." Alischa explained. Panrisa and Thanamas only knew that she and Wararin had a severe falling out over Singha, but they didn't know the details of how Alischa had wronged Wararin that night. Alischa had no intention of telling them either.

"Your reason is really infuriating,"

Panrisa said. Wararin, who had been listening, found Alischa's downcast face amusing and had to stifle her laughter. Her little puppy was being teased, and it was satisfying.

"Lucky it's Aom. If it were me, you'd get pinched," Thanamas added.

"Exactly. Aom, you can't just let her off the hook. Remember when she was going to study abroad? She came to my house, begging me not to tell you. I kept quiet for her sake, and look at how she made up with you quietly. ignoring me,"

Panrisa said sarcastically, glaring at Alischa, making Wararin laugh out loud.

"I'm sorry," Alischa said, pouting.

"Aom, stop laughing."

"Look at your face. How can I not laugh?" Wararin replied.

"Why are you all so mean to me?"

With Wararin not siding with her, Alischa turned to whine to Panrisa and Thanamas. Her image as an executive was gone, she was just like her old self, always the group's comic relief and the one who got teased.

"You deserve it. You're so naughty, you need to be punished. Aom, don't let Alis sleep with you tonight. Make her sleep in the kitchen,"

Thanamas teased, and Wararin played along.

"Good idea. Sleeping alone might be nice. I might get to call my secret lover,"

Wararin joked.

"Aom! I am really going to be mad at you,"

Alischa exclaimed, making the whole table burst into laughter. The joyful atmosphere that had been missing for years returned, but their bond never faded. They were still good friends, even if some were more than friends. When they reunited, old memories inevitably resurfaced.

Time flew by as they laughed and reminisced about their school days, each story leading to another. Eventually, it was time to part ways, promising to reunite at Panrisa's wedding.

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"Aom, are you really going to call your secret lover?"

Alischa asked while driving back to Wararin's apartment.

"Are you still hung up on that? I was just teasing you."

"Really? You don't have anyone else, right?"

"No, just having you as my girlfriend is exhausting enough. How could I have someone else?"

"I was just asking,"

Alischa said, pouting like a child, making Wararin frustrated. Even while driving, Alischa's cuteness was distracting. Wararin thought,

*"Just wait until we get to the room, I'll cuddle you to my heart's content."* "Are you jealous?" Wararin teased.

"Of course I am. You're my only girlfriend."

"You're so cute. Okay, you don't have to sleep in the kitchen. Sleep with me in the room so I can hug you tight."

"Wait, were you really going to make me sleep in the kitchen?"

"Yes."

"Hmph,"

Alischa pouted before they both laughed. Tonight, she wouldn't be going back to her own home again, as Wararin had promised to hug her tightly, and Alischa wanted that too.

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Alischa's phone rang in the late afternoon the next day. It was her day off, so she spent it watching a series on the long sofa with Wararin lying beside her.

She was engrossed in a scene where the villain was bullying the heroine, muttering complaints, when the phone rang, interrupting her. Wararın smiled at Alischa's annoyance and lowered the TV volume so she could take the call "Hello, sis,"

Alischa said softly, realizing it was her sister, Anchisa, who had interrupted her

"Hey, kiddo. You must be having a great time on your day off,"

Anchisa teased, making Alischa laugh. Last night, she'd told Anchisa she'd be staying over at Wararin's place and hadn't returned home yet.

"You have a boyfriend, too, right? You should understand how it feels to be in love,"

Alischa teased back, making Wararin blush. 'In love,' huh? This puppy was getting more and more creative with her words.

"Don't talk about me. Are you coming home today?"

"Yes, I'll come for dinner and bring Wararin to officially introduce her to Mom and Dad as your future sister-in-law."

Alischa explained, glancing at Wararin, whose face was now as red as a tomato.

"Great. I'll let Mom and Dad know so they can be ready to welcome you."

"Thanks, my beautiful sister."

"Enough with the flattery. Just a simple thank you is enough."

"I'm not flattering you. You're the prettiest in the neighborhood."

