

# Chapter : Prologue

Perhaps because princes only appear in fairy tales and Cinderella is merely a fairy tale story.

I'm not the kind of person who is concerned about other people. I have to work and study, sell garlands at crossroads, do part-time jobs, and battle day in and day out to make ends meet. I hardly have any free time because I'm so

exhausted. God even played a joke by delivering another hardship in the form of

**"Liz,"** a level one con artist who says she has amnesia, along with her catchphrase:

“I don't like this.”

Not everything appeals to me! You make a big deal out of sharing a room, despite the fact that you are complete strangers. In the event that it weren't... Never would I let you live with me.

But believe me when I say that this **"Khao Fang"** is not the kind of woman who has a comfortable life. I have no idea how she was raised or what kind of family she comes from.

Don't even think of yourself as a foreign crown princess.

## Chapter 01: The friendly woman at the crosswalk

### Part: Fang [Part: Fang]

Often, I dream that a prince kneels down to propose to me. He is clean and well-groomed, with a gentle smile, holding a beautiful ring box in his hand. It feels like a scene from a fairy tale, Cinderella. His outstretched hand, waiting for me to place mine on his gloved hand, will pull me out of the terrifying vortex of poverty. I smile and extend my left hand to rest on the prince's palm. "Yes," I reply to his proposal, so that the beautiful ring, the palace, and the prince will become mine.

It's something so embarrassing that I don't dare tell anyone.

That dream should have remained a dream. Even though it was absurd, nonsensical, and utterly fanciful, until I met someone who came into my life, someone who made my dream come true.

Truly broken, someone who is completely different from what I had envisioned, the antithesis of the prince in my dreams—even in terms of gender.

### ‘Liz’

An absolute burden in my life, a woman who seems to have stepped out of another dimension.

The story started on a typical December day.

When my friends and I need to divide or assist with something, we frequently draw lots. A 'Lucky One' stick will be drawn, and the lucky individual who does not have to work during that period will be the lucky one. That is the only rule. I've never drawn this stick by mistake before.

And I've unintentionally caught this one more times than I can count.

To put it plainly, I'm not particularly fortunate in terms of making friends or living my life, which includes coming from a low-income family. Poverty is frightening, as many people say, and they are right. The definition of poverty is...

Very frightened. This phrase was coined by someone, and they weren't incorrect, but I eventually grew accustomed to it.

It has become a routine for my body to wake up at 4:50 every morning. I finish showering and getting dressed before the sun rises. Every time, I look at myself in the mirror before leaving the cramped, stuffy room, applying red lipstick to boost my confidence.

I paint my face and give people a tired look so they won't dare to become too connected with me because I don't want anyone to judge my appearance, my status, or the worth of my possessions. I want them to believe that I'm not easily the subject of rumor. No red lips, no strength to walk—it's much nicer that way.

I picked up the silver necklace and placed it on as usual, making sure the bright red lipstick didn't smear the corners of my mouth or my teeth. It's a pendant that hasn't aged or chipped in ten years since the day I received it.

The image of a bird expanding its wings and wearing a crown on its head is carved on the triangular shield. On the right are crystals that resemble snowflakes, while on the left are two diagonal lines. What the lines mean is not known.

I can't recall the person's face anymore, but I do remember how I acquired it. I always carry it with me since it holds memories of my mother and this item I think is important because of her.

I live alone in this air-conditioned room with only a few old, used fans to keep me warm. There isn't even a bed, a computer, a laptop, or a television. I put out a mat with a single pillow, which I purchased from an Indian vendor who sells mattresses on credit for 40 baht each day on an installment plan. In addition to being incredibly nice, he gave a blanket as a gift.

"Today, I brought a lot. There is a generous car allowance on this compensatory holiday.”

Aunt Kaew gave me a foam box filled with garlands to hang in front of cars, which I had to sell at the intersection close to the well-known department store that is known for its lengthy traffic signals. With a broad smile that revealed a few crow's feet, she handed me the box. In answer to my own aunt, I gave a small smile and picked up the package, holding it close.

"Oh, Fang, about the room rent..."

"I remember, Auntie." Of course, it's the beginning of the month. "You can deduct the rent and the water and electricity bills from my wages like always," I said while slipping my feet into the black sneakers, stepping on the back of them, and walking out of the room. One hand tucked the foam box under my arm, and the other took out the key to unlock the door of room 102 before turning back to Auntie Kaew again. "And please show me the water and electricity bills too."

Saying it with a smile, I walked down the dimly lit corridor holding the box, not waiting to meet Aunt Kaew's gaze, who could only offer a dry smile in return.

We had a little issue three months ago. I started to wonder why the water and electricity bills for my room were so high even though there was no air conditioning and very few electrical appliances. So, I asked to see the bill, and it turned out that Aunt Kaew had been adding extra charges all along as a scam.

How could this happen? I'm her real nephew! How could she dare add 100 baht more?

That amount is more than three meals for me. And if you're wondering how I can survive on that much money in the heart of Bangkok for more than three meals, I can simply say that my main food is instant noodles paired with canned fish.

It's so delicious; don't tell anyone because no one wants to know.

Now that I'm telling you my own history, let me warn you that it might feel like you're watching a drama show.

I am "Khao Fang," or my real name, Miss Falada Naiyai. Actually, I don't know why my surname has a "Y" character. Why have a "Y" in the middle of the surname? Maybe so it doesn't get repeated by anyone else. That's probably why this surname exists. Never mind.

I just turned 22 two months ago. I am a fourth-year university student majoring in International Business Administration. Right now, I am on a short break, waiting to start the second semester.

I happened to get a scholarship from a high school in the provinces, so I managed to get into a famous private university. However, it turned out to be a faculty that didn't match my interests at all. Honestly, I wanted to study something easier than this, but when I got the scholarship, I didn't have the right to choose. They only asked if I would accept or not.

Naturally, I went with option number one. Despite my terrible English, anything is possible with enough work. I can now listen, talk, write, and read well in English and comprehend conversations with people from other countries. My inability to afford international travel is the sole issue.

My life, if I were to tell it, would be so dramatic that it could make the judges cry on a show, just as I warned.

I do various jobs. Selling garlands is my main job. The secondary jobs I occasionally take up include working as a 7-Eleven employee, a fried chicken shop employee, a receptionist, a car wash employee, translating documents from English to Thai, typing reports, and tutoring.

If a child in elementary school isn't scared of my look when they do a wrong answer on their homework, then...

Such as the incident three weeks ago.

"I told you, when 'the' is in front of a, e, i, o, u, it changes to be pronounced as 'di', not 'the'. Look me in the eye!" "The word 'the' is used with consonants, 'di' is used with vowels. Who taught you to pronounce 'the end'? Call the teacher who taught you to discuss this!"

The third-grader tightened up after hearing it, shivered, sobbed, and rushed to inform his mother that I was actually a giant in disguise. "Hello, little one, you're too into Phra Aphai Mani. I'm like a fairy coming to help the child who needs to practice English."

Let's talk about my modes of transportation, which range from hundreds of thousands to millions: buses, songthaews, and the sky train. When I go back to visit my family in the provinces, I take a tour bus. My friends in the group are used to seeing me struggle to get off the songthaew, so they think I only ride songthaews. By the way, have you ever noticed the back of the bus? It's a Benz symbol, just so you know.

If we were to trace back to why I live my life this way, we would have to go back around 7 years ago, when I was only 15 years old; that year was a year of loss. At the beginning of the year, my mother passed away from heart failure, and by the end of the year, my father lost his right leg due to the factory's substandard machinery.

That illegal factory didn't pay us. My father was tricked because he accepted a small bribe and accidentally signed a settlement. And even though that damn factory has been shut down, my father had to quit his job to sell pandan-flavored desserts, going around to meet at school gates where there were kids. Even though those kids ignored my father's desserts and preferred the new, bland-tasting foods instead.

With just my father's income, he can't possibly support two daughters. My older sister doesn't even think about continuing her studies; she has the ambition to marry a district chief, a police officer, or simply someone with a title, so she won't have to struggle. This is completely opposite to my way of thinking.

Sister Sali got to marry a police officer as she wished, but it didn't make her status any better.

So, I came to study with a scholarship, aiming to find a stable job after graduating with my bachelor's degree. My father always said that if it gets too tough, I should just come back home and help sell goods instead. But I always replied that it was okay. I want our family to have a house with a small garden to plant trees, a car, and an air-conditioned bedroom that we can keep cool without worrying about the electricity bill. All of that can happen if I persevere.

Or if I marry a rich person and become like Cinderella, I'm okay with that...

The latter possibility is very unlikely. Not everyone is as lucky as the heroine in the drama. So, it's better to make the first one a reality.

Come on, let's go sell garlands.

Arriving at the intersection near the mall, the weather at six in the morning was still not too hot. I placed the foam box at the usual corner, opened it, counted the number of garlands, and counted the bottles of orange juice that Aunt Kaew had brought for me to sell as an extra.

I will receive 300 baht from Auntie if I labor a full day selling garlands at crossroads. She will give me half if I work only half a day. However, I will receive 50 baht if I simply come and go because I have courses. Never once have I grumbled about it. I've decided to work full days and take part-time jobs in the evenings somewhere now that December has arrived, which is the school break.

Check the items.

Complete garland

Orange juice is complete.

Okay, ready to sell.

I took a black mask out of my bag and put it on to protect against dust on the road. Then I followed it up by putting on a cap and arm sleeves on both arms to prevent sunburn, as all my long-sleeved shirts were still unwashed, leaving only short-sleeved ones.

The truth is, I only have one long-sleeved shirt...

The working time started from the end of the counting. When the traffic light turns red, I take out the steering wheels along with five bags of orange juice. Then, I step forward to see if any car will lower the window and call me over.

It's a compensatory holiday today. There are a lot of automobiles. I've heard that a foreign singer's concert and new films are happening simultaneously. There are a lot of cars when there are a lot of people. I'm secretly worn out beforehand. The pay stays the same no matter how hard I try. The sun is merciless from late morning onward. Furthermore, there is very little time for sitting and relaxing. I have to sprint to the side where the light is red and move around in this manner if the light on this side becomes green. I have to sell them all since the aunt will have the drivers bring the steering wheels to refill by noon. Then I go quickly in the evening to do other work.

That is the cycle of life during the university break.

When the semester starts, it means another task will be added to my responsibilities. We refer to that type of labor as attending school.

“Hey, hey.”

A man rolled down the window of a white sedan and beckoned me to come closer. I quickly walked over, raising the steering wheel and a bag of orange juice, wondering what he wanted. The person behind the wheel turned to the young woman in the passenger seat, who was busy rummaging through her leather bag.

"Darling, I heard you were complaining that you wanted to drink orange juice. How many bottles should I get?" The young man asked in a teasing tone.

‘Sweetheart’

The woman paused, turned to look at me as I was about to grab the orange juice bag, but then she frowned and shot an annoyed glance at her boyfriend.

"No, I don't want to drink it anymore," she said, her voice tinged with dissatisfaction.

"Oh!" Just a moment ago—

"I told you I don't want to drink it anymore. Can you listen for once?!"

After being yelled at, the man who seemed to be afraid of his wife finally gave in. He turned to me and apologized softly, as if he didn't want the orange juice anymore. I understood him. After all, his girlfriend didn't want to drink it, so it wouldn't be right to buy it and have an argument. However, what made me numb was the high-pitched voice of a woman that came out before the glass door was completely closed.

"People who walk around selling like this have dirty hands."

I'm not really used to these words or sentences.

But I'm used to this tone of voice, the tone that sounds like the other person is looking down on you.

Whether it's when a customer at a car wash starts getting angry because their car is taking too long, or at a restaurant where they want us to wipe the table a few more times until it's cleaner than before.

Some people convey those looks without realizing it, or maybe they knew from the start. I can't say for sure. Anyway, I don't hold it against them; I just do what they want. In this case, it's to walk away.

Even so, my hands aren't dirty.

I take a shower and clean my hands, nails, and body thoroughly every day and never let them get dirty before handling things for sale...

If I weren't in a situation where I have to walk around selling goods on the street wearing a mask to protect against dust, I could show off my lips coated with this bold red lipstick and say, "So, what do you want? Come on, tell me, sir." I can't help it if my face looks like it doesn't tolerate nonsense.

On the outside, I seem like someone who would kill if I could.

But the truth is, I'm the type of person who goes with the flow.

But if you ask what I'm known for, I could say that when I get really angry or annoyed, I can curse without even thinking.

You should also be aware that I am a member of the university's "Venomous Media Gang," which is headed by the daughter of the chancellor.

We are typically referred to as the institution's "black spot," the "thugs," the "bad ones," or the "wicked ones." Although I never initiate trouble unless my friends are involved, the truth is that we are simply a bunch of friends who don't really care about the world. We do whatever we want, give back as much as we can, and if someone messes with us, we mess back. Not a poisonous snake at all, anything along those lines.

"Hey!" "Hey! You guys, garlands please."

Then the man, who was the very first customer of the day, beckoned with his finger, holding twenty-two banknotes in his hand, pulling me back into the situation at hand.

5:25 p.m.

K-pop songs play softly through small speakers in the corner of the café, the gentle sound enhancing the lively atmosphere without being too quiet. The air conditioning is just right, and the wall colors along with the stylish decor create a cool vibe. However, the staff member struggling to clean tomato sauce stains off the table is not in a good mood.

"Fang, Phi Nu called. After finishing cleaning the tables, go see him immediately."

"Sure, sure," I replied to my coworker, who is also a fried chicken shop employee, without turning to look. I was busy wiping the table where a large group of customers had just left. As we all know, the compensatory holiday brings in a lot of people, so we have to clean quickly to make room for the next customers.

You see, I'm the type of person who says, "Yes, okay." To be honest, I kind of know why the assistant manager, P'Nu, called me. He...

You need me often, many times, and that's because...

"Can you send the chicken to the two places? The delivery department that went out to deliver hasn't returned yet. The customer has been waiting for a long time and has called several times to ask for updates."

Because I'm another employee in the store who's as familiar with the route as the guy in the delivery department.

“Yes,” I smiled as I replied. Of course, I had to be. I like it when Phi Nu gives me bonuses the most.

"So cute. Then take my motorcycle," he said, reaching into his pocket to find the keys to his motorcycle. "Be careful riding. Last week, a car fell off a bridge after being hit by a truck on the other side. The driver fell asleep at the wheel. I heard they were able to recover the car, but the body wasn't found. It was raining heavily that night, so the rescuers had a hard time."

“I heard the customers talking about it. Thank you for your concern.”

"I'm afraid we'll lose some beautiful female employees."

"Yes," I replied in a long voice, my lips parting into a genuine smile.

Even though Phi Nu speaks sweetly to the female employees like this, in reality, he already has a girlfriend. She is an older woman who is the manager of the shop or another owner of this place. Phi Nu loves her girlfriend very much, and her girlfriend is also very decisive. Therefore, if any employee dares to try to seduce Phi Nu, they will all end up being fired.

As for me, you don't have to worry. I definitely won't flirt with him. Snatching someone else's belongings is definitely not my shortcut.

While waiting in the kitchen to prepare the meal set for delivery, my phone vibrated. I had planned to go to the restroom before leaving the premises, so I picked it up to check while walking towards the staff restroom.

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It's a chat from that group of friends. I put their nicknames in parentheses at the end.

“Yes.”

Jeans (Jeans): When do we start school, guys?

After a while, the LINE group became lively.

I Am No.4 (Four): You're the dean's daughter, Jeans.

Jeans (Jeans): I'm the dean's daughter, not mine. I can't remember. If you remember, tell me.

I Am No.4 (Four): I don't remember either. I was just about to ask.

Jeans (Jeans): Damn it!

Luk Mee (Luk Mee): Go check out the university's page! It's annoying. Are those who have young lovers so infatuated with their lovers that they forget everything? Seriously.

I know that Lukmee intentionally teases Jeans and Four because both of them have girlfriends who are younger than them. And the reason Lukmee often teases the other two friends is because she has girlfriends who are about the same age as them.

In this situation, I would just read on, because this Khao Fang person is the only one in the group who is not yet taken by anyone. Simply put, she is single her whole life. Any man who comes to flirt with her will only last for 2 weeks. I am starting to get annoyed that he likes to ask me out on dates. Going on dates is equivalent to eating up my working time, and eating up my working time is equivalent to losing money.

That's why I don't have anyone. To be honest, I don't feel like there's anyone special enough to spend my time doing that unpaid nonsense.

After going to the bathroom, I washed my hands and my clothes.

A large package of fried chicken and French fries was packed in a box and secured with rope because Phi Nu's motorcycle did not have a steel box on the back for delivering things.

I memorized the routes and house numbers. I started the red motorcycle, cut through the back of the shop, and sped off to keep the food in the box looking appetizing by the time it reached the customer's doorstep.

Speed that can reach the first customer's home in no more than 20 minutes.

The speed that overtakes a clumsy pickup truck that slows down in a relaxed manner

And the speed that made me meet someone who would change my life forever from now on.

That's right. Even though I thought I was riding carefully on the dirt road, a reckless woman suddenly appeared from behind a light pole at a turn into an alleyway, causing the motorcycle I was riding to crash into her and knock her down hard.

"Ouch!"

[Aww! = An exclamation of pain, similar to the Thai word 'Ouch!'] At first I was relieved that I had managed to hold myself up before the bike fell, but the next second my eyes widened when I heard a loud ‘thud!’ As if a heavy box nearby had slammed onto the ground.

It was not anyone else's box, but a box of fried chicken and French fries that I was sure was tied up properly.

There were two things I had to pay attention to: either the food container that had hit the ground or the woman sitting in the street looking down at the cut on her elbow.

"Goddammit..."

I cursed at myself in exasperation and finally sighed heavily before getting off the motorcycle and walking towards the person who had suddenly come out from the side of the road. I squatted down in front of the other party.

Her long black hair looked like it had been washed with water and never dried and was now a mess, falling out of her back bun. She was wearing a dullcolored long-sleeve knitted shirt, which I bet used to be whiter than this. On the bottom, she wore black trousers, and she had nowhere to go except for the red soles of her feet. Just the thought of her walking along the streets or sidewalks of Thailand gave me goosebumps.

"Is something wrong?"

I asked tentatively, glancing over the abrasion.

“I don’t want to say that I’m right, but I saw with my own eyes that she suddenly rushed out of nowhere. The turn is not the place to cross the road in front of other people’s cars. The pedestrian crossing is less than a hundred meters from this spot."

“…”

The other party still looked down at the wound silently. There was only a soft groan, indicating that the small wound on her elbow had caused her some discomfort.

I stood up to my full height when I saw that the other party was not injured more than just a scratch. I looked at the clumsy woman as she walked over to pick up the box that had fallen on its side on the road and placed it on the motorcycle seat.

"Hey, what do you want to do? Should I take you to the hospital or somewhere else?"

But because she still didn't say a word in response, I started to get annoyed. I stopped looking at the infuriating person and opened the box to check the contents inside. I had to let out a sigh of immense relief when I saw that the fried chicken and French fries, which were the main tasks, were still intact thanks to the tight wrapping. Now, let's resolve the issue at hand.

"You, if you don't talk to me, I can't help it."

“I don't like this.”

“Huh?” I paused as I pulled out a spare rope from my pocket.

What?

What?

What is this? I don't like this.

“You have to…” she said as if she couldn’t think of the next word, her accent resembling that of an international BBC reporter trying to speak Thai.

“You have to pay for my treatment.”

"Um....In case you didn't know, our country has public hospitals where you don't have to spend a lot of money, to the point where you can't afford it.”

“…”

"I can take you to the hospital, but only after I finish delivering the goods."

"Not interested"

"So, what now?"

"Just give me the money," I snapped, my mood instantly shattering.

I clenched my jaw in fury, stepped away from the food box, and strode towards the cause of this accident. "Is it funny? Say it again, what do you want?" She was still focused on that scrape, but I didn't care. I grabbed her arm, pulled her up to stand, and faced her seriously. And at that moment, I realized that the woman, whose face was no more than 30 centimeters away, didn't look Thai at all; she resembled a European or a mixed-race person.

And I swear…

I swear it was just a split second that I forgot to breathe, and then I accidentally thought that besides her beautiful face, her eyes, when gazed into deeply, were too beautiful to describe in such a short time. I blinked, hoping this might be an overlap of reality and dreams, or just my own fanciful imagination.

For a moment, I was lost in the beauty of a woman with sparkling eyes, but now I'm sending my thoughts back.

She is beautiful, beautiful in a way that has a hint of a Westerner. Her fair skin clearly indicates she is not Thai. Not to mention her prominent nose and her accent, which suggests she doesn't fully master the Thai language, or her exclamations of pain when she gets hit, which unmistakably sound like those of a foreigner. If I had to give her a grade, she would be like a subject with an A grade and a score of 95.

5 points deducted because of those dull clothes and hair that need washing. I just hope she is friendly enough not to get angry at me for staring and scrutinizing her face for a long time.

By the way, just now I pulled this tall woman to say something to her, right?

"You..."

Her thin, beautiful lips, the corners of which were raised, looked cute but were pale in color because they lacked makeup. She let out a leading voice. Her pair of eyes still had an emptiness mixed with strange innocence, which riveted my consciousness to cut off all the surrounding noise and listen to the next sentence she was going to say.

“A woman told me that if you make me fall and get hurt, you have to pay me. It's just that I happened to... There is a credit card machine, and it can also swipe debit cards. That woman even said to threaten you with traffic laws if you don't pay. But I'm not really familiar with this language and don't know what traffic laws mean or whose name it is.”

Wait, wait, wait.

"So, you're going to pay me, right?" She shamelessly asked, "Are you going to pay me or not?" God....

This is not friendly,

This is a scam!

***Chapter 02:*** ***One more love song would make me sick to death.***

### Part: Narration

1 week ago

Seasonal baseball tournaments

2:26 PM local time in the capital of New Zealand

“Is there any apology you’d like to say other than ‘I’m sorry’?”

"I'm sorry...very, very sorry."

"Hmm, spending $7 million on an overseas trip in just one month?"

“No, no, I mean I’m so sorry that I missed the chance to get a photo taken by the paparazzi.”

Lizabeth flashed a smile to her grandfather before turning her beautiful face back to the sports competition on the field.

Three days ago, a hotline from the palace called her personal number, calling her back from a fictitious vacation after a column in a popular magazine had written about one of the royals' spending habits.

The journalist's deliberately invented words were widely discussed on the Internet and even on late-night cable TV shows.

And...Prince James, the sixth in line to the throne of the Kingdom of New

Zealand, is displeased with the fact that the royal family member in question is his only granddaughter, 'Princess Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw,' her legal name or the name by which she is known.

The country knows "Lady Lizabeth Moore-Shaw II."

She is one of the 20 most watched young royals in the world. Apart from her language and sports skills, her spending is also not inferior. Even though that money does not come from the royal treasury, paparazzi still see her as a must-capture figure.

What Lady Lizabeth spends her money on is not expensive jewelry or any other clothing, but buying houses in countries she likes and a new model of personal car that the manufacturer will always send her the second one in the lot.

The princess disliked the first one because she didn't think it was secure enough for her. Number one may be flawed.

Another thing that the grandfather knew about his granddaughter was that if he did not lure her back by sitting and talking while watching a sports match, his stubborn granddaughter would definitely not agree and board a plane to return to her own country.

So, a few days ago, Prince James decided to order someone to prepare the VIP area of the stands to be spacious enough to have a private conversation with someone who loves playing and watching sports.

"Grandpa doesn't want to pry into whether that 7 million dollars was spent on a penthouse, branded scrap metal, or anything else, but you need to do this for the last time and learn to feel guilty about seeing money as just paper."

But it seems that no matter how much she sees the headlines and gets scolded in a pressured tone, the young woman doesn't feel the slightest bit of remorse.

"Reply and let me know that you understand."

"Why should I be sad about spending money? That money has nothing to do with the people's taxes. Moreover, it is my mother's money, earned from her business when she was still a commoner. And I know that my grandfather is currently handling the new news to defend us. Anyway, please change the title and remove the term 'young lady'."

"There will be no removal of the word 'princess.' It is written in full according to the correct legal standards. And could you please stop speaking in a semi-formal manner!" Whether to use formal language or family terms, just pick one. Grandpa is about to start complaining seriously, so we can choose which vocabulary to scold with. I'm getting really angry now.

“Okay…” The girl smiled wryly. “Okay.”

“Okay, what? Elaborate.”

The man in his sixties didn't care that the famous athlete in the field had just scored a point to cheer for. In fact, he hadn't even glanced at him from the start. The tone in which he asked was filled with irritation and authority.

“Okay, is that an official word, Your Highness? I just found out. The secretary of His Majesty the King has never used this word with you, as far as I remember."

If it weren't for the open air and multiple cameras zooming in to capture the sixth crown prince's arrival to watch a baseball game, he would have rolled his eyes. But his eyes still showed a look of unbearable determination.

"Having a son, he chose to marry a commoner widow and kept telling others that he only had a title but was no different from ordinary people. Having a granddaughter, you acted as if you were not a royal."

"The common widow you are talking about is my mother, Your Highness," she replied in an unflinching voice without looking back at the person she was talking to.

"You should know that grandpa doesn't really like commoners, but not you." The speaker's gaze fell on his granddaughter's slender hands, who was sitting cross-legged and hugging her chest, looking at the athletes in front of her.

The field of furrowed brows immediately responded, "And what's that? You're going out to an event but only wearing one glove?"

"Fashion"

The listeners started to get even more annoyed. “Our fashion is just about wearing it or not wearing it. Don’t act half-hearted.”

"It's not in the tradition."

“But it will be an indicator of whether some people will have their assets frozen by their grandfathers or not.”

"..." Lizabeth had no intention of arguing anymore, and she chose not to roll her eyes at the camera even though she wanted to. The girl took off the clean, white, fine gloves on her right hand and placed them on her lap like someone who had given up and had no other choice.

He's always using his power on her like this.

"Great"

“Stop complaining about me while we watch this exciting sport. It’ll be even better than before.”

“Then act like you’re stuck in the palace. You’re the most watched member of the royal family, the one who gets the most attention, the one who gets the most magazine posts, the one who gets the most invitations, but haven’t contact you for months because you’ve fled to China to buy a house.”

"You need to hire a new intelligence unit, Your Majesty. Not the one in China." She emphasized the last part syllable by syllable.

"Whatever country!"

Then, during the baseball game this time, a young woman had to squint her eyes in embarrassment. Prince James, besides being very displeased with the news that had spread, also brought up the incident from several months ago when Elizabeth returned just in time for the dinner on the occasion of the current king's birthday but was not in time to stand as a royal on the palace balcony.

Many countries are wondering where Lady Lizabeth Mooreshaw II has gone, but the young woman's answer is infuriating.

“I came by ship. That cruise ship from England was great, but I misplanned the time a little bit and didn’t make it in time.

Upon hearing this, the King laughed affectionately at his granddaughter. But Prince James looked sternly at her with disapproval. When they returned to the palace, where his father, the King, had assigned him, the second child, to sit with the children and grandchildren, Prince James naturally sat down and read the royal regulations to his only granddaughter until late at night, to remind her how impolite it was to join the King at the table.

She is the 8th in line to the throne but she is not standing there. How irresponsible!”

In the seventh position, like Father, she stands there with him.

Grandfather is overthinking again; I don't need to stay, and it doesn't seem like there's too much space left.

Just listen!

And many more. The words of instruction poured out, hoping that the 23year-old granddaughter would help her to learn her lesson, but in the end, it turned out to be more disobedient than expected.

“You’ve always been like this… you haven’t changed at all since then.”

What do you want when you talk about the past like this? An apology? Grandpa doesn't think he's the one who's wrong. You should study at the same institution as your grandparents and father.

That's right. Grandpa, Grandma, and Dad weren't locked in the trash can because of that word "princess" being added in front.

'Lizabeth!!!

It looks like someone is getting really angry.

It seemed that someone was genuinely angry in her mind. Listening to Prince James, who held the rank of grandfather, complain was extremely embarrassing for the palace staff. The only way to make him stop was to apologize, and she put on a face of genuine remorse. Even so, she chose to argue rather than listen.

She was indifferent. She thought that the staff might treat her like a child if she didn't fight back. And then there was... Another reason that settled in her heart was to like to displease her grandfather as she did.

But now that I'm not in the palace, arguing won't do any good. Moreover, the baseball competition is much more interesting.

This time, the young woman tried to turn a deaf ear and let him complain about the events from previous years all the way up to the problematic 7 million dollars. Her attention was focused on the competition, while her left ear listened for what the older man would say that would give her a chance to argue a little.

Trust me, she can't help but reply. It would be nice to have a little retort.

When the match was over and the trophy was awarded to the winning team, a long black limousine with small national flags on both sides indicating the presence of royalty pulled up alongside it, and a waiter opened the door for Prince James and Lady Elizabeth to get in and travel back to the palace. However, the tall, slender young woman stood still, unmoving, smiling her thin lips with a mischievous look in her eyes at her grandfather who had just gotten into the seat inside.

“Thank you for the great seats to watch the game.”

"Come up"

"No, it's better not to. I just paid for the insurance and the cost to load the new supercar onto the plane a few days ago." This time, it's not the latest model, but another one that was produced in limited quantities and is very expensive. It's because she watched the review video.

Ferrari 488 GTB, after just 5 minutes, I immediately decided I wanted to own it.

"Oh..." Of course, it means you don't have a car to drive at the moment. So, just sit down and play the role of a lady who is mindful of her spending.

"Not again, Your Majesty. I bought a spare car to drive directly to the airport. The sales representative will bring it in about ten minutes. You can return to the palace if it's not too much trouble. Please also ask my parents when they will transfer the rights to the southern island so I can simulate the Sims stranded island game."

"Liz! That's something that a person without sense would do."

“Oh, automatic door.” The granddaughter pushed the door shut instead of the staff with a smile, making the people inside even more irritated. “See you around Christmas time. Don’t forget to put your stuff in my nightstand’s stocking. I’ve hung it up in advance. I’ll come back and see what I got this year.”

Before walking over to knock on the driver's seat window and whispering softly,

"Alright, Scott, Prince James wishes to return to the palace immediately because his favorite series from the USA will be airing in no more than 20 minutes. Accelerate at a dangerous speed."

"Understood, ma'am."

“Excellent,” the speaker replied in acknowledgement, turning to face the older man, who was a bit stern but still reserved. She raised her hand to wave goodbye slightly out of politeness, but in Prince James’ eyes, it was more like a nuisance, which, in fact, the young woman did on purpose.

Lizabeth, who was around 175 centimeters tall, took her phone out of her long light brown coat pocket, opened the chat app, and used both hands to type a message to her classmate from her study days in London, who had made her fall in love in Thailand, where she had been hiding for a long time. The car had only been gone for a short while.

Liz: Yarisa, do you want to talk to us to hear the upgraded Thai accent we've learned from the royal Thai cuisine chef?

Eyes fixed on when the destination will read, with long legs walking and crossing their legs to sit on the nearest bench.

Early December in New Waljor is not snowy, but the weather is cold and pleasant, just before the onset of full winter towards the end of the month.

She ordered an employee to go buy a cup of coffee from a shop two blocks away from this point. It didn't take long for the neatly dressed male employee in a suit to walk in with the cup and hand it to her just as her communication device buzzed with a reply.

A delicate hand without gloves took the cup. A thin mouth with a slight curve of a smile thanked him without looking up, telling him to go back to the palace as per the order, with a hint of disappointment in her voice because she had just finished reading the message on the screen.

Yarisa: She's busy. I was checking her phone to see if anyone dared to text her or mess with my girlfriend. And wow, Liz. I found that she was texting you like she had no friends in her life.

Yarisa is a senior friend from school. The person who typed the reply is Yarisa's girlfriend. Her name is Linlin. Both are women, married, and currently live in San Diego, USA.

And there's one thing you should know: Linlin is Elizabeth's half-sister. Just as Prince James said, he doesn't like widows marrying his son. He doesn't mind just the daughter-in-law; it's the only blood-related niece that matters to him.

Liz: How could you read the chat that I was going to send to Yarisa like this, sister? You even typed a reply on her behalf. There is no privacy at all.

Yarisa: Sure, I'll marry her and live with her.

Liz: Okay, I give up. It's my fault for wanting to talk to your girlfriend too much. But you can't blame me at all. You have to blame yourself for texting her and not opening it.

Yarisa: I'm busy. Don't forget that I opened a bakery. I have to make a living. I'm not a princess who can waste 7 million dollars and then shows off like you.

"I told you I'm not a princess. What's going on with everyone?"

It sounded more like she was muttering to herself than expecting anyone to respond. But then a deep, formal voice answered, "According to the law, you are, ma'am." The voice belonged to the man who had just been sent to buy coffee. He hadn't followed the order to return to the palace but had been standing still beside the bench from the beginning. Lizabeth furrowed her delicate, beautiful brows and turned her face to look.

"Not going yet"

"I was ordered to follow the lady."

Although Lizabeth held the rank of Royal Highness, which is a level lower than King and Queen but comparable to a princess, the general title known as Lady made the words used in conversation polite and normal, not formal like those used with Prince James. In fact, her father, the Duke, and her mother, the Duchess, were also addressed with polite terms.

Lizabeth was no longer in front of her grandfather, and she didn't care if any of the reporters' cameras were zooming in. She rolled her eyes.

"Tell our grandfather that-"

“Orders from King Albert, not the prince.”

The highest person in the country had given such a direct order, she could only raise her right eyebrow in doubt. The phone in her hand was ignored even though it vibrated to notify her of a message. But before she could ask him anything about the matter, a sweet voice asked the other party's name, out of politeness.

"What is your name?"

"Max."

“Does Max King sound angry with us?”

"No, I'm just worried about the princess's overseas trip. I'd like to tell the princess that if she returns to work in the palace like when she was a child, she will receive money for her duties."

“No, we already have enough money from our mother. I’m tired of spending it.”

Even though her mother was a commoner, she was a commoner who managed businesses in ports, fishing, and real estate. Two years ago, they were in the top 5 in the stock market. This year, they moved up to the 4th position. Even after dividing all the money as inheritance to her half-sister named Linlin, there was still enough left for her to spend without restraint.

I don't know how to use up all this money.

"Yes, another thing, if you want to change your attendant to a woman, you can inform the palace secretary to pass on my duties. But I want to tell you in advance that I am married and gay."

“…”

“Um… I just said the last one, in case the princess doesn’t like being around.”

“Are there still sexist people in this world?”

“You’ll be surprised,” Max smiled slightly, thanking God that his lady was so generous.

Lizabeth did not continue, because while she was feeling uncomfortable being ordered to have someone follow her, an idea flashed through her mind. She suppressed a smile that almost revealed her scheming, crossed her arms, leaned against the wooden bench, and spoke in a good-natured voice.

“Please book us a late-night flight.”

“All of Her Highness’s flights will be reported to the King’s personal secretary, right?”

“Oh, it’s not that private. But never mind. Book us a ticket to Taipei.” She took a sip of her coffee. But, damn, it was so bitter that Max was afraid she had diabetes or something. The girl quickly handed the cup back to her attendant. It was normal for her to throw away leftovers and have the staff throw them in the trash. “Add a couple of lumps of sugar. Do you think sugar and cream are so expensive that you’re helping the coffee shop save on ingredients?”

"I'm going to buy a new glass now."

“Bring some donuts too.”

“Yes, I’m really sorry, Madam,” the young man said as he pulled out his phone from his suit to take care of the ticket booking business together.

“Next time, don’t forget about it.” The other person’s face didn’t express annoyance or dissatisfaction with Max, but rather the bitterness that lingered on the tip of her tongue. Lizabeth wasn’t a hot-tempered girl, but a naively willful girl.

In short, it indicates that the individual genuinely believes what they say. The young woman, who has a degree in economics and management, does not claim to be an expert on the world, particularly because she has never carried less cash in her wallet than what would be required to purchase an entire car. “Yes, two tickets to Taipei, two first-class seats for the purple passport and an accompanying person.”

Since in this country, the passports of the royals are separated by color as purple, Max said so in such a way that the other party would understand immediately. He estimated the time to be finished as the 10 pm flight as the princess had requested, which was a bit late. He walked to throw the expensive coffee cup in the public trash can, hung up, and dialed the royal number to report the princess's departure from the country, then went straight to buy a new cup of coffee to make up for it.

The one who gave the order looked at the necessary follower with a pitying smile. Max had no idea that he was about to have a severe headache in just a few hours.

She felt like he was a character in her favorite game, The Sims.

7:40 p.m.

Max looked down at the clock nervously after twenty minutes ago when Lizabeth had gone to the bathroom, and even though there were still several hours before boarding, she still hadn't returned to the lounge. The lady's phone and personal bag were left with him, and her luggage had already been loaded onto the plane. He didn't think the other party would easily run off and buy another flight. If he weren't a man, he would have followed her to the bathroom by now. This was the disadvantage of being an attendant of the opposite sex.

25 minutes have passed

26 minutes have passed.

27

28…

Almost twenty-nine minutes in, the phone that the lady had left with her vibrated. There was an incoming call. Max had no right to be rude and answer it if the caller's name wasn't displayed on the screen as a hidden message.

“Max, you’ve been scammed!!

[You're not suited for this job, Max. I'm sorry you're getting fired.]

A cheerful voice said after the young man answered the call.

“Your Highness, are you already on the plane?”

[Who the hell is calling from the plane? We're in another lounge and the flight attendant has just arrived to help us board.] On some airlines, first class passengers don't have to wait at the gate.

“But your phone and bag are with me.”

[That's a spare iPhone X. We stopped using it since Apple released the new one. The wallet you have with you has no cards, just money, so it looks heavy. I told you you'd definitely get fired, either by our grandfather or our great-grandfather.] Followed by a soft laugh.

“Lady…”

[Don't bother looking for me. We're getting on the plane. Bye Max. We'll arrange a new job for you and give you some consolation money when we get back to the country. It's going to be tough for a while. Oh, I almost forgot to mention, you can keep the phone and the cash in your pocket. Consider it compensation.]

After speaking, the other party immediately cut off the call, probably because they were boarding the plane.

Max gritted his teeth in frustration at his mistake. King had warned from the beginning how difficult it would be to find a secretary or assistant for this lady.

Prince James had just reminded him that Lizabeth had already loaded a supercar in advance to her destination country, so there might only be the process of picking up the car. If he had just been suspicious and checked which country the princess had loaded it to, she wouldn't have had to book a ticket to Taipei in vain.

The young man ran to the front of the large board of the flight, which was nearby, and estimated that the princess was boarding.

'BKK'

“Compensation money or retirement pension, if I choose the first one,

I’m crazy.”

A deep voice spoke softly, as if he was telling the lady who could not hear it right now. Max dragged out the voice like someone with a headache in his throat, grabbed his phone, and pressed a call to someone who could help him find someone.

“I am at XXX Airport. I need three more attendants for Lady Lizabeth. I'll explain the details to them when they arrive. I want to emphasize that everything is fine. The flight to Taipei is slightly delayed, but... I need those three assistants urgently as if you were fleeing to another country."

Because it was a 13-hour flight, the first-class cabin at the front of the plane, with its 12 private locks, was always staffed by flight attendants. Lizabeth took out her headphones and plugged them into her phone. The airline's headphones usually blocked out noise better than the ones she had brought. She connected to the Wi-Fi with the passcode the flight attendants had given her, played some music on an app, and then glanced at the menu book next to her tablet. She picked it up and flipped through it.

It seemed that the menu made her beautiful eyebrows furrow, her eyes still scanning through the menu, but her hand reached out to press the button to call the waiter.

“Can you please bring us the business class menu instead?” She locked eyes with the flight attendant, who was wearing the airline’s uniform. She was immediately surprised at why Princess Lizabeth would want to see the business class menu, which offered cheaper meals and fewer options.

“This is the menu for first class...”

“It looks delicious.”

"Yes?"

“The first class menu looks too delicious, but the taste of the food on the plane is different from eating it on the ground. The deliciousness may be reduced by 20%.”

So we’ll save these items for eating at the airport, and then eat something more ordinary on the air.”

“But Your Highness, we have never switched the menu between these two levels before-”

“…”

Her chin resting on her hand and her gaze overlapping made the person who was trying to persuade her not even finish her sentence, but she knew that her eyes were asking in a short way, “Is it really not possible?”

"I understand. I'll bring you a menu of business class meals to choose from." Before he could finish speaking,

"Wait a moment"

“Yes, sir?”

“Come and make the bed in half an hour, okay? We might take a nap

first.”

"Sure"

First class is usually the most special class in terms of service, privacy, food, entertainment and comfort. If it's a long flight, beds will be made and meals will be served until the plane lands. Next comes business class and finally economy class, which Lizabeth would never even think of going to experience.

The young woman turned her attention back to the window. The big TV and tablet were unnoticed. Her crossed feet wiggled to the rhythm of the music in her headphones, playing her favorite international song, Payphone by Maroon 5.

'...If Happy Ever After did exist

[...ถา้ หากความสขุ ชว่ั นิรนั ดรม์ อี ย่จู รงิ ]

I would still be holding you like this

[ฉันคงยงั กอดกอดคณุ อย่ไู วอ้ ย่างนี]้

All those fairy tales are full of shit.

[แต่เทพนิยายพวกน้ันมนั โกหกทง้ั เพแหละ]

One more stupid love song, I'll be sick'

[เพลงรกั โง่ ๆ อกี เพลงฉันคงเอยี นตาย]

There was only one part that she agreed with.

*'All those fairy tales are full of shit'*

That's all....

@Bangkok

Around 9:30 AM, Elizabeth got off the plane and checked in for her luggage and large items such as the pre-loaded car. To be honest, the paperwork and insurance involved in moving a car overseas was a hassle, even if it was just a temporary tourist. However, with her surname Mooreshaw as her guide, everything was a breeze.

It's not just a surname. The correct way to call it is the royal family.

It was drizzling as a red left-hand drive supercar worth about twenty million baht sped along an empty road at almost 10:30 p.m.

By the time she waited for her luggage, finished her business, and had a meal at the airport, she only started feeling jet-lagged after moving away from the airport. She was unlikely to be able to sleep even once she got home. Her body hadn't adjusted yet, so she was fully awake. Besides, she had already slept on the plane for a few hours.

Rrrr!

The phone screen on the dashboard of the car lit up, revealing the number of the iPhone X that she had left with the idiot Max. Lizabeth turned the steering wheel accordingly.

She laughed cheerfully, letting her guess. Max definitely doesn't want to get fired; he must have followed her to Thailand, along with more annoying followers.

Her great-grandfather, or the head of state, seemed to be overly concerned about her, or was afraid that she would act too reserved and be photographed by the paparazzi. The palace has been more vocal about her than any other member of the royal family.

The Mooreshaw dynasty has a long history spanning hundreds of years. The current monarch, King Albert VI, has two sons, Prince Robert and Prince

James. Of course, since the first child is always first in line to the throne, when he has a son or daughter, both the title and line of succession will be higher than the second child, the junior prince.

While Prince Robert has two sons and daughters, and two grandchildren who are directly in line to the throne, Prince James has only one son, Richard, and Richard also has one daughter, Lizabeth.

By law and according to King Albert's wishes, her other greatgranddaughter should be given the title of Princess on an equal footing with the other great-grandchildren. However, she seemed to be very irritated by the word Princess. Perhaps it was because during her high school days when she was sent to study in London, England, there were some delinquents who would harass and bully her while she was still young. They would often say the word "Princess" in a sarcastic tone.

And then there was... there was something more that made her angry at her grandfather for sending her to that school.

Rrrrrr!

Max's call rang out again, probably for the third time. Her narrow, frameless eyes and the usual make-up looked around curiously, wondered just how persistent this man could be. Finally, Lizabeth decided to plug in her Bluetooth earphones, wanting to know what was wrong with him. But when she answered the call, the deep voice made her shoulders flinch in surprise.

[Where are you?]

"Father..."

[A jerk called my father and said that the child tricked them into booking a ticket to Taipei, but I ran away to Thailand alone. So he called me on a conference call.]

“Father doesn’t like this.”

[Refrain from speaking to me in a way that irritates me. Contact the one who came to the meeting, call, and ask him where he is in the world. Don't make your father even angrier.]

“Okay, you don’t have to sound so serious. You’re threatening like that. The kid can just tell Dad and Max about being in Thailand.”

[...]

"Listen carefully," the voice lowered, almost like a whisper.

[...]

“Currently at...”

[...]

"Under the sky and on the ground"

[You little brat!!!]

A sharp, furious shout echoed, causing both his mischievous daughter, who was driving while laughing heartily, and her follower, Max, to wince. The Duke was getting more and more irritated with his daughter's amused reaction. He raised his voice once more, but this time it was an order to the other person in the conference call.

[Go and bring this child back to the palace, then report to our father and grandfather so they can decide what to do with the princess.]

[Yes, sir] Max responded.

“It’s so scary~ Come find me quickly at BKK, or the full name is Bangkok, the Great City, the Amarattanakosin, the Mahintharayutthaya, the Great Dilok Phop, the Noppharat Ratchathani Burirom, the Great Palace ...

[Seize all cards in the child's name as well.]

“Oh, there’s a pile of cash in the safe at home. I wonder if it will be difficult while waiting for Maggie to come and arrest her.”

Because he was afraid that he wouldn't be able to hold back from yelling again, or else he would get really mad, the Duke hung up the phone. His only daughter, who was starting to get on his nerves, had no remorse, which made Lizabeth laugh like crazy. She was alone in the car driving on a rainy night road, and she woke up with her slender hands taking off her Bluetooth earphones and throwing them to the seat next to her. She smiled slightly, proud of finally being able to recite the name of the longest capital city in the world correctly after having memorized it for so long.

Rrrrr!

The phone vibrated again as the rain started to fall heavier, but this time it was incoming message

Mom: You made Dad angry again. This time, I can't help you.

Mom: As for the southern island, if you behave better, I'll have someone take care of it for you. But don't use it to simulate being stranded on an island or anything like that. You're all grown up now. Too old to be messing around, getting on people's nerves, or doing useless things. If you're really free, you can just lie around.

The good girl had not picked it up to read yet because she was paying attention to the pickup truck in front of her that was driving slowly but staying in the right lane. Furthermore, it had not yet tied a red cloth to cover the sharp iron rod that was protruding from the truck.

It looks like he was transporting those logs somewhere in the middle of the night. And the fact that he turned on his right turn signal when he was already on the right indicates that he was either sleepy or drunk.

The beautiful pair of eyebrows slightly furrowed, the smile from the previous incident gone. She flicked on her turn signal, intending to swerve from the left because she was afraid that those iron bars would fall and hit her like in the accidents that were often found in the news, especially on a bridge crossing a river like this.

It was the first time a young woman would overtake on the left in a country where the steering wheel dictates that cars should be on the right.

The moment she took advantage of her speed and pulled ahead of the pickup truck, the Mooreshaw lady let out a soft breath as she realized she had safely passed the long, fearsome iron.

She reached out to grab her phone, remembering that earlier, her eyes had caught sight of her mother, who had sent her a long text message.

And at that moment, the sound of wheels rubbing against the road came from the other side. Her ears sensed that it was approaching quickly. But in just a split second when she turned her face to see what was causing the sound, a large truck on the other lane of the road had skidded towards her. She immediately widened her eyes. Instinct ordered her brain to turn both hands to the left to avoid it immediately.

Boom!!!!

The front of the car spun around, the side of the car was hit, and both ears were ringing, stubbornly.

I forgot to breathe, I forgot that my heart was still beating. Everything seemed to go completely white. I only knew that a truck had swerved across the bridge, causing the red supercar that had only been driving on the roads in Thailand for a few hours to crash into the thick barrier, causing the entire car to fall off the bridge.

The sound of the water breaking echoed throughout the area. The airbags that had been popping up since the moment the car was shaken squeezed her body, making it difficult and uncomfortable to move. Outside the car window, there was only water, darkness, and pressure that made Lizabeth's breathing become shorter without her knowing it.

The first thought that came to mind in a flash

‘God help me...’

Followed by a moment of nostalgia

‘Not yet....I've created the southern island to simulate The Sims.’

***Chapter 03: The thief is at the next door.***

### Part: Fang (Part: Fang]

"No need to go to the hospital anymore. Let's go to the police station like this."

I let go of the other person who was two to three centimeters taller and spoke with a pouty face.

Maybe it's because of the evening sunlight that got in her eyes. Maybe it's because of the hot and stuffy weather combined with the long-sleeved jacket from the shop she was wearing. Maybe it's because of the loud exhaust of the motorcycle that just passed by. And maybe it's because she was disappointed by the woman at 12 o'clock. That woman was rubbing the scar on her right elbow with her left hand.

Good-looking. …she don't seem like a bunch of crooks at all.

In my head I thought like that.

Actually, I like your lips, but not that much.

"Do you want to admit your mistake or call the police to sort it out?" My voice was harsh as I offered the options.

She stopped her hand from touching the crazy wound and looked up at me. “Which way will I get the money from you?”

Huh! Answering a question with a question, putting on a frontal face. I shifted my gaze from the corners of my mouth up to meet her gaze, pulling a face to show her that this was not only a waste of time, but also infuriating.

“I don’t have the time to go to the police station and argue with those worse scammers than beggars like you. If you keep demanding, I’ll have the police take the footage from the CCTV around here and slap you in the face and demand compensation for wasting my time."

"..." The conversation partner blinked repeatedly.

“But I have a Band-Aid in my pocket, and I’ll give it to you if you admit your mistake.”

My threat and the seriousness on my face seemed to help. The other party seemed to think that she would be asked for her money back if she persisted, which she would be. Of course, after about half a minute of reflection, the other party had made up her mind and she gave a pleasant reply.

"Okay...you can use a plaster."

“Huh? What? I can’t hear you.”

"We don't want the money, we'll just take the plaster!"

Okay, let's talk a bit.

I pouted slightly, annoyed, reached into my pocket, and pulled out an emergency band-aid and handed it to the scammer. She took it and looked down at the label, which was in Thai as if she didn't know how to use it.

Part of me felt sorry for the plaster, but part of me thought that I was riding too fast and couldn't brake in time, which resulted in a scratch. But I couldn't help it. This wasn't an accident. It was a way to cheat people out of money. I knew that these people were doing it as a group.

Because Aunt Kaew used to do it when I first came to Bangkok. My father told me and Sali about it and said not to follow her example. But now Aunt Kaew has stopped doing that, so you can rest easy.

“Let’s say we’ve cleared things up.” I tied the ropes securely again. After testing them to make sure they were tight, I got on and started the motorcycle.

Before setting off, I didn’t forget to turn to the woman who looked confused about her life. “This kind of job, quit it. Find an honest job instead, it’s better.”

“That one on my neck!” She suddenly opened her eyes wide, pointed at my pendant, and approached me so close I had to step back. “That’s mine.”

“Don’t try to be sneaky. This is mine.” I shrunk my neck away suspiciously, wanting to hold onto the pendant tightly, showing my possessiveness. “I told you to go find something else to make a living.”

“But-”

"Don't let me see you again. I'll really call the police to arrest you."

She didn't answer but instead turned her attention away from me.

We locked eyes for another three seconds, three seconds of eyes that were shining.

The emptiness, it seemed like there was nothing in there, I felt strange, like she wanted the thing on my neck, but I didn't know what she wanted to do with it.

I narrowed my eyes again as if threateningly, before starting the engine and driving away without even bothering to look through the side mirror.

I don't like the way you look at me when you want to possess my things.

### (Chat Group Four Angie, The Naughty Snake)

Fang: Hey guys, I ran into a scammer today.

Jeans: Who the hell is this? Why don't you just play with him? What did he do to you?

Fang: Calm down. It can be cleared up. I'll tell you when the semester starts.

Luk Mee: It's going to be a while. Let's just have a group call.

Fang: Oh, I'm busy with work right now. I just got to my rented room. I'll go back to my room first. Bye. My internet is almost out. I won't be able to recharge until the semester starts. I'll use the university's Wi-Fi.

Then a message from the network provider popped up saying that your internet has run out. If you are interested in applying, press the asterisk....

The round clock face I had drawn showed exactly 9pm. I had just returned to my room and discovered that the fan was broken. Some damned rat had snuck in and chewed on the wires. I swear, if I catch that little rat!

Knock, knock, knock.

There was a knock on the door as I was taking off my hair net. I guessed it was Auntie Kaew. She must be paying me the monthly salary after deducting rent, water, and electricity today. But it's strange because Aunt usually delays in giving money. This time, she knocked on the door right on time.

I answered, “Yes,” with a long squeak, and stepped forward to unlock the door and open it.

"Fang, can I borrow a couple of your shirts and pants or skirts?" Aunt

Kaew smiled, but wait a minute.”

"Auntie, shouldn't you come knocking on the door to give me money?"

“Well, Fang should know that auntie always gives you four or five days late notice. Let’s talk about clothes first. Let me just borrow two outfits.”

"What the hell are you going to do with it?"

"I'll lend you the new female worker who makes the garland ribbons temporarily."

“But Auntie, I only have three sets of clothes.”

"Just one set."

"But I haven't pulled one yet. I'm wearing one and folding it at the head of the bed, getting ready to wear one tomorrow."

"You can take the clothes that Fang hasn't washed yet."

"What will I wear the day after tomorrow? Actually, I have to wear the washed one tonight. As for tomorrow, I'll just wear the same shirt again. I don't have any clothes to lend you."

"Khao Fang, you never buy clothes."

Auntie, please reduce the rent for me!

“It’s okay. I’ll borrow a shirt from an acquaintance who rents a room upstairs. Sorry for knocking so late at night.”

"Ah...Yes."

Aunt Kaew smiled widely, saw the crow's feet again, and led her almost plump but agile body to walk towards the stairs to the second floor. You could call this place a rental room or a dormitory because it was a small building with only two floors, four rooms per floor, no air conditioning, rough cement walls, and the floor had marks like it had not been plastered yet. Anyway, thank goodness for a private bathroom.

I went back into the room to take care of some personal business, such as eating dinner and taking a shower.

I actually lied to Auntie Kaew about having only three sets because I actually had two more pairs of pajamas with a chicken pattern that I specifically wore to sleep in. It just so happened that last year, the university had a Thai sentence recitation booth. The phrase "many chests, many chests, lift the chests, run away" and that one, if you recited it correctly five times in ten seconds, you would win a prize.

Guess who can recite every word? Yes, it's Ms. Falada. Poverty really gives us a lot of energy.

The cold water hit my bare shoulders first. It was a jolting sensation. I couldn't get used to taking a late shower, even though it was a routine because I got home late from work. The human body is very demanding. Otherwise, Mr. Edwin Rudd would not have invented a water heater. It's a pity that I couldn't afford to buy such a device.

I once felt extremely cold one winter day. I solved that problem by boiling about 2 liters of tap water. I mixed it with cold water, which was really cold at the time. I got a nice warm bath. I used a dipper to scoop it up and take a bath. Even though I was still cold afterwards, I really didn't like it.

At this moment, a sentence suddenly popped into my head.

‘I don't like this.’

What are you talking about? You're a foreigner. You're a fraud who's trying to steal money and stuff from other people.

Never mind, it's all over with a single plaster.

After washing my body with a white Thanaka-scented cream-colored parrot-shaped sponge, I walked out of the bathroom wearing a hot nightgown with a chicken-pecking-a-child pattern. It was cold when I first took a shower, but after I put on my clothes and washed the dishes, it was a bit stuffy. Are you sure that the moon floating in the sky tonight is the moon? I thought it was the sun in disguise.

I don't know, or maybe my room is getting warm because the fan is broken.

Speaking of which, Uncle Lert, Aunt Kaew's husband, repairs electrical appliances. I'm not sure what he can do with a broken wire like this, but it's still better than doing nothing. I took action and combed my hair in front of the hanging mirror until it was smooth in my eyes before carrying a low-rise fan and walking out of the room, holding the wire in the other hand.