"Prettier than Aom?"

Alischa stopped laughing abruptly. She'd intended to flatter her sister but got teased in return, feeling embarrassed.

"I'm not talking to you anymore. See you at home."

"Cutting me off means she is prettier, huh?"

"An!"

"Just kidding. See you at home"

"Okay,"

Alischa replied, dragging out the word. She hung up and turned to officially invite Wararin again.

"Come stay at my place tonight. I want to introduce you to my parents officially."

"Alischa... do you think your parents will accept our relationship?"

Wararin asked worriedly. She never looked down on Alischa's family, she just feared she might not be good enough for them.

"Of course, they will. They've known you since our college days."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. My parents wouldn't let their beautiful youngest daughter stay in a dorm without knowing who she was with." Alischa joked, trying to ease Wararin's nerves.

"Do they know about our fight?"

"Yes, they know I went abroad because of you."

"Won't they be mad at me? I made you so upset."

Wararin asked, more worried than before. The incident had been severe, and if Alischa's parents knew she was the cause of Alischa's distress, they might not want her as a daughter-in-law.

"Aom, listen to me. What happened wasn't just your fault. We were both to blame We were young and made mistakes. I won't let you face this alone No matter what, I'll do my best to make them accept us."

Alischa said seriously, moving closer to hug Wararin.

"You're right. We've come this far. I can't let you go. I'll fight with you."

Wararin said, hugging Alischa tightly before lightly hitting her shoulder

when Alischa whispered something in her ear

"Soldiers usually boost morale before a battle. Can I get some encouragement? We have a few hours."

"You idiot. Aren't we watching the series?"

"Not anymore. I want to watch you."

Alischa wasn't joking. She moved Wararin onto her lap and pulled her close until their faces were almost touching. Her eyes sparkled with desire, and Wararin knew what she wanted.

"Can I kiss you?"

Alischa playfully asked. Since they became a couple, she usually did what she wanted without asking. But being in love meant having fun sometimes.

"We don't have much time. Can we start already, Alis?"

Alischa chuckled softly When Wararin finished complaining, she leaned down to kiss her. But soon, it seemed the one at the bottom had the upper hand.

"Can I do more?"

Alischa teased again. Wararin rolled her eyes. Being friends first had its annoyances, Alischa knew how to push her buttons. "Do you need to ask for permission for everything?" As Alischa expected, Wararin took the lead.

"You're so impatient."

"Can't help it. You set the dinner date with your parents. If we don't want to be late, let's start."

"We have hours."

"If we start early, we can have more rounds"

Alischa smiled widely Impatient Wararin was adorable. No wonder she'd loved her since college

The pre-dinner activities were intense. Alischa didn't disappoint Wararin, taking good care of her. If the series characters could see what was happening, they'd blush. With experience, Alischa had gotten better.

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The luxurious modern house stood out from afar The front lawn was wellmanicured and adorned with expensive plants. A large pool added to the home's charm.

Wararin looked around excitedly as Alischa's car parked in the driveway. They left the apartment later than planned because someone had too much fun earlier, almost canceling the dinner.

"We're here. Let's go inside,"

Alischa said, parking the car. She looked at Wararin and smiled but paused when she saw Wararin's worried face.

"What's wrong? Are you still worried?"

"I'm just feeling a bit nervous. Your father is the president of the company we work for, and I've never even met your mother. Not to mention your sister, who's the vice president. And look at me, just an ordinary employee with a very average background."

Wararin said, her eyes clearly showing her anxiety. Even though she'd prepared herself and thought she could face this together with Alischa, she couldn't help but feel nervous when the moment came.

"But you're my lover You're an ordinary person who's special to me. I love you so much. So, trust me, and let's go in together."

Alischa said gently, reaching out to softly pat Wararin's head, making her smile. Wararin nodded and decided to step inside together.

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"Hello, Dad, Mom, An,"

Alischa greeted her parents and sister, who were waiting in the living room, then introduced Wararin to everyone. "This is Aom, my girlfriend."

"Hello, everyone. My name is Wararin."