Aunt Kaew and Uncle Lert's room is on the right. It is the biggest room here. It can be said that it is bigger than my room. That is because there are three rooms in the room. Three rooms means that all three rooms are spread out in one room. The room belongs to the uncle and aunt, the room belongs to the daughter who is in primary school, and another room is for the workers to stay overnight.

The workers in question are the garland weavers. During the day, they come here to weave garlands. In the evening, after work, they like to have a fire circle. Some people stay up late and sleep here. I didn't see it with them. Once, I was annoyed by the cheers from the fire circle and called the police. Even so, they stayed quiet for less than an hour and then changed to a gourd, crab, and fish circle instead.

Hmm... and maybe I should buy some shrimp like them if I have the money to spare. Mosquito repellent is getting more expensive every day.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Uncle Lert, could you please fix something," I said loud enough for the people inside to hear. I knocked on the door and heard Uncle Lert answer. Not long after, the door opened.

A middle-aged man with dark skin looked down at what I was holding and shook his head slowly. “Oh, girl, another fan?”

"Yes"

“Please buy a new one.”

“Uncle, let’s try fixing it first. This time, the wire is broken, not the motor broken like last time.”

He looked as if he was wondering how many years it would take for me to buy a new one, but then he nodded and reluctantly accepted the repair.

I smiled broadly and said thank you. Uncle Lert took my beloved fan and said, “I’ll try it out. Come knock on the door tomorrow evening and call for me again.” But the moment he was about to retreat to his room, my eyes swept over to a familiar person that I had just met today.

The person who wrote the sentence, I don't like this, is stuck in my memory and is making me frown.

That foreign-looking woman is a fraud!

“Wait, Uncle, wait, wait!” I used my arm to block the door from closing. Uncle Lert showed shock on his face and his shoulders twitched violently, but I quickly asked, “Who’s that? That foreign-looking woman?” Before he could give me a chance to curse at what had caused him such a shock, I asked in a panic. It was at the same moment that the woman who was hugging her knees in the corner of the room looked up because of the noise just now.

Our eyes met. Her face was tilted slightly to her left shoulder, as if she was considering whether she had seen me before. Deep down, her eyes looked empty, confused, and fixed. She opened her eyelids slightly, indicating that we remembered that we had met before the sun had set.

“Oh… is that the new worker?” The middle-aged man said hesitantly, scratching the back of his head and looking around wildly.

“Are you a new worker?”

"I don't know. Go ask the old lady."

"Did Aunt Kaew bring you here?"

“Since yesterday.”

In my head, there was a loud 'snap!' I couldn't catch her. I stopped eye contact with the young woman and turned back to talk to Uncle Lert, who still wasn't acting suspiciously. "Auntie and Uncle still haven't stopped extorting money from other people in that way?" I asked with a straight face. However...

"Why do you think that?" He remained stubborn.

“Because last night I accidentally rode my bike and hit my aunt and uncle’s “new worker”. Then she kept demanding money even though she was the one who came out from the side of the road. She even blurted out that a woman told her.”

"Oh my, Uncle and Aunt have nothing to do with it. That kind of profession has been gone for ages. Besides, Aunt just met this girl today."

I squinted my eyes suspiciously. “Uncle said earlier that auntie brought her here yesterday.”

"Oh! Really?" The eyes darted around, searching for a way forward. The eyebrows, almost touching, drew even closer together. "You must be mistaken. Uncle is old and forgetful. Auntie brought it back this evening. If you have any questions, go ask her yourself. I'm off to fix the fan."

Before he could even open his mouth to reply, the door was suddenly closed. He heard the sound of the door being locked. Uncle must have forgotten that Aunt Kaew had just gone around borrowing clothes for the new worker, or the foreign-looking woman. That meant that she hadn't come into the room yet. And if I stood leaning against the wall waiting to talk here, we aunt and niece would be able to ask about the reason why they had returned to having dirty hands once more.

I don't support this kind of thing. Creating a situation to extort money from other people and even using a woman from nowhere as a decoy to lure money. How much can you trust her? What if she brings the police to arrest us? Wouldn't I, who's innocent, be caught in the trap because I am her real niece? That woman doesn't seem like someone who's just looking for work. I'm not sure…

"Oh Fang, what are you doing outside the room?"

Auntie Kaew's greeting rang out. I looked up from the marble floor. A plump middle-aged woman smiled. Her left arm was draped over a T-shirt and pants set that she must have borrowed from the person in the room upstairs. I stopped hugging myself and threw myself against the wall. I got into serious mode.

"The new employee of the auntie is specifically assigned to extort money, isn't she?"

The old lady's face immediately turned pale, but she still managed to respond, "What are you talking about?"

“Evening event,” I sighed and told her about the woman who had suddenly burst out from the sidewalk. As I listened, Auntie Kaew only smiled faintly. There was a dry laugh in the background. I ended the long sentence with, “I don’t agree with this profession at all.”

“What can I do, dear? In the middle of the year, I was running a share scheme, and then someone embezzled the money and fled to another province. That amount of money was not small either.”

"So, auntie, are you looking for someone good-looking to help you earn some money?"

She opened her mouth as if she had something on her mind, and she wanted to tell me. But then, her eyes stopped her from blurting it out. “Let’s just say that if Fang thinks that auntie will let that girl do it again, then don’t worry.”

“Aunt repents?”

"No, today that girl extorted enough money for my aunt to pay off the share."

"Auntie!"

"Oh, Fang, don't be too hard on yourself. I did it because it was absolutely necessary. It didn't bother you at all."

"So how much can you trust that woman? What country is she from? What's her name? How old is she? What was her previous occupation? Was she a police officer-"

“She’s not a police officer, Auntie knows.”

“…”

"That girl has amnesia."

"Huh?" I just exclaimed with a frown on my face. Before I could say anything else, the other party spoke up.

“Come on, don’t think too much about it.”

"Wait, where did you get her from?"

"Well... it's that uncle of yours. He found her."

"But Uncle Lert speaks as if Auntie was the one who found her."

"Wow...this uncle is really good at throwing." The old lady gritted her teeth and said as if she was really annoyed with her husband. "I'll go take care of it in the room first. You should go to sleep. Let's go."

Then my aunt knocked on the door and called for someone inside to come and open it. I had billions of words on my mind, but I didn't even have the chance to say a word to my aunt. Of course, it's none of my business. But what if we were all arrested? I still wouldn't be okay with going back to my elder relative's profession. Even if she said that she had enough money and wouldn't do it anymore, then does that mean that if she's in trouble, she'll do it again?

I returned to my room with a semi-angry feeling, locked the door, and went to get a cream-colored mattress to lay down and prepare to sleep. When I turned off the light switch and lay down to sleep, I was still worried about all sorts of things. Tomorrow, I probably wouldn't run into the victim. Did she call the police to arrest the aunt and uncle and that woman as part of a gang of criminals?

It haunts me because once my father stole a kilo of rice from a shop. It was a small bag, enough for our family to eat for only a few meals. But that night, the shop owner brought the police to our house. I was 15 at the time. I heard them talking about prison and jail and when I saw the police uniform, I shivered behind P'Sali. I didn't know that it was the shop owner's son who had just come back from work and stopped by to ask for money for the stolen goods. I was afraid that my father would go to jail.

Well, it was just a haunting that I could never get rid of. My father himself admitted his mistake and taught me that I should never do that again. Sister Sali and I grew up with the same mindset: we would never do the same thing that night when my father made a mistake.

I lay on my side, shivering, closing my eyes in the sweltering heat, seeking spiritual comfort by visualizing the dream house I wanted to buy for our family.

Speaking of which, I should save money before the rain comes. The house my father lives in has a leaky roof. I imagined a room where I had to put a water jug to prevent the floor from getting wet, and I chose to focus on the present before the dream house.

The next day

Sure enough, I woke up at 4:50 AM as usual, took a shower, got dressed, and put on black and white track pants and a blue plaid shirt that some people like to call a sugarcane cutter shirt. Let's just say I want a sugarcane field to cut, so stop calling people in plaid shirts sugarcane cutters with a joking tone, because they are much richer than me.

I spent about two minutes in front of the mirror applying lipstick, wiping the corners so they weren't smudged, putting on my usual pendant, looking around to make sure there weren't any embarrassing red smudges, and then I slung my old, dull-colored bag over my shoulder and put on my sneakers that were placed next to my flip-flops. Just as I was tying my laces, there was a knock at the door.

Knock, knock.

“Just a moment,” I said quickly and answered first because I knew that it was Auntie Kaew who was holding the foam box.

But…

Today I made a wrong prediction.

The wooden door opened. What caught my attention was not the familiar middle-aged woman's figure, but a tall, slender figure of a woman in a T-shirt and short pants. Her arms were hugging a foam box with difficulty like someone who didn't know how to lift things. And just as my gaze moved up to her beautifully pouted, light-colored lips, I knew immediately who Aunt Kaew had sent to deliver the items today instead.

“Please take it. It’s very heavy. There’s liquid inside on the right side. And Auntie Kaew said that it’s a sacred object for worship. Don’t put it on the floor.”

She is the one who coined the phrase “I don’t like this.”



## Chapter 04: If you want to go, let's go

***together***.

Oh my god, Auntie Kaew stuck a small note on the foam box saying that today, I should take this woman to help sell garlands too.

"They say you have amnesia. I have a question with two choices for you to answer: one, they are lying; two, you are lying to them."

When I requested the attractive foreign woman, who was bobbing her head in uncertainty from the bus veering left and right, to look at me, I knew my right eyebrow would go up in shock. She looked at me and said, "..." before returning to me in quiet, which left me feeling exhausted.

"Let's do it this way, let me ask again. What's your name?"

"I think it is Liz."

"Why do you have to 'think that'?"

"Because we're not sure, but..." Before she could retort where the name she'd given had come from, the young woman moved away about a centimeter and leaned forward.

She lifted the left side of her shirt to reveal her fair skin. At that moment, I was about to reach out and pull her shirt shut because the person in front of me was a woman. But then, when I saw that what she was going to show me was a short Black English tattoo, I felt relieved that she wasn't the type of person who liked to show off in public.

*'Liz'*

The tattoo of the letters that seemed to be incomplete made me frown as I leaned forward and stared down.

"We think that is my name."

“The full word might be Lizard, which means a chameleon or a gecko. How can you be sure that such a short word will be your name?" She moved around playfully. It fits her well as a house lizard, or what they call a gecko.

"Well..."

“Never mind, I’ll just call you Liz.” Just don’t make me so mad that I call you a lizard. “So, what did you ask me earlier? Can you honestly answer which choice it is? I won’t tell anyone.”

“What are you asking?”

Is she dizzy or has bad memory? Feeling extremely irritated, she reached out and pulled the hem of her shirt down to cover her white skin again. “I asked if my aunt and uncle lied that you have amnesia, or if you lied to my aunt and uncle that you have amnesia.”

“Wow…” The fictitious Liz blinked twice, dragging out a low “wow” sound. “I’m so confused.”

"Don't play dumb." The listener seemed to be even more confused by the new sentence. The look in her eyes wasn't overacting, but she looked genuinely confused. I thought that I might have used difficult Thai words and that she probably wasn't that familiar with Thai.

I suppressed my anger and glared at my aunt's new worker before rephrasing my words and asking slowly, clearly, and using simple words whether she really had amnesia or not, and stating that if she told me the truth, I would not tell anyone. However,

“That’s right,” a confused voice said. “Do I really have amnesia?”

"What's wrong with you?"

"But I think that what you're wearing is really belong to me."

“Don’t change the subject.” I slapped the white, smooth hand that was about to reach out and touch the important pendant. It wasn’t hard, but it made her stunned and look at her hand as if she had never been treated like this before. “Are there any signs of an accident?”

"Trace? Hmm, I have a bruise on my right side. What do you call it? On the colored side?"

"Side"

“Side?”

"Uh-huh, my side and head hurt like my heart is beating in there. It's like..."

Thump Thump…

“There’s a bump on the back of my head that hurts when you touch it,” she said, arranging her long hair, which looked like it had been washed, unlike yesterday when it was swept to the other side. Yeah, the bump was really bad, like she had been beaten like a monitor lizard that stole a chicken. She should have taken a car to the hospital instead of going to work. “Also, your aunt talked to your uncle.”

“Talk about that?”

"I think I have amnesia and definitely can't remember what happened that night."

At this point, something seemed off. It wasn't just the fictitious Liz who was riding the bus with me, but my aunt and uncle who seemed the most untrustworthy. I started to fear the risk of going to jail, and I wondered if this Liz had entered the country legally.

"I don't know what night it was."

"Yes, I don't know."

"Don't annoy me."

“What are you talking about?”

“About your memory and what happened that night that you just mentioned, but you really didn’t have your ID card with you?”

“What is an ID card?”

I rolled my eyes at the "Identification ID card".

"How should I have it?"

“Speak Thai,” I ordered, reasoning, “Even though I can speak English, your accent is too British. And yes, everyone must have an ID card.”

"We didn't know beforehand. No one came to ask for an ID card. Did you make up a story like Aunt Kaew ordered me to go and trick you?" At least she spoke Thai obediently, even though it was a bit annoying.

“I’m not a scammer,” I replied, my voice laced with harshness.

“The scammers are probably similar to the national ID card, right?”

"No, a scammer is when you cheat people out of their money. Stop being evasive."

“Your lipstick color is like a winter cherry.”

At this point, my mood was about to explode. The wind blowing through the window messed up my hair, making me even more irritated. I gathered all my frustration and snapped at my conversation partner, "Is your brain so shaken that you're out of your mind, huh!"

"Is-"

“So where did you come from and how did you enter the country?

Answer me!”

Liz was like a child I regularly tutor, no different at all. Uncontrollable, speaking nonsense, diverting attention every minute, and the look in her eyes that seemed unaware of her own wrongdoing. I was extremely annoyed with this woman. Given the choice between staying with her or with 20 kindergarteners, I chose the latter.

The person who felt depressed after being scolded lowered her head.

“Which one should I answer first?”

“Both of you, three seconds slower and I’ll be really mad.”

“We…we were next to the green steel barrel. It was our first memory.”

Trash can? It must be. I kept listening like a judge waiting to see how credible it was.

“Your aunt and uncle met me at night. They called me foreigner. The person we got money from yesterday also called me foreigner. They suspect that I must be foreigner.

Actually, as for how I got here, I don't know. Normally, how do foreigners get here?"

I didn't answer the question, but got to the point, "Prove that you have amnesia."

"I never said I had amnesia."

“Oh, you said you don’t remember anything except waking up next to a trash can.”

“But I don’t even know if memory loss means what you think it means.” “Damn it.”

"How severe is your memory loss? What is family? Go ahead, answer."

“Family?” The pretty girl glanced up, pondering, before returning to eye contact with me. “They are the most reliable group of people, but in the end, they hurt our hearts the most.”

“…”

The person's face broke into a smile from the previously expressionless face. "Even so, they are still our Sunflowers." [Sunflower means sunflower]

“That’s really stupid,” I shook my head at this nonsensical answer. She must be out of her mind. “The only place that can help you is the police station. But never mind, since Auntie Kaew has accepted you as a subordinate.”

“Police station? Translate this into English for me.”

I had to shift my face away toward the window, but I had to stop talking before my eyes swelled and my blood vessels exploded. It should have been a typical day as we sat at the crossroads to work in anticipation of the second semester beginning in December. Then, however, it was different from normal. In the reflection, I noticed a foreign woman staring at me and asking me to define "police station" as I would define an ID card, as if she were talking quietly. I apologize, but I was irritated and chose to ignore her this time.

Family would never hurt us. You must be crazy to interpret it so badly.

"You..."

What's wrong with you now? I expressed it with my face as I turned back to face the person who had called me.

"I am wondering. Aunt Kaew said your name is Khao Fang. What does Khao Fang mean?"

The lid of the foam box was opened. I put on a mask and a cap. Today I wore a long-sleeved shirt, so I didn't need to rely on arm sleeves to protect me from the sun. While I was arranging the garlands and orange juice like every day, I suddenly felt someone's eyes staring at me.

It's Liz. Don't waste your time guessing.

“It smells so good.”

“Good. You’ll smell this fragrance all day long. Because your job is to carry a garland and a bag of orange juice around all day.”

“…” Hmm, Liz might be stupid or she just can’t imagine a garland seller because she doesn’t really know.

"How much did Auntie Kaew tell you about the details of the job?"

"She said...you will teach me."

Before I even started working, I could feel that today was going to be tough.

I put my hands on my hips, got up, and stared up and down at the other person once I had finished counting. She was wearing knee-length leggings that would undoubtedly burn her legs, a short-sleeved blouse without arm sleeves, and no hat or mask. What is that, too? Shoes that slip on? How could she allow you to walk in the fictitious winter sun while wearing those ancient slippers? I mean it when I ask.

"I should have checked your feet sooner."

"?" And there you go, Liz looked confused.

I glanced at her gray slippers and asked, "Do you think you can walk on the streets of Bangkok with those slippers?" Liz shifted her feet to check herself and peered down. Her heels were a little red, I noted. The culprit must be those slippers with thin soles. "Well, since it's your first day, just walk as much as you can. I don't know if Auntie will give you money."

How much do you sell per day? But I have to report the truth about how much you sell in total. Let's count first. 10 bunches and 5 bags of orange juice."

“…”

“Why are you standing still? Start working.”

The two slender hands rubbed against each other. "Khaofang is..."

“What else?”

“Do you have…um…gloves?”

“…”

Working time never passes as fast as in a drama.

Fifteen minutes after starting my daily duties, one of my grey slippers flipped over, flattened like a banana chip by a car. I frowned and thought for the millionth time that day. I spent my break on the road island trying to find the woman who had worn that slipper.

I'm feeling disheartened. Don't get lost or die! The garland and orange juice you gave me are worth five hundred baht.

But no matter how much I stared, squinted, and stared intently at the figure of that foreign-faced woman, there was no sign that she was around.

Oh, shit!

How many canned fish packs can you buy with the money you lost?

“You lizard!” I cursed, setting my small container down next to the foam box. The traffic light turned red and three digits went backwards. Normally, I should be peddling my wares, but because I was afraid that she was crazy or racing somewhere, I left everything in the foam box and picked up a pair of flat, dirty slippers, scanned them, and crossed to the other side.

Don't tell me that just ignoring her desire to wear gloves would make her run away, taking the five-hundred baht item with her.

Running away with something worth five hundred in your hand?

"Excuse me, Uncle," the motorcycle taxi driver sitting and waiting for passengers is the person I chose to ask. "Have you seen a tall woman with a slightly foreign face, wearing a t-shirt and jeans, holding something in her hand?"

Uncle No. 6 lowered the sports newspaper, his eyes still scanning like an analyst, and his hand raised to point to the right. “Grilled Pork Skewers, turn right into the alley.”

“Thank you very much, uncle.” After raising my hands in a wai to thank him, I hurriedly walked to a small alley less than fifty meters away. I remembered that this alley had a street food shop, a food shop with many varieties. The city police were always running around chasing after them. The grilled pork shop that the motorcycle taxi uncle meant must be the regular grilled pork and fresh milk cart shop.

The scene I saw after turning right just one step was the woman I was looking for standing next to a grill that was smoky and smelled delicious. In Liz's hand was a 10-baht skewer of grilled chicken that she had just received from a vendor. It didn't seem like it was the first skewer.

“Hey Liz!”

I shouted with a stern face. Her reaction was that her shoulders flinched slightly as if she was called. This was her own name as she understood. Her face, which could not recognize her mistake, turned to follow the voice. When she saw that she was being followed like this, instead of feeling guilty, she forced a smile onto her beautiful, thin lips that were oily from eating grilled chicken.

"Where are the garlands and orange juice?" My voice was loud and harsh, causing both the vendors and passersby to turn and look.

“Where it should be”

“Where is the right place to be?”

Liz didn't say anything. She picked up the roast chicken and took a bite, then pointed it at the light pole. I looked at it before my eyes widened in utter devastation. This is really fucked up. Some people are just annoying, but this lizard's brain has completely left the Earth's atmosphere. What normal person would put a brand new steering wheel that hasn't even been sold yet next to a trash can? And what the hell is that empty bottle of orange juice?!

I turned around to open my mouth to curse, but…

“I was thirsty, so I opened it and drank it. It was delicious.”

"Wait, wait, wait. Did you eat it?"

“Drink, I think Thai should define drink as more used with liquids. But if you use the word eat, that’s right. I drink orange juice.”

**“Shut up,”** I put my hands on my hips and glared at her. “What are you doing here? No, don’t answer me. I want you to realize that you’re here to work, selling garlands and orange juice. But a moron like you can finish five bottles of orange juice by yourself, put those fragrant garlands next to the trash can that’s now dirty, and even have the nerve to go out and look for something to eat like a starving person!”

"Well"

"What the hell!"

"Your aunt didn't give us breakfast....

“…”

Actually....

In fact, I intended to scold her further, saying, "Even a buffalo knows its job better than you, you idiot." But that sentence was swallowed down like phlegm eliminated by mucolux. Those pitch-black eyes looked at me as if I had a thorn stuck in my back. At first, she probably thought she hadn't done anything wrong. However, after encountering my voice and demeanor, if she still doesn't understand, she's beyond description in her stupidity.

I must say first that I do not sympathize.

I've only ever been extremely hungry, so hungry that I was dizzy because I didn't eat breakfast but had to get up and go to work. It happened one year during the sports day, my seniors asked me to pay the bills, and I had to choose and give them the money to pay for the expenses until I had to eat one meal a day that week.

Because the hunger was torturous, I just... felt a little sorry for Liz.

I crossed my arms and let out a long breath. “These are your stupid slippers.” I threw them on the floor, trying to keep my voice from shaking with anger. “Let’s just say the orange juice thing is still acceptable.”

“Uh huh,” she responded, putting on her bare foot and slipping on her slippers, throwing the empty stick with no remaining pieces of roast chicken into the black bag that the vendor tied to the side of the cart. She picked up another stick and continued eating it before throwing it away.

I rolled my eyes for the third time that day. “But about the garland, it’s dirty and can’t be sold anymore. The sidewalk is dirty. If you try to open your eyes, you should be able to figure it out. Never mind, because when you put it down, you probably didn’t open your eyes. Let’s just say that if Auntie knew, she would just dip the garland in water and sell it again. But I won’t.” Have you ever explained anything to a primary school child? I felt that way. “I’m not you, so you’ll take responsibility for this part with auntie.”

"Oh..."

“The total cost should be around five hundred baht.”

“Oh…”

“She’s already a worker. She’ll probably just have her pay cut anyway.”

“Did we get money?”

"Of course. You work for her, so she has to give you money."

“But she didn't mention it.”

It's strange. According to the rules, the auntie should explain the wages to the workers first. But this time, she didn't mention it?

I don't know if she said it and Liz couldn't interpret it, or if she didn't really mention it. It's strange that even though this girl has amnesia, they didn't take her to the police for help. What normal person would carry someone who doesn't know their way back to work without first reporting it to the police or taking her to the hospital to have the swollen wound on the back of her head checked?

Anyway, let's leave it to the employer and the new employee. I should get back to work. That's right, it's none of my business.

"I'm going to continue working."

As soon as I finished speaking. The moment I turned to head back to the intersection, I sensed that tall figure stepping closely behind me like a shadow. It might not be a problem if a certain voice didn't call out to stop me.

“Hey girl! Pay for it. You ate 7 sticks.”

Then do you think that a pretty but stupid Liz has money on her?

Sure, the answer is easy to guess.

God is playing a joke on my life.

"Khaofang, please pay for it."

**What the F\*ck!**

***Chapter 05 : It's okay to go alone.***

In one of the health-related discussion threads on a popular website, many people shared their experiences of head injuries.

To be honest, I searched for information about memory loss to see if it could really happen like in the drama. It turned out that many people were affected, causing their brains to have a messy period, shortened their memory, blurred, or really couldn't remember the people around them.

But these symptoms will gradually take some time to return to normal. Some people only need one month, some three or four months, and some people will remember them little by little. They are not permanent symptoms. This is probably why dramas often use them.

Put down the phone, abruptly returning to the scene in front of me.

One December day at twelve fifteen, I should have taken a break and was eating lunch alone at a restaurant like I usually do. Instead, I let out a long sigh and felt the utmost regret for wasting my money. I've never treated anyone to a meal, and I hardly ever treat myself.

I was already saved, but now I have to pay for lunch for a woman who just spent seventy baht on grilled chicken.

Okay, okay... When I reached seventy, now it's thirty. I'll go back and collect the money with Auntie Kaew.

Relax, Fang. You'll get your hundred baht back soon.

“What is this, Fang?”

Some annoying people looked down at the stir-fried rice with basil in front of them, bent down to smell it, and quickly pulled their necks back with a face like they were about to sneeze.

"You can't eat it," she said.

I scooped some fried egg into my mouth and shook my head slowly in exasperation. “Stir-fried basil. Just eat it. Auntie Kaew might let you eat it or not. You’ll starve to death. You know.”

That's it. Liz's face and eyes showed a hint of awareness. She was afraid of getting hungry again, just like this morning. After listening to me for a while, she seemed about to pick up a spoon, but her eyes were scanning for something. She searched for a long time until I couldn't stand it anymore and had to ask.

“What else?” Oh my god… I might have to say this a lot after meeting you.

"Cloth"

“There are also tissues.”

"No, a cloth for placing on your lap."

"Nonsense"

I gave her a glare to force her to eat without fuss. It worked. Liz stopped looking for the cloth and picked it up with a fork to eat. She knew that placing the cloth on her lap was a universal courtesy, but we were sitting at a small table in a fast-food restaurant. Was it really necessary?

The first bite was scooped into the mouth of the picky eater. She tentatively tasted just a tiny bit, making a slightly strange face before moving on to larger spoonfuls. It might be a sign that it's edible or at least good enough. I understood that it was a foreigner.

Some people are not used to our food, but for foreigners who can speak Thai like this, they should have eaten it before.

“Do you remember how many garlands you sold this morning?”

"2"

"Do you think it's a little or a lot?"

“A lot,” the brave one replied. “It’s not easy.”

"Then I'm probably a big one."

In fact, what I said was sarcastic.

But…

"Yes," the person who chewed the basil until it was gone and replied with a name, "Because you are the best."

This idiot smiled sincerely and complimented me, causing the hot fried egg rice to lose interest in me for a moment.

Really crazy

I looked down. Except for teaching and translating documents, most of the work I did was manual labor. And no one ever complimented me on how great my manual labor was. No one cared about how well I sold my garlands that day. All they cared about was whether I met my target, whether I sold out the first box, whether I paid enough or not. That was all my aunt cared about.

“Do you play The Sims? I feel like it’s my favorite game in my life.”

I snapped out of my reverie and returned to the situation at hand. “Uh… I have a house worth millions in The Sims Mobile.”

“Oh, for us it’s not as fun as on PC, but let’s play.”

“No, you have no right to touch my phone.”

She hadn't even finished her sentence when I interrupted her. She immediately shut her pretty mouth when she heard my decisive reply. Who would let someone they weren't close to interfere?

With her own communication device just because she wants to play The Sims Mobile. It's a bit funny.

I was almost speaking nicely, but now I'm acting so annoying, you know.

By the way, that's my favorite game. I have a loving family, expensive cars, a big house with a small garden, dogs and cats, nice neighbors, a happy village and a perfect job. Some days I sell my windows to buy kitchen appliances. Wow, thanks The Sims.

I was thinking of something fun while recharging my energy by putting rice in my mouth. Time waits for no one. The woman sitting awkwardly across from me still seemed to be enjoying my regular stir-fried basil dish. She only showed more spiciness on her face, her cheeks flushed, and sweat forming on her temples.

"Ahh..."

Hmm, the guy ate the whole plate, probably because he was hungry and it was delicious, but he still sat there waving his hands around his mouth quickly because his tongue was burning. Even after drinking a whole glass of water, he still couldn't help but do it.

My narrow eyes accidentally glanced at the picture of a glass of Coke with ice on the table. It was a sign advertising a thirst-quenching drink. I looked at her and prayed to myself that she would not order it. I am not her personal loan bank.

"Khaofang, I want to drink Coca-Cola."

"No"

“But this water makes us feel spicier.”

“I just thought that plain water was the best.”

"I didn't think about it. The water in this glass isn't plain water. It's pink water. It has a smell that sticks to your nose and tongue. It smells bad." The speaker stuck her tongue out, exaggerating to show how painful it was to drink it down her throat.

"They call it the ‘Uthaithip water’, and it doesn't smell bad. It has a unique scent that helps cool and relax."

"It's still not delicious. It's not relaxing for us." We argued back and forth! "Coca-Cola, please."

"Say no"

“Please, you can put our stuff in there.” Those eyes stared at the pendant around my neck. I glared at it and put my valuables back into my shirt, feeling even angrier than before.

“Do you have any proof that it’s yours? If not, then shut up because it’s been with me for 10 years. And if you want a Coke that bad, go ask another table to buy you one.”

Trust me, I just brushed it off out of annoyance.

I didn't expect Liz to roll her eyes and think, tapping her index finger on the table in fear before deciding to get up from her chair and walk over to the man and woman sitting at the next table. At that moment, my eyes widened. Another wave of disaster was looming.

She's crazy! She's totally out of her mind. I don't know if her brain has some kind of EQ or IQ, because after the first table smiled and ignored her, the tall owner walked to the next table and made the same request: Please buy us some Coca-Cola. Damn it! I raised my hand to cover my face and turned away with a thin face.

Everyone who comes to this restaurant wants to save money. Other places sell dishes for 40+ baht, but here they only charge 30 baht. That's why if customers in the restaurant don't smile, ignore them, and shake their heads repeatedly, they will tell Liz, "It's not good."

I held my temples and turned my face away. When she walked back after walking around the store, everyone knew that this empty-headed girl came with me.

“No one has bought it for me.” Her tone was reproachful, as if she was expecting me to pity her.

"Yes, I am one of them."

Of course I'm not soft-hearted.

Normally, after I finish working selling garlands until my aunt's workers come to take over in the evening, I will pack up and take the bus to continue working at the fried chicken shop. I mentioned it like that because today is not a normal situation. Someone wearing stupid slippers cannot sit.

She can take the bus back to her rented room by herself. She doesn't understand how to wait for the bus, doesn't understand how to tell the bus conductor, and doesn't understand what symbol to use when getting off. She wants to go back with me, but I won't travel back and forth, wasting the bus fare and time.

"Let's go."

"If I go, I'll have to pay extra for transportation. No way."

"Up?"

Sigh... Someone needs a Thai teacher again, but this time I'm too lazy to talk. I just rolled my eyes for the 10 millionth time and took off my hat to put on the stupid, annoying girl who's a bit taller than me.

"Here, borrow it."

"Not the hat, I want you."

“Hey!” My eyes widened. What the hell was she talking about?

"I mean...I'll go with you." Because Liz quickly corrected her words in a soft tone, I gave in and didn't feel like scolding her, but complained instead.

“What’s wrong with you? Do I look like someone who’s ready to take on more burdens? Your stupid appearance doesn’t seem to be of any use.”

“…”

Is that too much? She can't even open her mouth to speak.

“Go home.” But because I'm the type of person who, once I'm badmouthing, will be too embarrassed to change my words to be more tolerant, I slung the dull-colored bag over my right shoulder and adjusted my hat for her again, a little annoyed. The plain white cap adorned Liz's beautiful, smooth face. I thought it looked much better. “I'll give you some money to take the bus"

"I will go with you, with you, with you, Khao Fang."

“Don't act like a fool.”

"With you, I don't have to suffer hunger."

“What?” You want to follow me because of this?

"Let’s go"

Still have the nerve to smile and sparkle and invite me to go again!

9:25 p.m.

“The two of us” returned to the rented room at almost 9:30 PM. My shoulders were sore from having to lift heavy boxes of Christmas decorations. My hands had been massaging my left and right shoulders since I got off work until I got off the bus. I was so tired, so tired that I wanted to fall asleep without taking a shower or eating (which was impossible).

“What do you call it? Fang, grilled meatballs?”

"Oh, grilled meatballs."

As for the beautiful parasite who was waiting for me behind the fried chicken shop, on the way back, she passed by a meatball shop and stopped to beg me to buy some for her like a blood-sucking leech. I rolled my eyes for about the tenth time before taking out some spare change to buy it for her and adding some to the amount that I was going to claim from Auntie Kaew.

I was already tired enough from work, and when I had a burden sitting and waiting stupidly in the back of the shop, I felt even more tired. I kept asking to go to the bathroom almost every ten minutes, just to make sure Liz hadn't gone astray.

If I had a choice, I wouldn't want to pay for her bus fare or food or take her with me. But some people are shameless and follow me like dog. I shout at them and they back away for a moment. A few seconds later, they come up behind me or beside me. And at that very moment, as I got on the bus, that infuriating person rushed after me and sat down next to me, with nowhere to go.

Liz only cares about food.

If you're with me, you don't have to suffer from stomach pain like Aunt Kaew did. That's all it takes for this girl to follow along.

Since I intended to go get the fan that Uncle Lert had repaired, walking past my room to the front of my uncle and aunt's room and knocking on the door was like I was dropping Liz off. I glanced at the person eating the meatballs delicately, even though she had always looked hungry.

I suddenly rolled my eyes again. What the hell am I doing? Am I a nanny for someone with amnesia?

And when will her wandering mind fly back into place?

"What's up, Fang? Oh, Liz..."

Auntie was the one who came out to open the door. When she saw that it was me, she smiled and greeted me. However, her peripheral vision caught sight of Liz, and she immediately looked surprised. Auntie Kaew seemed to be thinking, 'Are you still not going?' when she looked at her.

I don't know, maybe I'm overthinking it.

"I came to pick up the fan that Uncle Lert fixed for me, and I also brought your worker back," I said. Then, I took a piece of paper folded into quarters out of my shirt pocket and handed it to Aunt. She read it, and it detailed how much money Lich had spent of mine today. "Aunt, you can pay me back when you bring the money from selling the garlands. Just add it all up."

"Auntie didn't tell Fang to pay for this, you know."

"But auntie wouldn't let her starve to death, right? That new worker?"

“...” The middle-aged woman’s smile remained lingering, but the sincerity on her face had diminished.

“Can you please call Uncle Lert for me? I need to use a fan…”

“Ah, okay. Wait a moment.” The aunt walked back into the room to call her husband, without even inviting Liz in. I thought it was a bit awkward, like she wanted to push her away. If she was stupid enough to stand here, she definitely wouldn’t be able to enter the room. So I decided to push the tall figure who was paying attention to the meatballs into the room.

“Don’t wear slippers to work tomorrow. Tell Auntie Kaew to find some good shoes for yourself.”

"Can I not go to work? My feet hurt."

"Ask your own employer."

She looked stupid, gave me a blank look in her eyes, nodded, and walked inside. I sighed that the burden had finally moved away.

I stood there with my arms crossed waiting for Uncle Lert for a while. The fan that should have been fixed was picked up by a finger. He charged me three hundred, and that made me widen my eyes like goose eggs. “Uncle! It shouldn’t be that expensive.”

"Oh, how much is the electric wire?"

"But"

"It's already been repaired. I'll have your Aunt deduct it from the wages."

What a mistake! Because the previous time, Uncle Lert was so kind and didn't charge me, I fell into the trap and brought it to him for repairs again. However, this time, I had to pay a lot of money, even though I had estimated that it wouldn't cost more than a hundred baht. I cried. I thanked him and carried the problematic fan straight to my room.

After I finished boiling instant noodles, it was almost 10 pm when I took a shower. I was busy doing laundry, packing up, dividing my expenses into plastic bags (I would separate which money is for which things). The water from the shower was extremely cold. Tomorrow I have to teach annoying Liz another job, but that's not as stressful as the fact that I have less money to send back to my dad than I have every month.

Boring as hell

When will I graduate?

No, during the graduation ceremony, there are additional expenses. And even though I used to think I might not want it, my dad still wants to see his daughter in a graduation gown.

Today's physical fatigue ends with a strange heaviness in my head.

Check the phone to see if anyone is calling.

Work group chat, friend group chat, and university page—everything is normal, indicating that it's time to sleep. Communication devices are turned off. The night, a time for rest, is dark, cold, and short, not lasting long. Just a brief moment of closing my eyes, and tomorrow I have to wake up to continue working. It goes on and on.

When I enter adulthood, what will I be doing? Will I have broken free from this cycle?

Early the next morning, I prepared myself for the same headache that I would encounter today. I guess the person who knocked on the door and brought the foam box was none other than Liz. This time, I will check her feet. If she still wears slippers to work, I will tell her to go change them right away.

"Here you go, Fang."

Hmm, which was a wrong guess.

Aunt Kaew brought a foam box, and behind her, a foreign-looking woman in new clothes was standing and crunching on dry instant noodles. What the heck? Auntie, aren't you going to boil some hot water for this silly girl? Eating it like this will just give her a bloated stomach.

Liz looked up at me while she was biting into a hard instant noodle. Her pretty lips smirked in greeting before she squinted at the food that sustained her life, suggesting that…

“This is not delicious at all, Fang.”

It's delicious with ghosts, it's not boiled yet!

"Auntie deducted the expenses and gave me the wages. Here you go."

I took the foam box and turned my gaze back to meet my elder relative's. She handed me a sum of money, filled with 1,000-baht, 50-baht, and 20-baht notes. It seemed strangely small. Of course, I thanked her before taking it and quickly counting it. A question popped up in my mind.

“Last night, I was calculating how much wages I would have left. Did you give me five hundred less?”

“No, dear. I’m just telling you that the rent has gone up.”

"Huh?"

"Everything is getting more expensive, isn't it?"

“…”

“Have a safe trip. I’m going now.”

The silence is not because it is easy to accept or understand. I am just stunned, stunned, stunned that this small room is not expensive enough at the normal price. I have to live with my aunt.

Because at least it's close to my mother's relatives. Even though there's a place to rent for the same price but with air conditioning, I still wouldn't choose it (deep down, I didn't want to rent there because I was afraid of the expensive electricity bill).

It looks like I won't be staying in this rented room for much longer.

The middle-aged woman left, leaving Liz behind. She took a strange look at my tense and stressed face, waved her hands, and blurted out, “What’s wrong with you? Are you bored with my face?”

“Of course…” I replied dismissively, shaking my head to shake off the thought. I left the taller person to hold the foam box while I walked out of the room and locked the door.

The sound of crunching never stops.

"Can we have grilled chicken again today?"

"No"

“Please.”

"You're eating instant noodles. It's like she's giving you breakfast."

“It doesn’t taste good. Have you tried it? It doesn’t taste good at all. It’s tough on the tongue.”

You idiot, she told you to boil it and eat it.

"Let's eat."

"Yes, yes, yes. Buy us some chicken like yesterday.”

“Can you please be quiet, Liz? Let me think for a moment!”

I turned to put on my emotions after locking my room. The beautiful face of the person whose name was scolded froze. Instead of biting the instant noodles, I chose to keep my mouth shut. My narrow eyes looked down at the floor, squinting in guilt.

“…”

"Please stay silent like this forever."

When she finished speaking, he pulled the foam box back and held it, and the tall figure led the way. He stopped chewing on that crispy instant noodle and followed me closely, silently, leaving space in my mind to decide about moving accommodations.

Three days after the rent increase, I sat and thought, lay down and thought, took a shower and thought, sold garlands and thought, worked and thought. In the end, I calculated the expenses between renting a room from my relatives and renting a room that I found on the internet. It turned out that the latter option would help me save more money because there were much cheaper rental rooms. I decided to go and talk to my aunt and tell her that I would move but would continue working. She turned quite pale. It might be because the room I was staying in was the smallest but they charged me full price, so people didn't like to rent. Of course, she would lose income.

[But Dad said it would be safer to stay with Auntie, Fang.]

When I called to tell him, my father disagreed because he didn't want me to feel lost. I wanted to tell him that even though I had relatives living with me, it was like I didn't. Sometimes, the workers who were drunk and sleeping on the marble table in front of my rented room scared me. Sometimes, the sounds of playing cards or playing fish and crabs were annoying.

[The room rate has gone up. Dad can help send some money to you.]

“Dad, Fang wants to come to school by herself. Fang also wants to take responsibility for herself. Even when her friends wanted her to stay with them,

Fang wouldn’t take it. Fang can handle the room fee, but she just wants to reduce her expenses. Dad, don’t worry about it.”

[How can I not be worried? Fang is still a child.]

I turned and lay on my side in the dark, my lips smiling to myself. My father's voice was warm like the sunlight after the rain stopped. "What a child, you're 22 this year..."

[Fang is still a child to his father, but he is a very diligent and talented child.]

“No need to compliment me. Fang will definitely not change her mind. Fang has been thinking about it for three days and has already told Auntie

Kaew.”

[Is it really okay to be alone, my child?]

“Dad, don’t think too much about it. Fang can really handle it.”

[Father is worried]

"Fang knows...Fang knows..."

We talked for another half hour until 11:00 p.m. It is my routine to call my father once a week to ask about his well-being and news around the neighborhood. Every time I would ask about P'Sali, and my father's answer sometimes made me feel depressed. Recently, P'Sali had a fight with her husband and ran away back home. P'Sali was also six months pregnant. The ultrasound results said it was a girl.

Having a little one is good news, except for her husband who has problems with her mistress.

"If Sister Sali's child is born, Fang will go see you."

I ended with that, of course I want to see the little niece's face.

On moving day, the only things to take are a fan, a mattress, and plastic storage boxes. The rest are small items packed in a rainbow bag and clothes that are easy to carry. This time, I only hired the old tuk-tuk driver to help.

My aunt and uncle should have been the ones who felt a little sad, but on the evening when I went to return the key, the ones with the most sorrowful eyes were…

Liz

The third one, Liz, is the one with whom I've been getting angry the most in recent days. At Auntie's apartment, she usually sleeps in the regular bed used by the employees. She sleeps with an elderly woman who makes garlands as a job. Don't get me wrong; Liz is incapable of doing anything correctly. She surreptitiously peels and consumes oranges, can't even sell garlands properly, and when she's a little fatigued, she looks wistfully at the roasted chicken shop. Above all, Auntie ought to take her to the hospital to determine the severity of the wound on the back of her neck. After that, take her to the police station so that her identity may be determined.

If I had to guess, if she's not a foreigner who came on a tour, she probably came to the country to work, but I don't know if she has a work permit or not.

(Work permit means a permit to work abroad)

The latter one, which is about coming to work, should be certain. It seems like she speaks Thai clearly too.

But I forgot that you don't know how to do anything. So, maybe going out to hang out would be more suitable. Or do you work in pubs or bars, maybe as a musician, singer, or waiter, something like that?

Never mind.

I don't need to care at all. I just feel a little guilty for taking it out on someone these days. If I can't do it, I get irritated with you. If I see you tomorrow when I go to sell garlands, I might say, "Sorry for scolding you so much. But you're really annoying." That will reduce the anger.

And then, smile! The next day, she didn't show up to work.

Damn it.

People have spent a lot of time thinking of nice things to say to you.

Since I had already changed my address, before I went to sell garlands, I had to take a bus to pick up the foam boxes in the morning. The bus fare wasn't expensive compared to the aunt's rent increase. I didn't ask about Liz, I just glanced into her room and didn't see her. When I arrived at the intersection, I still didn't see any sign of her.

It's also a relief, no shadow following me and asking for grilled chicken or Coke.

A smooth work day returned. I don't know if she got fired or what, but it had nothing to do with me, except for the cap I gave her. It's a pity, but I got two for free, different colors. So now I'm wearing the black one instead.

No matter how crowded the road is, there are still a lot of cars.

No matter how hot the sun is, it's still hot.

After finishing this job, I have to go back to doing the same job as before.

"Fang, please take your customer to the beginning of the week."

Phi Nu walked over to tell me himself while I was filling up the empty dining table with tissues. I answered, “Yes,” because I thought the only reason I was called to do this job would be no different from before: P’Nur had a long line of delivery workers and a lot of events.

It's just another day, life has to go on.

I started Phi Nu's old motorcycle and rode out along the same route that the customer who was so fond of our fried chicken shop took. It was the same route that had me swerving head-on with a thief at the turn into an alley earlier this week.

When I passed the same spot, I was suspicious that the auntie would let Liz go back to doing dirty things like before, but I didn't see her. I don't know if she really stopped or changed places. Let's just say that I was relieved that no one suddenly appeared in front of the motorcycle again.

On the way back, I caught a glimpse of a familiar white headdress that I had long thought was my own. It was still on the head of the person I had given it to. And yes, it was her. The stupid Liz was sitting hugging her knees on a marble chair next to a public telephone booth, not far from where I had crashed.

"Hey Lizard" here I'm going to use the word "house lizard" instead of "gecko".

I slowed down and stopped on the other side, lifted up my helmet, and called out to her. She looked confused, probably because she wasn't used to the word "lizard." She looked around for the source of the sound before finding me where I had parked motorcycle.

“Khao Fang” My beautiful but dry lips smiled as if I was an angel who had come to bless you.

“Auntie asked you to extort money from the villagers again?”

Liz blinked twice before shaking her head. I frowned and pulled out my motorcycle keys, crossing the crosswalk to stand face to face with the stupid Liz. She looked happy, her tall figure standing up and rubbing her belly lightly.

"How about a skewer of grilled chicken?"

I ignored the question, “Why are you sitting here looking stupid?”

"Auntie didn't come to pick me up."

"Ha?"

“They said that I really must have lost my memory and brought me here yesterday evening.”

"..." What's with auntie and uncle?

"Why did you move out? You're not there anymore."

“The rent has gone up. If I stay any longer, I’ll starve to death.”

“Oh really?” The little girl made a face of understanding, but I don’t know if she really understood. Then she turned her gaze to the motorcycle I borrowed from Phi Nu. Her eyes lit up immediately. “There’s a picture of fried chicken on the back of your motorcycle. Is there any fried chicken left in it?”

I let out a heavy sigh and reached into my shirt pocket to pull out a 3-baht wafer and handed it to the person in front of me. It was a hunger-suppressing snack I needed to replenish my energy, and although it didn’t resemble anything like grilled or fried chicken, Liz took it, read the label, and then peeled it off according to the picture and ate it.

“Stay quiet,” I ordered.

The audience nodded rapidly as they tried to survive.

I took out my communication device and dialed Auntie Kaew's number. I waited for an insane amount of time before she picked up. She must have been busy with the overwhelming amount of work she had.

[What's up, Fang?] The voice asked with a relaxed tone, looking cheerful. I guess she must have collected her loan.

"Liz didn't come to work today. Did auntie fire her?"

[Liz, oh...] For a moment, the voice faded. [The girl has left. Apparently, her memory has returned.]

It was like a completely different movie, told in a completely different way. I squinted at the person I was talking about. She nibbled the wafer on her index finger, her eyes looking at me as if I were the Virgin Mary, too innocent to lie about what just happened.

[She probably went back to her job or returned to her country.]

"I don't think it's like that."

[Why?]

"I'll take Lich back, okay."

[No need, auntie has already hired a new worker. This person doesn't need to be taught. He used to sell garlands. Oh... Fang, that's all for now. Auntie is going to set up the card game.]

"But auntie left Liz like this-"

The line was cut off before I could finish my words. I was so angry that I glared at Liz who nudged me to ask for some sweets to stop bothering me before I dialed a classic number that would make me stop being angry at the auntie.

“Hello, police. May I please point out the target of the gambling game?”

After providing the location of the rental room, the officer on the line thanked me and said he would send someone to handle it. I hung up, feeling a bit better. I turned back to someone whose words didn't match Aunt Kaew's. I narrowed my eyes, signaling my distrust in her words, but deep down, I knew my aunt's habit of easily getting rid of those who were no longer useful.

"She said she came out herself."

“Oh really…” Liz tilted her head, her eyebrows furrowed in thought.

“Why did she say that?”

“Are you lying to me?”

"No."

"Liar"

"What does 'liar' mean?"

"Lie"

"Iam not lying."

“No! I mean lie!”

"Hmm, then I'm not lying. Your aunt is."

Oh my gosh, she didn't know it was a vulgar word, so she absorbed it and used it so easily.

"Don't say that word again. It's slang."

“The word ‘ummm’?”

You...idiot!

"I mean the word 'liar'! I'm done talking, it's annoying. Give me back my cap!" My hand snatched the white cap back in frustration. Liz looked dumbfounded and stayed that way even as I walked away across the crosswalk back to the motorcycle. She seemed about to step forward, but I raised my index finger to signal her to stop.

“Don’t even think about following me. Go sit in front of the police station and let the police help you. Bye"

Because I probably won't come this way and give you snacks again.

***Chapter 06***: ***Please make us tea.***

**Part: Narration**

### 7 months ago

1:07 PM local time in the capital of New Zealand

“Is Sharon here?”

“If you mean Lady Lizabeth, she arrived thirty minutes ago.”

"Good"

A blonde girl in a branded white sports outfit that she had just changed into smirked for a split second before taking off her lace gloves and giving them to the secretary following her. She put on two sports arm bands as she walked along the connecting path to the tennis court.

“In 20 minutes, pretend to follow us back to the palace. Just to prove something.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

"Thanks"

Princess Alex said, taking the tennis racket and waving it as if to tell the secretary not to follow her. The tall, agile figure, ready for a game of nerves with her cousin, walked past the connecting passage into the spectator-free court, a private area where a young woman was throwing tennis balls all over the court floor because she was hitting them with an automatic ball launcher.

“Hey, fake Sharon. Looks like you need a duel partner.”

Hearing this, “Fake Sharon” rolled her eyes once. In fact, she had seen

Princess Alex walk in from the beginning, and she already knew that she wasn’t just standing there looking all dressed up. However, the person who was playing tennis at the automatic machine turned a deaf ear. Princess Alex was the last person on earth that she would want to play sports with.

“Hey, did you hear that? Call the staff to collect the machine and clean up the balls on the floor.”

"…"

“Why, what are you upset about? What do you want us to call you? Lizabeth, like everyone else? Come on, it’s just a joke. We have the same middle name, and you were born two years after us.”

“Just be Sharon,” Lizabeth grinned reluctantly. “You look lonely. Are the palace staff not talking to you or something?”

“You’re just a lady, Sharon.”

“Thank you for the reminder.”

“We want to convey that you should be more reserved with the princess.”

“No, but I’ll take a break and chat with you. I think you’re lonely.” Saying that, she stopped swinging her tennis racket and walked over to the ball launcher with a flick of her wrist to turn it off. The jet-black haired girl, similar to King Albert, turned to Princess Alex with a playful expression. “By the way, do you play The Sims? Have you bought the new DLC? There’s a laundry system to play with.”

“Nonsense. We have been working for the people since Mother carried us out of the hospital. We don’t have time to do anything like that.”

“We’ve seen the clip before. That day, you and your twin brother cried so annoyingly. And you made 80% of the people lose the name bet. Who would have thought that the princess’s name would be named after King Albert I?

Wow….”

"Do you think we're unlucky?"

“Don’t think too much. Who will say anything about you? Any women’s clothing brand would want to send you clothes to wear. It’s crazy. How could they become bestsellers otherwise?"

“You’re sarcastic,” Princess Alex frowned in displeasure. “You’re insulting us and you’re sarcastic.”

"Say you're overthinking"

"You really have a big mouth, don't you?"

Thin eyebrows raised in annoyance as usual. “Then what did you expect when you came to see me?”

“...” However, the person being questioned continued to slowly rotate the tennis racket in her hand in silence.

“Hmm, are you trying to sound out what happened last week?”

“…”

"Did your secret get leaked? Is that it?"

“…”

“Don’t worry, Alex. If your secret really gets out, when the time comes that you don’t have the title anymore, you can always come and work as a tea maker for us. Our palace welcomes you.”

“Watch your mouth, fake Sharon.”

“Be careful not to fall out of the line of succession, Princess.”

She returned the favor with a chuckle. Princess Alex tried to count to ten in her mind to suppress her anger, but she couldn't. She let out a low voice, "Everyone should know that a person like you is not a happy-go-lucky fool all day long, but a villain who wears a mask."

The listener tilted her head and asked the voice, “I’ve watched too much Mission: Impossible. I’m into it too, but not as much as you.”

“Heh! We found out that the paparazzi knows you. It wasn’t a covert photoshoot… It was about going to the club earlier this year.”

“I wonder if you’re addicted to Sherlock Holmes again.”

The blonde girl gritted her teeth and said, “We’re not as patient as others. You can lie and pretend to be with everyone, but not with us.”

"Or would you like to watch the entire season of Conan in one go?"

“The visa with the fake surname that you hired someone to make, if your great-grandfather finds out, you will definitely be banned from leaving the country for life.”

“…”

Lizabeth's smirk froze, as if the matter she had carefully laid out was about to leak out.

It's a cold war between cousins.

One was a member of the royal family, with blond hair like the previous king, and also the beloved great-grandson of his great-grandfather. The other was a member of the royal family, who was legally comparable, and was constantly coming and going outside the palace. Her beauty and unique mannerisms were noticed and talked about.

If asked if she was the beloved granddaughter, the answer would be that Lizabeth did not approach the King as much as she should have. However, both her face shape and hair color were completely inherited from him.

The relationship between Princess Alex and Lady Lizabeth was not always like this. When they were children, the princess liked to tease her roughly, throwing balls at her, pulling her hair, which the nanny had tied in a nicer knot, snatching her seat, and because they had the same middle name, they teased her with the nickname "Fake Sharon" until it stuck.

However, it was just a relationship where Lizabeth was the only one who was fed up with the princess. When they grew up, the two of them rarely met to the point of being close.

Princess Alex knew that Lizabeth had some family problems, but because they lived in different palaces, she didn't care to know much. She also had many responsibilities.

Until last week

On a spring day, Princess Alex, in a simple yellow knee-length dress and a hat designed by the palace's designer, was flown by a private plane to the open air before heading south of the country to open an important event.

A slender figure walked up the stairs in a slightly absent-minded mood. When she entered, she took off the yellow mesh hat that was obscuring her vision and handed it to the secretary who had accompanied her before speaking.

Called Dr. Dean to make an appointment to see us next Saturday. He said that my color blindness was getting worse.

The female secretary paused. Although this was a private seating area,

At that moment, the blonde girl's narrow eyes caught sight of another person sitting in a blind corner. Lady Lizabeth was sitting with her head down, doodled on the iPad screen with an Apple Pencil, wearing white earphones and moving her feet rhythmically as if listening to music.

“My princess, the crew just told me that Lady Lizabeth will be traveling with us this time,” she whispered in a low voice.

“We have to wait until we see it before we speak,” the young woman glared at the royal secretary angrily, although her tone was still suppressed. “Is your private room in the west wing of the palace too big?

“I’m sorry, Your Majesty. He just came over and said suddenly that the Lady wanted to board this flight five minutes before you arrived… The secretary in her early thirties lowered his head in regret for not telling his boss.

Princess Alex knew that no matter how angry she was at this mistake, she did not dare to punish her by expelling her. Because besides her father and mother and twin brother, there were also important royal figures who knew her secret.

But now there is one more.

She glanced at the “fake Sharon” she had called her when they were kids, then pretended not to notice and walked to the front seat out of earshot, even though her heart was filled with doubt and anxiety.

Did Lady Lizabeth hear what she just said?

Do you listen to music to block out the surrounding noise?

Because according to the palace rules of Newfoundland, there is a rule that if a male or female member of the royal family has hearing or vision impairments, they will not be able to be in the line of succession.

In simpler terms, Princess Alex would have to step down as fourth in line to the throne if everyone knew she was colorblind. That would be terrible, because she is direct descendant, her grandfather being first in line to the throne, her father being second, and her brother being third. Because the children of the eldest son are counted in the line of succession, her father's younger sisters, or aunts, would fall to fifth in line, followed by lesser descendants, such as Lizabeth's grandfather, and so on.

That's why she had to prove it by coming to the person who made her feel hot behind the tennis court, even though she doesn't like outdoor activities, before being so nervous that she had to walk out of there with an even hotter heart than before.

She was a bit too angry, so angry that she called the royal secretary to prepare a car to return to the palace now.

So she didn't have time to tell her cousin that she wasn't the type of person who would easily make tea for someone else.

“Is tennis going well with Lady Lizabeth?”

“No.” The cold-voiced person looked out of the car in frustration, but she still tried to keep her composure. “We definitely won’t be able to stand that woman until the end of the year.”

### Part: Fang (Part : Fang]

Currently

"Nong Fang, remember. Please help me type an announcement for hiring one cleaning staff member and post it on the front of the store before getting off work."

"Yes, Phi Jim," I smiled and accepted the order from Brother Nu's girlfriend, or the owner of this shop, who walked through the glass room inside and recorded the credit account. Phi Jim had just returned from Chiang Mai.

She flew to negotiate the opening of a second branch in front of a famous university.

I took off my apron and hung it in the waiting area. I walked over to the computer at the cash register, opened Microsoft Word, and typed in "In our store, to open the cash drawer, only the person who knows the password can do so. There were only P'Nu, P'Jim, and another cashier. So anyone in the store can touch this computer. However, not everyone can open the cash drawer."

“Hiring 1 dishwasher.”

You can contact us during store business hours.

Stick it with tape and you can go home.

I was waiting for the bus at the bus stop. It was drizzling and I was confused as to whether rain god had come at the wrong time or not. I didn't even have an umbrella with me. If I ran to buy one at 7-Eleven or a store, it would be a waste of money. I was already in a tight spot.

It's raining... The area is starting to get wet...

Just like that night.

On the night of Loi Krathong festival 15 years ago, people released lanterns, gathered in front of the stage, competed, and bought Krathongs to float in the river. My father held hands with Sali and I on opposite sides. We rode in the back of a pickup truck from a neighbor to go to the market. There were many people who relied on each other. At that time, my mother had not yet passed away, but she didn't go with us because she had to work overtime.

My father took us to buy a krathong, floated it, and sat watching until it disappeared into the distance, mixed in with everyone else's. After that, we walked around the bustling festival, not buying anything to eat because we had to save money. Before we knew it, I, at the age of 7, was lost in the crowd.

The rain fell lightly, and lightning flashed in the night sky. I was so scared that I wanted to cry. The teacher said that Mekhala was teasing Ramasura's glass, and after a while Ramasura would throw an axe.

A loud roar. No... Don't throw it yet. Dad, Mom, Sister Sali, they're not here.

….

Someone stopped me and asked me where my guardians were, standing with my head bowed. I shook my head as if I didn't know. The young couple took me to the information desk, braving the rain because they had forgotten to bring an umbrella.

The announcement to find the guardian of the girl wearing the ice cream shirt rang out throughout the event. The elderly man in charge asked my name. I answered my full name, nickname, first name, last name, class, and number. He smiled fondly, said that my parents would come to pick me up soon, just wait a moment, and then announced over the microphone.

In a moment, when the mist of rain falls

In a moment, I don't know how long it was.

In a moment, a first-grade child thought that Ramasura was about to throw an axe, without my parents or Sali there to comfort me.

It was a moment that seemed like forever.

The moment my father and sister Sali came to pick me up, my father didn't scold me at all. He held me in his arms, his face clearly showing relief at seeing me. The sound of thunder rang out, causing me to flinch and snuggle into my father's warm shoulder.

*'Thunder giant!*

"I was tricked by the teacher. There's no Ramasura anywhere," my sister, who is in the sixth grade, retorted. Although her tone was fierce, she patted me on the back with one hand to comfort me.

After the incident, Sister Sali said that I had been gone for about 10 minutes and teased me for crying when I heard thunder. So I... don't like it when it's raining and I'm still in a public place. When it's drizzling, I want to stay in the house, close the doors and windows, and rest. If I'm in the countryside, the smell of stale soil will be lingering.

Whenever it's rainy season, I always think of those ten long minutes. But in fact, December should be winter. Why is it both sunny and rainy? It's so unpredictable.

The bus pulled into the pier. I got on with another man who looked like a local office worker. The bus was quite empty, with a few people. Well, it was already past 8pm.

I chose a middle seat, took out my wallet, counted the change, and prepared to pay the bus conductor. I got on and remembered which bus line I was taking and how much it cost. Plus, the woman who worked as the bus conductor seemed to be quite familiar with me. Sometimes when the bus was empty, we would sit and chat. She was three years older than me. She came to study in Bangkok and work at the same time. It's like seeing another version of myself.

"Why don't you get off at the same place? Did you move?" After telling me the destination and paying, Phi Aew asked and walked over to take a seat in front of me, holding a mobile phone and a bus ticket box, and sat facing me so that we could talk conveniently.

"I've moved to a new rental room. The price of my old place has gone up."

"Why don't you try looking for a roommate? I just found one. For people from the provinces like us to live in Bangkok, we can reduce the cost of rent a lot."

“My friend once invited me to stay in the dormitory, but I thought the electricity bill was expensive because it had air conditioning. It was also far from my workplace.”

“They don’t have to be close friends. I can find them from people in my class because I don’t have any food, so I’m not afraid that they’ll steal anything.”

"But I have an iron."

Phi Aew laughed a little. “Are you protective of your iron?”

"If I disappear, I'll definitely have to wear a wrinkled student uniform when the semester starts."

Scorching!!

The thunder rang out just as I finished my sentence. Sister Aew was startled and her body shook. As for me, I was able to calm myself down even though I wanted to get to my room as soon as possible. As I said, I wasn't afraid of it. I just wanted to be in a safe place for myself.

"Those who haven't made it home yet are in trouble," she said after the sky stopped roaring.

“Like us, maybe?”

“That’s right,” Sister Aew shrugged. “But it’s still lucky that I still have a place to sleep.”

“…”

Luckily, you still have a place to sleep...

“In the area of the rental room where I live, there is an old man who often comes to collect bottles to sell. He sleeps at the bus stop. He has no relatives

and is also mentally unstable. When asked, he can’t answer questions correctly. But if someone brings him something, he will always bow and thank them. The other day, the foundation came to collect his body. They saw that he was sleeping and then died.”

“…”

“I was shocked. Even though we’re not related or anything, I once shared some bananas that I got for free with him. He looked at me as if I had done him a great favor.”

“…”

“It’s hard to talk about this. Let’s get back to our topic: a roommate who will help share the rent burden.”

Sister Aew continued to speak, but my mind seemed to be in a daze for a while with the issue of people sleeping on the side of the road. At that moment, this bus passed an alley, an alley that I clearly remembered as the one I had ridden to deliver fried chicken to a customer at noon.

The alley that you turn into will see that idiot sitting next to a public telephone. That idiot who must have told me a few times that the pendant I was wearing was hers.

And what if it was like that?

Or is that right?

Mom, someone gave this to me. If I sell it, I’ll have money to ride back to Nakhon Sawan, right?

Fang, where did you get that, my dear!?'

"Fang...Fang!"

"Yes!?"

I realized it when Phi Aew waved her hand near my face with concern.

"What are you thinking about? You look absent-minded."

“I was just thinking that...."

"What?"

"Do you have an umbrella I can borrow?"

Hmm, stupid person

The fool is me right now.

I stepped off the bus and quickly opened the purple umbrella that P’Aew had temporarily lent me. The rain was falling heavily, heavy enough to make me curse myself inwardly about what the hell I was doing. The clock on my phone screen showed the time at 8:42 PM. Right now, there was a stupid girl probably sitting near the public telephone booth in the alley, and there was another stupid girl who was holding an umbrella and walking briskly towards her.

Which might be the stupidest, most idiotic, most ridiculous idea I've ever done in my life. Suppose that Liz disappeared from that spot, I would have to waste time walking back to find a motorbike taxi that costs twice as much as a bus to take back to my accommodation. But at least it would be my peace of mind. If I couldn't find her, it would be like, "I came to check, you're not here."

But if I meet her, I will have to tell Miss Falada Nainai that she is a complete idiot.

You stupid bastard!

I will compare everyone who has to sit in the rain to myself when I was a child, waiting for my father and sister to get myself in trouble like this, you stupid Khao Fang!

Or is it because I really think Liz is the one who gave me this pendant, so my mother and I don't have to be stuck in Bangkok?

Crazy, you're just talking nonsense. The intention back then was for the aunt to train me to be a criminal.

In this case, just take them to the police station. They will help coordinate something.

My feet were all wet and some of the sidewalks were so bumpy that I almost tripped and fell. I sighed all the way through the umbrella, and because I'm a fast walker, in no time at all I had brought myself to the place where I had stood that evening on the phone to report to the police that Auntie Kaew had set up a fire.

There isn't...

That marble bench was empty.

I walked around and looked around the marble horses, but no one was hiding or sitting there like I had imagined.

Yes!

It's true.

Who would be so stupid as to stay up all night in the rain? I blew air through my mouth and turned around, feeling a little empty. It was then that my eyes happened to catch sight of a figure curled up hugging her knees in a telephone booth. She looked down, not paying attention to anything except protecting her face, as if she had never been soaked in the rain before.

That's Liz. I recognized her clothes and felt guilty about taking her cap. Her hair was all wet. Luckily, this old telephone booth that seemed rarely used had a door that closed.

I walked over, reached out and pulled the glass door open. The person inside was alert, probably at the sound of the rain because the door was open. She looked up, squinting her eyes, looking at each other clearly.

When the sparkle in those eyes was certain that the person standing in front of her was me, she didn't even look surprised. Her thin lips revealed a wide smile, making her eyes smile as usual.

"Fang..." she said.

“I knew you would come back.”

I changed my hand to hold the handle of the umbrella instead, tilted my head and raised my eyebrows in confusion.

“Why do you think so?”

Then someone turned an ordinary person like me into someone very special.

### "Because you are the one whom the heavens have blessed."

## Chapter 07 : Useless person

"I'm not the one who was sent by the heavens for you."

It might sound a bit disheartening, but I had to hide my strange expressions and demeanor after hearing Liz's exaggerated remarks. I opened my shoulder bag, searched for the white hat, and handed it to the person sitting with their knees hugged, watching my every move.

"Ah, put it on and follow me."

"Where are we going?"

"Police Station"

“What kind of place is that?”

"A place to ask if a foreigner who looks like you is being sought out."

“Oh,” she seemed to have an idea of the police station and police, not the names of people she had thought at the time. “Will you go with me?”

“Stop being stubborn, Lizard! Come on, get up and follow me. Come on, walk under this umbrella! Hurry up, Lizard!”

Being scolded, she quickly put the white hat on her head and stood tall to her full height.

I looked closely and saw that her shorts were all wet. They were clinging to her fair skin, Western-style. My heart skipped a beat. Thank God she wasn't raped by some bastard. It must have been because she was curled up in a phone booth. If it wasn't a coincidence, I wouldn't agree.

At first, Liz walked ahead of me, as if I, who was holding the umbrella, had the duty to hold it for her. But because I was irritated, “Do you think you’re a princess or something? Huh!” I shouted at the idiot’s face, leaving her standing there, completely confused as to what she had done wrong. “I’m not a servant. Besides, you should be the one holding my umbrella because you’re

taller.”

“Is it really my duty?” Hearing that made me blush. “I feel that it’s right for you to hold it.”

“Okay,” I said, furious. “Then go back and sit in that phone booth. I changed my mind about helping you. Why don’t you find a way to contact the police yourself?”

“What will the police do for me? Will they give me food? But it has nothing to do with the umbrella.”

I want to send you to eat red rice. The reason is that you look so cute. I want to send you to eat red rice.

"Do you know that walking in front of others and letting them hold an umbrella for you like earlier is impolite?"

“No,” she answered shamelessly!

"Then keep it, and hold the umbrella as if you acknowledge that I am the one favored by the heavens."

"But I still think you should be the one to hold it for us."

I gritted my teeth to suppress my anger towards this woman and stubbornly walked away, realizing that I had made a terrible mistake by helping this woman. At least it worked. Liz quickly ran after me. She didn't dare to walk ahead like a princess anymore.

You stupid girl.

Who the fuck do you think you are?

I brought Liz to the police station, not expecting anything, just to ask if anyone had filed a report looking for her, and to leave her here.

At least they helped, but the police couldn't help much because she didn't have an ID card or any evidence to show her identity. She couldn't even remember her real name. To be honest, even if they took her to the relevant unit, the question of "Who is she?" would arise, which would make it impossible for her to return to her country. This is because the news reports about her getting lost or an accident didn't mention that a foreign woman, a woman, had gone missing.

Being a kind and compassionate person who supports the world has become a double-edged sword for me. It seems like this girl must have a place to stay while waiting. Do you know what she's waiting for? Waiting for her to remember who she is.

At first, I was going to just run away, but then I remembered that this was a police station with CCTV cameras, not a market.

It seems that the words of the bus conductor, Aew, are ringing in my head.

“Roommates share the rent.”

Wow, with a face like Liz who sells garlands only one or two a day, do you think she can afford to share? This is clearly a big burden. I held my head in my hands, wondering what kind of crazy thought made me borrow Aunt Aew's umbrella and step off the bus to walk through the wind and rain to find Liz.

Oh, it's called the foolishness within me.

The police advised me to rely on social media because it's faster and there's a better chance of finding her relatives. I followed their advice, took a picture of her and posted it on Facebook, saying that a woman had wandered off and was found next to a trash can, not remembering anything. I asked everyone to share it in case her relatives see it.

And then someone came to like and share, my friends themselves.

Luk Mee (Baby Bear): Who is she?

The first person to comment under the post was Luk Mee, before Jeans and then Four followed one after another.

Jeans: A familiar face

I Am No.4 (Four): A foreigner, huh?

As a backup plan, I asked the police to take a picture of Lich in case anyone came looking for her. Then, I lowered my head and typed replies to my friends one by one to clear their doubts, telling them the truth. It took about two minutes. After that, I looked up to make a deal with the troublesome young woman and found her sitting next to me, constantly staring at my posture.

"What are you looking at, huh?"

"You"

I rolled my eyes. “Never mind. We need to talk about how I seem to have taken you in."

"That sounds weird."

“Of course, because I’m not supporting you. It’s called “sharing the rent.” I didn’t forget that Liz has no money. “You have to find a job. Go back and ask

Auntie Kaew for a job. You can forget about that. She kicked you out. I don’t know why and I don’t want to know. Anyway, you have to find a job so that you can be a roommate and help pay the rent.”

"Why"

“…”

“Can it be simpler?”

"Will you stay with me?"

“Of course,” the beautiful face nodded.

"If you want to be with me, you have to work. At my workplace, there is a job opening for a cleaner."

"Depressed." She scratched her chin with her index finger, glancing up at me in thought. This made me raise my eyebrows in annoyance, and I had to shake my head at her in annoyance. Then, she grabbed her umbrella and prepared to open it before walking out of the police station. It worked really well, because Liz's eyes widened in fear of being abandoned, and she quickly got up and followed me without any remorse.

On the way back to the rental room, I looked at the new stupid roommate and thought to myself, do normal people really take in someone who has no head and no toes? What if Liz really came to the city to work illegally? I'm in big trouble! And if it gets worse, you're not just someone who came to work, but one of those escapees, the illegal ones. I might get caught up in it too for sure.

“I changed my mind-"

"Are we going back to Auntie Kaew?"

We happened to say it at the same time but in different sentences.

“Oh, excuse me. Please speak first.”

Good.

"I don't feel like I trust you."

"But you paid for our bus fare."

“It’s already recorded in the credit account. When you have money, you have to pay it back with interest. Don’t act stupid and idiotic. And when your memory comes back, I hope you’ll give me a small token of appreciation before you return to your country.”

"Thank you"

“Heh, don’t be so sentimental. I was just going to let you stay here for one night.”

“You are the one who was blessed by the heavens. That’s right.”

If I'm not normal for picking you up from the street, then you're not normal for thanking someone who insulted you either. I forgot what I was going to say earlier.

Liz nudged my shoulder because of the rain splashing. She might be cold from her wet pants and head. I looked away, crossed my arms to suppress my hunger. My stomach felt like it was squeezing, but there was nothing to digest. Everything was burning. And suddenly, at that moment, a loud growl came from my stomach. I almost felt embarrassed if I hadn't realized it wasn't from my own stomach.

“Can we stop by and buy some grilled meatballs like usual?”

But it was a hunger strike from Liz.

Bangkok, the metropolis, may be the land of meatball sausages because even when you move to a new room or rent, there are still food carts set up in front of the alley to sell. Salarymen who are tired after work and have condos or apartments in this area will stop by to buy some. Normally, I don't buy any because I wait to eat instant noodles at my dorm, which is cheaper.

Hmm, today is not normal.

“This, this, and this.”

The person who was not very good at Thai pointed at the fish balls, crab sticks, and crab rolls. The vendor picked up one of each and put them into a pan covered in oil. Then we stood and waited. The foreign-looking woman turned around and nudged me to look and see that the vendor was not grilling them this time. She must have noticed something strange. I made an irritated face in response before opening my mouth to explain that this shop sells fried fish balls and that shop sells grilled fish balls, but both shops sell the same fish balls.

Before she could understand, the vendor asked what kind of dipping sauce she wanted. I had to roll my eyes and explain to her that there was a spicy sauce that burned my stomach and a plum sauce for those who didn't like spicy food. She chose the latter.

I should have thought about how much of a burden Liz would be when she had no money. I'm as stupid as the female lead in a drama who keeps the male lead with amnesia in her company. But in dramas, the male lead is usually a billionaire in disguise. But with Liz, she might not be like that. With a face like hers, she should have brought the Immigration Bureau (Immigration Police) to me and caused me trouble instead.

“How much, bro?”

“20 baht.”

Handing over the money, I took out a compact notebook and, after asking the vendor about the price, wrote down the number 20 next to the top line for the bus fare. This entire page, I devoted to a list of loans that Liz would have to pay back when she got paid for some job or other, with a tiny bit of interest, maybe 5%, 7%, 10%, depending on how much I hated that ugly foreign woman.

Yeah, that's a good business model, a little extra income that sounds good.

Liz had been eating the whole way, so I could understand that she must have been hungry since Auntie Kaew kicked her away. That's why I didn't nag or scold her. When we arrived at my rented room, my room was at the far end. I unlocked the door and went in. It was pitch black inside. I felt my hand press the switch on the wall. The brightness made me sigh and feel tired.

I haven't even cleaned the room yet, oh my god.

“It’s so messy.” She chewed on the crab sticks and still had the nerve to criticize.

"I just moved here yesterday."

"Why didn't you do it yesterday?"

"I get off work late, when will I have time to fix it? Do you have a brain just for decoration?" In fact, I'm too lazy to stand here and scold someone when I should be taking a shower and relaxing. But with Liz, I really can't stand it.

I walked over to put my bag next to the mattress, unzipped the rainbow bag to get my pajamas, and then, holy shit, the rain was dripping in the corner of the bathroom, a sign that the roof was leaking. I wanted to hold my head and lie down and never wake up, but I had to go get a basin to catch some water and find a cloth to wipe the wet floor.

“What are you doing?”

"Maybe do some laundry?"

“A handkerchief? It’s a small basin.”

They call her Khan. How many years has this idiot been in Thailand?

The way to keep the mood from getting any worse is to ignore her strange accent. I cleared the area, plugged in the kettle, and planned to boil some instant noodles after I took a shower. I'll take everything out tomorrow morning and put everything back in its place. I don't have many appliances, so whatever.

There are two sets of baby chicken pajamas, right? Today, I have to make a very deep decision: "I'll take a shower and wear this." I have to give it to my new roommate.

She who was sitting next to the mattress took it and held it in a daze. With her other hand, she placed the bag of dumplings and meatballs that had run out on the floor. Surprise!!! The sauce spilled out onto the mattress.

Important I quickly took out this bag, but the mattress was already sticky.

“Liz!”

"Huh?"

“You dirty my bed. Open your eyes and look!”

"I didn't do it. The plum sauce was made seperately."

"You're the one who put it down!"

"I put it down, but I didn't get it dirty."

“Whoa!!”

I wanted to scratch her white face, but all I could do was frantically comb my hair. Carrying a mattress out to dry in the sun was incredibly tiring, more tiring than carrying a pillow, blanket, or even clothes. That's why I was so angry at the useless girl who kept arguing that it wasn't her fault.

I tried to calm down, control my breathing, and walked over to grab my pajamas to take a shower.

"Where are you going?"

Then Liz asked as if she was afraid of being left alone. I rolled my eyes until they were black and bored.

"Shower"

"Take a shower too."

“Take a shower later.”

Then I remembered something and turned to point at the girl who was sitting there dumbly.

"You, Liz, have to help pay the water and electricity bills."

"If we have money..."

We didn't continue the conversation because I was still angry at her about the damn plum sauce that stained the mattress. I grabbed a towel from the hanger in front of the bathroom door and draped it over my shoulders. I could feel that there were a pair of eyes looking at my every move, but I didn't want to pay any attention.

The rented room here is insanely cold. When I turn on the shower, I have to stand far away and prepare myself for a while before I hold my breath and take my naked body that I just took off my clothes to get some water. It’s blazing hot during the day and freezing at night. Is this Bangkok or Mercury, for

God’s sake?

Rrrrr!

The sound of an incoming call faintly entered my ears. The phone must be in the bag leaning against the mattress. It could be my father, sister Sali, or Aunt Kaew's. All I know is that I've never missed anyone's call.

“Liz!” I lathered up the parrot soap, my mouth calling out to the lady’s name. The problem was of little use. “Answer the phone and tell him I’m taking a shower, idiot.”

"Huh?"

“Answer the phone that’s ringing and tell him I’m taking a shower.”

"What?"

"Are you deaf or something?!"

“Who is hard of hearing?”

Jeez!

The ringtone sounded as if it was near the bathroom door. I was suspicious, my eyebrows almost knitting together. At that moment, there were two knocks on the door. It seemed like a habit of hers to knock just that number of times. I clicked my tongue in annoyance, wondering why she couldn't even answer the call, and then I had to complain back to her.

"I told you to answer the phone for me."

"Can someone be so rude as to answer someone else's call?" the person outside asked, sounding somewhat foolish.

"Don't make a fuss, the owner has already allowed it. It's acceptable."

"Then I take it."

"Yes!"

She answered after I slammed the phone down, as evidenced by the silence of the ringtone. I turned the water down to listen to what Liz was saying on the phone, which made me feel less stressed because she said exactly what I asked her to say. “Khao Fang is taking a shower,” she said in an innocent tone.

After a few more minutes, I finished washing my body, dried myself off with a towel, and put on my chicken-pecking pajamas. I unlocked the doorknob and stepped out of the bathroom. My first and only roommate was peeking at the instant noodles wrapped in gold next to the kettle.

"It is not delicious?" I snapped. The person was startled and quickly turned to look at me. It was full of suspicious behavior.

“We’re not going to eat it.” She raised her hands like she was surrendering to the police. That made me laugh out loud. It was a clear confession. Her facial expressions and words told it all.

"Would you like to eat it? I can boil some for you when you take a bath, but I'll add 10 baht to your account." Even though the actual price is 6 baht, the hot water bill has to be added.

“Do you want to boil it and eat it?”

"Yes or no, just answer that."

"Yes"

"Then go take a shower. You look like a stray puppy," I said, nodding towards the unused towel hanging. Liz looked at me, a bit confused, but then got up and mimicked my pre-shower routine—draping the towel over her shoulder and strolling in. Is she messing with me? I wondered.

I boiled two bowls of instant noodles. Read this clearly: 'two bowls', not two packages, because I only opened one package and broke it in half to save money. Then I poured in hot water, divided the ingredients in half, and put an empty plate over it. While waiting, the sound of water hitting the lotus vegetables was heard, mixed with the sound of a mobile phone ringing, as if it was not okay with the cold water.

It was as if she was calling my name and telling me that the water was too cold and to go and fix it. But since there was no water heater in this cheap rental room, I complained to her, went back, and picked up my phone to see who was calling. It was P’Sali. I called back, and turned the mattress over so that I wouldn't have to sleep on the part stained with plum sauce tonight.

"Hello, P’Sa. Is something wrong?"

[Who just answered the phone? Was it a friend?]

"Yes, it's me Fang. My roommate."

[Now I have a foreign roommate.] The voice tried to be cheerful and teased. However, I could hear that you weren't in a good mood. [Will Fang come back home for New Year?]

“Fang accepted a job to wear a mascot costume at an ice cream shop on New Year’s Day. I probably won’t be able to go back this year.”

[Let's go home. Let's take care of work sometimes.]

“No, I don’t want to. The daily wages for this kind of festival work are very high. Don’t worry about me. If I don’t come back for New Year’s, I’ll come back for Songkran anyway. I miss home so much.”

[That's all right.]

Sister Sali agreed. Then a deep sigh came through the line. The reason for the call was actually starting to happen. [I have agreed to divorce Pun.] The bad news between my sister and brother-in-law was finally revealed.

"What about the children..." My voice softened, even though I knew that these two would eventually reach this point.

[It has been agreed that the child will use his surname. Since the father is a civil servant, he can claim the expenses, but the elder sibling will take care of the child.]

"Have you made a good decision?"

[That's good. I really can't stand what he does. His bad temper when things don't go his way, and those women... and sometimes I'm afraid of the diseases that will come with it. His personality of not liking to wear... You know?]

"So... are you really ready for this?"

[I never loved him from the beginning.]

"That’s true..."

Phi Pun came to flirt with Phi Sali and had a relationship with her. My sister saw that his job was stable and his status was middle class. He was probably able to pull himself up a bit without any feelings beyond that. It was not strange that Phi Sali would speak with a sad tone because they had lived together before, but there was not a single tear or sadness.

My sister is a woman who always does things that others would never expect, such as going to compete in an exam and getting a scholarship when she was in elementary school, singing in a youth event, and being determined to become a civil servant's wife, and her wish came true (even though she is getting divorced soon).

She is the person I always leave behind. However, I cannot deny that Sister Sali has a determination to go. She loves to be comfortable and earns money without having to put in much effort. Unlike her average-minded sister who puts in a lot of effort and tries her hardest to be able to continue her education.

On the phone, my sister's tone gradually improved as we changed the subject. I continued the conversation until I reached the topic I wanted to talk about the most.

"Oh, Sister Sa... Do you remember the pendant that prevented us from foreclosure?"

[The one that Fang likes to wear? I remember. Every time I come back, I see Fang wearing it.]

“Let’s imagine that Fang accidentally meets the person who gave it to her, and that person is in trouble. If you were me, would you help her? Just imagine.”

[Fang]

"Yes?"

[If it weren't for the diamond in that pendant, not only would Fang and her mother not have had the money to return to Nakhon Sawan that day, we wouldn't have a house to live in until now either.]

“…”

[The answer isn't that difficult, whether to help her or not, right?]

“Yes…” My voice softened. “Fang was just making a guess.” In reality, it was asking for an opinion.

[As you know, even after ten years, who would be able to remember a person's face? At that time, Fang was still a child.]

Yeah....I can't remember at all. But then suddenly a stupid woman appeared, pointed at the pendant and said it was hers. How could I not feel weird talking about things from home for a while longer, about news from the people around there, and then ending like always?

[Fang, now that you're in Bangkok, if you're going to date someone, look for a man who can support you.]

You're truly worthy of being my sister. I laughed and said.

"Looking for a prince every day."

My good mood graph didn't rise for long because as soon as I finished speaking, the sound of "click" came from the direction where the instant noodles were kept waiting to be eaten. I quickly turned to look while still holding the phone. What I saw was a bowl spilled. The orange water of tom yum and instant noodles were smeared on the floor. The culprit who seemed to be the one who did it was standing in pajamas with a pattern of a chicken pecking a child. She looked at my face alternately with the spilled instant noodles with eyes... eyes that were afraid of my wrath.

“Sorry… I didn’t mean it.” Liz shrugged. If we were to compare it to a dog, it would be its ears and tail drooping.

And me, who once dropped a meatball on the table and quickly picked it up to eat because I didn't want to waste it, could only say one sentence for the other party to understand without needing to translate it again.

"Go to F\*cking hell!"

## Chapter  08: Crystal sky

Liz probably knew deep down that I was mad at her for spilling the food, so I had to boil it again and waste even more. She kept apologizing to me, while I was extremely irritated, forcing myself to shut my mouth and eat it quietly.

If you ask her if she was quiet, of course she couldn't. She kept blowing air out of her mouth, clearly indicating that her tongue was spicy. But after eating more, she said that it was delicious. She acted like someone who had never eaten anything like this before.

After we finished eating, I asked her to wash the dishes while I put the clothes I was going to wash tomorrow in a basket and prepared them. It wasn't much, but don't forget that there was a mattress that we were going to sleep on tonight so we could carry it out to dry in the sun. Just thinking about it in the early hours of tomorrow morning made me tired. And I got even more tired when I found out that Liz washed the dishes like a child, with greasy stains like she didn't know how to use dishwashing liquid. Oh well, she probably didn't. She used a steel wool to scrub off the dishes. How did this girl grow up to this point?

In the end, I had to wash the dishes again.

At night, the problematic roommate, who didn't even have a pillow or mattress, was pushed to sleep on the concrete floor, using the neck pillow I got for free in a lucky draw.

“So cold...”

It seems that the owner of the unclear Thai accent still has her eyes wide open and can't sleep.

“It’s as cold as the side of a trash can...”

In the dim light, I reluctantly replied, “This is what it’s like when it rains. That's it."

"I mean the floor. It's so cold..."

“…”

“We don’t feel very familiar.”

“…”

“How do people normally sleep on the cold floor?”

I let out a long breath, moved to my left, almost to the edge of the mattress, covered with this cream-colored sheet, and spoke curtly, still secretly angry about the previous incident that had made me tired.

“Come up.”

She nodded, looked at me, and asked like someone who really didn't know, "Where are you going?"

"Come up here and sleep so you won't get cold."

Even without walking over to turn on the light switch, I could tell from her movements how happy she was. Liz stood up abruptly and moved her body to throw herself onto the mattress, the side she lay on absorbed a bit of that plum sauce. The one with the fragrant smell of soap, the cream-colored parrot, lay down using a neck pillow instead of a normal pillow. Her throat let out a soft, drawn-out sound as if the warmth she received was one of the wonders of the world.

“You didn’t wash your hair with soap, did you?” I frowned and asked because the smell was too much for me.

"If you mean the oval shape, then yes, I use it."

“Hey! The shampoo is right next door. Can’t you read Thai?” I was annoyed for a few seconds, then I remembered that Liz wasn’t Thai. “Never mind.” I swept the end of the cloth over her, letting the other person use it to cover herself. “Anyway, help pay for the miscellaneous items.”

"Okay, but...don't leave me."

“Of course I will kick you out one day, just not tonight. And don’t be so confident that I kept you here.”

“1 – 10 How much do you trust me?”

"0"

"Hey, it's not in the options."

“So what? Just shut up and listen to the rain.”

Liz was quiet for a while. It was only a few minutes, really, before she broke the silence. God...she was so annoying.

“I may be rich person."

“I hope so,” I replied. Damn it.

"I will work and pay for your room."

“That’s why you’re sleeping here, you idiot. This is the MV formula for a poor person’s heart. I’m a country person who came to Bangkok to study and work. As for you, you’re the one who has to help share the rent and miscellaneous expenses. We’ll have rice husks and salt to feed our stomachs at the end of the month together. But I’m a woman, you’re a woman, and I’ll scold you until your ears are deaf instead of falling in love.”

“It's so strange...”

"What's strange?"

Don't tell me you've seen the MV for "Ya Jai Kon Jon" and you remember it's not like what I said.

“Your tone is flat, like a statement, not an accusation. Never mind. I have another question.” Again, why are you asking so many questions? Do I look like Google or Siri? “Do you usually bring people with amnesia into your room?”

“Asking every question like you’re thinking with bean sprouts. You’re not going to do it anymore. And no one else is doing it either. Haven’t you heard that even the police won’t take care of you? Then if I leave you somewhere after taking you to the police station, it’ll be my fault.” I teased and was a bit sarcastic. “Do I look like a good person?”

But the results came back...

"An angel."

Hearing it from lying on my back, I had to turn around and face the person who said it. Both cheeks suddenly became hot, and so did my ears.

"Don't pretend to be a fool..."

"If flattery means you are an angel, then I am flattering you."

This lizard is really evil.

Speak sweetly to stay longer.

“When you remember something, just give me some money as compensation. Like… in case you have something to eat.” In fact, if you are that person, the person who gave me this pendant, you must have some money to eat. And right now, I am repaying you for what happened that day.

Liz seemed to respond. I didn't really care, because if she hadn't come in illegally, then I was lucky enough. The sound of water dripping into the bowl was more of a distraction. In fact, I wasn't used to being called "angel" in a compliment, so I had to find another point of focus.

It was almost 11pm when I finally felt like I was falling asleep again, and that strange feeling surprisingly developed.

The feeling that sometimes, having a friend sleep on the mattress and share a blanket, even if you give a little to the other person, it makes you feel a little warmer for some unknown reason.

Or should I actually get a shiver down my spine because I might be sleeping with some smugglers? If that's really the case, I'll just tell the police that Auntie Kaew brought me here. That should be the end of the matter.

Just as I was about to fall asleep, my new roommate, who was lying on her side, made a small sound in her throat. I turned to pay attention and found that she seemed to be sleep-talking because she was more into the dream. However, what made me stop and do nothing was...

Liz cried.

The tightly closed eyes had some tears coming out, and with the soft groaning sound in her throat, it was easy to tell that this must have been a bad dream.

I shook myself awake without hesitation. If it was an unpleasant dream, anyone would want to wake up. I called out to her three or four times along with the sound of the rain outside, shaking her arms even harder. Her beautiful eyes slowly opened before narrowing as she focused on me.

Her throat was dry and she said, “Yarisa?”

“No…” I don’t know whose name she mentioned, but it must be a Thai name. “I’m Khao Fang.”

“…” Even in the dim light, the pair of eyes still reflected a hint of disappointment. “That’s right… Fang.”

“Did you have a nightmare? Or did you dream about someone?”

“No,” Liz lowered her eyes. “I didn’t have a nightmare, and I didn’t dream about anyone.”

“Liar. I know what it’s like to have a nightmare. And that wasn’t the name of anyone who sounded familiar to me.”

“I don't know.”

“Don’t play with words. If you remember anything, just say it.”

“I don’t know…” The once lively voice was hollow, and the breath was no different. “But it’s a terrible feeling, to feel like we’re watching them happy, when we’re not around.”

This time, I was silent for a long time.

I'm not sure if it was related to her family or someone close to her, but the lingering feeling must have been very persistent, to the point where she would fall asleep and cry without realizing it. If she wasn't shaken to wake herself up, she would still be immersed in it.

As for the name “Yarisa”, which she said as if she thought I was that person the first second she woke up, and the disappointed look in her eyes when she realized it wasn’t, this could probably be concluded that there was something in her life that wasn’t worth remembering, and the owner of that name was the person who made her feel the best, among all the people she knew.

I talked to the other person in a non-scolding, non-blaming voice, telling her to go back to sleep, imagining calming images of rainbow balloons soaring in the sky, pink puffer fish in the water, ice cream sundaes spilling out, or lollipops being fought over by kids after a sack-shaped building collapsed. It took her about ten minutes to finally fall asleep, and then it was me, the thoughts racing through my head.

"Yarisa?"

Who is this? Is it a lover?

But it sounds like a woman's name. How can she be her lover?

When we have a nightmare, if we don't think of our parents, it should be our lover. Like Liz, she is past the age to daydream about her mother. If we consider that name as a woman's, maybe she likes women. Even my friend has a girlfriend who is also a woman.

So this Western-looking mother already has a lover?

I don't know why I was thinking so much, but when I thought about it, "It's none of my business." So the past ten minutes I've been distracted for no reason.

As I thought, it's better to sleep.

Hopefully Liz won't be a problem even when sleeping again.

Problems always followed. The next day, I woke up as usual, hung the laundry on the clothesline, which was made of straw rope, and arranged the things in the room in their proper place. All the time, there were many things that were prioritizing in my mind.

First of all, I planned to take Liz to apply for a job at the fried chicken restaurant I work at, but how would I have time to take her there since it opens late? So I planned to take her with me.

Help me sell garlands. There's no pay. Consider it a way to repay my angelic status. Then, in the evening, I'll take you to apply for a job.

Number two, clothes. As I said, I only have a few outfits. If I give them to Liz, it means I'll have even fewer clothes left.

Third, she was wearing old flip-flops that she probably got from Auntie Kaew. The soles were thin and about to tear. If she wasn't wearing sneakers for the garland-selling job, she should have worn shoes with thick soles that would be more comfortable to walk in. Then what did Liz wear? Oh, the first day, slippers. The next day, the shoes were almost broken.

Number four, when will she remember anything?

I'm already stressed out about my own money, and now I have to worry about you on top of that. My mind has no more space. When I opened the group chat and saw that Luk Mee reminded us that our first semester grades were out, I logged into the university website and saw two 'D's floating around. It hurt like hell.

Damn it, I'll study with my friends but will I graduate with the same medical students?

If I had studied longer, I would have had to work hard to find money. Even if I got a scholarship, re-enrolling was not included in the scholarship quota. I cursed myself for seeing part-time work as more important than going to class. If I hadn't photocopied Jeans' lectures to read before the finals, I would have been an F-er by now. Last year, I almost didn't make it to the exam room in time because I was busy with work.

After moving out of my aunt's rented room, no one came to knock on the door and give me the foam boxes like usual. I had to take the bus to get them and then transfer to another vehicle at the usual intersection. Are you wondering if it's worth transferring to another vehicle? I have to tell you that I calculated it and it was cheaper than letting Aunt Kaew increase the rent because it would be a hundred baht different. Whenever school starts, I can only go sell during certain periods. Those periods are when Auntie's staff have already taken the foam boxes. I just go to continue selling the items inside.

Liz can wear my shirt perfectly, no problem. I mean, including the underwear. I never thought I would reach a point where I have to share this with someone else. To be precise, it's the underwear.

It was a bit too loose for me to wear, so I folded it up and put it away for years. After that, I went out and bought it because it was sold at a factory price. Liz told me that it fit her well. So, congratulations. I'll give you this dress because I don't want it anymore.

“It irritates my skin. What should I do, Khao Fang?” When she said that, I was shocked. I frowned and was about to scold her. If only she had opened her mouth to make an excuse because she was scared. “Oh, oh, oh. I think it’s perfect.”

"Good"

"But your soap seems to be causing acne on my face."

"Would you like to try taking a bath without anything?"

“No, it’s not good. Come to think of it, it smells good.” Then she just laughed to cover it up. My gaze when I looked up at her must have been a bit fierce.

The pants I lent you to wear, it seems like you're either too thin or I'm too fat. They're loose, so loose that I had to find a brooch to pin them on for you, a fool who doesn't know what to do, as if all of your life you've only had someone dress you up frequently.

“What should we eat this morning?” she asked as I grabbed my bag to sling over my shoulder, making me pause for a moment when our eyes met.

That's right. Since the university closed, I've forgotten that I rarely eat breakfast.

"Maybe a box of milk," I replied quickly, pushing the taller person out of the room to lock the door.

“Will you be full?”

"It's similar to the instant noodles last night."

"That means I will not full." She made a serious face, as if those eyes were telling me that we should be serious about this.

“So what would you like to eat, princess? Honey-roasted chicken with caviar?”

“Wait, what did you say? Can you say that sentence again?”

"Caviar"

"No, no, no." The pretty girl shook her head repeatedly.

“Baked Chicken with Honey Sauce”

"No, Khao Fang. Before that."

“Instant Noodles last night?”

"No!"

“Fuck it. Go. Walk. Do you think the bus will wait for us?”

The other party was about to open her mouth to protest about something nonsensical, but when she saw my fierce gaze, she quickly shut her mouth and calmly walked along the path.

Before going to the bus stop, I stopped by the shop at the entrance of the alley and bought two cartons of milk. I paid for it but didn't forget to write it down in the account that Liz would have to find the money to pay back. We finished the milk before the bus came again. The sound of sucking air was loud as if we were still in the air. I couldn't accept that the milk in the carton was empty. I had to admit that I was really hungry at this moment. But what could I do in a city with a limited budget?

“Do you eat like this every day? Milk in the morning, omelet at noon, instant noodles at night,” Liz wondered when we were already sitting on the bus. Her slender hands held an empty milk carton that had been squeezed out of shape. At times, her slender index finger rubbed the back of her other hand as if it was too bare to wear something over it. Gloves?

Never mind.

“During the school break, I often forget to eat breakfast. But today I ate it,” I replied. Before, I used to sit on the bus quietly, gazing out the window. But since you came in, my daily life has become much more annoying.

“Are you still studying?”

"Oh, study at university."

“So do you think I will be the same age as you?”

"I don't know. Maybe she's younger. She looks weirdly stupid." Actually, being younger doesn't have anything to do with being stupid or not. It's the kids who are smart. It's the Liz who's stupid. I kept cursing at her.

"Then why I have never seen you go to school?"

"It's the school break. You don't have to meddle in my affairs, Liz. Sit down and remember your real name and hometown. Maybe the embassies of those countries in Thailand can help."

My tone indicated that I was cutting off the conversation, and the listener, who had clear eyes, understood this well. She was silent for a long time, so silent that I was the one who secretly squinted at her. "Are you upset?" "Are you angry?" I could only wonder to myself. Finally, after two minutes, she couldn't hold it in any longer and, as expected, turned to pull my sleeve and nudge me.

"What?"

“Can I have two skewers of grilled chicken?”

“…”

I'm so unlucky to have you following me around.

12.37 p.m.

"Your debt has skyrocketed to hundreds now."

I said after writing the number 40 in the credit account. Liz is a debtor that I am still worried about whether she will be able to find the money to pay back. This morning before going to work, she asked me to buy her two skewers of grilled chicken. When I refused and pushed her head hard, the troublemaker sat on the sidewalk hugging her knees and refused to help sell flower garlands, claiming that she had no strength.

"You're acting like a child, get up!" At that moment, I was filled with anger and shouted at her.

No, I'm hungry. Haven't you read the research on breakfast and how important it is?

Don't be a tease. I drink the same amount of milk as you and use more energy than you. Who do you think you are? Does the world revolve around you? No one is there to serve you and feed you whenever you're hungry. Be aware of that.

But in the end, it was me who got tired and was too lazy to stand and talk by myself, and I had to endure those pleading eyes. The result was that I ended up with just one stick left.

At first, Liz refused. However, when I pretended to be indifferent and wanted to walk away, she quickly agreed, as if she was afraid of dying of hunger.

It's so annoying, if you find out who you are, then give me a little money instead. It's worth watching.

Let me put it this way. Before thinking about compensation, I should pray that you are well-off and not someone who illegally entered the country to work.

Now it's lunch time, I take her to the same restaurant because it's the cheapest in this area. We order the same fried egg rice because we don't want to think too much. As for my foreigner, the problem is she orders crab fried rice with fried egg. She ordered the same thing as the uncle at the next table, telling him, "I want that one because I saw him eating it and it looked delicious." It means that her food cost more than mine.

"You didn't answer my questions this morning." While sitting and waiting for food, she started reminiscing. What are you looking for? Last night, you were crying in your sleep, and I didn't say anything.

"Whatever you answer? I already told you to just sit and think about yourself."

"Are you asking if you regularly eat Manchester United?"

“ManU?”

"Umm, Man U."

I almost scolded her if I didn't realize that foreigners pronounce the word "Menu" as "Man U", but the Thai pronunciation is "Menu", which foreigners might be confused about.

"Next time, just call it a menu. If you keep saying Manchester United, people will think you want to watch football." I rested my chin on my hand, pretending to teach kids, and then answered her question to get it over with. "Yeah, that's it. I ate like this when I was in Bangkok."

"What if you're not in Bangkok?"

That question made the atmosphere of my hometown form in my memory.

That's right. When I was at home, even though I didn't have much money, at least I had vegetables in my garden to pick and eat with chili paste. I just needed a lot of rice to mix to fill my stomach, or a basket of mackerels to mash with hot rice and eat. I had to search around to remove the bones. It would be a little greasy when I ate it, but it was really delicious.

I really miss home.

“Well… eating mackerel, chili paste, and things like that is economical.” I answered simply and casually, thinking that Liz would have run out of points. But it turned out that those eyes were glowing.

“That tuna, I want to try it. Please buy it for me.”

And then it came to me. I sighed and lied in a calm voice like I was talking to a little kid. “It’s two hundred thousand baht. If I win the lottery, I’ll buy it for you.”

"Okay"

I shook my head in exasperation. You're so stupid. Don't you even notice anything?

But I laughed alone until the person blinked her eyes in confusion.

After work from selling garlands, of course I went to the fried chicken shop as usual. I told Liz to wait at the back door and not go anywhere. Then I went in to change my clothes and put on the shop's logo apron. Then I came back and held her hand and went inside to leave the job.

Hmm.

But it seems like today I'll get another bad luck.

Today, the kind-hearted Phi Nu is not here. It is Phi Jim, his girlfriend, who is working at the shop instead.

The problem is that Phi Jim is very meticulous in selecting people, from the application process, which checks their attire from head to toe, to the interview process, which looks at their personality, speech, question and answer responses, tone of voice, and the probation process. It’s completely different from Phi Nu’s side, who will easily hire employees if someone on the inside sends them a job, even though Phi Jim later stressed this to his girlfriend.

Now that we've talked about Jim's standards, let's talk about Liz.

What's good about Liz?

Oh my god, you don't even have an ID card.

Dressing up? My clothes. Do they look good? No. The first time I came to apply for the job, I wore a student uniform. So, Jim thought I was polite and neat.

Liz was a total no-no. Phi Jim rejected her, giving a simple and concise reason.

“You don’t have an ID card, you don’t have a work permit, and you don’t look ready to work. Just be prepared.”

Which can be translated in short as "Don't accept, don't hope for it." People inside will know this well.

"Phi Jim, please give my friend a chance."

"I don't want to get involved with foreigners. Fang should understand me, right?"

“But my friend.”

“The answer is still the same. Sorry.”

But my friend has to earn money to pay me back and buy her own clothes...

I wanted to say that, but it was too late because Phi Jim used a semidecisive tone. I could only force a smile, let out a dry laugh, and thanked her before leading Liz out the back door of the shop.

“Was it clear just now that she didn’t accept you?”

"Because she's not an angel like you." That face that spoke with a smile made me forget what crazy thing I was going to talk about next.

I put on a serious expression

“Wait for me. When I get off work, I’ll take you to ask for other jobs.”

“You get off work late. Is the place we’re going to be open?”

"Just sit and wait without disappearing." I interrupted her and pushed Liz to sit on a long bench. "Remember this. Don't disappear like that again. The day you ran off to eat grilled chicken." Because the debt you owe me has not yet been paid.

"Yes," the owner of the innocent eyes replied.

"And if it rains..."

“Will you come to me?”

“You’re being too self-important. I’m just saying, if it rains, come stand in the shade. Don’t be a fool and sit in the sun just because I told you not to get up and go anywhere.”

“Uh-huh,” she replied in her throat. The beautiful face with a slight smile on her lips turned her gaze away to the sky. “But the crystal sky has been here all day, it probably won’t rain.”

I looked up and saw that the sky was clear until the late afternoon. There was no rain, and it didn't seem like it was going to rain in the winter. Looking at the color of the sky before going to work helped me change my worldview a bit, because I usually just walk in with my head down.

"Don't just stand there staring," I said, as if an adult was warning a child. Then I walked through the back door of the shop and returned to being a fried chicken employee.

8:17 p.m.

"I don't know. If we can't find out where the hundred baht went, then no one should go home."

Phi Jim's decisive voice announced loudly. The employees in the store who had just helped close the store closed the door and turned the sign back to 'close' all lowered their heads as well. I was one of them.

The total amount in the drawer and the money in the system today were not the same. It was exactly one hundred baht short, and Phi Jim was as strict as the bank. If even one baht was missing and they couldn't find enough to replenish it, no one would be allowed to leave. In the past, there had been a shortfall of about one or two baht, or five or ten baht. The employees were forced to take out their own money to get it over with. However, this time, the amount was too much for any one person to sacrifice.

Sister Jim began to transform into a shop owner who did not trust her employees. She was suspicious of the cashier who had the code to open the cash drawer first, and then the cashier, who suspected that someone had secretly put the money in her pocket. I, who had my head down, felt uncomfortable and wanted to blurt out how could she do that? Otherwise, when the cashier counted the money, she would have seen that it was incomplete.

However, everyone except the cleaning lady is suspected. However, she is not allowed to go home at this time.

“If we can’t find it, I’ll deduct everyone’s salary instead.” Her eyes behind the eyeliner revealed anger. I tried dividing the 100 baht roughly by all the employees in the store. It meant that each of us would have to pay a few baht. I felt a little relieved. However, my relief didn’t last long when she continued after a pause, “100 baht each.”

"Huh!"

That was the same exclamation I had in mind, but the one who blurted it out was the guy next to me, who usually just lets Jim scold him without saying a word.

“Are you crazy? Then you can get almost a thousand. Divide a hundred by the number of employees. I don’t object. But isn’t a hundred per person too much?”

“When everyone applied for the job, whether it was me or Nu, we would tell them up front that honesty is very important. If anything happens, everyone must take responsibility together. And what I just announced was that taking responsibility for one person’s selfishness and petty theft. You can’t blame me,” she glanced at the cashier as if she was pointing a target for everyone to blame.

But I don't think so. None of us would want to put money in our pockets because we knew that something like this would happen. I intended to keep quiet, but I couldn't stand it anymore and had to express my opinion.

"How about checking the CCTV footage?"

As soon as the voice fell, the other staff members exclaimed in remembrance.

Yes.

This is how you know who is really pocketing the money. Is it a thief, a glitch in the billing system, or is the money just disappearing?

Phi Jim was silent for a long time, almost a minute. The others waited to see what she would decide on the day that the kind-hearted Phi Nu was not there to stop her.

"I'll go check," she said. "But during this time, no one can go home first. Otherwise, I'll assume that person took the money. Feel free to walk around the store. Just don't leave. Do you understand?"

“Yes/no, ma’am…” We both reluctantly answered, watching as Phi Jim mumbled and walked into the back office, out of her area of hearing. The employees who had been tense for a long time began to complain. There were hot-headed people, dissatisfied people, afraid of having their salaries deducted, and people who were suspicious like me. If that wasn’t my boss, I would have argued to the death. It was sad that I wasn’t in a position to be as talkative as I am with ordinary people.

Even though we are a group of people who have to work hard to survive, one hundred baht means a lot, but it doesn't mean that we have to do something like this. No matter how poor we are, we know that Phi Jim's character is good. "Fang, could you go to the restroom?" I had just wiped the table but hadn't washed my hands yet. I said this so that a couple of the older colleagues standing nearby could hear. I saw one of them nodding in acknowledgment and then walk through the staff door that leads to the internal restroom. It's a narrow corridor that passes by the glass room, which is the office of P'Jim and P'Nu.

Sister Jim was sitting in front of the computer. She pressed pause on the video from the security camera that captured the cash register area. In the clip, the person standing controlling the machine was Sister Jim. She quickly rewound it to take a closer look before finding that the clip clearly showed that the person who pulled one hundred baht out of the drawer and gave it to the lottery vendor was Sister Jim. She was the one who took it out and spent it on her own without thinking and thought that the store employees were dishonest.

At that moment, both she and I were speechless. This could be interpreted in two ways. One, she was afraid of losing face and would blame us. Two, she admitted her mistake and apologized to everyone.

Having worked in this shop for quite some time, I am very certain that the latter could never happen. She is not Phi Nu. And it was true because Phi Jim quickly closed the clip, pressed delete, and then removed the memory card and broke it.

As I turned to throw the memory card into the trash can, the young woman who owned the shop happened to see me. I pretended that I didn't see anything and walked towards the bathroom.

I hope Phi Jim doesn't realize that I saw that clip, or else my work here will definitely have a different atmosphere.

But as I said, heaven didn't give me much luck.

God doesn't really like to give me the Lucky One status.

Because after washing my hands and finishing my business, I turned the doorknob and came out and hit the jackpot. Phi Jim was standing with her arms crossed, looking this way as if she was waiting for me to show her my face and talk to her. I just smiled slightly. At that moment, a woman who was ten years older than me moved her body to stand in the middle, blocking the way.

"I think you look a bit nervous, Fang."

Then she gave me a slanderous look.

This is going to be a disaster...

Her third option might be to frame one of her employees as a scapegoat, Instead.



***Chapter  09: Your vent is on the left.***

“She made fun of me when I walked out of the bathroom and then walked out to tell everyone that the CCTV was broken. But while she was talking, she squinted at me until everyone looked back. She also intentionally misled others with her vague sentence, saying, “I still keep it because I feel sorry for you.” Doesn’t that make people think that I took it?”

“Do you mean money or fried chicken?”

“Money! But even if it’s fried chicken that she accidentally ate, she’ll have the same reaction.”

"Then you just shut up and walked out."

“Hmph,” I refuted, as we waited for the evening bus at the stop, where fewer people had boarded the previous one. “What do you think I’m going to do?”

“Calling the owner of that shop stupid.”

Oh my god, I automatically rolled my eyes. “Is that what I used to curse you, Liz?”

"So what are you doing?"

Because in the past, I've never had anyone to sit and talk about life's problems. She asked with interest as if I was her god and had a similar expression on her face. Instead, I started to turn to the western-faced girl. The story after that was thriving to come out.

“Let me tell you, I usually never argue with my employer. I mean, apart from people at the university, I never get into trouble with anyone. But this time, I couldn't stand that crazy attitude she had, trying to frame me. I forgot to think about the consequences that would follow. I got so furious that I spoke the truth about what I saw and challenged her to bring the lottery vendor as a witness. I even dared them to search Jim to see if she had any lottery tickets. Damn it, I completely forgot that money can silence everything. If she gave money to the vendor to keep quiet, that would be it. As for the lottery tickets, she just said she bought them several days earlier.”

"Uh, so you're foolish as I am."

"Yeah, that's right. I must have caught your stupidity. So, I took off my apron, threw it on the table, and announced loudly in the shop that I quit. I'm done with this place that has an owner with a heart like a thief. That's not all, I even had the audacity to say that I wouldn't accept the unpaid salary, not a single baht, to prove my innocence. And as a parting shot before walking out, I said, 'You know what you did, otherwise you wouldn't have deleted the memory card and thrown it in the trash. The surveillance cameras are always on. Anyone can see it.'"

Fang, you idiot, do you think you're in a university now with the dean's daughter as your backer?

I ruffled my hair in reproach, burying my face in my palms like a hopeless person sitting and worrying. Which was true. I could find a job… it might take some time, but no, I shouldn't have been so rude as to give that money to someone like Phi Jim. What about the time I was waiting for a job? Money didn't grow from the mango tree next to my rented house.

As I was thinking about all sorts of things, the warmth of someone's hand reached down onto my left shoulder.

“Come on, I don’t have jobs either. That’s a good thing.”

"Be nice to ghosts." I didn't brush off the kindness on my shoulder, but instead pushed the thoughtless girl's forehead with my hand. "Without a job, where will I get money?"

“...” At least Liz is useful, sitting quietly as a punching bag for me to vent my feelings.

“The car care shop is only hiring full-time employees now. Tutoring jobs are gone because there are now many tutoring schools. The printing and translation jobs that are always available don’t pay enough.”

“You work so hard, aren’t you tired?....”

"Not tired at all, huh? Go ahead and ask," After I slammed it sarcastically, I turned to look the other way to see why the bus was so late. I was already feeling hungry.

"Then, should we go and get revenge on that nasty human being?"

"What can you do with a face like yours? If you don't cause trouble and kick his food, that's good enough."

Hitting a sore spot about yesterday's incident, Liz immediately shut her mouth, probably because she was afraid that I would yell at her again.