Wararin respectfully greeted the three. She'd seen Anan and Anchisa at the company several times but never in a position to greet them since they were high-level executives. This was her first time meeting Alischa's mother, Chidchanok.

"Hello You don't have to be so formal. We're not at the company, so I'm not your boss here. You can call me Dad, just like Alis does."

Anan said gently, even allowing Wararin to call him Dad, which made her feel unexpectedly relieved. Alischa also felt a wave of relief.

"Thank you. Dad."

Wararin thanked Anan politely, feeling a bit awkward with the new term of address.

"If you're calling him Dad, you should call me Mom, too.

Chidchanok said with a smile, getting up to take Wararin's hand and leading her to sit with them. Wararin felt overwhelmed. Chidchanok's unexpected warmth brought tears to her eyes.

"Thank you, Mom."

Wararin said with a trembling voice, which the elders easily understood. Chidchanok patted Wararin's head and gave her a gentle hug Anan couldn't help but chuckle at his wife's enthusiasm for their future daughter-in-law.

"Looks like someone's already smitten with our daughter-in-law An, Alis, you two better prepare to be the neglected ones."

Anan said with a laugh, making Anchisa and Alischa laugh along.

Chidchanok turned to give her husband a playful glare.

"What do you mean neglected? I love An and Alis, of course. We're just adding Aom to the family."

Anan smiled at his wife's words, and Anchisa spoke up.

"Welcome, Aom. I've seen you at the office often. I'm glad to have you as another sister."

"Thank you."

Wararin repeatedly thanked the three for their kindness and warm welcome, which was more than she'd expected. They asked about her life, wanting to get to know her better.

When Wararin shared her story, they all admired her strength in overcoming her challenges. No one looked down on her ordinary life and humble background.

She realized why Alischa had grown up to be so strong, kind-hearted, and a positive force in her life. It was because Alischa had a loving family who understood and supported her.

# Chapter 18

Finally, the day of Panrisa's wedding arrived. She invited many of her university friends, but the couple that caught everyone's attention, even making the bride a bit unseriously annoyed, was none other than Alischa and Wararin.

It was probably because they'd been inseparable since their university days. Despite rumors about their past broken relationship, everyone was happy for them when they learned about their current status.

They wished them a long-lasting love, so much so that the bride jokingly said she'd waited for this day for so long, only to be upstaged by two beautiful women. This drew laughter from the guests.

The ceremony proceeded as planned until it was time for the bride to toss the bouquet. The single ladies, especially Thanamas, who had been waiting for her turn to leave the single life, eagerly lined up. She even dragged Wararin along, who didn't resist at all.

The white bouquet flew through the air, propelled by the bride's throw. The friends waiting to catch it screamed in excitement, making everyone at the event curious about which beautiful lady would catch it.

Alischa, on the other hand, chose to observe from nearby rather than join the group. She was just as excited, her breath catching, because Thanamas had explained to her earlier that whoever caught the bouquet would be the next to marry. Alischa was on edge, wondering if her Wararin would catch the bouquet.

Thanamas's disappointed cry brought Alischa back to reality. She blinked in disbelief as she saw Wararin holding the bouquet, smiling widely with her eyes closed, waving it around.

"Looks like I'll be a bridesmaid again. Will anyone ever take me off the single list?"

Thanamas grumbled, dragging Wararin back to where Alischa was waiting.

"Why don't you spend less time complaining and more time looking seriously?"

Wararin teased her friend before turning to Alischa and handing her the bouquet.

"I caught this bouquet for you. Don't forget to propose to me," Wararin said with a smile, making Alischa blush deeply.

"Even if you didn't catch it, I'd still propose,"

Alischa whispered softly, intending only for Wararin to hear, but Thananas overheard.

"Oh my, what did I eat today? Why do I feel so sweet in my throat? Pan, how much sugar did you order for the chef?"

Thanamas teased, calling out to Panrisa, who had stepped away from her groom to tease the next bride- to-be.

"What's wrong with you? Got diabetes?"

"Of course! You should try listening to this couple talk," Thanamas replied.