I sat there for almost a minute, swatting mosquitoes, when out of the corner of my eye I caught Liz, who had been staring blankly at the road, suddenly tilting her head and frowning. She seemed to be experiencing some sort of inner anxiety, or she was remembering something. It could be a memory, a lucky number, a ghostly number, or something else that would disappear from her mind if she didn't write it down quickly. She turned to me and made a hand gesture as if she was holding a pen and writing in midair.

“Please…”

"Pen?"

"Yes, yes"

“Wait a moment,” I said, zipping open my shoulder bag and groping for a pen in the small front pocket before handing it to her. I leaned closer, curious to see what she was thinking that made her want to write so much. However, Liz wasn’t finished yet.

"Give me that one too."

"What is that? If there's no paper, just write on your palm. Haven't you ever written before?"

Even though she looked doubtful about whether a pen could write on a palm, she hesitantly tried it. I rested my chin on my elbow, looking at her, wondering what she would write. It would be great if she could think of something.

I guess that's the real name....or not.

Or a phone number to contact relatives...or not?

But it was all wrong, and so unexpected that I furrowed my brows in annoyance.

“What is wrong with her?”

‘+87-158-587'

Just as she was about to write another number, the incompetent person accidentally dropped her pen on the floor and quickly raised her hand to press on the back of her neck, where she had shown me the raised wound. A sharp pain escaped her clenched teeth and her beautiful, unadorned lips.

I opened my eyes wide in shock, but before I could do anything, Liz recovered from her symptoms and sat down with her head bowed, looking weak.

"Are you going to the hospital?" I asked in a normal, soft voice, not as hard as when I was venting my anger.

“There are four more numbers…”

At first, I wondered what she was talking about, but when I glanced at the numbers on her left palm, I could guess that it must be someone's phone number or someone she knew. However, I couldn't remember all the numbers before I had the same problem.

Liz's hands and temples were sweating. I felt guilty for what I did earlier, but I was also irritated.

“Forget about those numbers. Let’s go to the hospital right now.” When I was going to leave her there, oh wait. “No way… I forgot you don’t have an ID card.”

Because I don't know if she's a foreigner, half-Thai, or some shit. If I take her like this, it means I'll have to pay the full cost of medical treatment.

I looked at her with a deep sense of pity. I couldn't tell what kind of injury that was, it looked like a bruise or a hit. She should probably see a doctor or take some medicine, but as I said, Liz has to pay for the full medical expenses. And if I take her there, I will bear the burden. Even though letting her stay and offering her a job is already a form of compassion, why do I feel like this is a repayment of a favor? If Liz is the owner of the amulet I am wearing, I have already given her a place to stay and meals for several days. If it goes beyond this, I will be the one in trouble.

The bus is here. Just get up, walk away, and leave the person with their eyes tightly shut, head down, and arms crossed behind. Just like that, the person who doesn't know the way won't be able to find me anymore. Anyway, I've quit the fried chicken shop, so there's no way I'll pass by again.

But...

But Khao Fang, your mother had die because she didn't make it to the hospital in time. Are you really going to let it go like this?

That night at 9pm, when the ambulance arrived at the entrance of the alley, my mother had already passed away. My mother's eyes still haunt me, making me feel scared to the point of seeing people suffering from serious illnesses or accidents to this day.

Alas... In the end, a person like Falada, who could barely survive on her own, was so stupid, thought too much, and was very compassionate. She acted like a compassionate soap opera heroine. She stopped walking, got into the car, and then stood in front of the young woman who was sitting in a bad condition.

"Go"

“...” Liz slowly opened her eyelids before silently looking at me.

"Let's go to the hospital. I'll pay for it first."

00.17 a.m.

"Father, this month I sent back a little less money because there was an emergency that I needed to cover."

[It's okay, you don't have to send any this month. Keep it for later use. But, is there any problem? Do you want me to find some money and transfer it to you?]

“No need, Dad. Fang can handle it. I just need to spend a little money. I have enough to spend, but I can only send a small amount home. I will transfer the money to you as usual, but it might be a few days late. That’s all for now. I have to run some errands. Sorry for calling you so late. Good night, Dad. Please tell Sister Sa too.”

[Okay, child. Don't forget. If you're tired, go home.] Dad repeated his usual words, and we ended our phone conversation.

I got up because the payment point called for me to receive the medicine and pay for the treatment. The hospital at night is always busy but not too crowded. At least Liz got an X-ray, a rough examination, and some medicine to take. I am now her simulated relative, and I am swallowing hard, regretting the money I just withdrew from the ATM to pay.

I don't have an ID card, I don't know my full name, I can't remember my HN code, so I had to pay in full according to the rules. The money I took out to hand to the cashier was equivalent to the part-time salary of the fried chicken shop that I left behind to confirm my innocence.

If I hadn't seen that the symptoms were so severe that I couldn't respond in a coherent manner, I wouldn't have been so soft-hearted.

At that time, it was like if I let it go, I would sit there like an idiot forever. No matter how evil she was, I couldn't help but feel sorry for her. A pretty woman who sat still and didn't know anything about the situation, what would happen to a rude person if she passed by? I don't need to explain.

The hospital said that the back of her head was hit, not an accident, but more like being hit by a hard object. They gave her several pills to take.

But when I inquired about the memory loss symptoms and whether hospitalization was necessary, the doctor said that such severe memory loss cases are rarely encountered. However, if it does occur, it might be short-term and the memories will gradually be restored on their own.

Within a few days, at most a month, I asked the doctor if that mental retardation was related, saying that Liz was like a child who couldn't do anything. The doctor answered that her brain might be blurry and cause some abnormalities, such as short-term memory loss, forgetting how to do certain things, and feeling dizzy. However, it would return to normal in a short period of time. As for the sleeping overnight issue, luckily the symptoms weren't that bad.

Well, she's feeling much better now. I heard that she doesn't have a throbbing headache anymore after using the air conditioner. The last sentence she told me herself just now made me wonder if she just wanted to sleep because of the air conditioner.

“Ah, hold it and guard it for the rest of your life.”

It was almost half past midnight and the two of us walked along the sidewalk that led to the front of the hospital. I handed her a bag of medicine. Liz took it easily and opened it to look.

"Medicine?"

"Oh, it's not milk tablets."

“You bought it for us?”

"Which dog helped you get here? And even helped you get onto the bed so he could push you in. Get treated."

The pretty girl who was a bit pale looked back and forth as if looking for a dog. In fact, her actions were very stupid. Pure stupidity. It was the kind of stupidity that was not mixed with anything. What the hell is this crazy person's name? I rolled my eyes. Because she was sick, I didn't want to scold her too much. On the other hand, I was also starting to get used to Liz.

If she dies or disappears, I'd be more stressed out.

Come on, at least you have a subordinate to help sell garlands. And if you can earn money yourself, we can share the rent.

I dodged the gaping bricks on the sidewalk, pulling the tall man's arm to avoid it. My mouth asked, "Apart from those numbers, what else do you remember?"

“Baseball”

“Baseball? Do you play it on the field?”

“No, it’s like… we give the trophy to the winner, but actually we want to go down and play.”

“Like a teacher giving a trophy to a student, something like that?” I tried to hypothesize, because standing there and giving a trophy to the winner doesn’t have many career options. “Maybe she’s a teacher who came to teach English in Thailand.”

“Are you free?”

"Just thinking about it."

"If you say something, then so do we."

Oh, can it be like this?

You don't use your brain at all.

I turned to glare at that idiot, ready to scold her, only to find that Liz had been watching me all along and probably for a long time too.

The light from the roadside pole fell on a beautiful face with a red mark that she claimed was because the soap had poisoned her. Her lips curved up into a smile, her face tilted slightly. For a moment, it was as if someone had stopped time. The night sky was just a backdrop, and it would remain just a backdrop, and there was no way it could be more beautiful than the woman who had drawn attention to herself.

It got stuck in my throat and was eventually swallowed...the words I was going to say.

"It seems like you have something to tell me."

Liz looked at me with doubt, while I avoided those eyes, feeling strange in my heart at the exaggerated compliment of the same gender. Before crossing my arms and walking ahead because I didn't know what to do.

"I'll tell you, I... I won't have any clothes to lend you to wear when we go back. You will just wear the ones you got from Auntie Kaew in the first place. I washed them quickly this morning."

"Thank you, Khao Fang."

The owner of the voice followed behind, the sound of a rustling medicine bag accompanying every step. It's strange that normally I would turn around and snap at them, getting irritated over everything. However, this time I could tolerate it. In fact, it was better because Liz walks without dragging her feet, so the sound was soft. But...

With that bag ringing, I knew she was behind me without having to turn around and look.

At this late hour, there was no other choice but to call a taxi back. Even though I knew it was very expensive, it was still better than dragging my body back. It would probably be morning before we arrived. I don't even know how to use the famous taxi app. One day I'll have to study it so I don't have to pay so much.

After getting into the taxi and giving the location, I picked up my phone and applied for a daily internet package, feeling regretful about spending the money, in order to send a chat to Four.

Fang: Hey, I'm broke this month. Can you lend me some money?

It took a while for the recipient to open and read it. It was quiet, and then it sent something instead of a reply.

I Am No.4 (Four): (Send a picture)

Upon opening it, I found a screenshot of an internet banking slip. Four, the person whom people at the university said was untrustworthy, badtempered, always looking for trouble, and a fighter, is the same Four who transferred 3,000 baht into my bank account in the middle of the night without a second thought.

I Am No.4 (Four): 100% interest

But because we are friends, it is natural for us to be teasing.

Fang: Damn it, take it back.

I Am No.4 (Four): Just kidding, I'm serious.

I could feel that Four was in a good mood. Normally, she doesn't like to type long messages or joke around in chat, except in public when she usually plays around in a group. I wonder if she's in love or has something good going on, like using that freshman from the Faculty of Law with her.

Fang: You're so generous. Next month when I get my salary, I'll transfer it back to you.

I just remembered and typed it again.

Fang: I forgot, school's starting soon. See you.

I Am No.4 (Four): Okay, see you. You don't have to return it.

Fang: I'm borrowing it, not begging online.

I Am No.4 (Four): Yeah, yeah.

I checked to see if the money had come in yet. Oh... I saw the amount that would be enough to get by this month. I felt very grateful to her. When it's graduation day, besides my father, sister, and the university that gave me the scholarship, there's also Four who I should be grateful to.

In my freshman year, we weren't that close yet, so I never relied on it. But when I got to my sophomore year, it became my backup ATM for emergency loans. And as I said, people who don't know me might think that Four is arrogant and picks a fight. Judging from her face, she seems to be like that. But in fact, she's not like that at all (except for the slapping thing).

"Talk to your lover?"

A voice beckoned me to look up from my phone screen. Liz was sitting next to me, clutching the bag of medicine, her eyes filled with curiosity. "Friend"

I replied, putting my phone back in my pocket because I was done with my business. When I turned back to talk to the foreign-looking girl again, I found her brows furrowed slightly.

"What friend? I saw you smiling."

Hey, I got money from this friend. Do you want me to sit here and make a sour face like this?

I was about to speak my mind when the taxi driver suddenly asked if this was the right route. I turned to confirm with him and gave him a bit more direction. But just as I was about to return to my usual quiet self, having forgotten about the earlier incident, Liz tugged at my sleeve twice as if to get my attention.

"So are you really friends or not?"

“Hey, what’s going on with you? Why are you getting involved in my conversations? The one I’m talking to is a woman. Think about it, is she a friend or a girlfriend?”

"Women and women can date."

"But I don't like girls, okay? End of story."

“Do you hate women?”

"Really annoying. When I say I don't like her, it doesn't mean I have romantic feelings. I wonder if, besides her memory loss, her IQ and EQ have also disappeared."

Then I complained endlessly, to the point where the taxi driver looked through the mirror and smiled a little. This might be one reason why red lipstick suits my lips. When I open my mouth and spit out harsh words with a strong face, well, yes, it does make me look like a jealous woman.

But one thing I don't understand is that the reaction of a normal listener should be a pale face, guilty, bored, a wry smile, a pout, a deep look of anger in the eyes, or anything else that indicates that they can't accept it. But the person sitting on my left listened intently, blinked her eyes, and nodded in agreement. In the end, it was me who couldn't stand it anymore.

"What's wrong with you? Are you a psychopath who likes to listen to insults?"

"No"

"But you can sit and listen."

"Because I know you just need someone to listen."

“…”

“Is that right?”

Her smiling words made me quiet for a moment. A small part of me thought, “Maybe.” But that was it. I came back to the situation and shook my head as if I wanted to shake something off. I looked out the car window and said casually.

"She's ridiculous."

***Chapter 10: One hundred and eighty options***

"Let's make a written agreement on how to coexist."

The next evening, after returning from selling garlands and having someone take over, I found myself with nothing to do. So, I took Liz back to the rented room, grabbed a large piece of leftover paper from a university activity, and stuck it next to the door. I pulled out a thick magic marker from my pencil case, while the foreign-looking mother sat hugging her knees, listening intently.

"One point..."

"Alright, we agree."

“I haven't said the rules yet!”

"Anything is fine, as long as you don't kick me out," she blinked.

I sighed, turned to the important piece of paper, and started writing the title, "The Rules of Fang and the Stupid Girl," then started to draft the first rule and said it out loud.

“One, you have to pay 60% of the rent, help pay 60% of the water and electricity bills, and pay 60% of the soap, shampoo, and other miscellaneous items. Simply put, you have to pay 60% of everything.”

"I don't think it's fair."

"Didn't you say you would give in to everything?"

"Well, it's not fair..."

“But I own a mattress, pillows, fan, shoes, and an hour ago I bought you some extra underwear and clothes.”

“You said yourself that you would put it in a credit account and collect the money later.”

"But it's a pre-payment."

"You're a cheater."

"It's profit. I didn't cheat."

"Cheat"

"Okay! Okay, I can reduce it to 55%."

“That’s still not fair.”

"Really annoying!"

In the end I had to change it to 50%, damn it!

"Second, you have to take turns washing the dishes on odd and even days.

You on odd days and I on even days. If you argue about this, you can get lost."

“…”

Very good. She was silent and stared at me with wide eyes. She must have been afraid of the threat.

“Third, you have to work. Find a job that pays. I will help you find one, but I won’t help you do it. If you refuse, you will be kicked out and sent to sleep on the streets.”

“…”

“Fourth, no matter what small jobs I take on, if it’s outside of your work hours or if you don’t have a job yet, you have to help me.”

"Boo!"

"If you refuse, you will have to wash the dishes on both even and odd days."

“…”

“Next, rule number five: Don’t touch my phone.”

“…”

"Sixth point-"

“There’s more. Why are you so busy?”

I had to grit my teeth and restrain myself from arguing. “Number six, you don’t have the right to choose what you’ll eat for this meal or that meal. I’ll decide for myself. But if you’re working and earning money by then, that’s a different story.”

“…”

“That’s clear. You don’t have any objections, right?”

“No, but I want you to write ‘Liz’ instead of ‘stupid girl’.”

So Liz can read Thai?

Oh my gosh, I shouldn't have imagined it myself because I saw you looking confused while reading the plaster on the back that day.

The next day

5:48 p.m.

“Khao Fang, tell him you don’t want to take the job. Just think about it. That snail might eat our hand off!”

“Exaggerated.” I put on the orange rubber gloves that Uncle Namchai had prepared for me, threw another pair to Liz, and then carried a plastic box that was the size of a giant African snail and walked straight to the garden.

Uncle Namchai is about seventy years old. He is a retired man who lives in a luxurious house alone because his son rarely comes back from abroad to visit. He often orders fried chicken to eat and got to know me better when I helped him carry the fish tank. Uncle likes to raise various things to relieve his loneliness and recently bought a giant snail of an exotic species to raise.

The problem is that this afternoon, or two hours earlier, Kai Tun (the snail) had disappeared from the glass case that had been shattered by a fallen ceiling fan due to its age. He called a repairman to come and fix it and replace the fan, but no matter how much he looked in the house, Kai Tun could not be found. It is possible that he had headed towards the large backyard.

Due to my body being easily fatigued and having difficulty kneeling, calling me, who once said I would take on any job in the world, became another option. I brought Liz along. We will help each other search for the giant snail, and then we will receive the 200 baht he offered.

And then when the uncle showed us the picture of that huge snail, someone lost their mind as you can see.

“What if you and I get infected with the virus? What’s more, if it bites and spreads the disease to people…”

“Nonsense. We’re not in a zombie movie. Just put on your gloves and follow me. Don’t you want to wear them?”

It wasn't a question, but a sarcasm. I walked towards the garden, ignoring her objection that she needed cloth gloves. When I actually stood inside, the garden wasn't so big as to be considered a millionaire's garden. It was just a few trees and shelves of organic vegetables, as well as many kinds of flowers. In short, it was a mess.

It's quite wide for a snail.

“Split up. You go check out the bushes along the back wall. I’ll check out the pots and the… um… overgrown flowers.”

I glanced at it, but I wondered if there were any snakes there.

"It shouldn't be our job."

"Where are we?"

She frowned, looking unhappy that she was the one who couldn't communicate, before pointing at herself, "Me."

“Oh, of course it must be your duty. Do you know why? Because it’s one of our rules of living together.”

"But our hands said that these rubber gloves will make us sweaty and stuffy, unlike-"

"If you appreciate that I took you to the hospital, then shut that mouth and just follow the orders so we can take that giant snail to the owner and get paid, got it?"

"It has nothing to do with gratitude at all." Still, she argues, her eyes refusing to soften.

"Hey, I'm the one that the heavens blessed you with, isn't that right?"

“Yes, but we don’t volunteer to do such risky work.”

"Then don't eat rice anymore," even if it's just one carton of milk.

“…”

“Do you have anything to say?”

“W-well, did you just tell me to go look at the wall and where else?”

9:15 p.m.

"I would like to hire Fang, if it weren't for the fact that our shop only needs full-time employees right now. It's the new policy of the main branch."

"Yes, it's okay. Thank you very much."

I bowed my head in farewell to the restaurant manager, who I used to work part-time at quite often. Unfortunately, he now only hires full-time employees. A bit of a letdown, because after catching the snail hiding in the weeds and returning it to the old man, I used this free time to go around asking for work from the places I used to work.

Unfortunately, as it turns out.

I walked out from the back of the store with my shoulders slumped. Earlier, I told Liz to stand and wait, not to go anywhere unless absolutely necessary. I took a bit longer because the manager was busy, but that shouldn't be a reason for her to disappear like this.

It was empty. I walked around and couldn't even find the shadow of the girl who didn't help catch the snail.

Where have you been again? I'm getting irritated now. Now I have something I want to tell you. It's hard to find you even after listening.

I'll just throw it away.

At first, the thought of abandoning her came back into my head again. If I hadn't happened to turn around and saw the person I was looking for sitting on a wooden bench in front of the electrical appliance shop, her eyes focused on the dozens of TVs showing the same channel but in different resolutions and sizes.

She was watching a Thai soap opera that had reached a point where it was cheesy and mosquitoes were swarming around the heroine slapping the hero due to a misunderstanding before it cut to a commercial, waiting for her to come forward in anticipation of the next part. She didn't know if it was strange or if she just missed having a TV or what. Her facial expressions seemed to have a lot of emotion involved, both making a face of annoyance when the heroine's palm hit her future husband's face due to a misunderstanding and making a face of annoyance when it was a commercial. When I saw it, I had to shake my head and burst out laughing by myself. I guess I haven't been watching Thai soap operas for long.

“Let me guess, what will the hero do next?”

I walked up to the good girl and got her attention by starting a nonsensical topic. Liz quickly turned to me, gave me a genuine smile, and shook her head. "No way, we'll wait and see ourselves," and then turned back to watch the commercial.

"It's the same in every story," she said, squeezing her body next to her foreign-looking girl, staring at the 50-inch TV that was showing a commercial for a famous perfume brand. "The hero will grab, kiss, repeat the formula, slap, kiss, slap, and kiss."

"It's more fun than just sitting around."

I rolled my eyes, it's true, but it's still boring.

“The bad news is that I don’t have a new job yet. The good news is that we’re changing the menu for this meal. Let’s go and find something to eat. Auntie Noi’s restaurant is delicious.”

“What? You don't make any sense. So, is it less tasty or more tasty?"

Oh... If it were a normal conversation, it would be like a joke, but this is Liz. She's really stupid. She doesn't need a stand-in. I pursed my lips and clenched my fists to suppress my emotions. I bit back a lump and replied.

"The owner's name is Noi. The food is very delicious." I don't understand why I want to hit her in the head.

"So... will it taste as good as instant noodles?" Finally, she shifted her gaze from the TV to me. From being angry, I raised my eyebrows in surprise.

"Do you really think that instant noodles is the most delicious?"

“Spicy and sour is good. I see you eat it every day. I think you like it too.”

“Let me explain. I ate because I had nothing else to eat. It was cheap and filling my stomach. But today, I was feeling dizzy and needed something to eat because it was past 9pm. So if you want to wait to eat instant noodles when we get back to the room, go ahead.”

"We'll eat at your Aunt Noi’s restaurant, but if we don't like it, you have to cook some instant noodles for us to eat."

"..." I didn't stay silent because I was upset.

I was silent because I was shocked by Liz's sanity. She likes to drink a whole bowl of instant noodles every day. But I just learned that this woman considers it a delicious food. That is many people's end-of-month food, but it is an option for her if she doesn't like other foods. Really?

The nonsense thought was expelled from my head. I agreed and stood up, telling the foreign-looking girl to follow me if she didn't want to be left here alone. She negotiated, "Can I wait and watch the drama?" Of course, this Khao Fang's answer was a fierce glare and say in a firm voice,

"No"

Then I took a brisk step, hoping to tease the other party to hurry up. I was stupid enough to forget that even though Liz was about the same height as me and not as diligent as me, she was tall and had long legs that could easily follow me with her long legs, making me tired for nothing.

We went to eat at the restaurant, which had few customers at the moment because it was getting late. I ordered fried rice without any side dishes (to get a cheaper price). Liz scratched her chin with her index finger and pretended to look at the menu for a long time. Finally, she ordered shrimp fried rice.

“Go back and order again without shrimp. Do you know that it’s more expensive than regular fried rice?”

“No, I like shrimp,” Liz replied unaware of who was paying. The tall figure sat down on the plastic chair across from me, resting her chin on her hand, looking at me with wide eyes, devoid of any remorse. "And then we will eat."

"These days, you're already eating tom yum shrimp instant noodles. I don't know, but if you don't order anything that costs less than 30 baht, I won't cook instant noodles for you anymore."

The listeners who had been staring at me with delight suddenly opened her mouth and frowned, protesting, “Come on, why are you so cruel?”

"Because I'm actually the devil in disguise."

"Then can I exchange your soul?"

Come on, I should have kept a straight face, but I ended up laughing. I don't know, it's just that Liz's face is so hard to stay mad at. She was teasing and smiling so sweetly.

“I can’t find any sense in talking to you,” I said, still smiling. “How can your family tolerate you?”

“How can that be? It’s so unfair. Why don’t you ask the opposite question, maybe we couldn’t stand our family and ran away?”

“…”

“…”

We were all silent. Liz didn't look so good, as if she felt bad if it was what she said.

At that moment, Auntie Noi walked over and served us plain ice. I waited until the middle-aged woman walked over to the pan and continued, so I broke the hazy atmosphere.

“Did you think so… or did it just pop into your head?”

"No, I just said that, but... I feel strangely bad." She lowered her head, looking down, interested in an ant wandering across the table.

I think it's best not to dwell on this issue, as it's not known whether she had a fight with someone or was in a state of rebellion against her family before she got the wound on the back of her head. These situations happen to western teenagers, but usually...

Or is Liz actually quite a bit younger than me?

Is she a high school kid with problems or something?

I was almost feeling sorry for that gloomy face. If Auntie Noi hadn't brought our stir-fried rice to serve, and then she started eating and her expression changed from gloomy to utterly amazed, with sparkling eyes, speaking loudly enough for people passing by to turn and look.

“This is second only to instant noodles! You’re right. Auntie Noi’s shop is so delicious.”

In this situation, it seems like her family can't stand her anymore.

I had a late dinner while peeking at a pretty girl.

Are you really the girl who gave my family life...Liz?

I hope I'm not repaying the wrong person.

Almost a week after I left Jim's shop, I got a new stable job from my hard work. It was selling orange juice at a market from 5pm to 9pm.

He put up job vacancy signs on the electric poles. The selling time is only at the market in front of XX shopping mall.

I myself wanted a job that could be done in the evening because during the day I had to sell garlands and I had to study during the school term. Of course, I immediately called to apply without a doubt. I submitted my high school education because I had not yet finished my degree. When he found out that I….

As a student, he immediately accepted me. He even mentioned that it would be great if I wore a student uniform to sell.

Don't worry. When the semester starts, I'll definitely wear that outfit to work. I don't have many clothes.

As for Liz, there’s something I want to vent about first. She’s a picky eater, dammit! “We don’t like eating the same menu every day. How dare you say it? Damn it!

But it's just silly because the menu still revolves around boxed milk, basil rice, meatballs, and instant noodles.

Finding a job for her was so difficult that I almost gave up. Let me tell you the story first: I returned the umbrella to Aew and told her that since I changed jobs I wouldn't be able to take this bus line anymore. She was a little shocked but understood. Then I asked her to help me look for a job that didn't require a degree or an ID card to apply, by telling her that I was looking for a job for my roommate. She replied that it was hard to find that kind of job, but she promised to try to help. While I was searching through job posting groups all the time, no one would accept the condition that she didn't need an ID card.

Ta-da! And here comes the good news on Christmas Day.

Sister Aew called and said that there was an egg and spice wholesaler that she knew and was looking for employees. She didn't need to look at educational qualifications, but she was ready to hire someone who could do math and sell eggs, oil, and ready-to-use seasoning powders.

At first, I was afraid that a stupid Liz would be able to do it. But when I let her try adding and subtracting tens, hundreds, and thousands, it turned out that she was like a smart kid from the show Super Ten in disguise. Liz only had one problem: she wasn't very familiar with the Thai baht. She seemed to be obsessed with the dollar. I taught her for half a day before she could learn it.

In short, my amnesiac roommate now has a job with the locals. I've tried to sneak a peek from a distance, and she's a bit clumsy when she's handing out things to customers. However, many people seem to like her half-Caucasian image. Well... they just assumed Liz was half-Caucasian, so I just went along with it.

Now everything is going well. I have a job, Liz has a job. When her salary comes out, she will be able to pay off her debts and help pay the rent. It seems like the shop has agreed to pay her every 28th. They will start paying in January.

Living with her seems to be going well, except for the fact that she does a terrible job of washing clothes and dishes. Every time I wear a shirt she washed, it makes me itch. But last week, I tutored her on how to wash clothes and dishes, and it got a little better... just a little.

Another thing that cannot be left unsaid is our femininity.

We live together, and guess which item we find incredibly annoying but still have to use? Sanitary pads, of course...

It's a super annoying fifth necessity, but I had to spend money to buy it so my western-looking girl could carry it to work in a small old bag, just like I had to carry it.

This is real life that is not glamorous.

Christmas has passed and the New Year has begun. January 3rd is the first day of the second semester. I wake up at the same time as my body has set. Today is the day I have to start carrying my body from school to work again. As for my western-looking girl, she wakes up later and always needs to be woken up.

“Wake up and open your eyes to this cruel world today.”

I shook the person curled up on the mattress. Her height, or maybe she was lazy, and her long spine didn't make her look like a lovely young woman.

She was still as sleepy as ever, turning from side to side, hoping to escape my waking up. But no, the more she refused to open her eyes, the more she just crave this comfortable sleep.

"Will you get up or not? If you don't get up, I won't cook you instant noodles from now on."

“Get up! cook it for us to eat forever!”

She jumped up with her eyes still open. Oh my god, how could it be so soft? Just tear open a packet of instant noodles, put in hot water, and bake for three minutes. Is this something so difficult to do that you have to wait for me to make it for you?

“Get up and go take a shower. Oh, and today I won’t take the bus to work with you anymore because the universities are in different directions.”

She looked puzzled, trying to comprehend what a university was, and then understood when she fully woke up and examined the outfit I was wearing. It was a neatly ironed student uniform, ironed with the iron that Four had once given me for free, a university emblem belt, and a knee-length pleated skirt. Liz blinked her eyes before her beautiful thin lips broke into a genuinely sweet smile.

"You look even more beautiful in your uniform." Then she tilted her head and put both hands on her cheeks.

This girl is a real pig!

I felt a little hot but I suppressed it. “Don’t change the subject. Did you hear what I said? I won’t be able to send you off today.”

“Oh! Why?” Just came to your senses, you idiot. I’ve rolled my eyes for the millionth time since I met you.

"I told you, I have to take a different bus line to get to the university."

"Are you going to let me go alone? No way, you have to go with me."

"Do you see me as a follower or a babysitter?" I grumbled, then pushed Liz up from the mattress to fold it. She stretched lazily, looking annoyed, then stood up and went to grab the towel and clothes hanging by the bathroom door.

When the money comes out, you have to buy me a dress and return it to me. And you have to pay interest on the money you eat and spend.

In the past, we ate breakfast before going to sell garlands, which was a carton of milk. Every day, Liz would be silly and want to eat grilled chicken, but after leaving work, I never bought it for her to eat. It was useless to complain. So, later on, she finally accepted it. As for lunch, since she went to work at a wholesale store, the store treated her to free meals. We ate separately. Liz didn't come to help sell garlands for lunch anymore, and for dinner, she ate instant noodles. Forget about the meatballs at the entrance of the alley. The reason is the same as the grilled chicken.

"You really want to eat it? If you can work, use your own money to buy it. Then you can eat it every meal and no one will stop you."

When I said this, she seemed to want to work. Even though when she saw me and picked me up from work, she would complain that her legs, hands, heads, and stomachs hurt (it just so happened that I was passing through on my way back from selling orange juice at the market, and her wholesale shop closed late at night, just like mine).

Overall, I have an extra burden, a big burden, being a child in an adult's body.

I also wonder if Liz's family hasn't searched for her at all. There's no news, so I can't help but think that Liz might have come to this country alone to work or to relax.

The post I posted on Facebook, only had three friends help share it, maybe because I don't have that many friends. But hey, I also posted Liz's picture in a missing person group, and then it went quiet. My post was buried under the post of an eleven-year-old running away from home.

It's not really uncomfortable, but if you ask whether I'm scared if the police come knocking on the door and say that Lich is a criminal, well, yes, I'm scared. Deep down, I believe that this idiot is probably just a foreigner here for a vacation, considering her fussiness and... that robbery incident.

At least from now on I will pay less rent. There will be someone to split the water and electricity bills. Sister Aew's advice isn't so bad.

I don't know how many times I've tried to console myself.

08.40 a.m.

I'm at the university, sitting in the cafeteria of the Faculty of Business Administration. Our faculty has the largest and most complete cafeteria. Just think about it, even grilled skewers have a stall where students line up to buy.

Most of our faculty has a mix of male and female students. Plus, it's near the dormitory, so it's naturally noisy. However, it's not as noisy as the cafeteria where students stream in like a festival.

"What the hell? I said I was going to take the afternoon class. Why does the schedule say I'm going to take the morning class?"

And now I'm sitting here listening to this stern-looking guy with the world complain about his registration problems. He sounds really annoyed after he prints out his class schedule and finds out that he only has morning classes.

"I will remove the registrar, ban his last name, and prevent his relatives from working here again."

"Jeans, stop it. To other people, it's like a joke, but to you, the dean's daughter, it's not funny." I interrupted, feeling sorry for someone who would lose their job because of a friend who must have been sleepy and registered incorrectly.

"You're talking like my father would do that..." Jeans lowered her voice, but her non-arrogant manner indicated that she was still listening.

“This semester, I only studied for a short while and then had an internship. It sounds so boring.” This time, it was Lukmee who spoke up. She was the cutest in the group, but that didn’t mean her words were cute. “Then why did she have to switch to internship in the second semester? In previous years, I saw her internship during the school break. I also want to have time to spend with my girlfriend.”

"Those who are addicted to their girlfriends," Four, who was looking down at her phone, casually taunted them.

"Oh, it's not like that. She's with the law students and visit her at the faculty building every day as if she's under her spell," the cute person like Luk Mee said with a stern voice.

I picked up the peanuts I bought from in front of the university and started eating them. I listened to three friends talking about their past vacation, sharing opinions and telling stories about themselves, but they didn't mention Lich at all. However, they did ask who the foreigner in the photo I posted on Facebook was. I just answered that….

A foreigner got lost and found her so I took her to the police station.

And those three gave me a thumbs up for my goodness, without realizing that a police station is not a place for lost adults to be taken in! And if they knew that I felt sorry for her and took her in as roommates, wouldn't they praise me for being a saint who cares for all living beings?

"So who's in the same class as me?" After talking until it was past class time, Jeans asked without any distressed expression.

"I," I replied. It turned out that only me and her were enrolled in the morning class. Four and Lukmee were enrolled in the afternoon class. Our free time did not match up. That made the dean's daughter even more upset because she was jealous of her friends.

“Never mind. Then in the afternoon, I’ll go eat ramen at a new place with Fang just the two of us.”

"If will not go, I don't have money."

"Feed"

"Okay, are you going after school?"

Then all three of them started laughing. Four playfully pushed my head and went to buy some watermelon juice. Her expression and eyes were relaxed, not thinking anything, but I knew she felt sorry for me glancing at Lukmee sipping on her smoothie again. I thanked her and teased her back that I would pay off the debt for the watermelon juice when I graduated.

"Come on, Fang, let's get out of here. We're late," Jeans flipped through her watch and turned to tell us to hurry up and go to school.

I was about to get up, if it weren't for the university's Wi-Fi connection that popped up a notification that a Line message had been sent. The pilot message said, "Take responsibility for your friend's place," and it was from Phi Jim, the owner of the fried chicken shop.

My hand hurriedly pressed to look. Immediately, the image that seemed to be recorded from a high angle of the CCTV camera appeared, a short clip of about 1 minute. A woman who seemed to be going crazy was holding a plastic bag with many eggs in it. She walked to the door of the fried chicken shop that I was familiar with. Then, she took out the eggs from the bag and threw them at the shop's glass, one by one, mixed with anger in her gesture.

I wouldn't be staring wide-eyed like a goose escaping the fire like this.

If it weren't for the fact that woman was 'Liz,

### "You stupid lizard, you're making me look bad!"



***Chapter 11: We accept only grilled chicken as an apology.***

“Out of a million people, there’s only one person crazy enough to take a stranger to share a room with you. And that person is you, Fang!”

"If you knew how important the money I saved on the rent to me, you wouldn't have said that, you idiot Four!"

“Stop arguing, you evil-looking people. Open your eyes and look at the green light.”

Lukmee pushed the heads of the two of us sitting in front of us at the same time to calm down the verbal battle. Then the cute girl leaned back and sat with her arms crossed next to Jeans who was sitting with her chin resting on her elbow, pushing it on her lap.

Looks ready to argue and has a lot to say.

About twenty minutes ago, P’Jim sent me a Line message with a video clip showing that my stupid, idiotic roommate threw rotten eggs in front of her shop. P’Jim was furious and told me to go and clear it up right now or she would call the police. So it turned out that the truth was exposed and I had to tell my friends everything.

The other three listened. The dean's daughter was ready to attack. She said, "No, I won't go in. Let's go to class and solve the problem."

Oh my gosh! I'm not sure their solution will come out in a beautiful way.

The four of us sat in a yellow Porsche driven by its owner, Four. This car was worth several million. I remember hearing a friend in class ask the price in the first semester and Four answered. That was why I didn't really sit comfortably in my seat. However, I still sat there and argued with her from the time we got in the car until we passed two red lights about Liz.

She kept saying that I was being thoughtless, but she didn't know that the reason I felt sorry for that foreigner girl was because of the incident...

Oh, never mind. It's not a very memorable memory, but it's memorable.

By the way, what the hell was wrong with that idiot that made her do that?

Luckily, the traffic today wasn't too bad, probably because it was New Year's when people were traveling back to their home provinces. The car stopped at the parking lot of Phi Jim's fried chicken shop less than half an hour after she had said hello.

"Bring a lot of friends."

A sarcastic tone rang out after I stepped inside.

She didn't temporarily close the shop. On the contrary, the customers were bustling. Many looked over, many were still in their own worlds. But of course, all the staff knew me and were now looking at me with full attention.

It seems that today, Phi Nu won't be here to control his girlfriend's temper. I'm in trouble. I glanced over and saw Liz sitting at the counter, just a short distance away from Phi Jim.

Liz didn't show any sign of remorse. She crossed her arms like someone who thought she was right, right, and bought it. Then she gave Jim an extremely irritated look, who was pressing her shoulders down to keep her from getting up and coming to me. To be honest, in all the time we've been together, I've never seen Liz look this dissatisfied before.

“Damn it, you lizard! You were the one who threw the rotten eggs at this shop! You should stay at the wholesale shop and work hard to earn money to pay off your debts!” I gave her a scolding look, but the foreign-looking woman didn’t turn around.

"What do you want to do, auntie? Just tell me."

It was even worse than before. I widened my eyes and squinted at Jeans who walked in and spoke curtly to the owner of the shop who was looking gloomy from being promoted to an old lady.

“I heard that you lost money the other day and blamed it on the staff. What should I do today?”

Brother Jim was so angry that his body and voice were shaking. “Speak with some truth, or else I will really call the police to arrest this woman.”

“Come on, throwing rotten eggs at a shop owned by a social scumbag like this is not strange. It’s right. If you can’t even be honest with yourself, just close the shop.”

“Okay, I’ll call the police!” she said. Her shaking hands took out her phone, probably to dial 191. She pressed the communication device to her ear, her other hand pressed down on the shoulder of the girl who started it all. Her mouth blurted out, “The four of you, if you’re not wearing your school uniform, you'd be the local thugs in my neighborhood."

“Are there a lot of tomboys at your house? Oh, I see. I guess you’re one of them, so you like to think that other people are the same.”

The noise of the two generations of women was quite loud. Now that Lukmee had joined the group, it was even worse. I lowered my head, stressed out to the point of almost losing my mind. Phi Jim knew a lot of people. If she posted my name in the LINE group of shop owners or small businesses, that would mean I was finished.

And in the meantime, Four walked over and whispered something that only the two of us could hear.

"You've never been this shy before, when it comes to verbal competition."

“I’ve already cursed at the average person. What about my employers?” I whispered back, glancing at the argument that had begun to escalate to racist remarks. To make matters worse, a couple of clients had started secretly recording me. “Who would want to hire me anyway?”

"I"

“Take it now. When I graduate, I’ll definitely come to you if I get a good position in my family company.”

“The person filming the clip is here right now. Like this auntie, we have to meet outside the group.”

"If you're going to slap her, stop it, Four. It's all about us anyway."

“…”

"Promise me you won't do it."

“…”

"Four," I said to my friend in a scolding tone.

"Okay, okay," she said, slightly annoyed. "Do you think that if it comes to this point, that auntie will be on good terms with you?" She added a soft grumble.

Less than a minute later, the story escalated to the events of that night when the 100 baht went missing. Liz was even pushed up, even though she argued that I didn't take it. When the lizard girl stood up and insisted on her innocence, she was pushed up and shouted at until I was stunned for a moment, saying, "Go learn Thai language before you go, you idiot!"

Stupid person...

What can we do?

I've already told you that we are a lower class than them.

"How can someone like this become a boss?" Four whispered again after standing and looking at the fierce group for a while.

“Probably rich.”

“Oh, but I didn’t drive you here to watch you stand there looking sullen.”

"I didn't come here to do anything. I wanted to leave that foreign-looking problematic girl behind. If it weren't for that damn Jim threatening to report me, and now she's reported me."

"Let's get started and get this over with."

This time I had to use cold water to rub it because I was getting angry. “Four, please don’t. I know you’re not good at arguing. You like to use physical force more. But if you do it to her, my name will be on the internet and will be used when applying for jobs. So just stand there.”

Even though she was so annoyed that she clicked her tongue, Four still listened to me and didn't go and fight with the older woman. Phi Jim stood there, arguing to the death until her saliva splattered. When she was teased by Jeans and Lukmee, she definitely wouldn't let her lose face. And we lost the only evidence, which was the CCTV camera.

Seriously, Liz are you out of your mind to throw rotten eggs at her shop and cause a scene again?

"There's nothing but empty words and you bring your low-life friends to say that you didn't steal the money. You're probably making excuses. Wait to make excuses to the police again!"

“But Khaofang dared you to open the surveillance camera, but you chose to avoid it,” the original interjected with restraint. Her eyes were red and bloodshot, as if she was extremely angry. Phi Jim stopped paying attention to my two friends and turned to push Liz again, causing her tall figure to stagger slightly.

"Hey, this girl! I told you the camera wasn't on at that time."

“Then why did you specifically mention Fang? If you suspect the cashier or yourself who is in charge of the cash register, that makes more sense than suspecting the server.”

"W-what are you doing? Who would steal their own money?" You could feel the sentence shaking from the fear of getting caught.

“Your own money?” The pretty woman chuckled in her throat, looking down on her conversation partner. “The type of business you’re running is not a sole proprietorship, but a partnership, because there are two owners. That means that every unit of money has to be recorded in the accounts before the profits are shared. If even one unit, a hundred, a thousand, or whatever, is missing, everyone in the store becomes suspicious, even someone with a partnership like you.”

"What?"

“Because if the missing money falls into your hands, it’s like you’re withdrawing for personal use but not recording it as a credit in your cash account.”

“Don’t show off. In case you forgot that the hundred baht that is counted as a withdrawal is actually the owner’s share. I can withdraw it anyway, and it won’t be wrong.”

“Aha!” Liz exclaimed, eyes wide, her hand raised to point at Phi Jim.

“You admitted that you took the money yourself.”

“When did I say that?!”

“Hey, are you recording a video?” The person with the face didn’t care about the previous shouting at all. She turned to ask a female customer who was holding a phone, looking like she was recording, before walking over with a pleading look in her eyes. “Send the clip to Khao Fang. We need the person named the police to hear the sentence just now.”

"Police is not a person's name, damn it!" No matter how much I teach, he doesn't remember. I want to pinch that fair skin until it turns red.

Now, both Jeans and Luk Mee looked at each other. Then both of them, including Four who was standing next to me, turned to look at me as if asking what to do next. I sighed like someone who was very stressed and shrugged as an answer that there was nothing in my mind either.

Thanks to the good people who held up their phones to record all the clips. I just saw their usefulness today. Not that it was evidence for the police or anything, but it was what made Phi Jim end the matter. She called me to talk to me behind the store that she would not mention the 100 baht, would not press charges about Liz throwing rotten eggs, in exchange for me having to comment on those clips on the internet that we both agreed and posted on Facebook publicly that it was a misunderstanding.

The whole time I was listening, I felt like secretly recording a clip to guarantee that Phi Jim would not betray me. And so I did. The sentence: Forget about the fact that Phi took that hundred baht to buy a lottery ticket.

Then I agreed to go and comment on social media to end it, with her voice recorded on my device if anything untoward happened. I don't know, but I think she wanted this matter not to drag on too long, judging from the way she called the police back to tell them that we had already talked, which was lucky because the argument between the five or six of us lasted only a few minutes, so the police were just about to come out.

“Thank you very much, but you guys should go back to the university first. I’ll clear things up with Liz first. Actually, I was going to run some errands too. See you later.”

As soon as I stepped out of the shop, I didn't wait for my three friends to open their mouths to complain. This was definitely not the time for me to introduce this troublesome lizard to everyone. I waved goodbye hastily and grabbed Liz's arm to walk into the alley ahead where there was a bus stop. The bus was no more than a hundred meters away.

And because they didn't have time to talk to each other, they all picked up their communication devices and typed a single sentence into the group chat.

Rrrr!

Four / Jeans / Lukmee: That damn Fang!!!!

Jean (Jeans): Come back and tell me the details, you jerk.

The shade of the bus stop roof doesn't relax me at all.

"Khaofang, you can't let her go," Liz, who had let herself be dragged along, said after being ignored by me for a while. "She's a bad person."

"The one who threw the rotten eggs at her shop is the one who is bad, the troublemaker!"

“Have you seen the video where I threw eggs at her shop?”

"Oh yeah, how could I skip class to come see you?"

“Then how can you forgive her? You can sue her.”

“What the hell are you complaining about, Liz? It was over when I quit. Then you came and acted like a crazy person and went to get revenge. If it weren’t for you, I would have gone to school and had a headache with that longnamed subject. Don’t agree to go and clear up the rumor that she and I ended on good terms like this!”

Liz's eyes lit up with seriousness.

“I don’t like this, Khao Fang.”

"I don't like you either. I'm not going to drop you off at work anymore.

You have a job now, you can earn your own money. So find your own place.

I'm kicking you out as my roommate from now on."

“I am really angry with you, and your apology will only be 10 skewers of grilled chicken.”

"Go away!!"

7:03 p.m.

Hmm.

There are a lot of mosquitoes. I forgot to bring mosquito repellent.

I was sitting selling orange juice at the market, and I used a mosquito fan as big as an elephant to chase away mosquitoes. They were so big that at first glance, I thought they were flies. Those damn mosquitoes might make me look like I'm selling dirty orange juice. So I had to fan these blood-sucking creatures away, just like I chased Liz away.

Oh, I'm thinking about her again. Thinking about it makes me feel irritated.

The real problem, was this condition abandoned by her family?

Even if she was the owner of the pendant that saved my mother and I at that time, I still couldn't use that as a reason for a crazy person like her to continue living together.

At that time, after we finished arguing, we went our separate ways. I didn't even care if that kind of person was walking around aimlessly. All I knew was that I felt relieved and relieved, that I had released this big blood-sucking Liz without feeling guilty.

[You admitted that you took the money out yourself...]

The familiar voice of the person I was sick of hearing rang out, but it wasn't her standing here. The voice came from the phone of the man at the grilled squid shop next to the empty seat, who was scrolling through Facebook casually.

"A foreigner, huh?" he said to the dog. Yes, the Thai ridgeback sitting next to him. "I can't see his face clearly. The person taking the photo only zoomed in on the owner's face."

It is true that Liz's face only appeared for a split second in that clip. In addition, other clips, if she was not in the corner where Jim was blocking her, would not have had as much of an episode as her, because many people were focused on the argument between Jeans, Lukmee, and Jim.

But luckily, this news is so difficult to catch on that it's not as big as we expected. They don't know much about throwing rotten eggs, even though people see it. They don't know much about the hundred-baht money. Each clip only has a few hundred views, probably because the person who posted it isn't a famous person or has a lot of followers. So it's just a filler clip that people comment on.

'Confused'

“What is it? I don’t see a clear name for any of the shops.”

“The person filming has shaky hands, the sound keeps getting quiet and loud, it's hard to understand!"

At least the lack of popularity of this clip means that there is no need to go and comment to correct the news.

On a weekday, when students were bustling around, what caught my attention was not the teenage Thai series stars walking around the market, with people flocking to take pictures, but a voice saying a familiar sentence.

I don't like this, Khao Fang.

It resounded in my head, along with a serious look in my eyes that didn't realize that she had done wrong.

I should have scolded Liz even more harshly, because she was the reason I had to go back and fight with Jim when things had already ended. I felt angry, picked up my phone, and then realized that she didn't have the means to communicate with me on chat.

I'm so annoyed like this.

The image of a fool is projected again.

“Have you seen the video where I threw eggs at her shop? ... How can you forgive her? You can sue her.

Why would watching the video make me unable to forgive Jim?

After asking a question that no one had answered in my head, I opened the LINE application and pressed play on the CCTV clip that Phi Jim had sent me to watch.

There's nothing to it except throwing rotten eggs at her shop. By the way, did those eggs get stolen from the wholesale shop or were they given to her? If I get charged with something, I'll pretend to have amnesia and not know her.

And because I didn't sit through this shameful clip until the end last time, this time the detail added just a second before the end made me furrow my brow in suspicion.

Liz walked over and tore a piece of paper off the side of the shop's glass door, her expression furious as if she had already torn it off once but a new one had been put back on. Her demeanor was telling. She tore it to shreds, and then the clip cut off just like that.

What kind of paper is this?

I rewind the clip to watch it more clearly, zooming in with my eyes open, hoping it would make it clearer. There were some illegible texts in both Thai and English on the A4 paper, but that wasn't as important as the enlarged, fullface photo of a young woman that was clearly visible to the public.

It's my picture...

I guess this is not a good thing. I went to the shop's page and scrolled down to find the post, but I didn't see anything unusual. The IG only had fried chicken promotions, and the Twitter was the same. I'm not sure if the shop never posted about me in the first place or if they quickly deleted it.

Rrrr!

Phi Aew: Fang, this is me. Someone captured it before the owner of the post deleted it.

Phi Aew: (sends a picture)

Phi Aew's chat popped up and interrupted me. I'm not the type of person who likes to leave someone's message on hold and then open it to read. It turned out that the picture she sent me made my already restless heart beat irregularly.

Announcement of termination of employment of Ms. Fa Lada Nai Nai of XXX shop due to corruption. If the person in the picture commits any improper acts or makes false claims regarding the shop name, XXX shop is not involved in any way.

The announcement from Phi Jim's shop that was deleted but someone captured it, and it was similar to the paper that Liz tore into pieces. I don't know if I should be angry at the word corruption that she crossed out.

Underline: I'm angry that she secretly deleted the post, making me look like I don't know the truth, or I'm upset that I was slandered first.

Phi Aew: In any case, I believe that Fang didn't do it.

She trusts me like I trust her...

It seems that in the near future, I will have to take 10 skewers of grilled chicken to apologize to someone I just fired from being my roommate.

Damn it, I yelled at you a lot.

***Chapter 12: No one could stay angry at the angel for long.***

"This is Coca-Cola."

“…”

"Don't play hard to get, I can drink by myself."

“Okay, okay!” The person who had been looking out the bus window for a long time quickly turned back and grabbed the cold can of Coke in my hand. Liz looked at me with a slightly sullen look in her eyes, but the desire to drink it for a long time must have made her give in like this.

It was like every other day that Liz would get off work and wait for the bus at the bus stop I had taught her about. And yes, this time she was really sulking, the kind that sat cross-legged and hugged herself like a model in front of a closed wholesale store. It turned out that I was the one who went to get her to get on the bus, and that look of waiting for her to coax me made me feel so embarrassed.

I watched the foreign-looking woman tilt her head up her soda before she let out an 'ahh' sound like in a commercial.

“I forgive you. Let’s go back to sharing the room.”

“The context is wrong. You should be the one to apologize to me.”

“Nonsense. You shouldn’t have thrown rotten eggs at her, right?”

“…”

“…”

“…”

"Oh, I'm sorry. I just found out that you did it because you were angry about the announcement. Let's just say that it ended well because I sent a voice clip to threaten Phi Jim. She apologized to me as I requested." and now the store's page has apologized to me as I demanded."

"Oh really? Then where's my grilled chicken?"

“I should have thought of that… You did that for the food, right?”

“I don’t expect anything, but I already told you that I will accept an apology with grilled chicken.”

“Oh! What kind of crazy person can calm down with grilled chicken?

Okay, fine. I’ll buy it for you tomorrow.”

“I promised you. If I lie, I have to swallow the needle.”

I've heard that anyone who lies has to swallow a thousand needles! This girl!!

"Don't turn your back on us, speak up first. Lying will swallow the needles."

"Okay, okay. If you lie, you'll swallow the needle... Did you grow up in a society that's so empty?"

“I don’t feel like I have a duty to sit here and sell things,” she said with a clear face. Normally, I would have scolded her to shut up, but this time, I didn’t dare to look her in the eye for more than three seconds. The shout of “Get out of here!” that I had shouted at her face earlier in the day was very loud. Everyone in the area turned to look at me, but Liz didn’t think to embarrass me at all. So it became the reason that I… how should I say it? I felt ashamed, I guess.

Yes, I secretly feel a little ashamed that I should be mad at Phi Jim but instead I'm mad at you.

The bus was driving on the night street, the air was cold because the wind blew in through the window. “Sorry,” I said absent-mindedly, grabbing my ear in embarrassment. “Please.”

"Sorry..." and then she spoke again, just because she was afraid that the wind would drown out her first sentence.

"In case you didn't know, no one can stay mad at an angel for long."

"That's nonsense..." I said softly, my hand gripping the pendant hanging from my neck and rubbing it back and forth as usual. It was a habit I had since childhood, and even now, I couldn't face that gaze because I knew what kind of expression I would see if I turned around. So, I had to turn my back.

Because I know that if I turn around, what kind of expression will I see? That's why I have to turn my back like this.

She will smile...

Meaning the smile with those beautiful eyes and those thin, light-colored lips.

She'll look at me with the feeling that I'm her whole world. Which I'm not. I'm Khao Fang, a woman who fears that someone like you will bring disaster upon her. And I just kicked you out a few hours ago, only to have you come back with a Coke from the market's free booth to apologize. I didn't invest anything at all, just a mouth under red lipstick that keeps spewing harsh words.

Oh my gosh, aren't we just two idiots living together?

I lean back against Liz, touching her to share warmth, making it clear that looking elsewhere isn't an option. Because I want to stay away, but being close is fine... I just am not ready to face the gaze.

I wanted to sit quietly the whole way because I didn't know where to put my face, but Liz grabbed my sleeve and called me up. "Khao Fang"

"What else?"

"Today, the male shop owner has no hair...."

“Brother Chai?” I crossed my arms and inevitably turned to meet her gaze. Luckily, I had managed to control my crazy nervousness somewhat. “Why did he do that?”

“He said we did a good job and gave me this.” She reached into her pocket, the loose ones that required a safety pin. What she pulled out was a hundred baht. “It must have flown in from your Phi Jim’s shop.”

I burst out laughing. I burst out laughing at the silly joke, “I guess so,” which made me laugh a little. Liz’s eyes sparkled with excitement, her thin lips moist from drinking.

Just now, when she smiled widely, I seemed to have some strange symptoms. My ears would get hot whenever I stared intently at someone smiling.

Too bad someone is also a woman and she's sitting next to me.

My senses returned when the 100 baht note in Liz's hand was folded in half and put into my bag. She zipped it back shut before paying attention to the can of Coke that was starting to cool down.

“Wait, why did you give it to me? A hundred baht will be gone in just a few breaths.”

"Deposit?"

"Oh, I'm not a bank. I don't like to accept anyone's money because I can't guarantee that you'll accidentally use it out of necessity."

“No, I’m giving it to you.” She finished with a charming look in her eyes, and swung the Coke back and forth, as if testing if there were even a drop or two left.

“Why are you giving it to me?”

"Then why wouldn't I give it to you?"

“Are you messing with me?”

“No, definitely not.”

“Then take the money back.”

The foreign-looking woman pursed her lips and shook her head.

"No, I said I'll give it to you, I didn't leave it with you. You're not smart, Khao Fang. You don't even understand simple Thai."

Damn...!

“Oh! Look at that! That car looks so good to drive!” Her attention was drawn to the white BMW that was driving alongside us and overtaking our bus. Liz was acting all stupid by peering out the window. I had to grab the collar of her shirt in shock.

"Do you want to be decapitated!?"

The person who was being scolded looked at me with alert eyes from being pulled back into a sitting position, before she narrowed in remorse when she noticed that I was extremely displeased. A low, guilty voice said,

“I’m…sorry.”

“Stop acting like a five-year-old. Have you never lived in society?”

“…”

Her naturally white face turned pale. Liz rubbed her hands together as if she unconsciously needed gloves. She lowered her head to listen to me scold her about the basics of taking public transportation. I didn't know if she understood some of the difficult words, but never mind. At least I threatened her that I wouldn't cook instant noodles for her again if she made me upset again.

"Then how did you get the rotten eggs this afternoon? Did you steal them or was it given to you?" I don't know. I can't help but complain about this, but I've already asked in a firm voice.

And the hesitant answer I received made my almost calmed emotions flare up again.

"Stole it..."

“Liz!”

### Part: Narration

“I have already inspected the condition and removed all the important belongings of the princess. All that is left for you is to go there and tell them that the temporary imported car with the registration number XXXX belongs to Her Royal Highness Lizabeth Sharon Moore Shaw and you are the agent.

Arrange the removal of it. Everything must be completed by tomorrow.”

[If you want it, fine. I will arrive at the police station where the car was kept within ten minutes.]

“Good”

Max hung up the phone from one of the attendants he had called in. The young man tossed the phone onto the couch provided by the condo and sat down next to it. The fireplace in Prince James' palace was already burning hot, as Lizabeth's presence had been absent for nearly a month this past Christmas.

If he knew the truth that he accidentally let the princess drive on a rainy night until it fell on the bridge, he would definitely not end up getting fired.

It's crazy that he only found out about this at Christmas after he kept looking for the mansion or penthouse she had bought and left behind.

And when he first found out, he thought like everyone else that this was clearly a blessing! There was no way the lady would survive!

Until he went to check the condition and found that the driver's side window had been broken with a safety hammer, for breaking windows in case of emergency. Attention was diverted to whether her body had floated somewhere else or if she was still alive. And it was the latter, when his assistant requested the CCTV footage from the first abandoned pier at almost 11:00 PM that night.

It's not actually a port, but there's a warehouse in that area, and there's a camera pointing towards it.

The clip shows a young woman struggling to reach shore in pouring rain, sitting exhausted and shivering on a quiet covered dock for a while before picking up her phone and dialing a number of people, but the other party doesn't pick up. Her phone is presumably waterproof, but it's useless when it comes to contacting the person she wants to reach.

At midnight thirty-two, The young woman in the surveillance camera, who resembled his lady, decided to leave the small deserted pier. The rain seemed to have subsided since she was busy trying to call someone. Max noticed that Elizabeth was hurt on her side, but otherwise, she seemed unaffected, especially her head, which appeared to be fine.

Unfortunately, the CCTV only recorded that much because the woman walked out in a different direction from the other camera. He didn't know where she had gone. He contacted the CCTV cameras in that area to check the available ones, but they couldn't find her.

She's definitely not lost. Never.

But where did she go?

Apart from the phone, passports, wallets, and cards were all in the car. He had just contacted to bring them out not long ago.

He began to feel that this job was harder than any other job he had ever done in his life. His thick hand picked up the iPhone that its owner had left behind and made him read the message that had been sent the same night that she had been shivering in the cold at the deserted port. It was a message that he had not been able to understand that night, but now he could understand some of it, but not all of it.

*12.58 PM.*

My car has a little problem. If you find out what happened, don't report it to anyone at the palace. I’m still fine. I didn't fall into the sea. It's so comfortable that it makes me shiver.

*12.59 PM.*

“And don’t look for me, you stupid Max. I lied about going back to your country for Christmas. If I get lost, just know that I have a new life.

*‘P.S.* I've already transferred the compensation for predicting the dismissal. Check the account. Max's corner of his eye glanced at the important item that was used to confirm the identity of the person who wrote the message. How could a person live abroad without carrying anything except a phone?

He thought of the time when the King had summoned him before ordering him to follow the princess.

“Watch closely. This grandchild of ours once declared that she would make his grandfather die along with her own scandalous news." The expression on his face was one of deep concern for Prince James. “And it seems that she succeeded.”

Max wondered in his heart why the king, despite such a fierce and harsh proclamation, did not show the anger that was expected. Everyone in the palace seemed to have something they were ashamed of regarding Lady Lizabeth. He hadn't worked there long enough to know everything, and some of the palace staff even held a grudge against her.

But what is known for sure is that she was the first person to know that Lizabeth intended not to return to her own country.

“What are you playing at, lady…”



***Chapter 13: Having you every day is okay.***

January 11, 20XX

06.40 a.m.

“A little to the left, okay. That’s it… Stop. And please stretch your legs a little bit. I’ll put the top ball in.”

I reached up to pick a third mango, which required a lot of effort, both stretching my arms and asking the person below me to stand on tiptoes. Liz's shoulders weren't wide enough to step on, but I guessed it would be better if I was on top and picking it up, but... now I wasn't sure if this woman would make a good foil after her body was looking weirdly unsteady.

“Umm... Khao Fang, I feel like I’ve never carried this much weight on my shoulders before.”

“Be quiet, your voice will help us caught!”

Bend down to say I was done, I turned my attention to the fourth juicy fruit. My mission to steal the mangoes from the house next door to the rental house would end as soon as I picked the last one. Done.

But at that moment, the window of the house suddenly opened. The thirty-something woman who owned the house had set her cactus out to receive the morning sunlight. My eyes widened, and I was so shocked that I lost my balance and fell in my panic.

Thump!!

Thump!!!!

Liz's first thump, my back thump. Our voices are very different in tone. I'm not a screaming, squealing type of person, so I just swore while clutching my butt. One strange thing is that Liz didn't whine like she usually does, which made me wonder if she'd died trying to steal a mango.

When I turned around, I saw that she was holding the back of her head and looking down, looking no different from the day she went to the hospital.

This one really helps.

The old set of medicine has run out. If the symptoms flare up again, I don't have the money to pay for it again!

"Liz..."

“I know what the last four digits are,” the owner of the soft voice looked up and muttered. The numbers came out, “…2290.”

“A phone number? Okay, then try putting in a coin and calling…

"But I can't remember the front ones anymore."

“…”

“Do you remember, Khao Fang?”

“Is it my business or something?” I rolled my eyes, bending down to pick up three mangoes that had fallen to the ground, my butt hurting like crazy. “Did you hit your head or something? Why did you suddenly have the same symptoms as that day?”

“Hmm? No, I just bumped my shoulder. I just had a headache and then I remembered those numbers.”

"I don't have money to pay for your medicine anymore."

“But you have money to buy grilled chicken like you did that day, right?”

“Don’t be silly. I bought it to apologize for yelling at you. We’re broke now. Get up. I have class and you have to go to work.”

The beautiful-faced person clearly looked sulky. I didn't know if it was because of the shoulder pain, forgetting the phone number, missing out on grilled chicken, or because we were broke with only three hundred baht left.

The taller figure stood up with a slight cooing sound in her throat, following me like a curious dog looking for three mangoes. “Is it worth the pain in my shoulder?” She finally asked.

“Are the three-season mangoes delicious? They are delicious. But I didn’t come to pick them because they’re delicious. I came to pick them because we have nothing left to eat.”

"What does 'daek' mean?"

“That means if I’m really hungry, I’ll eat your head!” I bared my fangs. That should have been a threatening expression, but Liz blinked twice and said something that made me blush.

"I think your lipstick is getting stuck on your face."

Is this true?

I picked up my phone and squinted at the reflection. Yeah, that's right.

Oh my god, this is so embarrassing!

"Thanks"

She took out a handkerchief to clean herself up and said in a shy, hard voice. She glanced at Liz from the corner of her eye. She didn't laugh at her. She smiled at her beautiful, curved lips, making them sweeter and more direct.

I'm not good enough at this. It's better to laugh and let me scold you.

"I... I'll go peel some mangoes and put them in a box for you to take to work to eat." After I finished speaking, she walked away to our rented room.

I thought I was getting used to being with Liz, but eventually, whenever she smiled and her eyes smiled, a strange feeling started to form. It wasn't that I didn't like it, but it wasn't that I liked it either, because I reminded myself that the person in front of me was also a woman, and more importantly, I didn't know who she was.

Up until now, my family still doesn't suspect that there's a problematic person who's come out and become a burden to others. If Liz really is the one who gave me this pendant, shouldn't she be of some status?

The person who has a one-carat diamond in the snow pendant is definitely not a homeless person, but maybe an illegal immigrant.

I returned to our mouse hole room, washed the three fruits to remove the dirt, and then went straight to get a plastic cutting board and a knife from the dish rack, ready to peel the mangoes. Liz walked into the room and quickly sat down cross-legged to watch me peeling them. She seemed interested because she had never seen it before.

Oh my gosh! I've never seen anyone peel a mango.

“Ah, try it.” It could be said that she felt sorry for someone who had never tasted it before. I took a small, thin piece after peeling it off to give her a taste. Liz frowned, not trusting its taste, but took it and ate half of it.

"Good Heavens!"

"How is it?"

The beautiful woman looked so moved as if she had discovered the value of life. She took a bite of the remaining mango and chewed it without hesitation.

“You are such a good cook.”

Um... Should I tell her I just brought the knife to cut?

“Let’s stock up on it again. Come on, I’ll let you step on me again.”

“Hey! Stop!” I quickly grabbed Liz’s smooth arm. “Are you crazy? If you go now, the owner of the house will see.”

“...” Liz sat back down with a sullen face, like a puppy being told not to bite her shoes.

"When it's all gone, we'll go collect it again."

“Okay! I’ll massage your shoulders while you wait.”

I smiled involuntarily and shook my head at the childish behavior in an adult's body. Isn't it normal for westerners to have a self-reliant lifestyle from the age of ten? She was different from the foreigners I've known, like a spoiled child who ran away from home and just found out that no one in the outside world would bake bread for her to eat.

Another mango was handed to her for a snack before breakfast. “Just for fun, how old do you think you are?” Since it took me some time to cut the mango, I asked, breaking the silence because I saw that Liz had nothing else to do besides looking at me.

I don't know...

"Do you remember the year you were born?"

“I don’t know, but I was born in the same year as you.”

What? You can make up something like this on your own? I turned to face her with a disgusted expression. She had just finished eating again. “Are you crazy? Why do you want to be born in the same year as me?”

“I don't know”

"This is really getting on my nerves, Liz," I said, frowning at the person who kept saying they didn't know for the third time. She shot me a look, and when she saw I was displeased, her naturally beautiful lips parted to let out a low exclamation.

“Wow... You're mad at me again.”

"You answered as a joke."

"You were just asking for fun."

“…”

“Can I have another mango?”

Slap!

“Hey! You have no right to hit me!!”

"Why can't I touch your body since you're an elite?" I raised my voice to cover up the fact that I couldn’t argue about it before. Luckily, Liz wasn’t the type to make up stories to make things worse, so I mentioned that we had to share the mangoes, and told her to go wash her hands.

If you wonder if a Liz can be tamed, I can proudly say that I have a code for intimidation.

"Otherwise, I won't cook instant noodles for you again," but this time, the person who had always been accommodating frowned.

"I'm tired of instant noodles. If you don't cook them for me, I'll eat mango instead. But I'll go wash my hands first because they're feeling sticky." Is this really okay?

Is this really okay?

I let out a long sigh of extreme annoyance. This mango, I'm the one who peeled it anyway, right? It's funny to think about it. The foreign-looking woman walked into the bathroom, followed by a voice.

Wow!

"I told you not to turn on the water too hard."

I said in a stern voice like her mother, “It can’t be helped if our water bill is too high. I might die of stress.” Liz is the type of person who takes ages to shower, uses a lot of soap, uses shampoo as if she thinks I always have more. She pours out entire packages of detergent and uses a lot of dishwashing liquid for each dish.

Being with you is tiring. Sometimes I complain and sometimes I teach you, but in the end, no matter what, you still see me as an angel.

I guess my nerves are really going to come back.

Now Liz is getting used to having to take the bus to work by herself. Whether she's used to it or not, she has to get used to it because a cruel angel like me doesn't have enough time to pick up and drop off children. I'm proud, like my child has succeeded when she's already waiting for me at home as we agreed.

Since I moved to another market where the orange juice hours were longer, we didn't get to go home together very often. But just think! If I gave her money for the bus fare and taught her which line to take, she would be able to come back here by herself.

I'm really good at teaching people.

After the day Liz threw rotten eggs at Jim's shop, many things changed.

First of all, when I complain or scold her, I have to make sure that she really did something wrong. Otherwise, I will have to buy her both Coke and grilled chicken to make up with her. Next, Phi Jim and Phi Nu's shop had to post an apology to me for sending a threatening voice clip. So, they chose to apologize to me by giving me some money.

It was five hundred baht. Phi Nu transferred it to me and asked me on Line not to pursue it any further. I agreed and kept my mouth shut with five hundred baht because I had nothing left to eat due to this many additional responsibilities.

I was lost in my thoughts and before I knew it, I saw Liz walking out of the bathroom with a wet shirt, as if she had washed her hands with very strong water.

“You’ve never been hit with a tamarind tree branch before, have you?....”

My voice trembled as it bit the other party's live front teeth.

08.36 a.m.

"If you keep that foreigner, the immigration officer will definitely visit the rental room."

“Four, stop talking about this while I’m trying to remember the university reg password, okay?

What the heck"

I was irritated after that damn friend brought it up for the hundredth time since the day we had the fried chicken shop problem, until this morning's class when she ignored the teacher and turned to talk about the immigration police instead.

"I know that you used the money you borrowed to pay that woman."

“Crazy! What kind of person do you think I am? What are you talking about?”

My friend squinted her eyes to find fault. “Confess and I will reduce the debt by half.”

"..." I pursed my lips into a wavy line. Part of me wanted to say, "Oh! I'll pay for Liz too." But another part of me wanted to keep it a secret, not wanting to find out why I was so soft-hearted towards a foreign-looking woman.

“I’ll give you 1,500 for free. Just tell me two things I’m curious about. One, did you really spend all your money on it? Two, what reason do you have for letting someone you don’t know live with you?”

“I... I am beautiful at heart.”

“Tell me the truth. I promise not to tell anyone.”

"Even though Jeans and Luk Mee are listening in the background?"

She squinted at the other two people sitting upstairs but leaned forward to listen to the conversation. This was a lecture room that had levels like a movie theater, and the four of us were late, so we had to sit separately. The point was that Four still wouldn't stop trying to provoke me. I pushed Liz away. I knew she was worried.

But I...

I think Liz must be the owner of this pendant. Then I can't decide.

Four said with an indifferent expression, “Only the four of us would know.”

"Hey, Falada."

Johnny, the foreigner from Chicago who used to be the moon at our faculty, walked past and said hello, which startled me. He was walking towards his group of white friends in the back. It was normal for our department to be half international, and it was a regular occurrence for this blonde guy to greet me in his slightly accented Thai, along with some new jokes.

“I like the color of your lipstick. It looks like winter cherries.”

But unfortunately, the lizard girl had already used this joke on me. Did these two read it in the same book or something?

I gave Johnny a small smile. “I like the color of your socks too,” which was a joke since he wasn’t wearing them.

Johnny laughed and gave me his usual smile before walking to the back as expected. He'd actually asked me out on a couple of dates before. Are you free tonight?” “We can study together… if you want.” I know a bar that a Thai friend recommended. If you're free enough to have a few drinks together, send me a message.

He is the type of many people, including me. The only problem is that I don't have time to spare for dates or going to bars. Personally, aside from the fact that he's handsome, used to be the faculty's moon, has modeling jobs, and photoshoots, I don't know his family background or anything else.

But he's probably rich, judging from his taste in fashion.

My gaze returned to Four, who I had just left talking to. She raised her right eyebrow and stared at me. "The prince charming?" I was so embarrassed. Because Four was the only friend who had discovered my secret Twitter account that I used to tweet about complaining about my liking for people with rich personalities and prince-like personalities.

“It’s okay, but I don’t really like people in the entertainment industry that much.”

“Then it’s not.” Then it was easy to dismiss the issue because we hadn’t finished clearing up the Liz issue. “So are you going to tell me about that roommate? Is she your friend?”

I rolled my eyes. “You’re using that word again.”

“The debt relief offer will be up until noon. If you keep quiet, I will...”

"Why? What are you going to do?" I know that you'll give me a discount anyway.

"I wish you would never meet the prince you want."

“Do you think a prince like that would just open the window and buy my garland? I’ve given up hope for ages.” I lied. Last night, I even dreamed of walking into a church with a beautiful choir. “If you want to compete, let’s compete. I’m not afraid.”

"Then I won't lend you my lecture notebooks anymore."

“…”

“Tell me or not? Tell me the reason why you let her stay with you in the first place.”

"That damn friend..."



***Chapter 14: But my heart is secretly arguing.***

### Part: Narration

11 years ago @London

“Theresa is a distant relative of my mother. Her family will take care of her while she studies here. She has prepared a room and supplies for her. If you miss her, just Skype me-"

“Mom, I don’t want to study here,” the girl who had been bowing her head for a long time said, interrupting her mother’s words. As the car drove down the road on a perfect day for a journey, Lizabeth could not help but sit and listen to her mother as if this was a happy story.

"Will you go against your grandfather's wishes?"

“Alex, Nicholas, those two also studied in our country. Why am I the only one who has to study here?”

"Because it's the wish of Prince James, your grandfather, I think. I've said it many times already."

“There is no rule that says you have to go to the same school as your grandparents.”

"But I still can't displease my grandfather."

“…”

“Don’t worry, you’ll enjoy your life this time around the most, and even more so when you’re treated like a normal person. Theresa has a daughter in Year 9, which is more than just one year. Try going to parties, competing in academic competitions, or playing your favorite sports with your friends. Think positively.”

"I just play with the screen."

"I'll just play with Josh."

"My dear son... Josh just got accepted to university and he probably won't come back to be a big brother.

Duchess Lena smiled faintly at her only daughter, who seemed to be showing signs of resistance. The older woman took out a handmade red scarf and wrapped it neatly around Lizabeth. The young girl leaned her head into the warmth, looking at the older woman.

“Did Mom knit it herself?”

"No, it's a palace employee named Michelle."

"Mom isn't like before."

"Because you have to grow up."

“Then I don’t have to grow up,” I said, giving up trying to get warmth from something someone else made. “I want something handmade from my mom every Christmas.”

"You're 12 years old, Liz. Normally, children of this age would stop being attached to their mothers, right?" It was a gentle and kind question. The Duchess always gave her a warm look, even though her actions were hardhearted. Liz had known for a while that her mother was starting to think of her as more mature. Thinking about it, she still didn't feel like it.

She might grow up slower than other children.

“When living with other people, the most important thing that children should remember is…”

“We are no different from any other person,” she interrupted before her mother could say anything. “This is the third time today that I’ve said this.”

"Mom just wants you to see that we are no different from other people."

“Grandpa said it was different because we were royals. Last week when I was with Grandpa, he said the same thing.”

“Last week, when Mom went abroad, you were with Grandpa?” The Duchess was slightly surprised. She was so busy that she didn’t realize that her daughter’s vacation was with her father. “Everything is fine, right?”

“Everything except the fact that I lost my own coat of arms pendant.”

"What!?"

“I know. It’s my fault. I called my great-grandfather privately and he didn’t say anything. No more than a week later, I’ll have a new one that’s 100% the same as before.”

“You shouldn’t lose something with your coat of arms. We all know that this is given to the person you’re going to marry instead of an engagement ring. And a crowned animal head that shows you’re a Mooreshaw by birth isn’t something you can drop and say in a nonchalant tone.”

“Is it like what Mom dropped me here?”

"Liz! You've never turned your back on your mother like this."

The girl turned her head to look out the car window and cursed at herself.

“Shit…”

Which the people who heard it, like the mother, felt very dissatisfied. They would not say such foul language... in front of any employees, including the driver.

Lizabeth wanted to scream, but it was only in her mind. What was wrong with Mooreshaw! Everyone let their grandfather make decisions for them. Even their great-grandfather said it was not a bad thing. Bad! Definitely terrible! The palace that the King had given to Prince James had a field big enough for her to play with her nanny. There was a school in New Walljor.

In many places where the royals graduated, even the blonde twins Prince Nicholas and Princess Alex never had to leave their hometowns this far.

The sedan drove through the main gate of Theresa's house and stopped in front of the main door leading to the reception room. A woman of the same age as Duchess Lena was waiting with a smile on her face, waiting to greet her. Beside her was a maid who had just walked out from inside.

"Liz, I won't promise to Skype with you if you don't apologize for what you just said to me and swore at yourself." Warm hands grabbed her daughter's thin shoulders, turning them to face each other. "Come on, who's the best kid in the palace?"

"Me..." She looked up at the warm smiling face. She knew that her mother was stubborn and would not contact her as she had said. Moreover, Lizabeth was not a stubborn child. "...I'm sorry."

"Very good"

"I want to text my mom every day."

"Sure, if I'm free, I'll reply."

The speaker's smile widened, showing her satisfaction with her daughter's reaction, and she made a promise that came from her own experience.

“Mom can tell you that your time at school will be the ultimate paradise for you.”

Forgetting to consider that each person's school experience is not the same.

### Part : Fang [Fang's part]

I know that Four is not heartless enough to not lend me the lecture notebook again. Last time, she used this trick, threatening me and putting on a serious face every day. She wanted to tell me to kick Liz out of the rented room every day. I've been with them for more than three years, so I know their personality very well.

As usual, I was reluctant to speak the truth. Who would say something like that? "Oh, hey guys, I believe Liz gave me that pendant when I was a child. That day, it was rubbed against my mother, who had a business in Bangkok and lost her money. Then, someone from heaven came to us and gave us two money to go home and even pay for our house, which was on the verge of going into foreclosure. Did you know that this pendant used to have real diamonds embedded in the snow carvings? Hahaha. She showed me what she was wearing.

No way. Who would dare tell? Both my father, mother (who is deceased) and sister Sali. We all agreed that it should not be a casual conversation topic.

“I just want to reduce my rent burden, that’s what I insisted on.” Four, Jeans, and Luk Mee narrowed their eyes in disbelief, but they didn’t dare to point at me when they saw my serious face.

I myself do not remember much about the face of the taller girl. The events at that time were so vague that I could not recall them at all. But when I looked at Liz's face before going to bed every night, along with the words she had once asked me to make, that this pendant was hers, I half-heartedly believed that it must be her.

That person... might be you.

But for now, we should put that matter aside for now.

At 2:00 p.m. in the middle of an intersection like this, the most important task is to take garlands in foam boxes and walk around selling them while wearing a student uniform with a long-sleeved shirt to wear to protect from the sun. Superficially, in a few hours like this, I can make fifty baht. Before, I thought this amount was okay, but when I add another burden, I think it's really too little.

Seriously, how is fifty baht worth it? I'm stupid enough to care about relatives.

Liz likes to fool around and wants to eat meatballs at the entrance of the alley or something with smoky air and a tempting aroma, Isaan sausage, grilled squid, grilled corn, grilled chicken, and most recently, grilled pork. She said she wanted to eat it and then walked straight into the shop and sat down pretending to be a lady. It's a good thing I dragged her out before he could serve her.

One fine day, she would toss and turn from night to night, complaining that she wanted to play The Sims or watch TV. The worst thing was that she wanted to play sports like tennis or baseball. Believe me, she wanted to play games the most right now because during the day,

The wholesaler had a TV set up for her to control the remote, and the foreignlooking woman often told me that she often turned on the sports channel.

Being with you is really draining. Even today, the laundry and dishes aren't clean. Each piece of clothing itches. Did you even use detergent?

But when I came back home at almost 9pm, I found the rented room pitch black. I turned on the light but couldn't see the shadow of my foreign-looking woman. My heart skipped a beat for a moment.

Oh no... Why hasn't she finished work yet and is just sitting idly on the mattress

You weren't hurt on the way back, right? It looks even more unlikely that you'll survive.

I took a new pack of instant noodles that I bought during the sale and put it in the corner of the room, took off my shirt and hung it up. When I saw this, I wasn't sure what to do. Normally, Liz would come home and wait for me because she finished work early. I would walk into the room exhausted and might have asked her in a stern voice if she had left the water running while washing the dishes.

Yeah, it's funny. I feel even lonelier without her.

The room was strangely quiet. Half an hour passed and there was no sign of her returning.

Or maybe her memory has returned, her relatives have come to pick her up, or she has been arrested by the police, or something.

It's really frustrating. You just decide to leave like this? I gave you my address, lent you money, bought you all sorts of things worth thousands, did your laundry on the weekends, and even bought you three sets of clothes and underwear. Just this morning, I even cut mangoes for you.

I don't know. No matter how she disappeared, it's none of my business. It's better if she's an illegal person, then I can relax.

….

Let's do this. Let's try our luck. I took out a one-baht coin from my wallet, intending to try my luck to see if I would waste my time looking for her. "Heads" goes, "tails" goes, no. Cut off the tails and let it go.

The coin was floating on the floor, making me wonder which way it would land after I did it. It took a few seconds to spin, and the result was “tails”, which meant I should let it go.

See, the sky told me not to mess with you.

I put the measuring items into my bag, threw myself on the mattress, and stared at the ceiling with a hole. I'll get up in five minutes to cook some instant noodles and take a shower. Wow! I'm so comfortable from now on. Liz might not come back... I guess.

It's been like this for three years since I came to Bangkok. I live alone and sleep alone. When I'm free, I sign up for a cheap internet package and find something to watch.

But hey, I'm not complaining.

I sat up

She can't disappear no matter if the coin lands on tails.

Why?

Because today is the day and she has to come back to wash the dishes.

Okay, that makes sense, so I'll go after her.

***Chapter 15: No matter what, it's still you.***

"Liz? That kid just left after work. I didn't see her with anyone else."

“Oh really? Thank you very much. I’m sorry I called you when the shop was closed.”

I bowed my head slightly to thank him and apologize for disturbing him by asking me to open the door of the shop. Uncle Chai was already a kind person, so he smiled and said it was okay before telling me to go home safely because it was quite late.

Yes

Late...

It's 10:20 p.m. I don't know if that idiot has gone home yet. I ruffled my hair and cursed at my own insanity. Why did I have to come out at night like this for one person? She must have needed me to hurry up. This area doesn't seem like a place where taxis would pass by.

Khao Fang, you're stupid. The first stupidity is coming out late at night. The second stupidity is being interested in someone who... is not in their right mind.

Then, while I was heading back, the drab-colored bag I had been carrying for years abruptly broke its strap from wear and tear. It was filled with vital items, so I had to hold it to my chest with my left hand. My right hand slid open the phone screen as I launched the app to contact a car to come get me.

It wasn't long before the vehicle that took me back to my rented room arrived. The random Grab was a taxi, but because there happened to be a 50% off promotion, I ended up paying a much cheaper price. Oh my gosh, I should've signed up for it in the first place.

On my way back, I looked out the car window, not expecting anything, but I just thought that I might see that girl wandering around stupidly, not knowing how to get home. But if I found her waiting for me when I got home, that would be good too.

Is it good...

Am I bipolar or something? Sometimes I want you to disappear, sometimes I want you to come back.

That woman really makes it difficult for me to handle my emotions.

Ahhh-

"Fang! You're back. You came back so late."

Opening the door to the room, I found the troublemaker Liz sitting there holding a pack of instant noodles in her hand, as if waiting for me to come back so she could cook them. I felt so relieved that I let out a sigh and thanked God before suddenly feeling suspicious and furrowing my brows to glare at the other person who had a happy expression on her face.

“Huh! Wait a minute, are you saying I came back late? I came back normal. You’re the one who disappeared somewhere.” So I had to go out and look for you like this.

Liz blinked her eyes and paused for a moment as I put my bag away and took off my coat before she finally opened her mouth.

"Se...secret"

Which is the answer that I have to stop everything and turn around with a face that says, "It’s not funny."

“Rule number seven: You can’t have secrets.”

“As agreed, we only have six points.”

“Here, I’m going to write some more.” After saying that, I grabbed a pen from my bag and walked away, holding back my irritation, to write the seventh point in my scribbled but quick handwriting. Before turning back to cross my arms and look at the person whose lips were pressed into a straight line. “Now, tell me why you came home late today. Don’t make me so mad that I won’t cook instant noodles or peel mangoes for you to eat again.”

"I don't want to tell you."

Eh, this girl!

"I’m afraid you'll scold me."

"That's it. I'm going to scold you if you keep acting up."

The beautiful woman looked down, averting her gaze. I could feel the embarrassment and fear of the truth that she had to say. Normally, if someone did this to me, I would have cursed them out of embarrassment (unless they were an adult or a boss). But because in part of me, I secretly felt good about coming home and seeing her, I stood there with my arms crossed, waiting to hear what the reason was for wanting to keep it a secret.

"It would be better not to tell..."

"If you break the rules, go sleep outside."

“I...I saw this broken car on a tow truck.

"So what? It's pretty, so you want it?" Are you a child or something, this lizard?

“Yes, it’s beautiful. I want it.”

"Character-"

“And then I felt like it was mine too. An image flashed through my mind that not long ago I had brought it into the garage, locked at A2, and kissed the hood of the car after parking it.”

Liz's description made me stop cursing and instead visualize the scene in my head and feel funny.

“Umm... kissing the rear hood after parking? Are you obsessed with your first car or something?”

I managed to burst out laughing, and the other person looked even more nervous as I continued to talk. Okay, I made some mistakes. At first, the person said that she was afraid I would scold her. After thinking about it and realizing my mistake, I walked over and sat on the mattress next to the person who seemed to have just finished showering, because the smell of soap and shampoo was so fragrant.

"Ah, come on, what happened when you saw the car that looked like it had kissed your skirt?"

"I won't tell you anymore. You laughed at me and complained to me," she pouted and turned away.

“Hey, anyone who imagines it would laugh, right? You parked and then you have to kiss?” I made a murky excuse. “Come on, let’s talk first. So, the reason you came back late, tell me you didn’t chase after that tow truck because you thought you were the owner of this wrecked car or something.”

“…”

“Don’t be quiet while you’re still sitting on my mattress and you’re still asking me to cook some instant noodles for you.”

"We can just nibble on it."

Wow!

What are you doing playing hard to get? You're even willing to eat something hard.

I shouldn't have laughed and said something carelessly. This time, I'll have to coax you with grilled chicken. How many more skewers will I need?

There was no conversation between us for a while. I got up and plugged in the kettle, took the instant noodles from Liz's hand, tore open the package, and divided them into two bowls like every time. I poured boiling water into the container where the crispy noodles and seasonings had been arranged. Then I put it in the oven for three minutes.

Asked if eating like this will make her full?

Of course not, just save enough for your stomach to digest until tomorrow morning.

"Come quickly, come and eat. It's late." Speaking politely and in a soft tone to call for food like this, I usually only speak to dogs. Even my family members use a normal tone because the high-pitched tone is very different from my personality and appearance.

“…” However, even though the foreign-looking woman was hugging her knees and staring at the bowl of instant noodles with hunger, she still stubbornly restrained herself from rushing over to open the lid and take a bite.

"Are you still angry?"

“…”

“Let’s get this straight, I’ve been living alone for three years in this bustling city, and then you start acting all clumsy and telling me things that I don’t think anyone else would do… I don’t know if anyone actually did it, because I’ve never even owned a car in my life, so…”

“…”

"So go eat some instant noodles and tell me your crazy stories that make me laugh."

Liz's eyes were easy to read. She was a person who could communicate everything easily. The pretty young woman seemed to have stopped being annoyed. I don't know if it was because she said, "I don't understand the feeling because I've never had a car," or because I was begging her to tell me, and then continued in a tone that wasn't forced, harsh, or stern.

But it was all wrong because after that, the thin lips curved into a sincere smile.

"I'll give in to your angelic smile."

Did I smile? When? It seems like I had a straight face just now.

“You smiled when you said ‘her mental illness’ earlier.” As if reading my mind from her expression, Liz cleared the air and sat cross-legged across from me.

Two bowls of instant noodles had their covers removed. A pair of delicate, beautiful hands picked up two forks and spoons, placing one set in my bowl and taking the other to eat their own noodles. I secretly observed the person who was only an adult in body and noticed a slight smile at the corner of her mouth.

Damn it, I won't be gentle. Calm down, Khao Fang. I have to be someone who doesn't smile so often.

You have to scold this one a bit, be serious.

“I didn’t take the bus home at all, but ran after that tow truck…” After eating instant noodles for a while, she slowed down her thirst, spoke softly, lowering her head, feeling guilty. “When it disappeared from sight, I suddenly realized who would run after a car?”

Er... I was just about to say that to you, but never mind.

“Actually, I was going to get lost again, if it weren’t for a kind man riding a motorbike passing by and offering to take me wherever I wanted.”

"Hmmm?"

“At least I remembered the name of the alley, so I told the man. He even took me to the right place. Khao Fang, it’s unbelievable.”

“Wait, the nice guy you mentioned, he was wearing an orange vest with a single or double digit number on the back, right?”

“Ahh! You guessed it right.” No, I didn’t guess! That’s not a nice guy, that’s a motorcycle taxi!!

Just as I was about to ask where I could get the money to give him, since the change I gave him was only enough for the bus ride back and forth, Liz continued to explain.

“I was so touched by his kindness that I told him to wait in front of the rental room for a moment, then walked in and got something from the room to give to him in return.”

“Oh my god, Liz, the person you should pay back the most is me. But what did you give him? One instant noodle?”

### "Iron"

Suddenly!

I almost choked on the instant noodles, coughing because my throat was burning, before glaring at the little brat, who was almost pitiful for running after a car he thought was his.

“Are you crazy?!”

“You said the same thing as that kind man.”

I can't stand this girl anymore!!!!

"That's right, they say. Who would use an iron to pay for transportation? Where's my iron? Huh!? Don't tell me..." I couldn't eat anything. I grumbled and got up to search the box that I was going to put the iron in. This iron was the one that Four had given me for free. If it disappeared, I would definitely run after it and beat the annoying lizard around here. However, when I opened it and saw it was still in the same place, I breathed a sigh of relief. It happened to be when Liz's voice continued telling the story.

“He said I was crazy, so I replied that I didn’t have any money to repay the kindness because my roommate was the one who kept the money.”

"So what happened? He just left easily?"

“Actually, that’s true. But before he went, he said he already knew the address. He would come and collect it tomorrow morning. He also asked for an additional 200 baht for the lost time.”

"Liz, you're so useless!"

Is that what you call kindness? Seriously, are you stupid or are you not smart? If you said that the money is with me, does that mean I have to pay you in advance when there is only a little money left in my pocket?

I was very, very, very irritated. I clenched my fists and shook them up and down to suppress my anger. Liz continued to eat her instant noodles slowly, glancing at each other from time to time. I guessed that she was afraid of getting kicked out of here. “I’ll add rule number eight.”

“…”

“If you make me angry again, get out of here and sleep on the street.”

00.30 hrs.

"Fang..."

When I should be falling into a deep sleep, a soft voice called my name from my right. I let out a long sigh and turned to sleep on my side, facing the most annoying person in my life.

“I’m going to make you spend a lot of money again. I’m sorry..."

"Did you just realize it now?"

“When I heard him say two hundred, it didn’t sound like much.” Something warm was approaching. It must be because I heard the sound of the blanket rustling as the other person moved closer. “Sorry.”

“Two hundred sounds like a small amount? Have you never skipped a meal?” Of course I knew. Before I could ask in a harsh tone, all I got was silence. “I have some emergency money, but I have to use it for stupid things because of you. What do you think? Doesn’t two hundred seem like a small amount?”

"I’m sorry..."

"No matter how useless you are, you will probably still be useless."

“…”

I might have said something a bit too harsh, but I really held back as much as I could. I tried to count in my head so that I wouldn't let it slip any further. I ended the conversation with, "I'm going to bed. Don't bother me again. I'm annoyed."

Luckily, she still understood the irritated language and didn't say anything until I finally fell asleep.

It should have been another night of chaos and headaches, ending with me falling asleep only to wake up at 4:50 a.m. like every other night. But tonight was different.

….

It seemed like I would only be able to bite for a short while, when suddenly, something pulled me out of my sweet dream. I opened my eyes in the darkness of the rented room, the worst stomach pain I've ever felt in my life, so much so that I didn't even have the strength to move. Even a slight cough would send shivers through my stomach.

It was more painful than menstrual cramps. I don't know, I don't know. Maybe it was because I had never experienced such severe menstrual cramps like other people. All I knew was that I was sweating profusely and my hair stood on end because of the pain. I couldn't tell what was wrong with me.

I tried to force myself to sit up. That was when the insides of me started to vomit. It came out as food I had just eaten at noon and night. Oh my gosh! Even though I crawled out of the mattress, the blanket was still all over the place.

I'm too lazy to pull it because it's already even day!

"Fang"

The sound of the bed creaking seemed to indicate that the person woke up because of my vomiting. They had no mood to complain or scold. I only realized that this was an extremely bad stomachache, to the point where I would have collapsed if the other person hadn't quickly caught me.

“What’s wrong? Are you not feeling well?” She looked quite panicked, but I had expected her to be more flustered. However, I had been very wrong this time. Liz had a sense of control and control in an emergency situation. Even in the dim light, I could tell that her expression was serious.

"Stomach ache..."

“Where does it hurt? In the middle, left, or right?”

“I think it’s average. I don’t know. I’m just tense,” I replied softly. I couldn’t sit up straight, so I ended up leaning against the warm shoulder of the person who was supporting me.

Liz told me not to fall asleep yet, probably because she saw my drooping eyes and almost losing consciousness from the unbearable pain. She pressed her hand on my lower right abdomen, asking if it hurt, as if to check if this was appendicitis. I didn't have the strength to speak, so I just shook my head slightly.

“Normally, if it is appendicitis, the pain will move to the lower right abdomen. But even if you don’t have pain there, it still can’t be confirmed. You should go to the hospital now.”

Once again, I shook my head. The reason was that I hadn't transferred my free medical care rights to Bangkok. If I had to go to the hospital and need treatment, I would definitely be in huge debt. But because I couldn't resist, I spoke up, and Liz herself looked around for something. She found the target next to my pillow, reached out, grabbed it, turned it on, and spoke to me in a short voice.

“I would like to use your phone. Please give me the password.”

“No…” I quickly refused in a weak voice, but the other party seemed to have read my mind, completely penetrating me. She frowned slightly.

“If you are worried about money, don’t worry about it.”

How can I not be worried? Tomorrow, I have to pay you more than two hundred, right?

“I think I can handle that.”

"..." What? You don't even have the money to pay for a motorcycle taxi. I could only think to myself.

“Please, Kaofang, tell me the password. It would be faster to call an ambulance to pick you up and take you to the hospital than to call the emergency number 112 when the screen is unlocked.”

I don't know what Liz said. The pain was so bad that my face was about to bleed. I threw up again and felt angry at my own weakness.

Okay, I give up. My mind is too hazy to analyze anything more. I hold my breath as I arch my body, my arms hugging my stomach, hoping it will help. It doesn't help, but I open my mouth enough for the person holding the communication device to hear.

"Crystal Sky...in English"

Then the world seemed to fade away in an instant.

## Chapter 16: Fraction of tea

Many times, other students have wondered how I got into this gang of snakes, while my other friends' families could be called the good kids. Jeans is the daughter of the university president. Lukmee is middle class, leaning towards good because her parents once won tens of millions in the lottery. Four is the daughter of a businessman of a sports equipment brand. But I came to study with a scholarship. I don't have a car to drive or ride. I walk around with just an old bag. I often come to the exam room late. I shamelessly tell the invigilator that I have to work part-time.

Not to mention the fact that I only got to know the three of them in my freshman year.

That's right. Why did the three of them who have known each other since high school leave space for me?

Maybe it's because of the silly joke during the orientation day that I played on Four.

I came late today and got pickpocketed.

'Ah? So what to do?

No matter what, she's cool.

“This bastard...” Four was calling me a pain in the ass, but she finally snapped out of it and burst out laughing at the internet joke. She introduced herself, pointing at her name tag, and then introduced Jeans and Lukmee. At first, I didn't think I would be in the middle of a gang with one wearing Vans, one wearing Levi's, and one ready to buy bear-related stuff.

Rich kids...

I never thought that I would be able to live so comfortably among them.

I tried to find other friends in my section, major, faculty, find people who came in because of the same scholarship, people with similar status, hoping that we could talk and understand each other better, which was not the case. When they found out that I was selling garlands, almost everyone had one reaction or another. The first reaction was to laugh and apologize. The second reaction was to look at me as if they felt sorry for me and apologize for asking. Of course, because some of them had easier jobs than I did: singing, freelancing, etc.

Or will it be a middle class group...

The cheap lipstick on my lips became a topic of conversation in the group instead. They were not okay with it being a well-known brand. At that point, I was numb and decided that I would never date anyone in college again.

But it turned out that those three rich kids who called me into their group, they never brought up my status in a way that put me down, never showed off the expensive things I bought, as if Vans were just Four's favorite brand of shoes, Levi's was Jeans' favorite brand, and Luk Mee just really liked Bear.

Other than that, they are like normal people. They eat rice with curry, buy smoothies at a cheap price, and love free stuff the most. Whenever I run out of money, they lend it to me. When their pocket money runs out, they ask for it back. They do stupid and crazy things together. That’s why the three of them get along with me, and I guess that’s why I became a part of them.

Until now, I dare say that they are best friends, even though I haven't been with the three of them since high school.

After a long time of reminiscing about those wonderful memories, a warm feeling appeared on my pinky finger. I slowly opened my eyes and squinted when the bright light penetrated my pupils. The cool surrounding air told me that this was not a rented room. The noise was also there. It was not until I could process where I was that my gaze caught sight of a young woman sitting beside the bed, loosely grasping my pinky finger.

Liz...

This is a hospital ward, it's crowded and chaotic. I'm lying there, lying there like a fool, with a little bit of that damn stomach ache still lingering, but not too much.

I finally got it sorted. Before I lost consciousness, I woke up suddenly in the middle of the night with a stomachache, as if I was going to die. I also vomited everything out of my stomach, so much so that there was nothing left to digest. Then Liz asked for the phone code so that she could call an ambulance to come pick me up.

There's only one benefit.

When the foreign-faced woman looked up and saw that the person she was guarding was fully awake, she smiled with a sparkling look of relief in her eyes. Her cold, slender hands did not hold mine very tightly. Her voice was a bit dry and she said, “You are not feeling well.”

“Hmm,” I agreed. “So… what did the doctor say?”

Please, don't get appendicitis, I beg you.

“Irritable bowel syndrome, plus stomach disease, because of your eating habits. But if you recover and can walk home, you can go home. You don’t need to be admitted.”

I sighed in relief that I didn't have to have surgery. I felt a little more in the mood for Liz.

"Use the official word, copy what the doctor said."

"Wrong. I learned it from the nurse."

“It's pretty close.”

The pretty girl didn't argue anymore, but got up from her chair and went to get milk and a box of rice that was microwaved in the convenience store by the bed. It was a box of minced pork omelet rice, ready to eat, still warm. In the bag, there were also some snacks.

“You can come back later. Have breakfast first. I’ll go buy some for you. I’m glad you woke up early. It’ll get cold.”

"Did you take the money from my wallet to buy it?"

I asked in a panic, just thinking about the expenses. But Liz shook her head slowly and explained, which made me not worry anymore.

"I went to withdraw money from the wholesale shop owner."

“Huh, Chai?”

"Yes," the young woman dragged out the word. "Cash advance."

"Good at running away"

I complimented the foreign-looking woman who looked surprised that she wasn't scolded this time. What should I scold her for? She's not a burden right now.

As far as I can see, she is a kind-hearted person. That night, she even gave Liz a small tip. I was thanking him while slowly opening the lid of the lunch box because I was hungry and my stomach was burning. When I took my first bite, my eyes glanced at the clock on the wall. It said 6:30 p.m. That was an indicator that I had woken up late today.

"I'll just eat this much. I'm going to work." I scooped a second bowl of rice into my mouth before closing the lid of the box and putting it away to eat at noon. However, the person who had been watching until morning protested and reached out to stop me from hurrying.

“Don’t go. When you leave here, you have to go back home and sleep.”

"Auntie Kaew will wonder where I went."

“Actually, she called about half an hour ago, but I already told her that you were sick and asked for a week off.”

“One week!?”

"Or maybe in two weeks. I'll call and let her know."

“Are you crazy, Liz? A week is too long. A day is too long because it’s Saturday and I should be working all day. I have debts to pay, I have money to send home, I have food, I have room rent to pay, I have to pay rent ...

"But you're sick."

"Oh, so what?"

"You're sick. Why do sick people have to force themselves to work?"

"Because if we don't force ourselves to do it, we won't have anything to eat."

“…”

My serious tone and eyes made the other party pause, as if she had just realized that it was like that, and it seemed like new knowledge to her, as if Liz had never been through this before and so could not understand. I saw that her work was probably very different from mine, a complete opposite. She might work as a musician, a singer, an artist, or something that did not require much physical labor, so she thought it would be okay to take a break from work for a while. But the truth was, it was the same for me.

“I don’t know. I’m going to work. Thank you so much for the advance payment to pay for my medical expenses. I’ll deduct it from your credit account.”

"No"

“Don’t be so picky. Okay, okay. I’ll just pay off all my debts. I’m so sorry for bringing you here-”

"It means not going to work."

"Don't even think about fighting me, you lizard."

I said it out of arrogance because at that time I had no idea how powerful this crazy lizard could be.

07.46 a.m.

I'm in a rented room.

Well, I lost to Liz.

Beneath her slender figure, she had a lot of strength, like someone who played sports often. She was strong enough to pull me into a taxi and hold my arm tightly so I couldn't go anywhere. She didn't say anything.

Go beyond saying, 'Fang, stay still,' or "Fang, the driver might think I’m kidnapping you because I'm complaining and cursing at you.

So what? In the end, I'm lying on my stomach with a stomachache because the stomachache is acting up.

Lich is not here. After paying the motorcycle taxi driver who came to collect the overdue fare, he said he would go buy some easy-to-digest food for lunch, like sticky rice. Hmm? Oh my, is the sticky rice from your house easy to digest? Just hearing it makes me crave papaya salad. I guess you mixed up the name with boiled rice. It shows you weren't serious about learning Thai. So annoying!

"Ouch..." Why is my stomach hurting so much? I've already taken the medicine, and now I'm just being dramatic.

Rrrrrrrrrrrr!

The phone next to my pillow vibrated. I let out a deep sigh, knowing I had to move to answer it. I slowly turned onto my side so as not to shake too much, then reached out to pick it up and checked the screen to see who was calling on Saturday morning.

Four

"Hello, what's up..." I said in a low voice. Normally, Four isn't good at talking, to the point where she likes to contact people by calling them. She usually sends short messages. But this time, it's different. It's different from the cheerful voice that interrupts.

[Where are you? Why aren't you here yet?]

"Where are you? And why do I have to go?" Where are you going? I'm confused.

[It's Grace's wedding. All her friends are here.]

"What?"

[The groom will start the procession in ten minutes. The banquet will be at four in the afternoon.]

I...don't know anything about it.

[Didn't Grace invite you?]

"Uh...that's..."

[Fang, what's wrong with you?]

My friend asked me. I was shocked when I found out that a wedding of a female friend from the same sex was being held. That friend invited everyone to attend except me.

It wasn't hard to guess. Grace thought I didn't have a good outfit. We took the same class in our sophomore year, and she laughed at my sweater. I didn't know it was bad. It was warm in the cold classroom, and it wasn't a knockoff. It just wasn't a brand Grace knew.

That's right, she'd be embarrassed if I wore cheap clothes and carried an old bag.

I was numb at this event, being the only one not invited among my friends. But never mind, I'm still lying here with a stomachache.

"No, I'm fine. I just have a little stomachache, so I can't go," I replied, lying.

Four goes

[...] The other end of the line was silent for a moment, as if analyzing something, before speaking in a calm voice, but it seemed like she was talking to Jeans and Lukmee more than me. [You guys, go back. You don't have to stay here this time. Grace didn't invite Fang.]

Oh my god... Why is she so smart?

Four spoke to me again in a conversational tone. [Fang, we're free now. Let's go find a place.]

I feel like the troublemaker who makes them miss out on the Chinese banquet or the food at the wedding. Haha.

Ten minutes later, Liz knocked on the second door as a signal and opened it. In her hand was a bag of rice porridge that looked like the chicken rice porridge from the street corner. I was touched by her kindness and clumsiness because just the bag swung and hit the pretty girl's leg and she groaned because her skin was hot.

That's funny, you stupid girl.

The lizard I've been keeping has benefits already.

“Hurry up and get to work.”

"Actually... I'm taking a day off today," she said as she poured some hot, fragrant rice porridge into a bowl.

"For what?"

"To sit and stare at your face, wondering if it will contort because of the stomachache."

"This joke isn't funny."

“I didn't say it to be funny." She acted serious and brought the bowl to me, but my hands were still tense from the heat. "Listen, last night when you were in the doctor's care, I was rude and went to see Chai at 2 a.m. and told him everything. I told him I wanted to withdraw money in advance, and he gave me five thousand baht."

“Do you really think that five thousand baht, after deducting the medical expenses, will be enough to support both of us?”

Liz thought for a moment, but it was only for a few seconds before she shrugged. “I don’t know, but this chicken congee looks delicious. If you don’t eat it now, I’ll definitely snatch it away.”

This person has become quite annoying again.

I finished the rice and felt sorry for the person who was eating my leftover fried egg and rice from the morning. Liz was eating and scribbling something on a reused piece of paper. Squinting, she saw a number that looked familiar, like the phone number she had remembered that night.

I told Liz that I definitely wouldn't take a week off, but would take just today. At first, the lizard wouldn't agree, but after I scolded her, she finally didn't argue.

Soon, two cars pulled up in front of the rental room: Jeans' pitch-black car, with Luk Mee in it, and Four's yellow Porsche. I saw them through the window and realized that they didn't really like Liz that much, especially Four.

"Liz, my friends are here. I want you to wait outside first."

The owner of the name stopped paying attention to the number and tilted her head to ask back, “Why?”

"Because we will talk privately."

"Are we excess baggage?"

“…”

“Okay, that’s probably something I shouldn’t know. Then I’ll go sit under the mango tree and wait.”

The speaker finished speaking and stood up, holding a piece of paper and a pen, ready to leave this narrow room.

“Liz, it’s…” But because I called out to her, the person who was about to open the door stopped and turned back to listen. Once again, I closed my eyes for a moment and sighed, before opening them to say in a calm voice, “I’ll tell you later.”

She smiled beautifully. “Yes.”

After the foreign-faced woman went to wait under the mango tree, the three friends came in with the same expression on their faces, which was very upset. Four held two bags of snacks from 7-Eleven in her hands, and they were all my favorites.

They sit on the mattress too. We're always like this. If we go to someone's room, they'll all pile their heads on the bed. Too bad there's nothing like that in my room.

"Where did that foreigner girl go just now?" Jeans looked around before starting the topic, while I took out a bag of chocolate wafers and ate them.

“Sit and wait outside.”

"Aren't you going to work?"

“Me or Liz?”

"Of course. If you have a stomachache, why are you going to work?" Luk Mee quickly retorted.

"Oh, Liz also...stop taking care of me."

Even though she nodded in understanding, Four, who doesn’t trust anyone easily, still had doubts. “I still don’t understand the deep reason why you brought someone you don’t know to share the cost of a room.” However, this time, there was another reason to focus on. The matter of Liz was dropped.

“By the way, Grace, didn’t she mention anything about the wedding?”

"Come on, Four. If I don't have a stomachache, I'll have to go to work anyway."

“Let me explain this. Grace had a big party and prepared a Chinese table in front of her house to match her parents’ wealth. All her friends in the section were there, and so were all the friends Grace knew, both close and not so close. She sent us a private chat message and took a picture of the wedding invitation. The fact that she invited me, Jeans, and Luk Mee, but you were the only one who was left out, that’s really disgusting.”

"You can speak at length today."

"Fang, we're serious," Jeans added again.

I lay down because I had a slight stomachache and answered them in a tired voice.

"Sigh... I wasn't invited to the event. It's not important at all. Why are you all so serious?"

"Because we're friends and I know you'll care."

“…”

Yes, Four was right.

Deep down, I was quite embarrassed by this. Seeing her fierce expressions and actions at the university, there was a side of me that liked to think about things before going to bed.

“Okay, I accept it. I’m a little annoyed, just a little bit.”

"Grace will no longer have a parking spot when she goes to university."

I swiftly reprimanded her, knowing that she was serious about denying her own father a parking spot simply because her father had not signed the music club's budget. "Damn it, Jeans, you really have a knack for bullying people," I said. "You guys stop making those evil faces, okay? I'm not joining this time."

"But we've slapped people together before."

"Yes, Jeans is right. I slapped that son of a bitch back then."

“Shut up! Don’t mention Sky again.”

Luk Mee couldn't bear to listen to that story and shouted at both Four and Jeans. She glared at both of them with her cute face.

“Back then, yoy hated her so much. Now, you’re protecting her,” Jeans teased, before turning to me. “Come on, Fang. If you don’t want us to teach Grace a lesson for ignoring you, that’s fine. But from now on, we, the poisonous snakes, will never get involved with their group.”

“No, my Jattawa calls us snakes, so we won’t use the word poisonous snake.”

"Luk Nai called me a poisonous snake? It must be a poisonous snake."

While Four and Jeans were arguing with Luk Mee looking back and forth, let me tell you a little bit about their girlfriends.

Luk Nai is the second-year kid who, when she first came in, entered the freshman year and made Jeans angry, so she was bullied to the point where they almost hated each other. However, in the end, my friend ended up falling in love with her.

Sky was the person that Lukmee hated the most when she was a child. Then suddenly, Sky showed up and came to study nursing at the same university as us. She said that she wanted to take care of Lukmee's heart (it sounds so corny, but the truth is that Lukmee had a congenital heart disease. She has now undergone a heart transplant).

Jattawa is a first-year student in the Faculty of Law who Four is with. This couple has the strangest story because Four's personality is not that of the kind of person who would fall in love with anyone. But when she falls in love with the girl, she tells us why she is falling in love with Jattawa for the millionth time.

In conclusion, Four is the craziest.

But now I'm crazier in the eyes of the gang because I brought a stranger into the room.

The four of us sat in this cramped, stuffy room, talking about both serious and irrelevant matters. The two large bags of snacks were gradually dwindling away, until, with my stomach bursting with food, I wondered if the people waiting under the mango tree would want some snacks. Well, everyone loves good snacks, so I decided to keep two bags, and my friends didn't suspect that I wasn't going to have some for myself.

Around ten o'clock, the little bear asked if my stomach still hurt, in case it got better and we could go to the mall. But since I still felt a bit off, I said I needed to rest.

The three of them went back around eleven o'clock, and I didn't forget to remind them not to take revenge on Grace just because she didn't invite me to the wedding. "It's her right to invite whoever she wants to her wedding," I reminded them. I wonder if anyone would listen.

Looking through the window, I saw that both cars had driven away. I grabbed a bag of snacks and got up to put on my slippers to walk around the nearby area. I held my stomach a little because I wasn't fully recovered yet. The destination was where Lich might be waiting.

“I’ve been to the front of the room several times. You guys have been talking for too long.”

She protested when I walked over and sat down next to her.

"Is it your business? Why are you meddling?"

"You're acting like I shouldn't be there. It's just your friends who can talk about a lot of things."

"Hey! You don't know what you're talking about. Anyone who talks to you must be exhausted, right?"

“That’s not true. I’d love to hear what you have to say.”

“You have to differentiate between wanting to listen to someone to vent to and being nosy.”

Liz"

“So it's both.”

“…”

"Waiting to hear, right here. It's nice and cool, cooler than in the room."

Liz is an annoying person who likes to send back stupid, flirtatious looks, and I am an even more annoying person who can't stand people like her. I'm tired of Liz's audacity, but for some reason, I have a feeling that telling this girl off isn't a bad idea. Deep down, I believe Liz won't blame me for it.

I let out a long sigh and leaned my head against the tree. “A friend from my section got married today, but she didn’t invite me to the wedding. Like… she didn’t invite me alone.”

"She's afraid you're prettier than her."

Shit!

I wasn't expecting that sentence from Liz. She just said it without thinking!

I suppressed my heat. “It’s not like that. I think my friend was scared that I would embarrass myself by wearing such a shitty outfit.”

“That’s even more right. The bride was just afraid that people at the event would say, “Hey! Look at that shabbily dressed person. She’s as beautiful as an angel, even more beautiful than the bride.”

“Enough, stop rambling,” I raised my hand to stop her, turning my face away in fear that Liz would see that I was flushed. Before I calmed down and turned to stare at her, I was serious. “Talking to you like this all the time, it’s nonsense. You act like you’ve seen the bride before.”