Wararin blushed with embarrassment as her two friends teased her Lately, whenever she met Thanamas and Panrisa, they'd often tease her and Alischa. Despite this, she never got used to it, unlike Alischa, who could hide her embarrassment and sometimes tease them back

"What were they talking about? Tell me," Panrisa asked playfully.

"Alis said that even if Aom didn't catch the bouquet, she'd still propose to her," Wararin explained.

"Enough, both of you! Would it kill you if you stopped teasing us for one day?"

Alischa complained, to which Thanamas and Panrisa replied in unison, "Yes!" Alischa then playfully retorted, "Then just die already," before linking arms with Wararin, ignoring the envious looks from her two mischievous friends.

The wedding continued until the end, and Alischa and Wararin decided to leave. That night, Alischa invited Wararin to stay at her house since it was closer than Wararin's apartment.

Wararin agreed without hesitation and offered to drive, knowing that Alischa had drunk quite a bit of wine.

"Are you drunk?"

Wararin asked after they'd returned home, showered, and were ready for bed.

"Not at all. A little wine doesn't affect me,"

Alischa replied, winking playfully as she lounged on the bed next to Wararin.

Since the day Alischa introduced Wararin to her family, she'd brought Wararin over for meals many times, and sometimes they stayed over.

Wararin quickly became close to everyone in Alischa's family, especially Alischa's mother, Chidchanok, who was thrilled about her future daughterin-law.

She even asked them to get married soon so Wararin could move in.

However, they wanted more time to get to know each other.

"Acting all tough. If you're not drunk, why are your eyes so glossy?"

"Why don't you think it's because I want you?"

"You pervert."

Wararin scolded, glaring at Alischa, who laughed heartily before taking Wararin's hand and holding it on her lap.

"Aom," Alischa called softly.

"Hmm?"

"Are you ready to be my bride?"

Alischa asked seriously, making Wararin realize she wasn't joking and wanted a genuine answer.

"Of course, I've been ready for a long time. What about you? Are you ready to be my bride?"

"I'm more than ready. So, let's get married,"

Alischa said firmly, looking deeply into Wararin's beautiful eyes to confirm her words.

"Yes, let's get married,"

Wararin replied with a smile. Alischa leaned in until their foreheads touched, both smiling until Wararin pulled away, feeling her heart race, afraid Alischa might hear it.

"What if I get a headache?"

Wararin teased, recalling their past Alischa, knowing what she was thinking, answered as she had in the past.

"If you get a headache when you're outside, I'll carry your bag. If you get a headache at home, I'll let you rest and make you porridge."

"What if I wake up late?"

Wararin continued to tease.

"Then, I'll wake you up. I'll whisper in your ear that.it's morning and invite you to start the day with me"

"Hmm... What if I want to go on a trip? What if I want to go out of town?" Wararin kept teasing.

"I'll drive you. Even if I'm tired, even if the road is long, as long as you're with me, I can go anywhere."

Wararın smiled. Alischa was so sweet that she wanted to hug her tightly, but she continued to tease a bit more.

"What if I want to eat something delicious?"

"Then you can eat me,"

Alischa replied playfully.

"You're such a pervert and a dork."

Wararin scolded, making Alischa laugh as she managed to make Wararin glare at her again. Then Alischa decided to tease Wararin back.

"What if I want ice cream?"

"I'll buy you ice cream or take you to a shop and find out why chocolate is brown."

Alischa smiled, thinking of the next question.

"What if I'm upset with you? What if one day you ignore me, and I feel hurt?"

"I'll buy you the fish porridge from the shop near the university and apologize until you're no longer upset. But that day will never come because I'll never ignore you."

"Hmm...What if someone flirts with you? What if I get jealous?"

"I'll pinch your cheeks and shake your head three times, repeatedly that I'll only love you and never choose anyone else then tell you."

Alischa smiled with her eyes closed, feeling incredibly happy hearing Wararin's answers. But she still had one more question.

"What if I drink coffee and can't sleep, so I get up to watch a series? What will you do?"