“Why should I see her? The world is interesting enough with you.”

“…”

It was then that I felt that, apart from the smiling face of the woman in front of me, I forgot for a moment what the world was like.

But it was only for a moment.

Really, just a quarter of a second...

I lowered my gaze to avoid meeting her gaze for a while longer. That dizzy feeling came back. Maybe it was the effects of the medicine I had taken.

I raised my left hand to my chest, which seemed to be beating a bit too fast. It must be exploding... It must be beating even harder... But I still didn't change the topic or tell her to shut up about it.

"Th-"

“I’ve had that too. Not being invited to an important occasion and being alone like that.”

But before she could say anything, the beautiful young woman who was now leaning down to scribble in blue ink on the recycled paper interrupted me. I looked at her perfect face with its prominent, high nose as she lowered her head, her eyes showing a feeling of “shrinking” for a moment before seeming to brush them away and replacing them with their original, familiar eyes.

“Have you ever? That means you remember something now.”

The tip of the pen stopped. If it were a pencil, the tip would have snapped from the force. But it didn't stop for long, just a second, before she started writing haphazardly.

“No, it’s just a fleeting emotion.”

“It has to come with some memories, otherwise how can you feel it?”

“You’re not believing me. I’m sorry.”

“Hmm, how can I trust someone I don’t know so well? Honestly, I’d be crazy if I did that.”

"You are so flawless, with only one flaw being crazy, no one can criticize you."

“You’re really annoying…” I muttered softly as I pretended to look away. Since when did my right hand reach up to grab the important line of the pendant and stroke it with my thumb, not too hard. My corner of my eye secretly glanced over. Liz was staring at my pendant again, narrowing her beautiful eyes a little as if thinking about something, before shifting her focus back up to look at my face again.

“It seems important to you.”

“That’s why it’s mine, not yours.”

"I didn't ask for it back anyway."

“I can see your eyes. The eyes of someone who is thinking about something in their empty head. If it’s not their memories, it’s probably my pendant.”

The listener laughed at my possessive attitude. “No,” and before I could argue back, the foreign-looking woman suddenly thought of something and evaded the conversation.

The issue came up abruptly, “Speaking of which, while you were talking with your friend, I already figured out all the numbers.”

This is like, “Really?” and I’m like a cow that’s easily led by the nose, turning my attention to her.

“Yes, here it is.”

She said as she pointed the tip of her pen at the top corner where the numbers [+ 87 - 158-587 - 2290] were. +87 must be the country's prefix. I quickly took out my communication device, dialed the number, and looked at Liz who had remembered this clue.

"Then I'll call, in case the owner of this number might be your relative."

The person nodded once. “Hmm.”

"I hope she comes quickly and takes this crazy person home."

## Chapter 17: Always a sunflower

11 years old

"Elizabeth, this is Rachel, my daughter. She is in Year 9 at the same high school as you. I told Rachel about you, and we agreed that you two will be roommates."

"Mom agreed with herself, I didn't accept it at all," the red-haired girl, who is part of the 2% of the world's population, said in a somewhat bad mood. She closed her laptop after sitting on her bed and chatting with her friend on Skype for about two hours.

Rachel didn't look like her mother at all, and neither did her personality. Theresa was a dark-haired woman with a smile that radiated positive energy. She was agile and friendly, and her eyes seemed to tell her that everything was going to be okay, no matter how hard it was for Lizabeth to be away from home. It was very different from her daughter, who just frowned and didn't welcome her new roommate.

“You two are about the same age. If you talk to each other for a while, you can become friends. Let’s start being roommates from now on. When dinner is ready, I’ll have someone come up and call you,” Theresa said in general before turning to her stubborn daughter specifically. “Help Lizabeth sort out her stuff, including school tomorrow.”

“It sounds even more annoying than joining a nerd club for points.”

“Rachel,” her mother said in a scolding tone, making Lizabeth feel like she was the cause, so she had to interject.

“Thank you very much, Mrs. Morris. I will finish everything in time for dinner.” The girl called her last name in a soft voice, smiling slightly as she liked to do. At least it would prevent the other party from having to stand and argue with Rachel, making the atmosphere even more awkward.

Mrs. Morris reluctantly left, leaving only the two of them in the brightly lit room adorned with posters of famous male singers.

The suitcase Lizabeth was carrying was the same brand as the ones used by famous models, which made Rachel narrow her eyes in suspicion. “Did they choose it for you? Or did you ask for it?”

“W-you mean this bag?” The person being asked was a bit hesitant. “My mother chose it for me.”

"Where does the money come from to pay?"

"Well...Mom?"

“Mom bought it for you, but what about the money in the palace’s treasury? That’s cool. I like your clothes, gloves, and silver suitcase. Together, they can fix my swimming pool.”

“No, this is my mom’s personal money.”

“No need to say it, we have to make a roommate agreement… even though there are two more spare bedrooms in this house,” Rachel said to herself after the sentence.

When she found out that her mother wanted this low-ranking royal lady to share a room because she wanted the two of them to be close, “You take the bed by the window. It’s a new bed. I’ll sleep here like I always do.”

“Ah... OK.”

“No, what I just said wasn’t a cohabitation agreement. I just told you where to sleep. The rules are here.” The speaker took out a long-prepared printed sheet of paper from the drawer next to the bed. She had prepared it since yesterday. “Read it and follow it.”

"And if there's something you want to...change?"

"Must benefit oneself and show it off."

“What? No, no,” Lizabeth denied with a frown on her face. “I just wanted to try reading it first.”

“Just read it. Just read it and do all the questions,” the red-haired girl shrugged, got out of bed, and walked out of the room with her laptop in her hand.

It seems like Rachel doesn't like me that much.

In fact, I probably don't like it very much.

The only girl left in the room walked over to the light pink bed beside her.

The girl approached the light pink bed beside the window, the lone person still in the room. She set her luggage next to it, filled with clothing and minor things. She picked up the paper outlining the cohabitation agreement and started reading it because the rest of the belongings had not yet arrived.

Rule number 1: Do not touch the other person's wardrobe, including clothes, accessories, whatever, even if it's not in the closet.

Rule number 2: Never turn on your bedside lamp after 9 p.m. for any reason.

Rule number 3: Do not bring food into the room. Only water is allowed.

Rule number 4: No borrowing of items.

Rule number 5: No pets allowed.

Rule number 6: No loud noises after 9 P.M.

Rule 7: Do not breach the agreement.

And that's crazy, because at 9:35 that night, while Lizabeth was in her pajamas and making her bed, Rachel walked in with a bag of donuts and a glass of soda, sat down on her bed, and opened her laptop to watch a recording of a concert of the same singer on the poster. The music and the screaming fans were deafening because the owner of the room didn't have headphones in, and she ignored her new roommate.

Until about 10:20 p.m., the young girl started to feel sleepy and wanted to fall asleep but couldn't. She didn't have earplugs and the lights in the room weren't bright enough. She lifted the covers, sat up, took a breath, and then asked the other person in a soft voice.

“You said… you weren’t allowed to bring food and water in, and you weren’t allowed to make loud noises after 9pm.”

“Yes, I told you.”

“What...” Lizabeth exclaimed in a low voice.

“That rule is for you, not me.”

“But it’s a mutual agreement. I texted to reschedule my Skype session with my Mom to 8pm every Wednesday and Friday because of your rules.”

“Wait a minute,” the person holding the donut paused the laptop. The tone of her voice was full of laughter. “You have to talk to your mom every Wednesday and Friday? Seriously, you’re 12 years old, right? Not 6, right?”

“What are you trying to say? What does age have to do with wanting to talk to your mother?”

“That… that sounds like a path for losers.”

“A loser…?” The girl asked in surprise, because she had never felt like she belonged to that category.

“Yes, including the initial scarf you wore when you entered.”

"That's what my mother gave me."

"Looking even more of a loser"

“…”

“Don’t wear it to school, for my own sake.”

"So that means I can wear it normally besides school, right?"

“I hope you’re not stupid enough to wear it in all weather conditions just because your mom gave it to you. Otherwise, not only will you be your little one in mom’s arms, you’ll also get a nickname that will stick with you until the end of your life.”

"Such as?"

“Loserl~!” [Loser!] Rachel shouted in a long, amused voice, her face showing that this was the most exciting thing after a day of frustration when someone shared her room.

However, the girl who had undergone some training ignored it. “But, I think you were the one who set it up for us just now.”

“Hmm, that’s right. Then… let’s see if I can get others to follow suit and call you the same thing.”

Lizabeth thought Donut's sugar-coated smile was just a joke. She just smiled back. Josh, who used to be her nanny, often teased her to the point of feeling a little sad, but in the end, he was always kind.

Too bad Rachel isn't Josh.

*"Lizabeth Mooreshaw, I repeat Mooreshaw" is a terrible sports person, but she got into 3 clubs and you know why :)"*

What is this!?

The girl, whose name was in the spotlight, was in a state of panic inside. On the second day of school, the paper with those letters was prominently posted on her locker. The tall young man next to her, who came to get something from the next locker, gave her a faint smile. Of course, he had read it. Everyone who passed by had read it too!

Lizabeth was breathing heavily. She had never encountered a situation like this. What is it called? Is she at a loss for what to do? No, her face is flushed? Or should I just stand there like an idiot, letting people walk by and secretly laugh at me?

After about half a minute, she knew the first thing she should do was rip it open, shred it, and throw it in the trash. But Mooreshaw wouldn't do that. He told her that the princess would never do that in front of anyone.

So what I could do was pull it out and quickly fold it into my pocket with trembling hands.

No matter who's having fun with it, she's not finding it funny at all. It's really not funny.

Then she thought of Rachel, her roommate with the sly smile.

“Did you write it?”

A serious tone immediately asked as soon as the door to the room was opened. Lizabeth took out the piece of paper and unfolded it with her still tense hands. The redhead gave a brief chuckle as she peeled away the old poster to prepare to paste the new one, which was a limited edition picture of her favorite singer.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you called me losers and said you would make others call me the same."

“Oh, Lizabeth. Someone in your year might not like that you joined that club so easily, even though you’re so bad at sports. It could be that way,” Rachel said, her gaze not even bothering to look at her.

“But I like playing it.”

"So if you like Justin, you can go to him after the concert, right?"

“What?” She frowned. “I don’t like Justin enough to do that.”

“I mean, you used your last name as a pass for everything, you loser.” The important sheet was pasted neatly, and Rachel sat back on the bed, her face showing no signs of distress at what she had done. “Baseball club, tennis club, basketball club, do you really have the skills to do all three on your own? We all know why they accepted you. Don’t play dumb, princess.”

At first, I was almost speechless, unable to argue back. But upon reflection, they accepted my application and verbally admitted me to the club, even though my skills in those three sports were at a level that required a lot of basic training.

“B... Even so, your writing is ambiguous and may cause others to misunderstand.”

“What misunderstanding? Misunderstanding that you had sex with the captain? Well, if you’re going to worry about something stupid like this, then just quit the club.”

The listener was speechless. Rachel's attitude seemed quite irritated and upset with her. What had she done to her?

It wasn't until I realized that one of the male baseball players was the boyfriend of the tall, redheaded girl who had a locker a short distance away that the flirtatious guy often sent her smiles.

Knowing that, she had to resign from the baseball club, even though Lizabeth herself was devastated because she liked playing it with Josh at the palace. At least if it would make her roommate stop being angry or stop her from posting ambiguous sentences every day until people talked about it, she had to back off.

A lover is one part, personal dislike is another part, which the young girl who just living alone outside the palace, having grown up there for 12 years, unaware of that fact.

2 weeks have passed

Liz: Mom, we didn't Skype yesterday. Are you busy? Then can we talk today?

Mum: Mom is on a plane. It will land in twenty minutes. If you have anything to say, please leave a voice message.

The blanket was thick enough to cover her so that her roommate wouldn't know that Lizabeth was on the phone. She turned it off, lifted her head to peek and see if Rachel was asleep at midnight. Judging from her expression, she must be dreaming about the man in the poster by her bedside.

So the girl sat up, opened the window next to her bed, and pressed the call button for her mother. She waited for the voicemail to go through, and in a low voice, she typed in what she wanted to talk about.

"Mother..."

“I think this place is really bad. Mrs. Morris’ daughter has a few friends. They seem to call me a word I don’t like very much.”

“The first week, I didn’t bring the scarf my mom gave me to school.

Rachel didn’t want it, that’s all. But then I realized that no matter what, she wouldn’t like me anyway, so I took it to school without caring about anyone.” “Mom broke the promise we had to Skype yesterday and didn’t reply to my text. But… but if you finish listening to this, you can call me. Rachel is asleep. She’s such a sleepyhead.”

“Another thing, now I have the emblem pendant. Someone personally delivered it to me. Mom, you don’t have to worry anymore.”

“It’s probably going to be just as bad tomorrow. It might get better on

Halloween, Christmas Eve, or Christmas, maybe…”

"And then..."

The not-so-happy face sighed.

"And good night."

After she hung up the phone, she didn't turn off her phone the entire night. In fact, she couldn't sleep well either, because she had so many things to tell her mother, but the other party must have been too busy to call back. It didn't matter. She could wait until her mother was free. Her father often nagged her to stop acting like a little child. Her grandfather also agreed with her father.

For about three days, the Duchess had not responded to her daughter's Skype calls or text messages. She called the palace number of a minor royal, owned by her grandfather, a number she had memorized so well that if she suffered from amnesia, it would be the only number she could recall.

[They're all calling each other in the palace, just because they want to ask where their parents are from. Do they think they're still children?]

A deep voice came back in a bad mood. Prince James...her grandfather was the one who sent her here. And it seemed like she had to call the central number and go to that room to talk to him. It would make him very upset with such a small reason.

"Mom didn't reply to my message. As for Dad... I don't dare send it to him."

[The father of the granddaughter went abroad as a representative. As for the widow, that was a separate matter. It was a personal matter that had nothing to do with the country.]

"Is Mom going on a trip?" My heart sank for a moment.

[I was busy with work, and even if I explained, the kids wouldn't understand. So, let's stop doing this. Ask for Mom.]

The journalists won't stop. Do you know how embarrassing it is for Moore Shaw?

"But my mother is the only one who listens to me."

[Just give it that kind of listen. That widow wouldn't have needed to go study there if she had paid attention to my granddaughter.]

“Because you sent me here. Grandfather is a prince and has the right to decide on this matter. Please stop calling my mother with such a specific word.”

[Very defensive, constantly arguing. By now, the grandchild ought to be aware. That widow secretly wants the grandchild for herself. She is proud to be a duchess because of the grandchild. On the surface, the grandchild's words are only meant to appease her. Consider this: the father and grandfather are the ones who are truly sincere.]

"What did you say?"

[Wait, isn't this school time? Where are you?]

"Why do you have to... slander my mother?"

[Grandfather asks where his granddaughter is.] The voice was harsh and had a strong authority that was too much for the young girl to resist. Her small shoulders shook slightly before she pursed her lips as she pondered how she should answer Prince James.

She didn't go to class, but sat under the bleachers on the sidelines, a white cloth spread out to keep her pants from getting dirty on the grass. On her lap was a thick hardcover science fiction book borrowed from the library. If she answered honestly, she would definitely get scolded.

“I should have gone to class, but because the class was changed a little bit, I came to sit and read a book quietly by myself.”

[What book?]

"Huh?"

[What is the book about? Tell Grandpa to relax that it's not a novel, a comic, or a nonsense story.]

It's one of the things he said.

“Science,” she said, not lying, only telling half the truth. “About before… what did you mean when you said my mother wanted me for the benefits?

[This idiot, is it hard to understand or do you not want to understand? The meaning is straightforward. Before marrying into the royal family, that woman was a businesswoman. And businessmen are the type of people who are good at thinking of ways to make profit. She doesn't love you like a normal mother should. It's probably the child from her previous husband who is still anxious and trying to contact her.]

“Mom said that the rumors about having had children before aren’t true. They’re just rumors.”

[Grandpa didn't hire anyone to teach you in the palace for 12 years in order to have a granddaughter who believes people so easily. It's really disappointing...]

“…”

[She was once married to a Thai man and had a daughter together. They divorced to marry into our royal family for purely personal gain. The widow had already deliberately rushed to have a grandchild to protect herself from the public's criticism. Being the mother of one of the crown princes has reduced the criticism and made her see the light.]

"But...but...."

[...]

"But my mother once knitted a scarf for me... many years ago." She said in a low voice, lacking confidence.

[Granddaughter, take your time and think for yourself, Liz. Grandpa has something to do until the evening. Hang up.]

The latter sentence was more like a statement to the palace staff. Lizabeth knew that well, so she didn't try to protest anything. She just waited for the line to end as she had heard. When she didn't hear a response from the other end, she lowered the phone from her ear, stared at the screen for a while, before opening it to send a message to the important person again even though she hadn't replied yet.

Liz: Mom, Grandpa said you lied to me.

Liz: Grandpa said that Mom had a child before.

Liz: I will be the favorite child rather than the first child?

Liz: Please answer that I'm your favorite child :)

"Hey princess!"

The sudden greeting startled the girl sitting under the stands a little, but she kept her composure too well to exclaim. Lizabeth turned to the call and saw Kitty, a Year 9 girl, standing not far away. She had a smile on her face that was unclear as to whether there was some ulterior motive.

"It seems like you didn't attend class."

"It’s just...”

“You don't attend school, so don't act like I'm going to call you a loser like Rachel. Even more offensive is the incident in which you unintentionally struck the referee in the face with a tennis ball. Never mind. I'm inviting you to my brother's birthday celebration tomorrow night, and I don't give a damn about anything else.”

Elizabeth was taken aback. It wasn't that she had never been to anyone's birthday party, but all the ones she had attended were royal affairs. If she agreed to Kitty's invitation, she didn't know how to conduct herself.

Or what kind of clothes to wear? Normally, the palace staff would choose them for her, but now they don't.

“I didn’t invite many Year 8 and 9 kids, mostly Year 10 and above. My brother gave me a quota to invite only a few friends because there was wine at the party. We were told to only drink juice instead. It sounded a bit boring. The theme of the party was that you have to go alone and find a partner to dance at the party.”

"Dress..."

“The dress code is anything crazy that will make you have a dance partner when the song starts.”

"I... will find the best clothes to wear."

“Okay, I’ll send the time and place in a text message. Bye, Princess,” the cheerful girl said curtly before walking quickly to invite two more athletic guys with a similar sentence. The one who was skipping class stared at her open demeanor. She herself wanted to be like Kitty, saying whatever she thought, smiling at everyone without having to look away, and being known for her positive attitude.

She didn't feel like that. It was the complete opposite of her right now. She was waiting for a reply from her mother. She was the one who had dialed her grandfather's palace number, causing the staff to be flustered by transferring all the calls. She was the one who had returned to sit with her head down, looking at the floor, thinking that she had accidentally agreed to the birthday party, which must have been quite awkward.

And seeing this, Kitty herself is close to Rachel. She might run into Rachel at the event. That girl might say something that will embarrass her again.

Really crazy

It's not worth answering...

“Kitty invited you too?”

The next evening, Rachel said, not too surprised, as she straightened her hair, giving it a slight curl at the ends. The young roommate nodded, then turned back to undecided between two outfits she couldn't decide on which one to wear to the event.

“They’re all the same. That girl doesn’t care about you much even if you wear a mascot costume to an event.”

“I don’t believe you because you don’t like me.”

“Of course. I don’t like people who take away my privacy. But it’s not about clothes, you idiot. Do you think a few motives will make me tease you that much? Nonsense,” Rachel looked a little annoyed.

Lizabeth thought about what the other party had said. It was true that, after all this time, except for the ambiguous note in front of her locker and that ugly nickname, the other party hadn't done anything to her. Oh, and there was also the matter of the unfair rules of living together. But she couldn't ask for much because it was like she was relying on her.

When I thought about it like that, life here wasn't that bad. Maybe I wasn't used to it yet, so I accidentally felt a little bad.

“Ah! Rachel,” she said quickly when she saw the redhead making a move to get up from the table in front of the mirror and head to the bathroom. The owner of the name had to turn around and raise an eyebrow, tilting her head to wait for Lizabeth to say something. “You seem to be very good at choosing clothes.”

"So?"

She swallowed. “So… I’d like to ask you for help.”

“You want me to help you to pick out an outfit to go with your shitty scarf?”

“The first thing I want to say is that my scarf is not bad. And the second thing is, no, I we mean choosing the outfit and...doing the hair.”

"I'm not your palace servant."

“But you’re… my roommate.”

“…”

“More than just combing and styling, I really can’t do anything else.” The speaker lowered her gaze, looking down as if she was confessing her mistake.

Rachel shook her head slowly, looking up, changing her mind from walking into the bathroom to moving the chair in front of the dressing table away.

“Come sit here, you little mama’s girl.”

“I’m not a mama’s girl,” the one with the new nickname protested as she walked over to a chair and locked eyes with Rachel through the mirror. She sneered.

“I have a distant cousin who is a mama’s girl. Believe me, I can tell how much you like that.”

“Um… isn’t that distant cousin us?”

“That’s right, you idiot. I heard you sending a voice message to your mom. Do you think you’re talking so softly?”

I suspect she's gotten so used to being alone in her room that she accidentally spoke out loud, waking up Rachel.

I've heard the whole story already.

Since the party's theme encouraged people to arrive alone, Rachel got out of the car and moved aside, leaving the girl wearing the short, flared white dress that hung over her knees to go. Regardless of the weather, Lizabeth wore her scarf. Around her waist, a band made of the same color fabric as the scarf was tied in a bow. She didn't appear fascinating in her plain attire. When she opened the door and walked in, everyone at the party noticed her flushed face and the subtle makeup that complimented her bun hair.

Kitty's house was bigger than Rachel's and had a swimming pool with a diving platform on the second floor. Most of the people were gathered there. There were juices, wines, and food by the poolside. They were swimming and Rachel seemed to disappear quickly, either with her boyfriend or having a meal with a girl her own age.

After walking around in a daze for a while, the cheerful Kitty broke away from listening to her brother's conversation with his friend and walked straight to Lizabeth with two mysterious drinks. Before she knew it, she had to take one of them without hesitation.

The two talked about many things, and we all knew which one would talk nonstop. The answer is Kitty!

"I know the dance party was a total disaster and looked really funny for a birthday party, but honestly, he just wanted to see everyone's taste in partners. He's such a creep."

And that ear-splitting music that's blaring throughout the house isn't the kind of music we're going to be dancing to at 9pm, you know that right?"

"Ummm..”

“Why do you look like you’re playing the Hunger Games? Have you never been to a party like this?” Kitty shouted over the music. “Is Mooreshaw really that serious?”

“Just think, aren’t we too young to come to a party like this? That’s it.

The listener laughed loudly.

“Lisa, what year is this? Did they keep you locked away in the palace and seal you off from the outside world?

“I prefer the nickname Liz.”

"Order?"

"Please, please."

“Okay Liz.”

She called out and grabbed the owner of the name's thin shoulder, turning her towards the pool where there were more people than anywhere else. Kitty spoke up with a bright voice and sparkling eyes.

"Is there anyone at the event that you've got your eye on?"

"Uh..."

“Oh, but I secretly made an agreement with Peter to dance with him. So if you’re eyeing him, you can quickly change your target.

Peter must be one of the men in the group who is connecting the hose to the fruit tap. Judging from the way the speaker glanced over there for a moment, even if she hadn't warned Lizabeth, she wouldn't have paid any attention. Since she had come into the loud party, she had been talking to Kitty alone for quite some time.

“Hurry up, you can’t go any slower. We have to have a partner in 10 minutes. Pick one and I’ll help you.”

She wanted to excuse herself to go to the bathroom and run away, but that wouldn't be good.

So after being stunned for a long time, the girl who was looking around caught sight of a figure, the person she thought was first on her list of people she wanted to dance with.

"You..."

"Her"?" Kitty snorted, frowning, and turned to look in the other person's direction.

The “she” in question is a Year 12 girl who is one of Kitty’s older brother’s acquaintances. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, and a leather jacket that always catches the eye when she goes to school. She is currently holding a camera and is always turning around to capture the atmosphere with an extra bit of enthusiasm.

Lizabeth had often seen her at the stadium. She seemed like... an interesting person to Lizabeth.

“Are you...a lesbian?”

Back at this point, Kitty's face twisted, and she lowered her hand from the girl's shoulder.

"How will you help us? Recommend something... or should we go see her together?"

“That’s wrong. You come in here and you should be looking for a man to dance with, not that weirdo.”

"You're insulting two things at once."

“Who cares? That girl looks like a stupid ingredient. As for you… I hope you’re not a lesbian, but just cracking jokes, right?” The person who used to be easygoing suddenly became serious.

Lizabeth frowned slightly.

And her few sincere words changed everything in a way that could never be the same again.

“I don’t know if I am lesbians or not, but I am not making jokes. Isn’t it okay to be interested in the same gender?”

Hearing this, the listener showed goosebumps, and said as if telling herself, “I can’t believe I invited the most disgusting creature to join the party…”

"What..."

Now! “Shut up! Don’t say anything else and get out of here. I mean it.”

“But you said”

"You're making my house dirty. Get out of here, you bitch!"

“!”

The white and fair face turned numb at that fierce shout. Three or four people nearby could hear it even though the music was picking up the tempo. Kitty showed a look of disgust in her eyes, backing away from her as if she was backing away from something she loathed.

And yes, Kitty hates gays, lesbians, anything she sees as wrong. Her brother does too, in fact her whole family. Kitty's family has its own set of beliefs, seeing homosexuality as a sin, and there's also a lot of racist logic and distorted stereotypes that have been instilled through generations.

The hell of being a student begins after this.

### “A piece of trash like you is a princess? That’s a bit disgusting.”

## Chapter 18: Use all coins to call you

### Part: Lizabeth (Lizabeth's part)

Liz: Mom...

Liz: This morning, they did it again. Kitty asked two of her male friends. Caught the mouse and threw it into the trash again.

Liz: Kitty said it was a way to wash away my sins. She shouted, “Here it is, a room fit for a princess.”

Two minutes later, my mom replied to my message.

Mum: If you don't act like you're superior, they'll stop doing that. I told you so.

Liz: Are you serious? Don't you understand that they're bullying me because I'm a lesbian princess? You're not picking up my calls and you're not listening to my voicemails?

Mum: It seems like I can sense your dissatisfied tone from the words above. Apologize to me right now.

Liz: Not until Mom gets here and we can talk about all this crazy stuff face to face.

Mum: Lizabeth! You're typing a bad word.

I threw the phone on the bed, turned around, and threw myself on it. It vibrated several times, but I was staring at the ceiling, and the cut on my left arm was burning... It happened when I climbed out of the tall locker that Kitty had locked me in earlier in the day.

For two years, they had seen me as something. After that party, knowing that I was interested in women, Kitty and her four male and female friends had been calling me nicknames like “loser,” “trash,” “shit.”

And it's so bad that no matter who I am from New waljor, here I'm just Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw, a Year 10 student who before she even walks into school she's either thrown in the bin or some other form of bullying.

Rachel ended a relationship with me.

Maybe it should be said that she never considered me a friend in the first place. Because after the party night, when she heard Kitty tell her that I was a lesbian, she went around announcing that she had to live in the same house with me out of necessity. She asked everyone to understand her.

I just wish that Mom would take some pity on me, come here, walk in and talk to the director, but it broke my heart when I found out the truth that she had a child before, as Grandpa had told me, and during the time we hadn't been in touch, she was obsessed with trying to find my "sister" and sending me money every month.

Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw, you fell into the trash can and the dumpster.

You are not your mother's favorite child, and your father is also annoyed to talk about this even the great-grandfather.

You will wither and die here... Lizabeth, do you hear me? You will die alone here one day.

I could hear those fucking voices somewhere in my brain, and if I closed my eyes, they'd come back on, so I sat up, grabbed my phone, put on my headphones, turned on some loud metal covers, ignored my mom's texts, and stared at the picture of Justin on the wall above Rachel's bed.

I only recently found out the truth that my mother had a child before, as the public had rumored. My older sister... is in Thailand, living without knowing who our mother is. Every month, my mother would transfer money to the person taking care of my older sister. Sometimes, she would secretly visit her ex-husband's grave. That was one of the reasons why my father was so angry that my mother did not let go of the past.

Lately, Kitty herself was not satisfied with the physical bullying she had done to me. She started going online to look for information about Mooreshaw, such as my mother's rumors and other news stories, both true and false, to print out and post on her locker to make people feel bad. And since those stories were public knowledge, I consulted the teacher and got the answer that Kitty would be warned and grounded in school.

But in the end, I got it even worse, so I decided to wait until they graduated and leave.

I'm here, I have no security, my mother doesn't let the palace staff take care of me, and she hasn't visited me in years. Skype? We only talked three times and then my mother said I was immature, she left me here with them, as a bullied person, but she also thought I did something to make them angry.

In my mother's eyes, I'm just a spoiled child she's trying to teach to be independent. In Kitty's eyes, I'm just a piece of trash that amuses her.

In the eyes of the teachers and the director, I went to talk to them about the same old things, even though they were equally considerate of Kitty's parents.

And in my own eyes... I look in the mirror every morning and see a person who is a loser, a transgender who has to be thrown in the trash over and over again, who eats breakfast alone during breaks.

Noon, I'm terrible at sports, my grades are just okay, my face is starting to get freckles, and I just walk with my back bent, avoiding people in school.

I am...no good in anyone's eyes, not even myself.

When I was in my own country, surrounded by palace staff, in a situation where no one dared to do anything to me, I never thought of myself as just a stupid woman born in the wrong place. Whenever I was running around, someone would shout, "Please slow down, Princess." It was a phrase that I had heard so often that I knew who I was.

But now that I'm here and now, I feel like I don't deserve that word, like a piece of trash like Kitty said.

I'm just a piece of trash that my mother had to keep in order to stay in the royal family.

I always thought that way until one day.

The day the sky was clear, like sparkling crystals

A baseball bat was sticking out of my backpack, and just like before, when I got out of the car and parted ways with Rachel, Kitty's group would be waiting nearby. No matter how much I tried to avoid it or go around it, I still couldn't get away. I let out a deep sigh and headed down the path towards the door.

“Hey princess.”

It's like every day.

It was no different from what it would be like, in that stinky, dark place.

But it wasn't like that. On the day the crystal sky sent someone when Kitty was throwing my hair.

That Asian woman walked in just before I was about to be thrown into the trash can along with the backpack. She reached out, grabbed the backpack, and threw it to me, so I had to catch it quickly. I grabbed a baseball bat that fit perfectly in my hand.

"Acting like a dog in an alley"

The calm, soft voice that doesn't match a high schooler's age spoke to them, standing in front of me. It didn't take long. Kitty's voice pierced through the air.

“What the hell, is the princess in the Asian club too?”

“You're good at everything.”

“It’s not just racist, I’m going to kick your mother’s ass.”

Push!!!

In the blink of an eye, a heavy baseball bat struck Kitty's arm, causing her to scream. The Asian woman who came to help me swung the baseball bat again, lightly as a warning. It worked, as it not only made Kitty step back, but one of her friends nudged her and whispered something, probably suggesting they should leave.

Because I was sitting and then looked up, all I could see was the back of 'her' that drew my attention.

Forget how beautiful the crystal sky is.

Forget that other people look at me and give me nicknames.

I even stopped breathing when she turned back. She was looking at me with a gaze that made it hard to guess what she was thinking. She was an Asian woman who was more beautiful than the usual stereotype. “Yarisa,” the first word she said was to introduce herself.

“By the way… Lizabeth, you can call me Liz,” I replied, my eyes still focused on the calm face. Yarisa handed me the stick back, but when she pulled it back, it was like she was using it as a lever to help me stand up.

“You have a baseball bat but let them bully you every day.”

Did Yarisa see it? Of course, everyone saw it.

“I am their disgusting lesbian princess.”

“It will be forever if you keep calling yourself that,” Yarisa said in a steady voice after returning my sports equipment and walking through the school gates, not caring what other kids were saying about themselves.

I definitely can't do that, walk around like that without caring about anyone.

So I stuck the baseball bat back in my backpack and ran after a woman more interesting than the crystal sky.

Her locker is on the opposite side of the building from mine. No wonder we don't see each other very often. Plus, she seems to be in Year 12.

Yarisa didn't tell me to get out of here. She glanced at me with her slender eyes, took out a book from her locker, and said a short sentence.

“Do you like following other people?”

"If that other person had helped me.”

“Looking for a bodyguard?”

“Looking for a friend to eat with and… go play sports,” I replied softly, feeling smaller as I lowered my head to watch the other person’s reaction.

Yarisa groaned, “Hmm,” and I tilted my head, not understanding what kind of sentence that was. I asked her again if we would have lunch together. She replied, "Yes, if I can carry the food tray out to sit and eat by the field."

At first, I was surprised that she didn't eat in the cafeteria, and then I thought to myself, "That must be the reason I don't see her very often." It's not strange at all.

During lunch break, I stuffed the burger wrap into my shirt pocket, got a bottle of water, and went to the sidelines where Yarisa had said she was going to have lunch. I saw her nibbling on a burrito on the top bunk of the stands, her head bowed, reading a rather thick book.

I admit that I'm excited to sit with someone.

"Is anyone sitting here?" I asked, just in case she had another date.

The other person was still scanning the book, but her mouth said, “You.”

"Thank you"

After that day, I got to know Yarisa better and better. I learned that she is a quiet person, likes to go to the gym, and came from Thailand to study. We know each other's things. She sees me as a younger friend. Maybe that's true. Sometimes it's hard to guess what she's thinking from her calm face. But in any case, she's better than anyone I've ever known.

She made me stop trying to contact my mother and the people at the palace. A month later, when my mother came to visit because she had cleared her schedule, I completely forgot that I had told her to come.

Anyway, I'm no longer angry with my mother. She was surprised that I seemed to have grown up. We talked about how I stopped being a mama's girl. The only thing I asked my mother for and asked my father and grandfather for was, "Don't forget me."

My mother promised, laughing at me, saying how could she forget?

Because of Yarisa, my life has changed. I no longer have to endure the Kitty's crazy antics that embarrass me. Of course, I don't have to avoid anyone's gaze. Yarisa ordered that I shouldn't walk behind her, but we should walk side by side.

And I learned another secret about her, the story of her being a mistress.

Yarisa is fascinated with BDSM. She likes being a submissive. It is a kind of taste. The books she likes to read, if not knowledge about this subject, are novels about it. It is very interesting to me. Even though I do not want to try being a submissive or a mistress, I like to learn new things, things that people in the palace would not teach me.

There was a time when Narisa was heartbroken. An 18-year-old girl who had left home far away had to be suddenly dumped by her lover because she was moving abroad and wanted to find a new male slave. I, who was not good at comforting people, did not go back to Rachel's room but went to sleep with Yarisa. We watched a series marathon, watched badminton live broadcasts, and ate popcorn. It was almost too late for a calm person like her to get better and stop being a zombie. The two of us almost did not have time to reserve seats to watch a big baseball game that required about a two-hour drive to get to.

Unfortunately, that day was the day both of our hearts broke.

Even though Yarisa had started to come to terms with that foolish woman, she lied. She didn't really go abroad; she brought the new young servant to the baseball game. She made Yarisa suffer.

It was just as painful for me.....to see that “Moore Shaw” had flown from New Waljor's to the event, all in the best seats, and in that family seat, there was no me.

### My mother said she would never forget me, but she forgot…

I took out my phone and checked all the messages, anything, in case someone had sent me a message saying they were in England. But there was none. They acted like I didn't need to know about it, and if I didn't come to the event, I would still not know.

Mooreshaw had a special photographer take a family photo after the event. The photo was to be given as a gift and put on the wall of his greatgrandfather's palace. But this photo... this photo, no me. Alex and Nicholas were given the spotlight as young royals, without me...

I was crying in bed in the middle of the night, Rachel woke up and yelled at me, but I yelled back.

"Shut up! How dare you!"

And its funny how she was stunned, then she just lay down without daring to make a sound again.

The next morning, my mom texted me during breakfast when I couldn't eat.

Mum: Next week, I'll go pick you up.

Mum: It's your great-grandfather's birthday. We have to go to the Grand Palace. Remember?

That's the thing. Actually, I didn't forget until I saw the picture yesterday. I remember everyone's birthday in my family.

1 week later

"Hello Alex, Nicholas"

“Hello...Fake Sharon.”

Alex said casually as I walked into the small living room with a lit fireplace. She was reading a newly published edition of The Worst Witch while her twin brother Nicholas opened Harry Potter, and they argued about which came first since they were both about wizarding schools. I sat on the empty sofa, since it wasn't dinnertime yet, and peeked at them arguing.

“Mom! Nicky is arguing with me again. Tell him which came first.”

“Nicky, I’ve told you many times that The Worst Witch has been around since the TV era. It was black and white. Stop fighting about it,”

My mother's voices came from the larger living room next door, probably with my parents. Nicholas, or as Alex called him, Nicky, looked up boredly, continuing to watch his TV. I tensed up even more than before when I realized the adults were not far away. Besides, I didn't come to this big palace very often.

“By the way...” Alex said, her eyes still on the book on her lap. “How’s London?”

“There are people who are worse than you.”

I replied. At that moment, Nicholas, who was listening, burst out laughing, causing the twin girls to glare at me.

“Mom! Nicky is laughing at me.”

“Nicky! Stop acting like that!”

The voice through the air scolded his son even though he didn't see what happened. Nicholas was very upset, turned off the TV, and led his tall body out of here, leaving me and Alex, the mother-cheating son, in this room. It was even more awkward than before.

She doesn't chat with me anymore, and I think it's okay this way.

I picked up my phone and played a simple game on it to kill time. Sometimes Nicholas would go into his room to play a game connected to his TV, but I wasn't close enough to go up to him and ask to play. In the end, I ended up getting stuck with Sharon, who was born before me. Until it was time for dinner.

My grandfather and Alex's grandfather sat near my great-grandfather at the head of the table. As the two sons, I was quite far away from the others, almost at the far end of the table, like a low-ranking member of the royal family. But I didn't mind. I just looked at everyone I called family and thought to myself, what the hell am I doing here?

What am I doing in a group of people who were smiling and going out to work last week, without me?

What am I doing in a circle that seems like a big family, but we're all separated like we're from different groups?

What am I doing in a place where even during mealtimes, there must be a photographer from the Royal Palace who will be there to capture the atmosphere for news reporting?

Are we a family or just a facade?

“Liz,” the mother on my left tapped me on the shoulder and shoved a palm-sized gift box into my hand. “After you finish eating, give it to him.”

“For your great-grandfather? Did mother prepare it?”

“It’s just a small decoration. The child just said that she bought it in England.”

"But I crocheted it as a gift."

“No, keep it. It’s better to give the things that mom prepared.”

“…”

“I understand.”

I looked over at my father, who gave me a stern look. “Tell her you understand.”

"Yes..."

I lowered my head, not liking my father's deep voice at all.

I lowered my head, not liking my father's stern voice at all. I obediently followed both of their orders. The great-grandfather smiled warmly at me, his grandchild whom he rarely saw. Perhaps because I was already in a different world, he was especially kind. He teased me, asking if I hadn't lost the crest pendant again. At that moment, I felt a chill run down my spine, fearing that he might find out the truth about how I had intentionally given the old pendant to a girl abroad.

Around midnight, my grandfather, father, mother and I returned to the palace where our separated family resided. A waiter came to open the car door for us. When we were about to leave, my mother warned us and then spoke calmly with a smile.

"Child, go to the airport and go back to England so you don't miss too many classes."

“Right now?” My voice was nasal.

“Yes.”

"But I just arrived this morning."

“My grandfather has already made his decision.”

As soon as my mother finished speaking, I turned to look at the front door, where the figure of the person I was talking about was standing there, staring at me. A variety of feelings were building up in my chest. I wasn't okay with this. I hadn't even been here for twenty-four hours, and I hadn't even gone back to my original bed to sleep, and hadn't even stepped foot into the palace, but now I felt like I was being heartlessly chased away.

“Actually, I want to talk about the problems at school.”

"You should talk to the director."

“I’ve talked to her, but Kitty also has connections.”

“Is that the name of your friend? You must be very close. Congratulations.”

"Mom, don't you remember who Kitty is?" I ignored the order to take the car to the airport, but opened the door and got out of the car to follow and argue with my mother. And... "It's Grandfather's fault for sending me there," I said to the person who was about to walk inside, until his feet stopped.

“Liz!”

“No matter who it is, it is hell on earth for me.

I stared, waiting for the tall man to ignore me and walk away, or turn back and say something to me. All the while, my mother's voice kept nagging at me to apologize, but it didn't hold enough weight for me to care. I clenched my fists, angry at Grandfather, angry at Dad, angry at Mom, angry at Moore Shaw, angry at everything that had put me through that school, and angry that no one had even thought to tell me that they had gone to the sporting event the week before.

Grandfather turned back to look at me with cold eyes. At first, I was so scared that I almost apologized or avoided the confrontation. But then, because I had almost nothing to lose.

It's like they didn't care about me from the beginning. Being a good kid is no different from being a palace dog. Everyone knew what I've been through, but they still ignored me, claiming that I'm the one who can't get along with commoners.

So tonight I asked with a hard look in my eyes.

"Is there an order to resign and come back to study here? Or is there an apology to me?"

My voice trembled.

“Are you really not going to do anything about the royal family being abused every day? Since we live in different countries, the law doesn’t protect me at all? Or is it just because it’s not a big deal?”

But the answer I got changed the feelings between me and my family.

It would change forever.

### "If you weren't a lesbian from the beginning, you wouldn't have to go through that."

"What...."

“Apologize to Grandfather right now, Liz,” my father, who was standing not far away, warned me, half-forced me. It wasn’t often that my father would talk to me, because we weren’t close, but today we had already spoken twice. It was really nice.

I looked at my father and mother alternately.

“Okay, I’ll apologize, if Grandfather will apologize to me too. Everyone knows what happened to me, but they can still smile and be happy. What’s wrong with everyone?!”

“Father orders you to apologize for insulting Prince James right now!” Grandfather stood there, looking down as if waiting for me to give in. Mother's voice was urging me to return to being a soft-hearted child, but I looked into their eyes and automatically took a step back.

There was no one beside me from the beginning....

This isn't really my place.

I bit my lower lip to prevent myself, the loser, from shed tears in front of them. I walked back to open the door of the car that my mother said would take me to the airport right now, but I didn't forget to turn back and meet eyes with the person who was the king of the palace.

“Excuse me for being rude,” I smirked. “But I will make you suffer no differently than I did in that school.

Then I laughed hysterically.

### "He will surely die along with my scandalous news."

Mother was shocked that I dared to say it. Father had an angry face and ordered in a stern voice, “Apologize again this instant.” I knew it was useless to be stubborn. I looked into the eyes of the most powerful person in this secondary palace and apologized to him once more, but I still kept my eyes on him, “I wasn’t joking before.”

I returned to England that night. The two palaces were not my safe zone.

In fact, there was no safe zone for me in the first place.

I keep relying on Yarisa, but she also has her own things to deal with.

Therefore, I must survive on my own, not become a princess in a tower for the knights to come and save me.

Everything has been mixed up in my mind for ten hours. Whether it was when I was sleeping in the room smelling of Rachel's donuts, sitting in the car on the way to school, walking down and seeing Yarisa walking inside with someone, or when I went to the bathroom and saw Kitty and another friend of hers getting revenge against me behind Yarisa’s back.

Here's another one.

Damn it, just disappear from my life already!

When I came to my senses, I found myself straddling the body of that vile girl who had always treated me like I wasn't human. I pounded her arrogant face with both fists repeatedly, my mind filled with images I shouldn't remember. My hands were bruised and scraped, her face was bleeding from the wounds. Another friend looked on, unsure of what to do, and said she would go get a teacher.

I'm going crazy right now.

***Chapter 19: With you, the whole world changes.***

### Part : Fang (Fang's part)

“He said there are hundreds of patients with the nickname Liz. You have to tell him your first and last name to find his records.”

After hanging up the number Liz remembered, I found out it was a clinic in England. The person who answered kept saying that the doctor was not taking bookings at the moment. When I asked for any information, they only asked for her full name.

“I think you might be a British citizen.”

"Or just temporarily living there."

"Yeah, that's it. You got both points."

Liz didn't look downcast or disappointed. On the contrary, she shrugged and picked up the snack to chew without any anger.

“Not stressed?”

"No"

“Before hanging up, I asked for some details. It seems like the doctor we are talking to is a psychiatrist. Maybe she has a mental illness.” Not very smart like this.

“Everyone talks to a psychiatrist if they have a problem they can’t solve.”

Well, that's true.

"Are you feeling better? Your stomachache?" Liz asked, changing the subject when she knew for sure that the phone number clues did not reveal her identity.

“You’ve been gone for a long time. Otherwise, would you have come here?”

"That's great. I was so scared that you would die."

If I was drinking water, I would definitely choke. You're so straightforward that I didn't notice. I don't know if whether to be pleased that someone cares or to scold the woman for her poor choice of words.

Rrrr!

“Special Deal Alert! 50% off until 2pm only at the mall XXX”

The notification message came because I am a member of a department store. My eyes widened when I found out that there was a sale today. I quickly went to the website to check if the things I wanted were on the 50% off promotion. Instant noodles in packs, detergent, soap, toothpaste, sanitary pads, etc. It turned out that they were on sale, hey, you!!

"Go!"

“What’s the reason you’re chasing us away again?”

"No, I mean, let's go shopping before 2 p.m."

@Mall XXX

"Hurry up! Hurry up! Come with me!" I waved at the foreign-looking woman who was acting as a pushcart assistant. I had just barely grabbed the last two packages of discounted instant noodles before a certain old lady. Luckily, I was faster and managed to grab them and tuck them into my arm.

“Let me get down, Khao Fang. I'm not used to controlling this thing."

“An eight-year-old child can control it as easily as peeling a banana.

Don’t make excuses. Hurry up and follow me to lock the detergent powder.”

“Wow-” the pretty girl exclaimed with a drawn-out voice, but she had to push herself along with me.

I'll save quite a bit of money by buying this sale. Thanks to the person who came up with the promotion. He's a saint or maybe a mother saint.

"Fang," a raspy voice called out as the shopping list was now all gone in the cart. I groaned in my throat for Liz to continue. She cleared her throat slightly. "I want salmon."

"No”

"Please"

"No"

“Oh sushi, fine.”

"Still not the same as before."

She frowned, her eyebrows drooping, and her eyes pleading. “I think if I eat salmon, it will definitely help me remember something. Please, please, please.”

“Oh, so there are missing memories of you in the fish? Or are you looking for an excuse to eat something delicious?”

The person who was caught blinked her eyes, "..." emphasizing the lack of smoothness.

"You bitch..."

Let me tell you in advance that I am normally a very strong-willed person, as strong as a stone that is dripping with oil every day. No matter how hard the stone is, it will only get wet but will not erode. But that annoying Liz broke my hardness with those eyes. She seemed to be pleading with me until I gave in. Her slender, beautiful fingers tapped on the wheel, anticipating the words that would come out of my mouth.

What kind of person is this? So incredibly annoying.

“Just one piece of salmon sushi.”

"Khaofang is the most angelic!"

She looked happy and for a moment seemed like she was going to rush over and hug me, but she came to her senses first and started scratching the back of her head instead.

It turned out that for a moment, I was the only one who felt my heart skip a beat.

There was a ten-baht sushi shop not far from the park. And because Liz had given me all the money in advance after the medical expenses were paid, I had the right to glare at the five-year-old girl who dared to take two pieces of salmon sushi to pay for it. She quickly put down the other piece and turned to smile. "I was just going to get it for you."

“I’m not eating. Hurry up and pay with ten baht so that you can come help me carry these bags.” Those are the bags that are full of stuff.

After paying, she had to share the burden of carrying the eco-friendly cloth bag containing various necessities. Her free hand was used to hold a piece of sushi that was only the size of her thumb, which seemed very important. But, but, but! But when the foreign-looking woman took a taste, she showed a disappointed expression.

“What’s wrong?” I asked as we were going down the escalator.

“It’s salmon, but it’s not salmon.”

"Stop messing around, or you'll be doing laundry all week."

“No,” Liz quickly denied. “I really meant it. I was expecting salmon, but it was rainbow trout.”

“So... what's the difference?"

“Just a little bit. They are from the same family, but their size is different.”

"So he dyed the cat and sold it, right?" I'm asking this because I'm really curious.

“No, it’s salmon. It comes from the same farm that exports it. Nowadays, both rainbow trout and Atlantic salmon have been called salmon for a long time. Restaurants usually use the former because it has a brighter color and fatter meat. But I just personally like the latter.”

“Uh…” I don’t know. I ate the mackerel from Mae Klong and I was confused as to why the fish always made a face and bent their neck. “But you don’t look stupid.” Or maybe you’re smart but not smart enough.

"We paired up with a fishing competitor, and the Norwegian partner told us about it."

At first, I imagined it and nodded in agreement. Then I frowned, my eyebrows pressed together, and stared at Liz, who smiled back faintly. “Huh! So you remember something now?”

Then suddenly, the beautiful curved lips lost her smile. She averted her gaze to the left.

"A little"

“Try to think about it again. Maybe you can remember something else.”

"Fang, I want to eat chocolate flavor."

Sigh!

How dare you change the subject and point at the ice cream shop? If it were a kindergartener, it wouldn't be a problem, but you're so old that a dog can't even lick your face. Why are you interested in dessert when I'm talking about something important like this?

"Come on, come on, and come on!"

So I pinched her soft arm until she cried out with a distorted expression.

"We are talking about something serious. Why are you looking at something else? Huh!"

"Sorry..." The beautiful face fell in guilt. "Did you say that you remember something?”

“ No, that's all I remember."

"..." I kept listening and running away.

"Now, can we go get some chocolate ice cream?"

I rolled my eyes, knowing that Liz had nothing but nonsense on her mind.

“No, your quota is full.”

Rrrrrrrr!

'Auntie Kaew'

A call from an elder relative made me, I had just walked a few steps past the escalator, stop my feet. The tall figure beside me also stopped. I used body language to tell Liz to stand and wait quietly. She smiled and obediently responded.

[Little Fang, I just heard an advertisement on the radio. Auntie knows that you are sick, but you should go to the department store where there are sales, right? Please buy me some detergent and dishwashing liquid. Can you please reduce the price a bit? I will use it myself and sell it, and make a profit for the workers. I will sell it first, and then come back to collect the money from the Auntie later.]

"Uh..."

[Auntie knows that you definitely went to the mall.]

I'm tired of Auntie's know-it-all attitude. Maybe it's because we like cheap and discounted things.

"Yes, come out with Liz."

[Why are you still with that foreigner?] The aunt's voice sounded extremely surprised.

“Never mind,” I was too lazy to explain. “Then I’ll buy it and give it to you today.”

[Thank you very much, my dear niece. I'll hang up first. I'm busy.] Then the other end of the line hung up. She must have been playing with card game. The voice that had leaked in was easy to guess. I let out a long sigh and turned back to give Liz a bored look.

"We'll go back up and buy the same things we did earlier."

"Because...?"

"Because Aunt Kaew asked me to buy it."

"And you really have to do it?"

"She's a relative, and she's my employer who sells garlands," I said in a bored tone as I led Liz back up the escalator to the second floor. "And she's older."

The pretty woman frowned slightly and said sarcastically, "So she's older, huh? Older people can do anything without being wrong, right?"

"Even if it's wrong, you can't do anything to her, right?"

"..." Liz lowered her head and bit her lower lip. "That's true..."

It makes me feel like she might have been repressing this kind of thing in her life and there was nothing she could do but keep quiet and bite her lip.

I glanced at her face for a moment before turning my gaze back to look straight ahead, and slowly reached out my free hand to grasp her soft, slender hand.

“She doesn’t seem to be in a good mood about this.”

“No, I just don’t like it. I’ve seen you give in to everyone, including Auntie Kaew, the girl named Jim, and the owner of the orange juice shop. No matter what they order or complain about, you just have to endure it.

“People like me who have to work don’t have many other options.”

“If I knew who I was, I wouldn’t let you be a slave to others like this.

"Why? Are you going to propose to me?"

I was just joking around and laughing, but then I realized in the next second that I had just said something ridiculous.

I raised my hand to slap my mouth, but it hardly help because the foreignlooking woman had already heard it and turned to look at me with a smile on her face, but with a serious look in her eyes.

"Why do you understand me so well?"

Damn it... The more Liz kept on emphasizing it, the more I felt a strange tingling sensation all over my body.

Whether she was joking or something, I didn't find it funny at all. "I'm so annoyed with you. And besides, how can two women get married?"

"Then why do men and women get married?"

"Well, they love each other."

“Then don’t women and women or men and men love each other?”

“…”

“Just because we can’t get married here doesn’t mean we can’t get married in other countries.”

"Oh, I'm sorry for thinking too little before speaking. I didn't mean it like that. I just meant the matter of registering a marriage. I said it because I accidentally focused on this country, so I forgot that many countries are open. Let me change it. Anyone can get married, but I won't marry you."

“That’s too cruel.”

"I'm afraid your husband will come and beat me up if you get married."

"I’m sure, but even if I get married, I'll break up with everyone, and I will come ask for you. You're the one that the heavens have blessed, Khao Fang." You idiot! I'm so angry! I'm so annoyed that my ears are burning.

“You’re crazy,” I said, not too loudly. “I won’t be anyone’s third wheel.”

However, Liz still refused to stop dropping.

"I told you I don't have anyone, and I'm going to propose with a seventeen-carat diamond ring."

“Hmph, then don’t let me find out that you actually owe someone else’s apartment rent.”

I said it to cover up the embarrassment of the engagement proposal, pretending to walk away in front of her. I don't know what to do. How did my life get to the point where I could talk nonsensically to a lizard?

We left the things we bought at the customer service counter and then did something similar again. I quickly went to grab the things with Liz as my pushcart assistant. After I went to pay, I kept the receipt carefully to claim it from Auntie Kaew.

After we split the bill, I took Liz to the bus so we could take all the clutter to my relatives who might be gathered around a card game by now. Too bad we didn't have a seat today, there were a lot of passengers, so we had to stand and hold onto the bus.

Liz standing next to me breathed through her pale lips, “Nangui, we are the ones tight"

"Huh!?" What language is that? Aliens are invading!

"If it takes any longer, we're definitely going to throw up," the person who was so motion sick that her tongue was tied up tried to speak slowly and clearly so that the meaning could be understood.

"We'll be there soon."

Liz's sweat dripped down her hairline, her eyes half-closed. "Have you always had a hard time like this?"

"More than this has happened" I’ve sat cramped in a van packed with passengers like sardines until the police stopped me. “Please bear with me. We should be there in a few minutes.”

"Smile, I'll try." (Smile, I'll try.)

Alien language is here again.

"Come here."

"?"

“Don’t make that stupid face. Come here and lean on me.”

I leaned my face against my left shoulder, a gesture that said, "Come here, and lean on my shoulder, you fool." Liz moved in unsteadily, leaning her head against mine weakly.

I was a bit at a loss as our faces got so close that I could feel her warm breath. Her eyelids were closed.

“Life is so difficult.”

“...Just hanging onto the bus makes me feel discouraged.”

"If you're not here, how would I know?"

“I’ve been doing this my whole life, Lizard,” I said, giving her head a little playfully. “Learn to be patient. You’re not a princess who has to ride in a private car with a chauffeur, clear the roads, and be greeted by citizens, sleep in a luxurious palace, and no matter how rich you are, you’re just a commoner who has to know how to take public transportation. Do you understand?” "Sigh"

There was another sigh!

When we arrived at the entrance to Aunt Kaew's rented house, there was an ice cream truck driving past. It wasn't hard to get past the event. The western-looking woman wanted to eat it. I rolled my eyes in exasperation. It was like raising a kindergartener and losing control. Before I knew it, she was waving at the ice cream truck to stop and order. It was such a hassle that I had to pay for it again, as usual.