"I'll get up and watch it with you, or I'll find something else for you to do until you're tired and fall asleep."

"Oh, isn't that a bit perverted, too?"

Alischa teased, squinting playfully at Wararin.

"Someone who calls themselves delicious has no right to complain about that,"

Wararin laughed, holding Alischa's cheeks and shaking her head until her face scrunched up. They continued teasing each other for a while.

Alischa, always playful, never stopped teasing Wararin, even if it meant getting glared at or pinched. She enjoyed it and was very happy.

Their wedding planning continued, mixed with playful arguments, until one of them said, "I want something delicious," and the wedding plans were set aside for a while. Then, the two spent the night feeding each other delicious treats instead.

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Now, it was Alischa and Wararin's turn to be busy with wedding preparations. After deciding to spend their lives together, Alischa took Wararin to tell her family.

Her parents congratulated them and wished them a smooth and long-lasting marriage. Anchisa volunteered to help with the wedding planning, with the newlywed Panrisa and the bouquet-missing Thanamas also enthusiastically helping.

The wedding was set for six months later Although it seemed far away, both women couldn't help but feel excited. Alischa often said she wished time would pass quickly because she couldn't wait for that day. Wararin still couldn't believe that she and Alischa were getting married.

Looking back, if Alischa hadn't approached the shy freshman Wararin that day, if they hadn't had lunch together at the cafeteria, none of this would have happened. They wouldn't have become close friends, and Alischa wouldn't have fallen in love with Wararin.

*"How long can we stay friends?"*

Wararin had once asked herself. A girl from the countryside had become close friends and roommates with another girl who was clearly from a wealthy family.

They were friends, living in a small room together, taking care of each other. It was a simple relationship, but they knew it was special. So special that Wararin once feared losing Alischa.

And that day did come. Despite her intention to take care of her friend and her desire to preserve their relationship, growing up brought both good and bad experiences. Wararin got caught up in fake love with Singha, forgetting the pure love of her friend Alischa, leading to many wrong decisions.

Eventually, the question, *"How long can we stay friends?"*

It was answered with, *"We can't be friends anymore."*

That was Wararin's past mistake. But now, she no longer questioned their relationship. She didn't care if they were still considered friends She only cared that today and tomorrow, Alischa was still important to her.

"What are you thinking about?"

Alischa asked, walking over to Wararin, who was lost in thought on the bed. Tonight, Alischa had asked to stay at Wararin's apartment after a day of trying on wedding dresses.

"I was thinking about our past and wondering if we'd be getting married if you hadn't approached me at the cafeteria that day,"

Wararin replied with a smile. Alischa, hearing this, lay down with her head on Wararin's lap, giving her a pleading look.

"They say that if you think about the past, it means you're either unhappy with the present or getting old," Alischa teased playfully.

"Nonsense. Who says that?"

"I do. Don't ask more. But what about you, Aom? Are you worried or regretting your decision to marry me?"

"It's not like that at all. I just thought that if it were only me, I'd definitely let someone as wonderful as you slip away from my life. Thank you for deciding to come back to me."

Wararin spoke from the heart. She looked down at the face of the person resting on her lap and gently stroked her hair.

"Come back, using the amnesia trick?" Alischa joked.

"Well, yes. even though it was a lie, you allowed us to create new memories together again."

"Aom."

"Hmm?"

"From now on, let's create many more memories together."

"Of course, it has to be that way. I'm your bride, after all."

"And I'm your bride, too."

The simple conversation, filled with countless promises, was spoken along with a sweet touch as Wararin leaned down to give Alischa a kiss.

Tonight was just one of many nights to come.

Their relationship, which started as close friends, was like a thin thread that wrapped around them, binding them together.

Despite the many past events that had once made them strangers, the call of their hearts and the thin thread that connected them would bring them back to each other's side once more.

From now on, there would be only two young women eagerly awaiting their wedding day with hearts full of love. And when that day came, they'd hold hands and face many more stories yet to be encountered together.

*We will not just be friends, we will be a part of each other, completing one another*

*We will love each other forever.*

**---------The End------**