But this is your money, your money that you gave me. Forget about that.

After saying that, I kept my mouth shut and didn't complain to the person who was eating the chocolate ice cream.

"Take turns, each with one word." The beautiful-faced person with a sweet smile handed me the cup as we walked on the sidewalk.

I frowned and shook my head. “I won’t eat. I’ll be thirsty. You’ll complain after you eat. You’ll be thirsty and make me suffer again.”

“I don't do that.”

And 5 minutes have passed

“Khaofang, I’m thirsty.”

She started throwing a tantrum when we arrived at Auntie Kaew's rental room. The ice cream in the cup was all gone. Oh my, I wanted to beat her up. I knew she would cry for water like a baby bird, but when I heard her, I couldn't help but get really angry.

"Wait and ask Auntie Kaew for some drink.”

"Oh! Eating and drinking is fine. You're really picky." I'd be stressed if I had to have a child and the child would be like this girl. I'm the type who's quick with my mouth and quick with my hands.

I walked along the corridor and stopped in front of Aunt Kaew's room. I knocked three times and opened the door. Inside, there appeared a circle of cards, just as I had expected. I looked around. Aunt Kaew was in the room.

"Are you here to see Auntie? Uncle Lert just came back a moment ago. Suddenly, Aunt Kaew left the card game and rushed into the kitchen to talk about something."

An old lady gave me a brief introduction while she was still interested in the cards in her hand. I clasped my hands together in a wai to greet everyone and to thank them before turning to lead the troublesome Liz through to the back of the rental room.

That place is the small kitchen area of my aunt and uncle.

Before I could reach that point, my feet suddenly stopped when a familiar sound hit my ears.

### "That damn girl is going to get us all in trouble!"

The sound of my Aunt was like it was terrifying. Before I could finish, Uncle Lert spoke to comfort me. What he said made my body tingle when all the truth was in one sentence.

“Calm down. Didn’t that foreigner have amnesia? Even if she was with Fang, she wouldn’t remember that we were the ones who hit her in the head that night.”

"What...!"

It wasn't my voice that blurted out, but Liz's, who exclaimed in Thai, as shocked as I was. Her beautiful eyes widened, and she hurriedly walked into the kitchen. Luckily, I regained my senses and followed her in, just in time to see the shocked expressions on both my uncle and auntie.

### “You guys just hit me on the head like that?”

Liz's voice asked firmly. I stood beside her and looked at her face. She was serious, but my relative was hesitant and couldn't answer.

My heart is beating wildly right now.

The unpleasant truth becomes apparent after we have been fooled for so long.

The people behind all this crazy stuff were my uncle and aunt. That night, they rode their motorbikes out to fish. On the way back, they caught quite a lot of fish, but it was pouring down rain. They decided to take shelter in an old abandoned pavilion. My uncle saw that the batteries in his flashlight were almost dead, so he turned it off. Then, the two of them sat and waited for the rain to stop so they could ride home.

The story seems like there is nothing at all.

If it weren't for the fact that Uncle heard someone's footsteps walking around in circles, Aunt whispered that it might be a thief, a gang of thieves, or something bad, of course, darkness makes people think all sorts of things. He turned on the light and shone around the pavilion, but didn't see anyone. He made a sound, but got no response. Okay, at this point, it was like a horror movie or a murder scene. And Uncle Lert believed that it was the latter. He picked up a fish-beating stick... and prepared to defend himself.

And then BAM!!! Liz walked into the pavilion and saw a shadowy figure.

She was hit with a loud "THUMP!" as usual.

She's unconscious. What kind of person can be so calm after being hit in the back of the head like that? She fell down, her neck bent. Uncle quickly turned on the flashlight, which was on low battery, and shone it on her face. It was a woman who didn't look like…

In a dangerous situation. Aunt Kaew is losing her mind. She's afraid of going to jail. She's afraid of Liz dying. She's afraid of everything. But her past as a criminal makes her pickpocket and steal all her valuables. Oh my god!

At that time, no matter how heavy the rain was, my aunt and uncle didn't care and rode their motorcycles back home because they were completely panicking.

Uncle said it must have been around 2 or 3 AM. They were much stressed. They couldn't sleep. Finally, they got up and talked it out. They came to the conclusion that they would just forget about it. Before Auntie could take a nap, she suddenly woke up and exclaimed, 'Damn it, Lert!' I left my phone at the pavilion. We're in big trouble!' After finishing her sentence, Uncle broke down and lost his mind. He took the crazy woman on the back, and they sped back to the original spot. The rain had stopped, and that woman was gone. Auntie's phone was gone too!!!

Uncle complained about Auntie non-stop, and it was then that Auntie Kaew caught a glimpse of something. A large metal trash can. Next to it, there is a figure sitting and leaning against it.

Liz, who had just woken up, was dazed. She clutched my aunt's communication device tightly in her hand. She might have thought it was her own, or she might have had a wild idea of calling someone for help. My aunt and uncle immediately felt a chill run down their spines. But Auntie was so good at acting that she should have received a Golden Doll award. Auntie made a face like something was missing and walked over to the person who was leaning against the trash can.

“Darling, have you seen my cell phone? I think I dropped it around here during the day.”

“....” Liz, who looked dazed, held the back of her head. Her hair and clothes were wet from head to toe. She was silent, looking up at aunt without saying anything for almost a minute.

"W-what's wrong?”

And then a sentence that shocked and relieved both the aunt and uncle came out of the mouth of the person who was beaten.

“I have a headache… I feel like… I feel like I can’t remember what I’m going to do.”

“...” Auntie said that it was quiet here, but I guess it wasn't just quiet. I'll wait and listen more.

“W...do you know us?”

At that moment, aunt thought that she had made a mistake by coming back here to let the other party see her face, but what could she do if she had forgotten her phone?

Okay, that's the reason why Lich ended up becoming the worker for Uncle and Aunt. They weren't sure if this foreign-looking girl with a dazed expression really had amnesia as they hoped. They were afraid to let her go, and afraid to bring her back. They couldn't decide, so Uncle made the choice. Let's go with the latter. Liz was then taken back to the rental room on the back of a motorcycle, and her neck pain was so severe that Aunt even snatched the phone from her hand without her noticing.

The craziest thing is that they would be happy if Liz would not remember anything and would not exist to return to her family, just because they were afraid that she would tell on them about the physical assault.

When they were certain that she had amnesia, my aunt made a new decision and took her to leave her next to a public telephone booth, which I rode my bike to, as we all know.

Liz's phone was wiped, and her belongings, such as watches and pendants, were sold for a very good price. The money in her wallet was exchanged for Thai baht. She got around ten thousand baht.

The truth that came out of their mouths and the expressions that showed no remorse but only fear of guilt made me unable to help but be angry at my relatives. Fortunately, they didn't throw Liz's bag away first, so now the foreignlooking woman is taking out the evidence to prove her identity.

I gave my aunt and uncle a fierce look before walking over to stand next to the foreign-looking woman who was stunned after taking out a card to look at it. Her face had turned visibly pale.

“Khao Fang… it seems we can't bring you the seventeen-carat diamond anymore." she said in a low voice.

"Why?" Out of curiosity about what was wrong, she turned her attention to look.

**Stadium cleaning staff identification card**

### Miss Lizabeth Watson

## Chapter 20: Not a magician

### Part: Liz (Liz's part)

My first memory is of the cold.

I thought I was somewhere in England during the weather.

It's volatile, but it's not. I'm sitting here by the cold trash can, looking like I'm about to walk out of my old shelter and can't make it. I'm sitting here exhausted, and I don't really know where to go.

There's something hard in my hand. It might be a phone. Maybe.

I still didn't have the strength to lift it up to look or do anything. My ears were ringing, my head was throbbing, and then someone's voice caught my attention.

“Darling, have you seen auntie’s cell phone? It seems like auntie dropped it around here during the day.”

Realizing it again, I found myself in a stuffy, cramped, and unfamiliar room.

That was before I knew about **“Fang.”**

As I mentioned, my first memory is of the cold, the longing for England, the pain overwhelming me, and the voice of a woman asking for a phone. Besides that, it was as if everything was blanketed in white, like a song whose melody I can somewhat remember, but the lyrics, the sweet parts, have been forgotten.

There are many things that have been lost, some of which I might just not remember yet.

Where do I want to go?

What would I do if I wasn't in a small room with a strange man and woman?

And...Who am I?

Many lines of the song have faded from my memory. No, I mean all of them. The people around me look so unfamiliar. They don't meet my expectations. The respect that should be there is also absent.

Yes, none at all.

The woman called me a scammer and was wearing my pendant... I thought it was mine.

She seemed very unhappy when we first met.

"I'm not free enough to go to the police station and argue with a petty thief worse than a beggar like you. If you keep demanding more, I'll have the police take the CCTV footage from around here to slap your face and demand compensation for wasting my time."

“…”

I blinked twice. What? Am I worse than a beggar? What did you slap me with? How dare you do that to… to… to…?

“But I have a band-aid in my pocket, and I’ll give it to you if you admit your mistake.”

Come on, you stranger. A middle-aged woman told me to do this. And right now, I'm the one who's bleeding and needs treatment. Why don't you hurry up and apologize, get out of my way, or go get some coffee?

But her eyes are insanely scary.

God...

I stood there silently for a long time, then answered reluctantly.

“Okay...you can use a plaster.”

"Huh? What? I can't hear you."

What more do you want from me!

"I don't want the money, I’ll just take the plaster!"

The Asian girl in front of me concluded that we were in agreement. She grumbled something and walked back to her motorcycle. But my mind was still a bit hazy, and I sometimes remembered what I had been staring at earlier. I woke up and pointed at the pendant.

“That one over there!” She walked over. “That’s mine.”

"Don't be sneaky. This is mine. I told you to go find something else to eat."

"But-"

"Don't let me see you again. I'll really call the police and arrest you."

But I should be wearing it, not you!

“Khaofang is her name. I later learned that Khaofang is an Asian woman who is out of my imagination. In reality, it is out of the frame of being a woman.”

She is a human who can carry heavy boxes and face the scorching sun that makes me feel like vomiting. Just walking on the pavement for a few minutes almost makes me collapse. I don't know how Khao Fang can do it like it's nothing.

But Khao Fang sees me as a problem. I don't know if it's true or not. I don't think I'm a problem at all. Isn't it normal for people to walk around selling... what? They can't sell flower garlands or anything like that.

Even so, I still want to stick to you. I just know that Khao Fang won't let me starve to death.

That's why I want to be with you, see you as an angel.

When I first met you, I thought you were a cruel person. But when I was with you and we had food, I apologized to you repeatedly in my mind. I had misjudged you. I was so bad. In fact, you are the Virgin Mary.

God sent you down!

What did you do that made you come and stay here in a small room with not enough money to spend?

Thank you, Khao Fang. I have nothing to offer in return, but if you want some organs, I will donate mine right now... because it seems like you are the only one who cares if something happens to me.

And it seems like you're the only one who cares if I'm okay, if the rain pours down so hard it seems to drown out all the noise.

Because when I was about to lose my mind, I looked up and saw the person holding an umbrella in the rain. The Asian girl who often showed emotions towards me, but she was the only one standing in front of me when I needed her.

At the same time when you're bored, I'll be in trouble.

It was the same time I fell in love with you...the woman who held an umbrella through the rain to meet me.

All of this made me realize that I don't want to remember anything anymore. And if this world I have you…

Just you is enough

I know that many times I am selfish and slow to process what others are communicating because just translating the language is already a big task, and then I feel strange because of my unfamiliar lifestyle. When someone starts saying something that is hard to understand or that I am not sure I can do, I blink and imagine myself doing something like that.

Khaofang has shown me something surprising. Those beautiful, fragrant garlands made by hand. It's strange that each car would roll down their window and pay to buy them. When I was forced to help with this task, I once asked a male customer what he was going to do with the garland. Then he got angry with me, cursed at me, and rolled up the window, refusing to buy it.

I asked the cars that had the windows rolled down, “What are you going to do with it?” If the listener wasn’t angry and didn’t have a serious face, I would stare at them.

They're not friendly at all.

It's not like Khao Fang at all. No matter how dissatisfied you are with me, most of the time I get answers to questions if asked.

She transforms hard, unpalatable crunchy food into delicious Tom Yum Kung Instant noodles in three minutes.

She is fearless in the sun, walking on the streets, carrying a lot of stuff. How can she do something like this with a figure like her?

She grabbed that big snail and stuffed it into the tank with great care, while my heart skipped a beat, afraid it would eat my head.

She bought me a grilled chicken.

Buy me grilled meatballs.

Buy clothes and a box of milk every morning.

If the pants are loose, she will pin them with a safety pin.

If I have a nightmare, she'll be the one to wake me up and tell me everything will be okay.

And you are the one who, when it rains, comes to me and makes me feel lucky that the sky sent someone to help me. I will never forget this.

There are so many more. No matter how you describe them, they will never be finished.

Let's just say...

I really love Fang.

No matter how much I think about it, I can't remember it anymore.

Going home and waiting for Fang is a happier thing.

I have a little problem with washing clothes, washing dishes, cleaning the house. I'm not used to it. When my hands are mushy and my fingers are soft, I feel like I'm about to turn into an aquatic animal. Because of this, I wash clothes and dishes quickly, so the result is that they are not clean and I get scolded by Khao Fang all the time.

Well, I don't like it when my hands are messy.

But after calculating the pros and cons, being with Khao Fang is still the best thing. I'm willing to do housework every day for the rest of my life if the person I sleep with every night is you.

Because when she closes her eyes, Khao Fang looks really cute...she doesn't have the same aura as when she wears red lipstick during the day.

I gave up on chasing after the wrecked car, thinking it must be mine, because I was afraid that if I returned home any later, Khao Fang would be in a bad mood and frown until her beautiful forehead was a blank mark.

Deep down, I'm afraid of what I'll remember. I'm afraid of finding out it's not what I thought. I'm afraid of being an ordinary person who can never find anything to repay you. Like now...

**Stadium cleaning staff identification card**

### Ms. Lizabeth Watson

The fact that I am a cleaning worker who thought that my life was easier before.

Khao Fang read the disappointment from my face.

She just kept quiet. We didn't mention the seventeen-carat diamond because my mind was blank and throbbing. This was too bad. I, who had nothing, couldn't make Khao Fang's life any easier.

Aunt Kaew returned the remaining items to me, apologized, and begged me not to report the incident to the police.

On the bus ride back to our accommodation, I noticed that Khao Fang was touching the pendant she was wearing, and her face looked disappointed about something.

“Isn’t it you?...” She muttered.

And I'm in no mood to do anything.

“Can I see all the cards in your wallet?”

My angel asked after she finished spreading the blanket on the mattress and patted me to sit down. I sat down at the spot that Khao Fang wanted easily, handed her the brown bag, and sat hugging my knees.

“It seems like there’s no contact number, but at least we know that you are half Thai, half English, Christian, born in January, and 22 years old. Smile, we’re the same age as you want us to be. Are you happy?”

“…”

“Come on, lizard. I don’t want a seventeen-carat diamond. You’re the only one talking about this.”

“…”

"Quit being depressed"

“…”

“Why are humans so stubborn?”

“…”

“Is this you?”

“I like you”

"Ha?"

"Because I like you, I want to be someone special for you. I didn't want to say it out loud, but I did, and now Kaofang, who was already confused, is even more confused."

I spoke my mind, causing Khao Fang, who was already stunned, to become even more stunned.

“About marriage, I’m serious.”

“You can’t marry someone you haven’t known for so long.”

“Yes, now it’s even more impossible. I think I have nothing to offer you.”

“We’re talking about different things now,” my angel said in a slightly displeased tone.

“…”

I have only silence

“We should call the stadium. We’ll definitely get more information,” she said, flipping through the back of my cleaning staff card. The stadium’s name was stamped on it. I didn’t have a comment, just watched her search the internet for the phone number. It took almost a minute, and Khao Fang was already on the line.

It's like the time I remembered my phone number.

Because when I called, the person on the other end didn't know me anymore. They said there was no employee by that name, not even Lizabeth Watson.

Khao Fang seemed to be even more worried about me.

And I, who was staring at her, lay down and rested my head on the soft lap of the only good girl in the world.

“Is it time? Get up,” she said, scolding me. I just stared into her beautiful eyes.

"Can I stay like this for another two minutes?"

"You're really stupid."

“Just two minutes...”

“…”

“So that I can accept that I am just ordinary person... who is in love with an angel like you.”



***Chapter 21: Ms. Watson, don't try to flirt***.

### Part Fang : (Fang's part]

My cheeks burned when Liz said that. Thankfully, she closed her eyes so I didn't notice how red my face must be by now.

I just called to ask the name of the cleaner “Lizabeth Watson” at the stadium, but the result was that they don’t have a cleaner by that name, never had one by that name, to be precise. I told Liz the truth, which made her pretend to be lying on my lap and closing her eyes like this.

Oh my gosh, Miss Lizabeth. This is getting to be too much.

But I let her stay like this as requested, for more than two minutes.

"Let's go to the police station and tell them your name so they can help us check."

She opened her eyes and asked, “What if I was criminal?”

"That's good. You'll be able to go to where you belong, in a prison in your hometown."

“…”

“Just kidding, you’re not a criminal.”

“…”

"You're so stupid, you wouldn't even escape after robbing a grilled chicken,"

Ms. Watson burst out laughing. "You make me want to eat it."

I felt better when I saw that the other party was relaxed. My hand absentmindedly ran through her soft hair, wondering why the stadium said that there had never been an employee by that name, even though her picture was on the card.

The troublemaker closed her eyes again as I read the little details on the ID card. The one inside made me feel amazed. Nakhon Sawan Province is the same as me... Are we from the same village?

Liz seems to have dozed off. It must be from the exhaustion of taking the bus and the worries. Normally, I would complain to her to get up and help with the housework, but I'll let it slide for a day.

Just because you took me to the hospital last night.

I called my dad, moving as little as possible so as not to wake the person on my lap. At this time, Dad should be setting up his snack stall in front of the school, waiting for the kids to come out to buy some, ignoring him sometimes.

[What's up, kid? I thought you were studying or working.]

“I’m off today. I’m a little sick, but don’t worry, Dad. Fang is fine now.”

Of course, as a father, he would still be worried. He asked about my symptoms, whether I had taken medicine or seen a doctor.

I told him the truth that my roommate had taken me there. So my father asked me to thank Liz for helping me. After asking about my well-being, it was time to get to the point.

I told my father that I would be visiting home next Friday, staying for two nights, and then on Sunday afternoon, I would take the bus back to Bangkok. I didn't forget to tell him that I would be bringing my roommate with me. My father was very welcoming and said that he would buy some dried food from the store and bring it for me to bring back to the rented room. I quickly refused because I didn't want my father to add to the debt.

The reason I went back was because of this good girl who was lying on my lap. Her ID card stated that she lived in the same province as my hometown, and in the same district. As for the sub-district, it was different, but it was somewhat familiar to me.

I want to take Liz home, not because I want to chase her away, but because I want her to meet her family and know her true identity, rather than not knowing anything like this.

After hanging up with my dad, I took a photo of Liz's ID card and posted it in a group about finding a missing person, not forgetting to cover up the 13digit number. As usual, I would post both in the group and on my own Facebook page. And this time, the first person to comment was Jeans.

Jeans (Jeans): I think this foreigner's face looks so familiar. The more I look at it, the more I feel like I've seen her before. Where did you see her?

I immediately replied.

Fang: Where? Is it in your parent company?

Jeans (Jeans): No, it's like what I saw in the news.

Jeans (Jeans): I'll tell you when I think of it.

In the meantime, I hope the police can help us in some way.

To the point of giving up my work for you. Do you realize that you're just messing with me?

Long story short, Liz's last name is not in the criminal record database (well, that's good). I'm having more and more trouble wondering if I was going to get the lost lizard back home, and she's still reeling from the fact that she's just a regular girl who can't afford to buy me a diamond to propose to me.

Do you have to be that serious?

I didn't want to see people dying, so I took the western-looking woman to the market in the early evening and bought her a wing of grilled chicken and a bag of sticky rice. I also bought her some ice cream bars. She still looked pale. In the end, what brought Liz back to normal was a balloon.

Yes, that's the kind of balloon that five or six-year-olds love to play with.

It was a baseball bat. She held it, looking up every now and then. Something was going through her head.

We went back to the rented room, took a shower, ate, turned off the lights and went to sleep. And she opened her eyes wide and stared at the balloon I bought for her, but she wouldn't fall asleep.

“You should sleep. Didn’t you say that if you rested your head on my lap, you would be able to cope?”

"I really like it."

“Balloons?”

"Baseball bat"

"Oh..."

There was silence for a while. The pretty girl was still staring at the baseball bat balloon, and I was staring at her.

“So what position do you play?” I finally asked.

“I don’t know. I feel like a loser who doesn’t get to play with other people.”

"Why do you say that about yourself?"

"As far as I can remember, it was someone else's voice."

“…”

“Remember that Yarisa... is your safe zone.”

Suddenly, I felt uneasy. This was the name of the episode when she woke up from a nightmare and called out, “Yarisa.”

"She must be your wife." I don't know why I had to say it so abruptly. "And she's a terrible wife. She didn't go out to find you."

"Don't blame Yarisa."

"Ordering me, huh!?"

"You said that Yarisa..."

“Why can’t I say that? A person has disappeared. That name, Yarisa or something, hasn’t even shown her face yet. You lie here and be a burden to others.”

"She might not know that I am missing." Oh, and she's still arguing on her behalf.

"How can she not know? You might love each other."

"I am not her lovers."

"What gives you the confidence?"

"Because in my opinion, she's like an older sister."

“...” At this point, I felt strangely better, but I chose to remain silent and waited to hear the other party’s reaction. As expected, Liz continued.

“But you are more than that.”

"Do I look like Mom?"

“Hmm, no, I don’t want to be your daughter. I want to be your wife, and you will be my wife.”

Wow!

Who says it so easily?

How should I feel? Should I be happy or disappointed with you? I couldn't give myself the right answer, so I decided to turn around and look the other way. I was startled a little when the warmth from the arm behind me gently draped over my waist.

“I want to hug you.”

"1,500"

"To be completely gone."

I burst out laughing.

"You don't have a single cent with you, you idiot."

Even though I know she means her entire salary and tips, I can't help but tease her. I turned back to face her, correctly guessing that she wasn't asleep. The warm arms of the overthinker were still wrapped around my waist.

“Next Friday, let’s go to Nakhon Sawan to find your address according to your ID card. Luckily, we’re from the same province.”

"Nakhon Sawan?" Liz repeated. "What does it mean?"

"Umm, Nakorn means city. In short, it's a heavenly city."

“Then it’s no wonder you’re from there.”

“Enough, stop talking nonsense. I’m serious. On Friday, we both get off work earlier than usual. I’ll see what time it is. It might be in the afternoon. We’ll go to my house first. It might be a bit dark. And then the next day we'll deal with your stuff."

Still, listening to me.

"Don't forget to tell Chai in advance, okay?"

Huh, still silent, blinking innocently.

"If you don't say you understand, I won't let you hug me and will let you sleep looking at balloons all night.

“Really."

“…”

“You, you..”

Her lips were suddenly pressed against mine before I could finish my sentence. Liz's lips were soft, warm, and minty on my tongue. My eyes widened as wide as they had ever been, and my hands reached up to grab the nightgown the other was wearing. At first, I was about to push this touch away.

Just the first second

Or maybe just half

Because finally, I squinted my eyelids, narrowing my eyes to scrutinize the well-defined face in the light.

The warm breath that dripped onto my left cheek.

Even though I should have pushed the other person's body away...

because it was really my first kiss.

Oh my god, not only did I not find love with any prince, I also fell in love and kissed this burdensome foreign woman back.

I guess God is really playing a joke on my feelings.

### Part : Narration

"The King has ordered his personal secretary to call and make an appointment for the Prince to meet at the Grand Palace tomorrow at nine o'clock in the morning."

"..." Prince James folded the magazine in his hand and placed it on the table with a somewhat displeased demeanor. Perhaps it was because it mentioned his niece, who did not attend the Christmas celebration in the country last year. The nobleman turned his gaze towards his secretary, who had just walked in to report the news, and felt an unreasonable anger towards him.

"I will prepare a set of shades that are neither too bright nor too dark so that... so as not to emphasize King’s worsening illness.”

“I’m sixty-five years old and I know what to wear to meet my dad.”

The royal secretary bowed his head in remorse.

“I beg your pardon.”

“Lady Lizabeth… where is this matter being handled? Contact this child’s followers.

Have you got it yet?”

“Max told me that everything was fine, so the prince didn’t have to worry.”

“Lizabeth didn’t come back on Christmas Day, when it was her birthday two days later. Is that considered proper? Say that again!”

"Your Majesty-"

“What I want you to do now is contact Lady Lizabeth’s followers to bring her back, not to ask if everything is okay,” the prince stressed.

The secretary apologized again, accepted the words, paid his respects, and walked out of the room.

In the third-floor living room of the palace, only one person remained in a tense mood. Prince James had been trying to call his niece throughout the period since Lizabeth's birthday when she refused to return to the palace, but the other party could not be reached, whether by calling, texting, or leaving a voice message.

He tried to let it go, stop picking up the phone to do anything else. Anyway, that stubborn kid wouldn't show up easily. The king is seriously ill, and she disappeared without visiting the grand palace. It still seems rude. If it weren't for this matter, Prince James wouldn't be sitting here worrying.

And another thing, the popularity of Moore-Shaw leans towards the new generation of royalty. Even if Princess Lizabeth has news about spending money or being good at traveling, she still has a fan base that is likely larger than the gossiping crowd, who will come to her defense anyway.

It must be admitted that Mooreshaw's popularity depends almost 80% on the new royals.

“Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw, I love you.”

Several months ago, there was a man in the procession holding up this sign.

And no matter how hard he tried to let go of this thoughts, on a rainy day in a quiet palace where his son and daughter-in-law fled the news to live in a foreign mansion, Prince James couldn't help but pick up his personal phone again. He put on his glasses and typed a message to the person who hadn't opened his messages since disappearing.

Christmas gifts and birthday gifts are in the room.

“Come and get it before the staff throws it away.”

The next day, Prince James came to his father twenty minutes early. He was dressed in a smart white shirt and grey trousers, and he waited in the reception room for a cigarette until it was time to take the lift to the third floor of the right wing of the palace where the bedrooms of the King and Queen would be. For as long as he could remember,

Since the Queen passed away due to illness, this path has looked strangely gloomy.

The guard at the door knew of the appointment in advance. He saluted Prince James before opening the door.

“Your Majesty, before you go back, I would like to ask you to stop paying attention to the disturbing comments on our palace’s Instagram. Just rest and let your body feel better. That should be enough.”

A voice came from the inner room where there was a bed near the window curtain. A palace employee, whose job was to announce news about the royal family through various media and the internet.

The palace spokesperson walked out after finishing their duties. They saluted and stood still, allowing Prince James to enter first before taking their leave.

“I agree with that spokesperson.”

“What about Lizabeth?” The conversation partner changed the subject. In fact, it was the main topic, and he even called his second son to meet him.

“I would like to apologize on behalf of Lady Lizabeth who has returned to my country…

"Are you out traveling?"

The prince sitting in the chair by the bed bowed slightly, accepting that it was true. “She will realize her responsibilities.”

“Aside from duty, do you think that child will be able to return to being a royal?”

“Of course. I will talk to my grandchild about this as soon as I see her.”

“No matter what caused this problem or how senior we are, apologizing for our mistakes, even if the person is younger, is not beyond our human capabilities.”

“…”

“Wait a minute…” King Albert felt his throat dry, even though he had just taken a sip of water when the attendant left. But before he could say anything important, he reached out to grab a glass of water to take another drink. This time, Prince James helped him. “Father… you know that your era is coming to an end.”

"Your Majesty, about this matter..."

"James"

The older man raised his hand to stop his son from interrupting. He knew that his younger son would argue that it was not yet time.

“Regarding the order of the throne, I have talked to my advisors and the council since the middle of last year. We have agreed to change something if the guardian is changed to the child’s older brother.”

"..." If he objected, it would only tire him out by repeating himself. So, Prince James kept quiet and waited to listen.

“In terms of the heir apparent, there are three important matters in this section.”

"What's the matter, Your Majesty?"

“First, Princess Sarah will not be involved in the line of succession because she wants to live with the man she loves and her children without getting involved herself.”

Princess Sarah is the youngest daughter of Prince James's older brother, and she is about the same age as Prince James's son. The palace knows very well that Princess Sarah doesn't want to live a humble life; it's just that her husband is too scandalous to be a member of the royal family.

It's a family matter that the person knows very well shouldn't be in the media.

“Second, we may need to review some of the palace rules that are outdated. It depends on your brother.”

"If His Majesty deems it appropriate, then I agree."

“And finally, besides Princess Sarah, anyone who marries a woman who has had children before should also be skipped over to reduce the royal stigma.”

“Father is saying that the third matter also received majority approval in the council?”

And if that's what Prince James is thinking, then it would mean that the fifth-in-line princess has been wandering around and refusing to return to the palace for a month.

"Unanimous"

The old man's voice was hoarse and he spoke with a forced expression.

### “The matter of having Lizabeth ascend in place of her father was unanimous."



**Chapter 22: Well, that person, I call her you.**

### Part : Fang (Fang's part)

Friday

That kiss with Liz that night made me lose my mind while working or studying for days.

I was so confused about how I ended up kissing someone like her. And this morning, before I tried to wake that girl up, I had a crazy idea that I should try pressing my lips against hers again so that I would know.

Oh, that night I just happened to get carried away by the atmosphere, right?

With such a pretty face, do you really not have a boyfriend?... Lizabeth.

I don't want to be second to anyone if you remember anything...

Unfortunate events occurred when Ms. Lizabeth Watson woke up on her own without being called. Upon seeing me lying next to her, our faces less than an inch apart, we locked eyes for quite a while, and then she tilted her head and asked.

*"Can we kiss like that again? Do you want to?"*

The heat on my cheeks was so high that the thermometer broke. I didn't know what to do. It was too late to make excuses because we were too close to make excuses. So I was quiet for a while before I confessed honestly that

"Okay. Just wanted to see if it would feel like that night or not."

Ms. Watson smiled slyly. Often lost in thought during the week because you're thinking about this?

The mercury really did explode. I was so embarrassed that I didn't know where to hide my face. I quickly pulled my face away and turned away. I stuttered and told her to forget about it. When the woman who caused it sat up and looked at me with an expression that didn't end the issue, it only made my shamelessness worse.

I went to school trying my hardest to suppress my symptoms.

"Fang, we're going to do an internship next week. You should resign from that bad-mannered old lady's shop. Then find a new place that they can sign and certify for you."

"I found a full-time internship. In the evenings and on weekends, I still go out to sell orange juice and flower garlands," I replied to Jeans, whose hair wasn't completely dry today. The other two probably haven't woken up yet or are rushing to the cafeteria.

"And what's in your bulging green bag?"

"Clothes. I'll go home this weekend."

The bastard Jeans stood there listening and made a suspicious face.

"You're not the kind of person who would prepare so many clothes."

There's a chance I'll get caught that this bulging bag contains both Liz’s and my clothes. Just thinking that if I put it in a bag for her to carry to work, she'll inevitably spill, forget, or stain something. I don't really want to feel sorry for her, but I just can't help it.

"Take this in case anyone doesn't know?"

"Hello, Phi Fang. Please sit with me."

Just when Jeans was about to catch someone in the act again, a timely helper appeared. Nong 'Luk Nai' showed up in casual attire, walking over with a bowl of noodles and sitting next to Jeans as if it were normal since they are a couple. However, my friend's expression changed when she noticed that the second-year girlfriend was wearing tight shorts because she might not have classes today, causing the veins on the face of the dean's daughter to nearly pop out.

The command came out of her mouth: “Go upstairs and eat.”

"Huh?" Her young girlfriend's face went blank. The meatball hadn't even entered her mouth yet.

"I told you to take the bowl up to eat in the dorm."

“Are you crazy, Phi Jeans? Students can’t take university containers out of the cafeteria.”

“But the dean’s daughter can do it,” she said irritably, before grabbing the bowl and chopsticks and carrying them for her. She turned to me and told me sloppily, “Fang, see you in class. I’m a bit late,” before turning to look at her own child with a fierce look. “Go back to your room!” After putting on a stern display of authority, she walked away with a swift pace.

"Hey, wait up! Wait for me!" The younger person had no choice but to get up and follow. The younger woman, whom Jeans liked to call "puffy cheeks" or "clear cheeks," turned around, waved goodbye to me, and ran to catch up. "What's wrong with you, Phi!?"

"I told you not to walk downstairs in shorts. Why didn't you listen?"

"Well, I'm hungry. And the longer pants are hanging on the balcony. It's Jeans, who does the laundry late!"

Hearing the conversation of those two from a distance, I just realized that someone like Jeans, who is from a wealthy family, also does laundry for others.

Oh, pretending to be strict, it's obvious who ends up doing the work.

I shook my head to myself before looking away from the arguing couple. I was about to lower my head to pick up my phone and scroll through my Facebook feed, but as soon as I connected to the university internet, the pop-up message almost made my eyebrows meet.

JP: Come sit here.

UP: 5 o'clock

I turned to the place Johnny had sent me a chat to call him, and found him sitting with two other male and female Western friends. The blond guy, who was neat and tidy because today's subject he was studying might have a test, turned to me and gave me a friendly smile. I smiled back, then turned back to type.

Fang: Thank you. But two more friends are coming soon.

JP: Do you want me to sit with you?

Fang: It's okay :D It's just a waste of time.

Thank God he's not a complicated person. Johnny changed the subject.

JP: What about our date? Is there any chance that it will happen anytime soon?

And then my smile faded, his new topic made me almost unable to continue.

Fang: I'm impressed by your Thai language. Haha, I'm going to go now. Luk Mee texted me to say that we changed the meeting place to her dorm. See you later.

Unable to choose to answer like that, I grabbed my bag and pretended to walk out of the cafeteria, arguing with myself in my mind about what the hell I was doing rejecting him like that. I was already crazy and infected by that lizard!

When we entered the class, our group decided to sit at the back (so that we could talk and secretly eat snacks, which was convenient). We sat in a row, Jeans, Luk Mee, Four, and me. We had some crispy, delicious potato chips that Four bought from the market at the university.

And the topic of conversation during class is always the main topic.

"That foreigner, I think she's faking amnesia."

Four told me to stop being nice to Liz before Luk Mee came forward to join in.

"To be honest, if it were me, I wouldn't let just anyone I don't know be my roommate."

Followed by the messy-looking Jeans

“That face looks so familiar. Is it a celebrity or someone with a wanted list or something?”

"You guys talk about this every time we meet, damn it."

“I just read the news about a gang that violates international laws. Don’t you think it’s possible? It looks like they’re trying to act stupid so that you have to clean up after them,” the cute girl, Luk Mee, made a serious face. “I don’t know. I think you should listen to what Four warned you about.”

"Or maybe it could be a celebrity. It looks familiar, like I've seen it before on Instagram..." Jeans continued to mutter to herself.

"Let's just say that now I know who Liz is. I mean... my auntie found Liz's wallet."

"Who who/who?" Three voices rang out in unison. Three pairs of eyes turned to me, staring at one point.

"Uh... someone from the same village as me."

3:44 p.m.

Who would say that their family members are scammers like that? I just said that Aunt Kaew found Liz’s wallet. We have her whereabouts and have already told the police. Everything is going to be resolved.

I didn't say I was going home today because if I said that, they would definitely all come along. I know Liz would be in a terrible state if the three of them were there. Plus, this was like visiting my father and sister at the same time.

Since when did I become so selfless towards people outside of my family?

Now Liz and I were sitting in a van where the driver had asked to go to the bathroom for a moment. Since we had no other choice but to sit next to each other in the back, I was worried that she might get motion sickness on our long journey.

The matter of secretly slipping into sleep was temporarily forgotten, because the eyes of the beautiful woman were now curiously scanning the narrow car before she blurted out.

### “I don’t want to ride in this car.”

The people in front and beside her turned to look at her as the sole focus.

Oh my god! I feel like slapping her mouth with duct tape.

“Just sit down. Don’t be so picky. I took the time off from work to go back to Nakhon Sawan to look for your house.”

"It's too crowded here. The air isn't circulating as much as we need." Oh, that innocent-looking face. She can’t speak out of respect for others.

Actually, I intended to take a bus with more space, but since I was late and the tour had already left, the van became the next option. But the problem is with that girl, who can't stand being cramped and recently complained that the air conditioning wasn't cold enough. Seriously, Princess, is there anything you like? It's hard to count.

The car started and stopped at a red light for a while. The other passengers had their own worlds. Some were talking on their phones, some were playing games, and some were reading books. As for me, I took out my earphones to plug into my phone, ready to enter a world of music where I didn't have to deal with anyone. In other words, I didn't realize that I had to squeeze my body next to Liz, embarrassing myself about what happened this morning.

What the hell were you thinking then, Khaofang? The results were so bad!

My student's sleeve was tugged. No need to explain, I knew who it was who had such a way to get attention. I turned around and pretended to be annoyed.

"What?"

“Your bag strap broke the night you went looking for me. Today I got a tip. At noon, a bag seller stopped by to buy something at the shop, so I bought this for you.” She turned her attention to me and picked up a white cloth bag with a pig and a black cat pattern. At first, when I saw what she was holding, I thought it was the snacks that Uncle Chai had given to a crazy kid like her…

I lowered my hand that held the earphones and placed them on my lap.

Before taking a closer look, there was a piece of paper hanging with the price of

100 baht. “You got another 100 baht tip?”

"No, I got it for 80. The vendor gave me a discount."

“Hmm,” I nodded, smirking at the person beside me. “Thank you,” the short, pretentious words caused Ms. Watson to smile in surprise.

I can't imagine how chaotic the vendor must have been before she gave her a twenty baht discount. I laughed as I imagined the situation in my head.

It's funny, it makes me shake my head slowly and smile to myself.

“When I get home, I’ll move the stuff from the old bag into the one you bought for me.”

"Okay"

“In the meantime, we…” I picked up one of the earphones and handed it to my roommate.

“???” She raised her eyebrows in confusion.

"Let's listen to a song on each side. Take it."

I wonder if she's never shared her earphones with anyone before, that's why she looked confused at first about what I wanted to convey. Liz took it and plugged it in, waiting for the song to start. Her pretty face followed my fingers as I selected a playlist by genre.

After pressing random, I locked the screen, let my body lean back, intending to rest for a while. Flirt during this journey, Liz covered my actions exactly, like a child. She closed her eyes, too. How did she know? Because she secretly opened one eye to look.

“The person that heaven sent to me… what kind of person will that person be?

One part of the song strangely made me lean back in my seat, when I felt that my hands were too free to be empty for the entire journey. The warmth from the hand resting on my hands made me forget that I was in an uncomfortable van.

I forgot that the back seat had an unpleasant noise.

Forget that on the other side there is a hot-headed man with a mobile game who is fidgeting and fidgeting.

Just know that being in touch with someone who is listening to the same music makes it feel like we are the only two people in this world.

I still close my eyes and think about Johnny, who I never took the time to date or do anything fun with, but I took time off work, sacrificed my time, just to take Liz to find her house.

The term “double standards” happens without realizing it.

When I got off at the van station, the sound of "Oops!" was heard following me closely. When I turned to look to see what had happened to my little girl, the lunch in the princess's stomach vomited and stained my sneakers.

"Again..."

“…”

“I… I’m sorry,” the girl who was clutching her stomach said in a weak, guilty voice, then vomited again, causing me to quickly retreat.

It's a good thing she threw up outside. If it were in the car, I don't even want to think about who would help me. I'd definitely have a full lap!

I rolled my eyes as I led the girl to a marble bench and handed her a bottle of water to rinse her mouth and face. After she was done, I gave my shoes a quick rinse. She is always a troublemaker, for God's sake.

“Wow…” The one who was starting to feel better dragged out a low voice, her gaze looking towards the street on the opposite side. “Your house is quite big.”

I frowned and followed the pair of eyes.

Wow!

"That's not a house, that's a temple!"

"Oh, really? I don't know. Will I be sinful?..."

You stupid lizard!

How does a novice monk sweeping the temple grounds look like a person's home? The more I think about it, the more I feel annoyed.

"Maybe not, but you're just so clueless."

I answered and picked up my phone to check the time. By now, my father should have packed his things and gone home. So I turned to tell the person who was sitting on the pole, exhausted, to get up. We will take a motorcycle taxi to our house. There are two conditions:

“One, don’t bring up the matter of you having amnesia. Just be my foreign roommate, Lizabeth Watson.”

"I never said anything, it's always you who talks." She seriously avoided it

Yeah, that's true. I'm the only one who has a problem with her memory.

"Two, Liz will say that she is in the same university as me and in the same department as me."

“Sounds easy.”

"Just make it happen."

“Sure,” she agreed. “But should we get to know your front desk staff?”

"..." I think this person is still not in her right mind.

Riding separate motorcycles with Liz, we arrived in front of the house and found that Dad's sidecar was missing, but the wooden gate was unlocked. If I had to guess, Sister Sali must be watching over the house with the little one in her womb, who is starting to show. After paying the motorcycle taxi and he drove off, Liz gave me a look that said, 'Are you kidding me, Khaofang?' 'Come here'

“What’s the problem? This is my house,” I said curtly, nodding toward the small house with a gray tiled roof. It was a single-story house with a small space at the front for parking my father’s sidecar motorcycle, and a narrow space on the left for growing basil, turmeric, and chilies.

If you think that this kind of life is as comfortable and relaxing as a country drama, where the hero and heroine sleep under the stars in a warm atmosphere, erase that image. The people who are comfortable are the ones who have money to spare, have businesses to manage, and my family doesn't fit into that category at all.

I kept staring at Liz, who had turned her attention to the fat, lazy dog next door, without taking my eyes off her because I was afraid she would disappear. In the meantime, I picked up the phone and called my sister. She didn't answer but opened the brown wooden door and came out, probably because she already knew that I was coming to see her.

"Hello, Sister Sali." I raised my hands to pay respect, not forgetting to elbow the little brat who was playing a war of glances with the fat dog, who turned back to pay respect as well.

"Fang, I'm cooking dinner for you and your friends. Sorry, it might be a bit late. The person in the maternity dress and the rocking chair is coming over to unlock the front wooden door with a tired voice."

“It’s okay, sister. Fang will continue on her own. You should go rest.”

"No way. After a tiring journey, how can you cook for someone who just stays at home? You go unpack and take a shower. I'll fry two more mackerels and it'll be done."

"Mackerel!"

No sooner had Sister Sali finished speaking than Liz's voice suddenly rang out as if she had heard something interesting. It was Liz's voice. One thing in life. At that moment, I remembered that I had promised her that if I won the lottery, I would buy her a mackerel to eat. And I had lied to her that a mackerel cost two hundred thousand baht.

"Thai Chef, can you put mackerel in my instant noodles tonight?"

Even though I told this lizard girl who my family members were, in the end, she still gave me a headache by spewing out such embarrassing words.

Mackerel and instant noodles?

Eating fried mackerel with hot rice is more delicious, isn't it? It's better to fry it and then take it. Why eat instant food when there's rice?

Sister Sali smiled at Liz, accepted the words of the little girl and asked to go into the kitchen to continue cooking first. She reminded us not to forget to lock the front door. Then she left us alone.

Of course I complained to the person who was making such an excited face that she instantly became depressed.

“What the hell? I told you to act like my foreign friend. That gesture just now made you look like a kindergartener. Do you realize that? And then you called my sister a Thai chef. Do you really think you’re in a five-star hotel?”

"I’m...sorry...I won't say much more."

"Truly reflect on it."

She lowered her eyes to look at the floor, but her mouth still spoke in a low voice, “But I still wonder where your sister got so much income to buy two mackerels.

“…”

Was it my fault for lying about the price at that time?

### Part : Narration

Max isn't in a relaxed situation.

The watch he was holding was actually belong Lady Lizabeth's. She had auctioned it off at the brand's launch event. Only ten were produced in the world. It was a pity that the small pawnshop couldn't tell, and they were selling it for a little over ten thousand.

The same goes for the coat of arms pendant. The pawnshop priced it based on the diamonds embedded in the snowflake engraving, without even thinking about what it symbolized...

Max immediately made a cash purchase and asked the owner of the shop who was the seller or pawn owner. At first, he insisted on not revealing the customer's information. It took several days for the customer to go to the police to ask for a court order to take it to the pawn shop.

And all the information led him to a two-story rental room that was too small for someone like the princess to just walk around in.

But if you look at the Facebook post looking for relatives that he saw almost an hour ago, he still can't conclude whether the other party is playing a prank or not.

Max hired a Thai interpreter, a young woman in her early thirties. He brought her with him and asked her to knock on the door of the rented room to communicate with “Auntie Kaew.”

"Hello, I'd like a moment."

"No, go sell whatever you have at other houses." The middle-aged woman immediately closed the door and didn't listen any further, probably because she thought the couple were selling insurance, water filters, internet, home appliances, or something like that.

“Call her again, talk to her as conciliatorily as possible. If I see that it won’t work, I’ll use a stronger approach,” Max said calmly.

The female interpreter nodded in agreement before turning to knock on the door again.

"Khun Kaew, please open the door and talk to us. We're not here to sell anything like you think."

The people inside were quiet. Max was starting to feel a bit unhappy.

“Please cooperate in answering the questions. We think you know the person we are looking for.”

Still quiet…

Rrrrrrr!

The phone in the young man's trouser pocket vibrated. He quickly took it out while his eyes were still fixed on the young woman knocking at the door. When he looked down at the name, he saw that it was the person who had urged him to bring the princess back to his country who had called again.

He's going to get the princess soon, with all this information.

"Yes." He answered the phone and intended to report that he would be able to bring Lady Lizabeth back within 3-4 days, but Prince James's secretary spoke back in a serious tone.

[Are you still in Thailand?]

"Yes, should I send you a progress report in a text message?"

[I don't need any progress report, Max. We have changed the reign. In 48 hours, the palace will announce to the public. You must bring the princess back in time.]

***Chapter 23: Playtime's over, Ms. Watson.***

### Part : Fang [Fang’s Part]

The taste of fried mackerel mixed with rice mixed with a little fish sauce was very much to Liz's liking. She praised my sister for cooking delicious food and saying that she should be a chef. Both my father and P'Sali laughed along with her at her naiveté. We had hot steamed rice, one boiled egg each, two mackerels to share, and sweet and sour stir-fried vegetables. Oh, and I almost forgot that my sister boiled instant noodles and minced pork especially for Liz to eat.

My dad was very welcoming to my roommate. There was a blanket and pillows on the floor in my room. I didn't wonder why it was on the floor because there was only one bed in our house. And my sister and I agreed that the small one-person bed should be for dad because he had difficulty getting up and sitting down.

After the meal, I volunteered to wash the dishes myself. Look, Dad came back from selling, tired and my sister was six or seven months pregnant. Since I came back, I should be of some use. And of course, I had to drag the lizard to help wash the dishes in the backyard.

"Sure, it's late." She didn't help me at all, but squatted down and watched as the earthworms spun around and emerged from the ground because the cat from the house next door had just come to peck at them.

I sighed, "That earthworm is as big as a buffalo. Just seeing it makes me want to back away."

"Why are there earthworms here?"

"Hey, earthworms live in the soil, right?"

“I don’t know. I don’t like earthworms dancing in our backyard.” Liz stood up, crossed her arms, and frowned at her new enemy. I’m so tired of earthworms, they’re still looking for trouble.

“Stop being silly. Come here and help me wash the dishes.”

"Today is an even day."

“What a pity, princess. That promise has no effect outside the venue, so go wash the dishes!!”

The sarcastic sentence at the beginning and the command sentence at the end made the slender figure flinch and open her eyes in fear of power. She must have known that being stubborn would be useless, so she walked over and grabbed the dish that had been soaked in dishwashing liquid and washed it with plain water.

"What kind of family did you live in?" I muttered softly because it was annoying. But the person who was helping out by the side answered casually.

“A family that probably isn’t a family”

“...” My hand paused, and I turned to look at her flawless side face.

Both the story of having a nightmare to the point of crying and the story of being an extra in something, I suddenly thought that Liz might be referring to what her family did to her.

But hey, this girl is really useless. Maybe she was being unkind to her family first.

In the end, it must be true. After all, family is family. Family is a warm place.

When Dad and Sister Sali finished taking baths one after another, I arranged to take out clothes, both Liz's and mine. I went into the bathroom to train her how to take a bath using a dipper: You have to get water from the tap until the tub is almost full, then use the dipper to pour water over yourself, rub with soap, then scoop water to pour over yourself to remove the soap. Then put on clothes, okay?

And do you know what she told me?

Why can't you just soak yourself in a tub of water?

Hmm, we need to separate this into two points first. The first point is that she uses language in a confusing way. The second point is that I want to hit her on the head with a bowl for even thinking about putting herself in there.

While waiting for Ms. Watson to finish her shower, I sat on a wooden chair in front of the bathroom, swatting mosquitoes, since the bathroom was a little far from the house.

"Fang," my father called out to me, making me look up. He was wearing shorts, revealing his cracked right prosthetic leg. The more I saw him, the more I felt pain, because I had just learned from Sister Sali's mouth that my father had fallen off his sidecar last week while trying to avoid a car that had squeezed him off the road.

If I finish school quickly and get a permanent job with a salary that is good enough to support my father so that he doesn't have to endure hardship like this that would be great.

I tried to stop thinking about the accident and looked up at my father. My mouth curved into a smile. “Dad, aren’t you sleeping yet?”

"Not yet. Normally, I watch the drama until it's over and then go to sleep. But two days ago, the TV broke down, so I dug out an old radio, fixed it, and put in batteries to listen to it," Dad said slowly, sitting down on the same wooden chair as me, which was long enough for two people to sit together. "Want an orange?" he asked, handing me a peeled fruit. I said thank you and took it to eat.

“I’m sorry I couldn’t come back during New Year.”

“Why you should apologize? I should be the one to apologize for making you work during the New Year. If I had money to send Fang to school, Fang wouldn’t have to work so hard and miss out on living her teenage life like other people.”

"Fang also had a great teenage life at the university. Also, her father brought oranges for Fang."

"How can it be replaced?"

“Of course. When you eat it, it has the flavor of our home.”

My father laughed fondly, reached out and lightly patted my head before sighing with a gentle and warm smile on his face. “Also, I have something I want to talk to you about directly, not over the phone.” And because of my father’s serious look in his eyes, I knew right away that it must be important business.

“What is it?”

"Do you remember Phi Rome, Fang?"

"Brother Rome... Oh, Brother Rome is the son of the owner of the cloth shop in the market, right?"

“Yes, the other day your father talked to Brother Rome’s mother. She asked about you too.”

"Why would his mother ask about Fang?"

"He wants a daughter-in-law who is as hardworking as you."

“Oh, really? Hehe.”

"And if it really was you, their family would be very happy."

What?

### "She wants Fang to be her daughter-in-law."

"Uh..."

10:27 p.m.

This place is quite different from Bangkok. We can hear the sound of insects chirping in the distance. It's not annoying at all, but rather blends in with the cool atmosphere.

We were lying on a thick sheet spread on the floor, with a small fan swaying back and forth. Mosquito repellent was lit in the corner of the room. But at this moment of drowsiness, there was a creature sleeping on my right side turning over for the hundredth time, breathing deliberately so that it could be heard, and fidgeting.

“What wrong again?” I finally asked in the darkness. Liz turned around and answered immediately as if she had been waiting for me to ask her.

“Are you going to marry him?”

“Who?” I frowned, even though the other person couldn’t see it clearly.

“I heard it when I was taking a shower.”

Did you hear it while taking a shower?

I mean the story of Phi Rome. Where Aunt Phai, his mother talked to my father that she wanted me to be her daughter-in-law. Aunt Phai said that she didn't care whether her daughter-in-law was rich or poor. She only asked her to help her son earn a living, be diligent, and hardworking. That was all she needed to do. She was ready to bring the dowry of 80,000 baht plus 3 baht of gold to ask for my hand in marriage.

But this girl... if you eavesdrop, you should be able to hear what I said to my father.

"I only have a bag worth eighty, he has eighty thousand, you will choose him anyway."

“So what if it’s eighty thousand? I told my father no. How could you eavesdrop and not hear that?”

“…”

“Sigh, let’s just say that I didn’t marry someone just because he offered me a dowry and a business. People just fantasize about their prince charming. People just daydream about it. Clear?

"And do you like the stadium cleaners?"

"She is not the cleaner at the stadium, Liz. The staff said there is no employee named Lizabeth Watson there.”

"Then what about the egg seller at Uncle Chai's shop? Do you like her?" She changed to her own temporary job, but the question remained the same.

I laughed at the serious nonsense. It was so ridiculous. But Liz asked with such seriousness as if I said, “No, I don’t like her,” she would not be able to sleep all night.

"If I answer that I don't like her, it's because you're acting like a child."

"We'll act like adults and cook instant noodles ourselves."

Hearing that answer, I could barely hold back my smile. It was so funny.

"So if I answer that I don't like her, it's because... because you're too demanding. You don't like that. You don't like this.”

“I will like everything, but I love you the most.”

You say it like this, I feel embarrassed, this girl...

"Uh... um... and what if I say I don't like it because there's a guy at the university?" He's my type. He flirts with me, and just this afternoon, he invited me to have lunch.

“Okay, I understand. I won’t be toxic to you anymore.”

“Wait, don’t turn away yet. We’re not done talking yet.”

Too late! Ms. Watson turned away after her previous complaint. At first, I thought that someone like her would start fidgeting and demanding attention again. But no, after about five minutes, she still hadn't lost her temper. I secretly thought that she really didn't want to deal with me anymore.

It was me who this time pulled her sleeve to get her attention.

“Hey, I was just asking a question. Don’t be mad.”

“I’m not upset. I’m just trying not to be annoying.”

“Even though you’ve been annoying all along?”

“…”

"You are silent, so I will be silent too. We will remain silent until we find your family."

"Not good”

How many times have I laughed? “You’re like a child, a child who lacks warmth.”

"We're not kids anymore, and it's nice and warm under this blanket."

“What the hell is that joke?” I said quietly to myself.

"..." and she remained silent, not wanting to argue.

It was a night when I stared at my roommate's back, running my fingers over her, drawing numbers and letters, teasing her because I didn't know what to say in a situation where she thought I didn't like her.

Liz got up to go to the bathroom (and escape from being teased by me) at around 1am. I should have been sleeping in the room alone, but something compelled me to get up and follow her to sit in front of the bathroom.

I sat waiting on the wooden chair as usual and heard the sound of bowls hitting the floor. It must have been a mess.

"Hey, hey, will you make it?"

"Don't bother me. If you wait like this, they'll think we're kids," Liz shouted from inside.

"I didn't come to wait."

“Then go.”

“This is my house. I can do whatever I want.”

"..." It's gone quiet, but I can hear the sound of the sink being turned on. If I don't speak up now, I'll be too embarrassed to make eye contact or see their face, so I should just say it directly.

Okay, go ahead and say it, Falada.

"I don't dislike you."

“…”

“You were a huge problem in my life, but you were a great outlet and… You are so cute.”

“…”

“I set my standards very high, but in reality I know it’s impossible. Just thinking like that, there’s no such thing as a prince… because for me, I really just like someone who makes me smile or laugh after a hard day’s work.”

“…”

“It seems like my real specs will only have one.”

“…”

“Go to sleep first. Come back soon.”

I didn't want her to see that a mean person like me was smiling so widely, so I got up and walked away to go into the bedroom first. I heard a sound like Liz was hurriedly washing her hands and then hurrying out. But it was probably a bit too late because I had already reached the door and was about to turn the doorknob.

!!!!

The phone in hand, which was brought along, vibrated from a call from a friend in the group.

‘Jeans’

"Khaofang, what's the matter?"

Liz, who was standing next to me, asked, "Let's put love aside for a moment because the car over there honk the horn again..."

“Open the curtains and peek, then tell me which house he honked at,” I ordered her and answered the phone call from my friend. At that moment, Sister Sali happened to walk out of the room and walked side by side with Liz.

[Fang, we sent you a chat message, why aren't you replying?]

"I didn't sign up for the internet. What the hell is calling me at 1 a.m.?"

[Post an announcement looking for your roommate's relatives. A net idol shared it. Now the number of shares has reached ten thousand.]

"Oh, really? That's good. I came here to find the house for Liz. She's from Nakhon Sawan like me at all"

[What kind of people from Nakhon Sawan are they?]

"Why?"

[At first I thought the face looked familiar, like I had seen it somewhere before. After reading the comments, I understood.]

“And where did you see it?”

### [IG of foreign royal families]

Ha?

What?

“Please go back with me.”

He shouted into the house with the same English accent as Liz, not loud enough to be heard. He was a man, speaking in a polite voice. I, who had not yet hung up from Jeans, walked over to part the curtains and saw a foreign man in a neat black shirt standing next to a beautiful white car, the brand of which was not visible, parked in front of the house.

He looked inside, only briefly meeting my gaze, before moving to the other side of the curtain that Liz had been peeking through.

### “It’s time to stop playing the role of Lizabeth Watson, my lady.”



## Chapter 24: Be the same person

I...feel nauseous.

In the air that made me feel dizzy, the round window seat was next to my roommate who had been with me for months. In the middle, there was a table separating us. The food was served by a man who probably brought it out from the airplane's kitchen, along with a man who introduced himself as Max and politely asked to stand beside me.

What is this?

"Don't make eye contact with the cameras like you usually do. Don't answer the reporters' questions. Don't pay attention to anyone. Just walk to the car, get in, and wait as the staff opens the door for you. Then, when you enter the grand palace, we will announce the news of the passing. Right now, rumors of the passing have leaked out. It's not surprising that both reporters and the public are waiting for you... because you are usually the only member who responds to them almost every time."

It's a good thing that my English is good enough to understand every word.

And the question I wanted to know too came out of Liz's mouth.

“Who has passed away?” she asked with a look of genuine ignorance, not fake. “What does it have to do with me?”

Max sighed, closing his eyes for a moment as if trying to calm down, before opening them and speaking calmly, “Please, don’t do anything like that right now.”

“What are you playing at? Is this Big Brother or a hidden camera?”

“My Lady, I know how angry you are with your family. Prince James’s secretary has told me all about it. But in this sad and present moment where we have to announce the change of king, I hope that”

“So you really know me? Lizabeth Watson, the stadium cleaner?”

Max sighed again. “Lizabeth Watson is a fake name and information you created. The same goes for the fake job.”

Then Max explains that the wallet's name is just a fake name.

Because she is actually 'Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw, the palace troublemaker.

Why are you stationed at the palace?

Because Max said she was Her Royal Highness!

What kind of joke is this?

I stared up at Liz with wide eyes as she looked back at me and tilted her head slightly, wondering what was wrong with me. My mind was processing whether this was a hidden camera show, a dream, a joke, or reality. Was Max playing a trick on me? Or were they all just playing a trick on me?

Max asked Liz to sit and wait here. If she needed anything, she could press the call button. Then he turned to me and asked me to go talk to him privately for a moment. At first, Liz insisted on going with him, but Max requested to go back. Plus, I wanted to ask him something, so I told Liz to sit and wait. Liz obeyed me without hesitation.

He led me to a seat at the back, quite a distance from Liz. Max started the conversation.

“It seems that the princess is very attached to you.” His expression was too serious to be a joke.

“Um… Could you explain this in more detail?”

"What you find on the internet should be able to answer that," the young man replied, showing no more than a neutral expression on his face. I hesitated whether I should say this, and then decided to speak.

"But...I don't have internet now."

The other person made a face like, “That’s right, I should have remembered.” He reached into his shirt pocket and handed me a hard card. I slowly took it and flipped through it. It seemed to be the Wi-Fi password for this private plane. I had heard that airlines usually have Wi-Fi. I just found out that private ones also have it.

Max quickly waved his hand to signal me to log on to the Internet.

Being in front of them made me tense up every time I pulled out my phone to log in or to check the flood of Facebook notifications. I found that the missing relatives post was getting as much attention as the phone call from Jeans. Seriously, no kidding. The comments were pouring in almost every minute.

“Lady Lizabeth Mooreshaw, here!

“Does this look like someone? But it looks too similar.

“Do people who post pictures add them to get likes? Seriously.”

As for comments from foreigners.....

I follow the royal palace's Instagram because I'm a fan of hers. I buy every magazine, every newspaper, everything that has her in it. You can tell that it's really her.

Lizabeth loves to prank her grandfather. Haha, I think this is just a situation she created while on vacation in Asia.

‘My princess ’

The countless comments were mind-boggling. My Facebook followers and friend requests were suddenly pouring in. Of course, I had to go online and do a quick search for “Lady Lizabeth Mooreshaw.”

Search results show information in Wikipedia.

“Her Royal Highness Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw”

‘The 8th heir to the throne of New Waljor’

“The youngest princess of the Moorshaw family, aged 23.”

Max cleared his throat slightly when he saw that my mouth was still open. He got back to the subject.

“Has the lady been with you since the accident?”

“An accident?...”

“The truck fell off the bridge.” The description made me even more confused. Thankfully, the person I was talking to could read it.

“Then it’s probably not… I want to know since when has the princess been with you? And what other plans do you have?”

“Is she really a princess?” I didn’t answer his question at all, but instead asked the question that was really bothering me. Max sighed in exhaustion again.

"Yes, according to the law, the King gave all great-grandchildren equal rights, but by birth, it's Lady.”

“…”

“Now, please answer my question. Since when has the lady been with you? And what are your plans after this if I don't invade there?”

"I… do not know”

“How much did you get paid to stay with her?”

“I… got nothing.”

“That's impossible.”

“I only know that Liz is a woman with amnesia… who has nowhere to go.”

The young man looked like he thought it was a joke I was playing. “You don’t have to answer me now. You’re not the one who started this. Max’s words implied that his lady made it up. I don’t know if it’s true or not. Who should I believe? Is the amnesia real? Or is this just a fun situation where “she” is playing The Sims to kill time?

As the man in the formal suit stood up, I realized that there was a question that had been on my mind for hours. I quickly blurted it out.

“Wait… How am I supposed to enter your country without a visa?”

“Your visa is sitting there.” He turned to Liz… no, I shouldn’t call her that.

I looked at the young woman who was sitting cross-legged and staring at me as if waiting for me to come back and sit with her again. I couldn't read her eyes at all. At this moment, I averted my gaze, letting Max go about his business while I sat here, opening my phone to look at the search results on the internet again. My right hand loosely gripped an important pendant because it was the only thing that supported my mind.

Coat of arms...

This pendant is actually an engraving of her personal coat of arms, with a bird as her emblem, and the crown on her head indicating that she was a royal by birth rather than marriage. The two diagonal lines are "Lizabeth Moore II" and the snowflakes indicate a winter birth.

You really were the one who gave me this pendant back then. That's why when you saw it, you shouted and said it was mine even though you are suffering from a memory loss.

I shouldn't even wear it because it's the royal coat of arms...

In the past, I thought it was possible that she came from a wealthy family, but I never thought that she would be… a person who would be so difficult to sit with.

And I don't even know if I'll dare to look up at you again from now on…

Several hours earlier

Not just one person. Now, several men were standing in front of my house. They weren't wearing black suits like the mafia in the drama, but rather formal outfits like dark-toned shirts. Everyone stood there for a while and saw that it was still completely quiet inside. The owner of the voice that had just shouted spoke again.

“I don't want to discuss this in a non-private manner, but if you still do not wish to come out, I must inform you that this is not the time for you to play pretend... we have moved from 6 to 7 already.”

"What did he say, Fang?" Sister Sali turned to ask me in a serious voice.

“He probably knows us,” Liz replied. Her eyes softened, and her warm hands slowly intertwined with mine as if she was worried about something. We felt that he had bad news.

“You think so?

“Hmm,” the pretty girl responded, unconsciously tightening her grip.

“Please come with us.”

“Yes.”

“Wait a minute. You can’t trust him. What if he’s not really your relative? You do not remember anything?

Sister Sali must have been confused by what she heard, so she opened her eyes wide in fear. She picked up the phone, her hands shaking slightly, and quickly dialed the police number. As she was about to press the call button, Liz used her other hand, which wasn't holding mine, to touch Sister Sali's arm.

“Take it easy. It’s not a situation you need to worry about.”

She said to my sister, who looked pale, but pursed her lips and nodded slowly before the beautiful face turned back to me.

“It’s true that I don’t remember anything like before.”

"See, I told you!”

“But I felt that the guy standing there shouting, I could use him to buy coffee.

“Maybe I just imagined it!”

“There’s nothing more fake than the information in our wallets, right, Khao Fang?

“…”

“I would like you to accompany us. I'm asking for it. However, that doesn't mean you can't say no. I'll travel with those people if you're ready to take me this far, but I'll remember to return to an angel like you. Because you are already everything to me, no matter what.”

Liz was very serious in every word. The only thing I was afraid of was that the people outside would not be good people. But if Liz felt that this was not a bad situation, then I would try to trust her heart. After all, the purpose of coming here was to find her family since the beginning.

Damn it.

It seems like I'll have to release a lizard like you back to your family.

Return to the present

It was now that I was reluctant to go back to my seat because I thought there was no way I could ever look her in the eye. My body was numb, and I had completely forgotten all about my previous nausea. I came to my senses again when someone came and sat down opposite the seat that Max had vacated. And that person was the woman I was least ready to talk to.

"You're not coming back."

She said in Thai, her voice and eyes reproachful, while I smiled wryly and looked down. “Sorry.”

"It means you won't come back and sit with me."

"That's it. Sorry...."

Her beautiful face suddenly showed a look of surprise. “Aren’t you going to scold me for being selfish?”

“…”

“Heh! I get it. That guy said something that made you uncomfortable. I’ll go talk to him. He’s a bad guy.”

“No, Liz...” What commoner would call a royal by a nickname! I lowered my voice. “Lizabeth... Lady Lizabeth.”

“…”

“…”

Both she and I were silent for a moment before the other party spoke up in a voice that whisper.

“Khaofang, do you think this is a hidden camera show?”

I didn't answer the question verbally, but opened the phone screen and handed it to the other person. She saw the search results on the internet. The girl took it and scrolled through the websites for a few minutes before smiling and speaking.

“Oh… It’s not hidden. The women here look like me. But, Khao Fang, have you never watched a game show where people who look like members of the royal family are put on a show? Maybe we are the lookalikes.”

She laughed a little and put my phone down on the table in the middle. It was like a joke, but this time I couldn't laugh. She seemed to see the situation.

“Okay, you're not funny.”

“…”

“Yes, I still don’t remember anything. But even if I do, and it’s like that guy said, you’ll still be important to me. What are you worried about?”

“The plan is to pretend to be Lizabeth Watson...."

"You think we lied to you?"

“…”

“Okay, I heard what the guy said. I deny it. There’s no such thing as a plan. Even though I love role-playing games, the last thing I’d do in the world is deceive you. And of course, it never happened.”

I don't know if I can believe it or not, but both her tone and her expression seemed too sincere to be fake. I suddenly felt relieved that I wasn't a fool who had been fooled. However, even though I felt relieved about this matter.

“However, the two of us…” I was too shocked to convey it. “The two of us are still on different levels.”

“Is this nonsense what you’re worrying about?” she said. “I want you to forget about it and focus on where the plane is heading, what’s waiting for it, and whether my house will have earthworms like yours.”

No, this joke doesn't make me laugh in this situation.

“Don’t try to make this a joke. You think talking to Her Royal Highness is easy?”

“We’re talking, aren’t we? We’ve been talking all the time.”

“That was when I thought you…” No, I had to rephrase it. “I thought you were just someone who might be rich, middle class, or poor, and just be Ms.

Watson.”

“Khaofang, why do you judge yourself as something and only look at the outer shell?”

"Because everyone looks at me like that."

“…”

"You... No, you shouldn't. You've been with me long enough to know how most people see me. Getting on this plane is the same. Everyone let me on because you wanted it that way. The visa to enter the country is yours. In your subordinates' eyes, I'm just someone who takes the money, provides a place to stay, and participates in some plan, whether it's real or not, who knows."

The person who was called the lady listened quietly. Until now, I still don't know how I should act in front of her.

I combed my hair in stress and closed my eyes, which were starting to feel hot from the lack of sleep and the fact that I had too much to think about. Finally, I decided to calm down, which was on the verge of a breakdown, and spoke softly, almost pleadingly.

"...What you said before was that if you meet the family, you'll ask for compensation. Now, I'll ask for a flight back to Thailand."

“Is it over?”

“…”

Yes, I finished speaking my mind and replied that she was right with silence.

“Then let me say something. The first thing I want to object to is that in Thai, I like the original pronouns that you use. There is no need to change,” she emphasized this first. “Second, we must return to being the same as before. Don’t be cold. Don’t change. Don’t use status as an excuse.”

“Lizabeth”

"Liz, just call me Liz like before.”

“No”

"Then we'll go back to Thailand after the ceremony Max mentioned is over. I go back, and be your Watson."

“Don’t you understand? You’re going home, going back to your family, going back to food, a place to sleep, and a place to live that’s better than that rat hole in your rented room.”

“What’s the point without you?”

“You may have another world waiting for you.”

“It’s not more important than you, Khao Fang.”

“…” Something suddenly stuck in my throat. I wanted to say something back, but I couldn’t say it out loud. The person sitting opposite slowly smiled gently, her slender hand moving to hold mine just right. She pulled the back of my hand and kissed it lightly.

"Come back to the way it was before."

“It's not easy.”

"Oh, angel."

Damn it, my throat was too tight to reply right now. I calmed down for a moment, Liz's eyes were pleading, and finally my heart couldn't resist.

"If you're the one who changed... I'm really angry."

"Yes, ma'am," Liz replied in a good mood. I held back the strange feeling in my chest. How did this feeling spread from the back of my hand that was kissed to my heart? I didn't know the reason. I only knew that it happened because of Liz. "Can we talk about likes and dislikes now?" She asked with a serious face.

It made me frown fiercely. “Your great-grandfather passed away. This is not the time to talk about this.”

"He's not as important as you."

“He’s your great-grandfather, Liz!” My slightly too-loud scolding caused all of Liz’s followers to turn to look at me. Max gave me a disapproving look. This was exactly what I had expected.

“Hey! Why are you looking at my Fang like that? Is there a problem?” But then, the displeased look faded because of the irritated question from Liz, who was in English. She glared at Max. “I’m sorry about that.”

The young man had no choice but to obey his lady's orders.

“I apologize for my intrusion, ma’am,” he bowed his head!

"And while we're talking, Khao Fang and I will eat instant noodles. Cook them for us."

Liz!

She's a princess! She can eat whatever she wants. Why does it have to be instant noodles?

“I don’t recommend that Your Highness eat foods that are high in sodium.”

"You're bad."

Liz frowned.

“We have a list of 30 dishes, excluding drinks, on the sheet next to your seat. You can pick it up and call the flight attendants to order what you want to eat.”

"Oh... okay, how about instant noodles?"

"Instant noodles are not on the menu."

“Bad,” this time she turned her thumb down. “Fang has given me so many delicious things to eat, but you can’t even find instant noodles. You’re terrible.”

"Anything is fine. The lady isn't that picky," I interrupted. It seemed that if I let these two continue to argue, the plane would land before I could eat anything.

“Madam, the lady is not an easy eater as you think.”

“Are you arguing with Khaofang? I heard it. Whatever you say, don’t you understand her perfect accent?”

I'm so embarrassed!

Why did you have to follow me and spoil me like I was a princess? I looked out the window because my face was burning hot. Max apologized again before taking the Liz's order and going to prepare the meal.

As if reading Liz's disapproving gaze, the other followers made a space for the two of us to talk privately.

“Hey, talk to her a little more nicely.”

“He doesn’t seem to like you, so I don’t like him.”

“But you knew him before I did.”

"I don't like him anyway," the pretty girl was serious. "I don't like anyone. I only like you."

“Your family is waiting for you. And maybe… your family doesn’t like you sticking to me.”

Liz's eyes turned cold when she heard the word "family." When I asked her what it was, she calmly replied that it wasn't a word she felt good about. It meant that it was the family that was waiting for her that made her feel less good. And even though I was dying to wonder, I couldn't figure out what the deep meaning of someone who had lost their memory was.

After ten hours in the air, I ran to vomit twice, had two meals, a nap (the airplane had the same layout as first class), another cup of coffee, and then a female flight attendant came up to inform me that we were in New Waljor airspace and would be about half an hour from landing at the airport.

One of the followers, who was not Max, came over and handed Liz some clothes. They were hanging in a silver bag. In fact, there were some of mine in there.

And holy shit, Liz looked amazing in her long dark coat, accessorized with a matching beret on her head. I watched her brush her shoulders, wondering if the woman in front of me really looked like a princess.

It seemed like it was the next morning, because we had been on the plane for ten hours, and the time difference between Thailand and here was quite a bit, about twelve or thirteen hours, plus the time on the plane without stopping, it was not strange that the time might have made me jet-lagged. When the plane landed, it didn't mean that we went down immediately. The attendant was ordered to call to coordinate and ask if the car was waiting to pick us up yet, and to keep the reporters and the public out. When I heard that, I frowned and slid open the curtains at the round window to look outside.

!!!

Outside, a crowd of people was behind the barriers, probably in the thousands, with reporters from various news agencies zooming their cameras in, waiting to capture the moment. VIPs got off the plane and walked to a sleek black car adorned with flags parked some distance away. A middle-aged man was waiting to open the door for them.

“They came to see if the rumors were true. Please don’t let them know now that we have bad news. Please, don’t go in and answer their questions like you usually do.”

“You’re really annoying, Max.”

“I just want to say that what you do regularly has caused others to see you as a friend.” Up until now, he still didn’t believe that his lady had amnesia. There were two possibilities. One, he thought she was trying to trick him. Two, Liz was usually the troublemaker type.

As I sat there controlling my breathing so that I wouldn't panic if I walked down, a warm hand under a thin white glove moved to grab my hand like it usually does. I looked up and met Liz's eyes. She smiled faintly and said it was fine.

"Let's walk down together."

The warm voice spoke in a universal language, but was crushed by Max's plain sentence.

"No, let the lady get off first."

“Hey! It’s you again?”

“I apologize for other matters because I was really rude, but for this matter, according to the rules, the lady must go first.”

Liz didn't argue with the young man anymore, as if she vaguely remembered that it must have been like that. I didn't want to make things any harder for her, so I tightened my grip on her hand and squeezed it gently.

“It’s okay. Let it go. We’re going together anyway.”

"You have to take separate cars," he said this time to clear up my misunderstanding. I turned pale when I realized that I had mistakenly thought I could sit with Liz.

Silence fell. The noblest woman on the plane swept her gaze across the plane, glaring at her followers before meeting mine. Her delicate hands could not help but let go of mine, her eyes filled with guilt and apology.

I smiled as a sign that it was nothing.

The door opened and a staircase descended to the ground. The noise outside was deafening.

Liz froze as her feet touched the first step of the stairs. She paused, looking around at the crowded area of people and reporters. They raised their voices again when they saw her.

My heart was beating faster than ever on the plane because of my nervousness. How could we act in front of so many people?

But it seems like I'm the only one who's nervous about this event.

Because after a brief pause in her gaze, **Lady Lizabeth Moore Shaw** seemed to have remembered something. Her slender figure stepped down the stairs of the plane with an elegant manner befitting her attire and title. She walked straight to the black car where the man was waiting and opened the back door. Her feet were balanced, not too slow and not too fast.

I heard shouts coming from behind the barrier. One of them was the loudest and clearest.

“Lizabeth, please tell us that those evil rumors aren’t true!

It seems that her personality really likes to walk up to other people and answer their questions, as her followers are worried about, so many people are waiting to see their reactions.

Max told me I could walk now after leaving enough distance. He added that the car I was going to ride in was behind the one the lady was going to ride in ahead of.

It was at this moment that I felt that the back of the person I had slept with since December was too far away to reach or touch.

She's not Ms. Watson.

**And most importantly, she is not my Lizabeth anymore.**

***Chapter  25: And it's the same as before.***

“I have already booked the accommodation for you. You can enjoy the VIP service as you please. We will cover the expenses.”

"Wait, am I not going to the same place as the princess?"

One of Max's subordinates did not answer my question. He put on his Bluetooth headset and walked ahead without any further ado. His manner conveyed that he was only responsible for telling Max what he had prepared.

My heart sank even more to my feet. As bad as Liz's back seemed so distant, I was alone in a country I had never been to, a culture I didn't know, and no one I knew. Right now, my face was probably turning pale from the cold and anxiety.

As I walked, I looked over at the first person to step onto the plane, only to find that she had ignored the attendant's door and walked around to the back to open it on the other side, amidst the gazes of reporters with cameras shooting at her and the waiting public.

The welcome was now quieter because no one understood what their lady was doing.

Liz looked over here, locked eyes with me, and reached out to open the other car door.

This one, she made her mouth into the shape of the word.

“No,” I replied, because it wouldn’t be good for her to be the center of attention. "Go ahead."

I never thought that what I said would make Liz close the car door in such displeasure. But that displeased look wasn't directed at me. It was Max who took it in full. Her slender figure walked towards me before I could get into the car behind me. She grabbed my hand before I could even open the car door.

"Come with us."

“Liz!” I whispered sternly. “You can’t do this in front of other people. We should have met if you were at the hotel anyway.”

“We don’t know anyone here except you. Don’t you too? So we have to stay together.”

At this moment, I was speechless. The noise and the gazes of the people were making me nervous. I didn't even have red lipstick on my lips to boost my confidence because I came so suddenly. I was grabbed by the hand and led to another car instead.

"Lizabeth, please tell us first that we really don't have bad news."

One of the reporters shouted out, starting to understand what Max was saying, that many people already saw her as a friend after she frequently answered questions, and people expected some kind of answer from her, the only member, which should be answered.

“Today, the princess looks very calm. Perhaps the rumors are true… There was another sound.

Liz opened the door for me to sit in before walking quickly around the back to the side where the attendant had opened it for me. The car drove away from the area. Her followers got into the car behind me.

To be honest, I was really tense when I looked out the window. After seeing the Liz's indifferent reaction, they had already assumed that the bad rumor was true. I tried to piece it together, and suddenly remembered that the important pendant I was wearing was the coat of arms of the girl who had let me travel in the same car.

"Liz... This pendant..."

“Is it mine? I told you.” As if she knew I couldn’t speak clearly, she said, with a small smile on her face. Damn it. How would I know if it was really yours? “I don’t remember how it got to you, but it’s good that it’s on you. You don’t have to take it off.”

"Can you read people's minds?"

“No, I am in your heart.”

Oh no!

"You really are talking nonsense, there's no substance in what you're saying."

Until now, she still says such cute things. I turned my hot face away. On the other side, I secretly saw the driver glance at us through the mirror.

Oh my gosh, we were speaking English and I just cursed the princess of this country....

### Part : Narration

The black sedan that Lizabeth and Khaofang were in drove through the palace gates. Right now, there are many people gathered outside.

Rumors of the King's death spread on the internet, with the source allegedly coming from a non-permanent palace employee. A palace spokesperson ordered a search for the owner of the Twitter account, only to find out that it was a food delivery man who had discussed the matter with the chef. The delivery company has been banned from the palace, and the owner will surely punish him.

The inner gatekeeper hurriedly opened the car door for Liz. He was surprised that she had brought someone else with her, but another gatekeeper knew his duty and hurriedly opened it for Khaofang as well.

“Prince James would like to see you first.” A man in a black suit walked out, saluted and spoke politely. Lizabeth moved closer to Khao Fang, the only person she knew, before reluctantly following the middle-aged man.

At this time, Khaofang didn't have internet. She didn't know that the group chat would be so chaotic. She only knew that the long, luxurious carpeted corridor made her feel unsuitable in an instant, even though she was wearing clothes and shoes that were prepared for her on the plane.

The problem arose again when they arrived at the destination room, which was the reception room number two. The people inside were probably waiting to talk to their granddaughter. The problem was that the only person allowed to enter was Lizabeth.

"Then it won't work. Let the person inside come out and talk to us."

Prince James's secretary was troubled. He was the one who had walked Liz here, and he had to face the resolute gaze of the young woman. He tried to persuade her again that the person inside was her grandfather, but the young lady still repeated her words.

Finally, he had to open the door and go in, and report to the nobleman that the lady wanted to bring another young woman in with her. Prince James, who was already in the mood to argue, made a hand gesture to give permission.

Just my father's passing was already terrible enough. If I had to argue with my granddaughter, I wouldn't be able to handle it.

The young woman who had taken off her beret walked in first, followed by Khaofang, who was controlling her breathing as she stepped forward to confront Lizabeth's grandfather.

Prince James was dressed in a black suit, because the entire family was present and preparing to announce the sad news on TV, radio, and other media. The old man turned back and faced his granddaughter. He had something he wanted to say about the other person who had disappeared for a month, and had not returned to the palace on her birthday, but at this moment, a more important matter was brought up first.

“Your great-grandfather has passed away. Before I go to see him, I want to discuss about the line of succession to the throne first.” His voice was firm in

Khao’s mind.

Fang, she didn't dare to make eye contact like Elizabeth did. "Princess Sarah has requested to withdraw and live with her husband, while the child's father has been skipped in the line of succession with unanimous consent from Council. The reason is that the widow might tarnish our popularity even more."

“Can a single widow really cause damage?”

"This is not the time to be annoying."

“I’m not being sarcastic. I’m just wondering why a noble man like you would think that a single widow could cause harm.” Lizabeth herself was also curious. Who was that widow?

Such sarcastic words undoubtedly angered the prince. Although he intended to make peace, his grandchild brought a foreign woman from somewhere, held her hand and refused to let go, and argued with him without giving up.

“Liz... I don’t think this is a situation where you should argue with him.” Khaofang whispered.

“However, your great-grandfather has really passed away. It would be better to visit him one last time and then explain everything to your grandfather,”

What puzzled Prince James the most at the moment was when a strange young woman whispered something and his granddaughter's gaze suddenly changed from a stubborn one to a normal one that was almost soft.

"Who is it?

A question popped into his mind.

"Let's go see great-grandfather."

"Only in your family, that woman is waiting in this room."

"Then I won't go."

“Don’t come here and act inappropriately.”

“A person who doesn’t know the right time and place is someone who doesn’t respect the invited guests, thinking that they have more power and giving orders that contradict others, forgetting that it will make their own grandchildren less fearsome. Do you think so?”

Khao Fang turned to look at the person beside her, who now had a cold gaze as she spoke to the elder. Both her tone, her eyes, and that cold smile, no matter how she looked at it, Khao Fang felt that this was another side of Lizabeth that she had never seen or experienced, as if the young woman might have remembered something already, as if Lizabeth might have used her to get on the nerves of the people in the palace.

"The true father of contradiction."

Prince James closed his eyes for a moment to calm his emotions. He should have known that the young woman in front of him was a wild horse, uncontrollable and unwilling to do as he wished. So in this situation, he had to give in. He stopped arguing and walked towards the door that would lead to the King's... previous chamber.

The throne cannot be vacant, meaning that now Prince James's brother has become King, but it's just not official and has not been announced to the public. The line of succession has been moved up, skipped, and everyone who is a Moorehaw knows it. Everyone is here. The last one to arrive is Lizabeth.

She went to see her great-grandmother, but in that room, Khao Fang could not go in. Because she did not want Lizabeth to have to argue with anyone again, Khao Fang claimed that she had to go to the bathroom, so she told Lizabeth to go in first and then she would follow her in herself, even though she knew deep in her heart that the staff at the front desk would not let her go in.

In the room, everyone was waiting in mourning colors. Alex turned to look at Lizabeth first, before Duchess Lena went straight to her daughter, trying to reach out and wrap her arms around her small waist to take her to her bedside, but was ignored by her daughter as she walked past her.

At first, Lizabeth could not remember anything about these people. When she scanned their faces, they seemed strangely familiar, but she did not feel any attachment to them. But when she brought her body to stand beside the bed and looked at the body of her great-grandmother, who was now dressed in full regalia, having been dressed according to the rules even after his death, a strange feeling of emptiness formed in her heart.

She didn't want to see him like this. The sadness arose even though she could barely remember the other person's name.

When she was on the plane and heard the news from Max, she didn't feel sad at all. She thought that she probably wouldn't have any relationships with anyone.

But when she stood here and saw the figure of an old man whom she didn't recognize but didn't want to see pass away, her heart sank, her eyes felt hot. However, she vaguely felt that her status could not show weakness.

While Khaofang was standing there, feeling a bit awkward, one of the followers of the same team as Max took her to a small waiting room at the end of the corridor. He also gave her the Wi-Fi password, as if he knew that Khaofang wanted to contact someone she knew.

As soon as the communication device connects to the Internet, the group area will bounce rapidly.

I Am No.4 (Four): Your roommate is a princess?

Luk Mee (Baby Bear): This isn't a hidden camera show, right? I'm asking for real.

Jeans (Jeans): What kind of hidden camera is that? I told you that person's face really looks familiar.

Luk Mee (Baby Bear): Then why didn't you remember this before, you damn Jeans!

Jeans (Jeans): Is it my fault? I thought it was a celebrity or a star following Instagram.

I Am No.4 (Four): Very famous, the Royal Palace's IG. And I'm very jealous. Will I get killed?

Luk Mee (Baby Bear): I'm not involved anymore

Jeans (Jeans): You don't have to! Gossip and curse together.

Jeans: As for Four, she typed a lot today. She must be afraid of dying.

I Am No.4 (Four): I have a younger girl to take care of. I would like to ask Fang to apologize for being rude.

Jeans (Jeans): Younger girl or wife who is a first-year law student? //I want one too. Princess, you have to understand me. You are very popular.

Khaofang didn't know if it would be rude to laugh at them because there was a staff member standing in the room and there was sad news in the palace right now, so she chose to mold it, her face expressionless, and typed a reply in the group chat.

Fang: You guys.

Fang: Am I going to get killed like this? Both verbally and physically?

Luk Mee (Baby Bear): You did the right thing, or you would have died!!

Jeans (Jeans): Seriously, if you're still scared, will we even be left with anything?

“May I talk to you about the princess?” Max had just finished coordinating his part. He took long steps and sat on a chair opposite the young woman who was reading a chat from her friend. Khao Fang closed the screen and politely accepted, even though the hands that were clutching her skirt were secretly shaking from the tension that had not subsided after meeting Prince James a moment ago.

“Did you go to the same high school as her in London?”

“This is my first time outside of Thailand.”

“When did you meet the princess? Can you tell me about that relationship? Um… I have your information, such as your full name and ID number, but please tell me more details, and your address if it’s not on your ID card.”

“What is the use of this question?”

“Before becoming a palace employee, everyone must undergo a background check. Being close to the royal family doesn’t mean you can step in here without caring about having a criminal record or not giving your address. You are no exception, even if you come as a personal servant of the princess.” “Am I here as her personal servant?”

“Please state the reason for your entry into the country. I have already arranged everything for you.”

That's why he told her that Lizabeth was a visa. When she heard what Max had written in his reason for entry, she felt a little strange, but she understood that it was too sudden to say whether it was tourism or anything else.

Just as he was about to tell him that information, a slender figure who had taken off her beret walked over and gently grabbed Khao Fang's arm.

“Let’s go. Our accommodation is not this palace.”

Turning back to look at Max, the young man lowered his head and stood up in context, standing next to the chair, indicating that he was not as powerful as the other.

Strangely enough, the reason for entry stated that she was her a personal servant.

But in reality, she actually held her waist and walked with her, and instead, she turned to look at Max with a displeased expression.



## Chapter 26: Heaven's blessing

### Part : Fang (Fang's part)

The first palace I visited was the largest residence I had ever known, and now Liz was driving us to her “home” palace, which was smaller than the one I had been to, but it was still a world away from where I had been.

At the level with a map attached, it's not a small address at all.

On the left is a wide garden. To the back is a large garage. A large swimming pool is located at the back, slightly behind the mansion. There is also a greenhouse for cultivating plants near the wide lawn.

The mansion is divided into two sides, with a connecting walkway and a garden at the back. It has many floors, especially on the left side. However, the architecture of the mansion on the right side is quite strange, as if it was designed and modified from the original.

“I spent all my money on decorating my own side, but I don’t want to come back and live there.”

I found out that Liz had ordered the decoration and design herself when her grandfather spoke. I found out that Liz was very angry as soon as we walked in.

That fierce and hard gaze, I didn't even dare to look up.

"Let's continue the conversation in the office."

"No"

“Lizabeth!”

"He's a person with a personality and eyes that are not friendly to others. Who would want to talk to him?"

The words Liz left behind made my face turn as pale as her grandfather's. Liz led me and we walked to the right wing of the palace, passing through a large hall decorated with chandeliers, through a room with a large sofa set, through a connecting path, through another hall where there was still chandelier to see as another blessing. There was an elevator here, but Liz said that her room was on the second floor, it would be better to take the stairs.

The mansion on the right side that belongs to Liz has 3 floors, while the mansion on the left side has 4 floors. That's where Prince James and her parents live, but it seems that her parents have another mansion that they live in abroad to escape the chaos of the news, and they only come back once in a while.

A slender figure led me up a wide staircase. Every time we passed a male or female employee, they would stop and salute, letting the two of us pass first.

As if Liz was used to this, it was normal for everyone to show her respect. Only I bowed my head to the staff.

She went up to the second floor. There were many different rooms. The room at the far end seemed to be her target. The distance was very far. She walked so much that she wondered if she was dreaming and standing in a place like this.

Liz's room is quite spacious, with a beautiful custom-made door and a sign in English that says:

"Do not enter.”

"Uh..."

“We ordered the sign to be made. It prohibits everyone except those we allow.”

"Oh." Hey, wait a minute. "How do you remember?"

The person being questioned had not yet answered me. When we entered the room, she locked it tightly, went straight to collapse on the cream-colored sofa, and let out a sound of exhaustion.

“It’s not all gone yet, but after going to find my great-grandfather’s body, some of my memories probably came back.”

I looked around the room that looked like this suite before slowly sitting down on the sofa opposite her. The owner of the beautiful face stared at me without blinking. The eyes of the original Liz were filled with a sense of seriousness.

“You will stay with us, right?”

“If you’ve found your place, why should I stay?”

“They are my nightmares.”

“…”

“This family is my worst nightmare.” She said.

Ever since we entered the grand palace, I had been wondering why Liz seemed to dislike Prince James so much. I listened quietly as the person with the flickering pupils continued. She picked up a beret and placed it on the partition table, slapping it hard several times.

“Let’s say the hat is a living thing, and we keep slapping it, harder and harder.”

“Heh! I’ll probably knock the princess on the head.”

“But they don't do that.”

"What are you trying to say?"

“My family, they would watch this creature being bullied repeatedly without doing anything, and would comment on what the bullied creature had done to cause the other party to bully them.”

"You... are the hat?"

Liz didn't answer. She sighed, laughing with a pained look in her eyes, as if she was feeling sorry for herself. "This creature was abused continuously until it became a routine. But then one day, that stupid and weak creature couldn't take it anymore and accidentally hurt the other party back."

“…”

“So they sent this creature to be treated for psychiatric disorders.”

“…”

“After that, the creature realized that it was not a family member. In fact, this creature had been disturbing the family for many years before leaving the country, intending to live alone in a faraway place, creating a fake name, a fake career, a fake claim, wanting to escape from the old name and the bad past.”

I remained silent, listening to the person whose voice was starting to tremble, but I tried to keep my emotions in check through my facial expressions.

“God didn’t like this creature that much, so she got into an accident and took away her favorite car and her memories.”

…

“At that time, this creature had no memory of its past. Every day, it encountered strange and unfamiliar jokes.”

…

“Before that living being could know that God was not being cruel, but had actually created a new life, He did not forget to send an angel.”

…

Even when her heart was pounding, Liz still forced a smile and didn't cry. She was really too strong to shed tears in front of anyone. Her slender figure stood up and walked over to part the curtain at the balcony door, crossed her arms, and looked out at the large garden while blinking her eyes frequently.

At that time, she was sleep-talking and crying in the middle of the night, calling out the name "Yarisa", who might be someone who could change a bad day into a good one. At this moment, I don't feel secretly sad or anything. I just think that I really want to be like an angel like she thinks.

I followed and stood behind her. We were about the same height, although Liz was a little taller.

Without another word, my arms wrapped around her thin waist, hugging her warm but lonely body. I just wanted to convey that she was not alone in this world. At least there was this foul-mouthed person who would keep her company, cook instant noodles for her to eat or complain to her.

Family is a very powerful institution for the mind. If I was ignored and repeatedly abused by my family, I might not have been able to survive like you. How lucky I am that my family can be called a real family, not just a group of people who share the same blood.

We stayed like this for several minutes until the person in front of me slowly turned back to me. I looked up, and her eyes, which were previously filled with pain, softened into gratitude.

And we still have nothing more to say.

The beautiful face moved closer. I closed my eyes, knowing that our lips would meet. I was right. Liz still had the same soft touch of tongues. She must have closed her eyes too. We both gave each other a long kiss that escalated into something more than that.

She took me to the inner bedroom. It was several times larger than my rental room. On the beautifully designed king-size bed, there was a mediumsized white box. She walked over, picked it up, and placed it carelessly on the bedside table before pulling me down to sit on her. Our lips met again, deeply and more intensely than before. Her warm hands fumbled to unbutton my outer shirt. It was effortless because the mood had me helping her take it off as well. She bit the end of her gloves and took them off because for this activity, we would need our fingers to play a significant role.

Our bodies rubbed against each other, our bare chests, our arms around our necks, and our thighs.

I was shy at first, but after her hot mouth kissed my breast, both my arousal and my nipples became aroused, and a soft moan escaped my throat. The one who was being pressed down seemed to enjoy it. She left a red mark along the top of my breast, before we changed positions to lying down so that she could drag her hot lips down to just below my waist.

"Ugh..." I tried to suppress my voice as the sensitive spot came into contact with her tongue. Another person dug their nails into the soft blanket, searching for a way to relieve this intense sensation, and then I realized what could ease the excitement. It was getting up, sitting, and changing positions to bring her gaze to the same level, while sliding my fingers into the petals of her rose.

“Let’s go together,” I whispered softly, not wanting to go ahead and delay, but rather to exchange feelings with her.

Liz didn't respond with words, but moved her slender fingers to circle my hips, stimulating my arousal even more, before sliding lower and inserting two fingers into my body, making me feel as tight as when I inserted them into hers.

I looked up, letting hot air pass through my lips before my neck was bitten by the other person, biting it lightly.

In fact, that night when we first kissed, this almost happened. I tried to control myself. She seemed to realize that I had gone too far. We ended up breaking away from each other and lying there, deeply embarrassed. But now it had reached the point where I thought it would happen one day. The unexpected thing was the location.

I have something with the princess! And we are in her grandfather's palace!

Neither the air conditioner nor the cold could quench the heat within my body. I moved my two fingers in and out, entangling myself until the owner of the beautiful face groaned. Not long after, Liz changed into a small smile as if to tell me that I was a bad girl. Before I could react, she bent down and licked the top of my breast until I moaned incoherently.

From licking to sucking

From sucking and kneading, it turns into a light bite.

Both my upper chest and lower body were continuously attacked by the other party. Finally, inside, I felt my toes stretching. I looked into Liz's dark eyes, begging her to hurry up. She did it, increasing the pace until I finally reached the edge of heaven and released my sticky juices, soaking her slender fingers.

And even though I was ahead of my time and wanted to lie down and catch my breath, my finger still didn't come out of her body. I continued at a steady but heavy pace, and her moans of passion still came out of her mouth. After a little over half a minute, I gradually increased my speed until she clamped down on my inserted finger and reached the edge of heaven afterwards.

Our happy, harmonious breaths made me forget what was around me. Liz lay down with her head on a long pillow, her naked body looking flawless, making my face heat up with the thought that I had already had an intimate relationship with her.

"Don't you want to take a nap?"

“Can I sleep here....?”

“This bed is too wide for me to sleep alone.”

Because I wanted to lie down anyway, and the nap I had on the plane wasn't enough. I pulled the blanket over the parts that should have been covered, and lay down facing her. Before I realized that I had made a huge mistake, I made a crazy mistake by making eye contact with the person who was smiling so sweetly and sincerely.

I'm shy.

Don't look at me and act like I'm something beautiful or anything like that.

“Fucking lizard.”

After I finished speaking to cover my embarrassment, I turned to the other side, facing away from the person with the warm touch. I heard her chuckle softly in her throat. Then, her smooth arms wrapped around me, pulling her body closer. She lifted her head to quickly kiss my cheek, making a "smack!" sound that tickled my heart and made me giggle.

## Chapter 27: The woman who is about to become future Mooreshaw

I woke up at 7 P.M. The digital clock next to my bed said so.

Liz didn't sleep hugging me. She seemed to have gone somewhere for a while. I slowly sat up. I had a slight headache. Don't tell me I'm still jet lag.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a pile of white boxes in the trash can next to my bed. I just noticed that on the lid of the box, it said it was a birthday present from Prince James.

She left it without opening it...

I picked up some clothes and put them on. Being naked like this in the princess's bedroom wouldn't be good, even if the princess was pleased.

"Have you been to Thailand..."

The sound of English conversation could be heard coming from the room outside, probably because the bedroom door was ajar. The voice was not Liz.

"Hey, Liz, how can you ignore me like this?"

"Didn't you read the sign on the door?"

Ah... talk to mom.

I walked to the door and looked through the small gap to see who else was there besides her and mother.

Liz was pressing the coffee machine, while a middle-aged woman who looked younger and had a refined air was sitting on the sofa. She sighed at her daughter who didn't even turn to look her in the eye.

"The southern island, I've found it for you."

"Thank you"

"Then why did you go to Thailand? Is it related to Linlin?"

Who is “Linlin” again? A new character has appeared and confused me again.

“Mom, the only thing that really breathes in and out is Linlin.”

“She is your sister. I just asked about her.”

"Linlin is in San Diego. Just when I went to Thailand, her home country, my mom assumed everything was about her. It seems like you don't have anything to do with me."

"Mom couldn't meet Linlin because the news that spread was already bad enough. Just Mom asking." Is it necessary to use that tone when talking about her?

"Of course, I'm just a tool that allows my mother to stay in this dynasty. Forget it completely."

“Lizabeth!” her mother shouted. “Say something.”

“The truth.” It was the coldest voice I had ever heard her say. Liz walked straight to this bedroom, so I pulled away from the door and sat on the soft bed.

“Don’t come any closer. That sign means all the Moore Shaws, especially Mom.” Her last words before walking in were quite forceful.

Liz came in with a cup of coffee and when she saw me sitting on the bed with my head up, she smiled at me with wide eyes before using her shoulder to push the door shut, as if the half-argument from earlier had never happened.

A woman in a suit that looked like she had just finished showering came over and handed me a white glass. The smell was unfamiliar, not like the coffee I had before. Until she told me it was white chocolate, I understood. Her glass emitted a strong coffee smell.

“We used to watch Thai dramas where at times like this the heroine would get sick.”

"It's just in the drama, because we didn't have anything in the rain," she said. But what year was that drama she was watching? I wondered, sipping on hot white chocolate.

Super delicious!

I'll want it like this!

"Do you like it?" The pretty girl who had sat down next to me asked in a cheerful voice, which was very different from the conversation she had with her mother.

"Delicious"

“I’m glad you like it, but I think the boxed milk for breakfast you bought is still more delicious.”

“Because you’ve been eating this good stuff your whole life, you’re used to it,” I said, raising my glass to take another sip. “Was it my mom?”

“My voice and my mother’s voice woke you up, didn’t it?”

“No, I woke up on my own,” I said. “Is there something more to it than them ignoring you and being bullied? Well… but if you’re embarrassed to tell…”

“Are you ready to hear the story of this loser?” she joked.

“I don’t like you calling yourself that.”

"You're like Yarisa, but more special."

"Who is Yarisa, your ex-wife?" To be honest, if Liz answers yes, I'll definitely give her a straight face.

“No, she was a friend from a different grade in high school. She saved me from being bullied.”

“How about a deep relationship?”

“Not as much as you,” she said, taking the opportunity to stand up and kiss my forehead. “Yarisa is a very good friend, but you are my best angel.”

“Your mouth… could replace sugar in the coffee you’re holding.”

Liz smiled sweetly and walked over to retrieve the bright-colored wooden wardrobe. She opened it and found only bathrobes inside, just in different colors.

Hmm, that's just a bathrobe closet. Then the big closet on the right might actually be a wardrobe.

“My mother had a child before marrying my father. Her ex-husband died, but her half-Thai daughter is still alive. My mother loves my sister very much. She sends her money every month and gives her some of her assets and money.

But at the same time, she loves herself. She doesn’t show up. She goes to meet my sister and creates a scandal. She chooses to follow Linlin’s news from a distance.”

Linlin is her half-sister.

"Linlin and Yarisa also like women."

“You mean lesbian, right?”

"Yes, Yarisa is very beautiful."

Hey!

“But you are more beautiful.”

Oh, okay.

Liz took out a blue bathrobe from the closet and carried it over to the bed, probably to prepare me for a bath since she had already taken one.

“As for me, I’m just tool to make mother a duchess, that’s all.”

That’s what makes this creature the most displeased.

How should I comfort her? Because if I say that a mother is still a mother no matter what, it will only cause her more pain. She, who has already given up everything and tried to create a new identity, it would be too cruel to emphasize that.

The only thing I could do was to communicate with my eyes, put the delicious white chocolate on my nightstand, and walk over to her and give her a comforting hug.

It's not like Falada, a person with red lips who has no strength to walk.

I'm not this soft-spoken, except in front of this lizard.

The news of King Albert VI's death greyed the atmosphere with grief. Flags were lowered, the nobility dressed in black, and by the rule of the Crown, the throne and crown could not be vacant for more than 24 hours. Prince James' brother had now ascended to the throne, but no formal ceremony had yet been held.

I have summarized the family tree of this dynasty for you, in case you are confused.

The previous king has passed away, so Prince James's brother is now the current king. He was previously known as Prince Robert, but he now prefers to take the title King Albert VII (after his father).

The first heir to the throne is his first son, Prince Ethan, aged 42 years old.

The second in line to the throne is Prince Ethan's son, Prince Nicholas, who is 25 years old.

The third in line to the throne, Princess Alex, Prince Nicholas' twin sister, is a boy and girl with blonde hair.

The fourth in line to the throne was actually supposed to be another daughter of the current king, but she gave up her position to live with her husband. The fourth in line became Prince James, Liz's grandfather.

The fifth in line to the throne, Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw....

And the sequence continues from here until number 30.

Her father was skipped over due to marrying a widow who was rumored to have a child. Many parties agreed that he should be skipped over, so Liz became the fifth in line to replace his father, who was a duke.

If you are confused about the line of succession, it is not complicated at all. The Moore Shaw dynasty always count the first child in the direct line, regardless of whether it is a boy or a girl, as long as it is the first child. And if the first child has a son or a daughter, that son or daughter is counted as the next in line.

For example, King Albert VI had two sons.

The first person is the first-in-line heir to the throne, and the second person is the second-in-line heir to the throne.

But if the first person has a son, the son's line will be the second heir to the throne, while the younger brother will move down to third line.

If you have many children and grandchildren, you will be able to move down the line of succession for your younger brother, such as Prince James, who is the secondary heir to the throne.

Let's just say that my lizard girl is the fifth heir to the throne. She said that she is very far from the throne, but I'm secretly afraid for some reason.

Well, even if the people in the country or the people inside call her a lady, according to the law, she is still Her Royal Highness.

That's the princess.

Okay, good. I sleep with the princess every night. I call her a lizard. If my followers or anyone in the palace finds out, I'm no different from a toad.

[Have you apologize to Princess Lizabeth Sharon Mooreshaw, or Lady Lizabeth Mooreshaw II, for us yet?]

I video called my three friends. They were all together like they had a meeting. Four, the owner of the line, spoke up first, asking about an apology on her behalf. I leaned back against the pillows, the headboard, and chuckled.

“You’re calling her by her full title, aren’t you?”

[We were wrong.] Luk Mee interjected, smiling wryly.

I forgot to explain that the “2nd” that follows Liz is because she used the surname of her late grandmother, so when buying again, it came out in this form.

"Liz isn't mad at you guys."

[Seriously?] Luk Mee asked with hope.

“That’s not true. The soldiers are going after you house by house. As for me, I survived because I took good care of her.”

[Ouch! Please say it for me, Fang!!!]

“Hey, calm down, Luk Mee. I was just joking, right? Besides, there's no rule in the wall that says..."

"Don't gossip about the princess or prince a little."

[Oh, that's right. I saw both people praising it and a few people criticizing it on IG, but I forgot.] Jeans suddenly remembered.

The three of them almost sighed in unison, indicating their utmost relief, before Jeans continued with a slightly embarrassed expression.

[And... what about the princess?]

"Going to a...uh...funeral."

[Seeing the news]

"Um"

It is a traditional event that is only accessible to family members. However, if the body is taken for burial, it will be open for the media to receive it for the last time.

[When will you return to Thailand?]

"Actually, in a few days I have to do an internship."

[Already...?]

"Liz told me to wait."

[What are you waiting for? Are you coming back to Thailand together?]

“I don’t know. A staff member called me in a hurry, so Liz left without explaining anything. But I won’t be here long. My dad and sister are worried.”

[Do your father and sister know about this?]

"They know. My father was very shocked."

I called to tell them the story, using the number from Liz's room phone because she told me to use it as I pleased. Sister Sali was already shocked, and Dad was even more shocked. When I started telling them the whole story in detail, Dad said that our family would be in trouble because Aunt Kaew had hurt the princess like that.

At that moment, I was stunned. “Oh, that’s right.” It was a thought that popped into my head. My aunt and uncle were really the cause of her amnesia.

Even though Liz said that she didn’t want to press charges because she wanted to meet me, if someone knew that she had been beaten, they would definitely take care of the source. In any case, it was physical assault and theft.

I could only tell my father and sister over the phone that everything would be fine. My father kept asking for forgiveness and apologies. As for me,

Sure, if everyone knew that Liz didn't care about those little things at all, they wouldn't be so afraid.

During the day, I talked to my friends for quite some time. They basically wanted me to go back to Thailand. I agreed because I had to go back to my internship anyway.

After hanging up the video call with them, I sat down to watch the country's cable TV. It kept changing. There was news, series, children's shows, comedy shows, variety shows, and even international channels.

In the movie room, the huge TV screen was not enough, and there were also four flat speakers on the wall in four corners. I sat stupidly on the long sofa, watching a sci-fi series where the heroine was insanely beautiful.

When I entered, Liz took me on a tour of this place. I was already stunned enough by the fact that the house had an elevator. Then I saw the different rooms and I couldn't help but smile wryly at their grandeur.

The first floor is a common dining room with a piano, a living room for welcoming guests, and a very large kitchen area because inside there are chefs who prepare food from different countries. To the back is a storage room divided into food ingredients and supplies.

This first floor also has a room that is a control center that shows the images from the CCTV cameras in every corner of the palace, and there are also private rooms for the employees (which are living rooms). Some of them choose to live here, some of them finish their work and go home, and all the employees have their own holidays.

On the second floor on the right side, I know that there is Liz's room, but there is also a fitness room, a bowling alley, and a game room. There are chess tables, a snooker table, a small bar, a console, a board game shelf, and a sofa set that you can even lie down in.

On her grandfather's left side, there is a storage room for rare valuables, pictures, auctions, statues, etc. There is also a large library like a university's. It is said that Liz herself often goes in and out because she is too lazy to build a library on her own side.

And let's not even mention the dance hall. It's like a room that only rich people must have.

On this floor, there is also the prince's secretary's room, while Liz's side also has a room, but she just doesn't have a secretary, in short, she doesn't want one.

The 3rd floor is the last floor for Liz. She has her own office, a movie room that is a little smaller than a theater (why are there so many in this room?). It is a 4DX system, with dozens of seats, all of which can be reclined to lie down because there is enough distance. And it is even more exciting. On this floor, there is a shared liquor storage room, but it is divided into two sides in the same room.

On Prince James' side, there is also a study. This floor is both a strict and relaxing floor for him because when he gets tired from work, there is a room on the right with a chess table, a small kitchen for cooking, private rooms (a suite with bedrooms) belonging to both his grandfather, father and mother, Liz. This floor has quite a few suites.

The 4th floor, which has only the left side of the mansion, is a stargazing room with an open roof that can be made into glass.

There were many more empty rooms on both the second and third floors, most of which were arranged as bedrooms for entertaining guests. I felt a little dizzy because I felt like this wasn't enough.

The basement floor is a room for crafts, handicrafts, storage rooms, supplies, etc.

Let's talk about the garage. It is divided into locks A - D, with numbers after the letters. Max said that the car that Liz drove into the river in Thailand was broken. He had already done it across the country.

The cars parked in locks A - B are all Liz's. There are both supercars and motorcycles with their wheels locked. Yes, they are locked because Prince James doesn't let her ride them.

Lock C has her grandfather's classic cars and rare old cars parked on display. Lock D is a lock for cars that have staff driving to pick up and drop off.

It's as if Liz's parents don't have much to do with this place. Well, they fled the disturbing news and went abroad.

After leaving the parking lot, she took me to the swimming pool. There were both circular, overlapping circles and an incredibly long rectangular one! The circular pool had multiple levels. When I went to see it, there was even a staff member cleaning it.

She didn't show me the plant nursery, but it was a place she said was very interesting. And she would plant the same variety of mango trees as the ones in our rental room one day. Hmm.

Believe it or not, I was so tired from walking around on the tour, even taking the elevator.

She said that I could come and go from the rooms on the right side of the mansion as I pleased. As for the left side, which belonged to her grandfather, she did not want to interfere with him, so she could only let me come and go to the common rooms, such as the library, the stargazing room, and the liquor storage room.

Even so, it's not possible. Walking alone is likely to get lost and die. Staying in your spacious room is more than enough.

Forgot to mention something else. Remember the closet in Liz's room? I thought the big closet was a closet. In fact, it was just a hat and glove closet. All the clothes, shoes, and accessories are in the "room" for storing clothes next to the bedroom.

That room was even bigger than my rented room. There were hundreds of pairs of shoes in different colors, hundreds of clothes, dozens of drawers full of accessories, belts, bags, scarves, socks, etc.

Her room combines elements of modern design with vintage touches, such as a decorative gramophone next to the coffee maker, or Mooreshaw's historic watercolor paintings on a light-toned wall.

Liz grew up in this world, in a palace that was fully equipped and spacious, but what she wanted was a real family... It's sad.

Suddenly, I thought of the gift box in the trash that the person didn't even bother to look at. In any case, Liz would have thrown it away without a care. I decided to turn off the TV and walked back to the bedroom to pick it up. I didn't want to be rude, but the purpose was to take out the contents and put it at the head of the bed. It would be a pity to throw away the gift.

The gift inside came in a white bag. I pulled out a thick stack of papers and spent an hour with this gift from Prince James.

I really want Liz to read it.

In the late afternoon, Max asked to speak to me privately in the garden. I came at his request. The young man was waiting at the table, and he gestured for me to sit across from him in a more informal manner.

“Liz said I shouldn’t tell you any personal information.”

“The lady has already reprimanded me about that. I am truly sorry about the previous time.”

“Yes...it's okay.”

“Today I want to talk about the coat of arms pendant you’re wearing.”

“?” At first, I looked puzzled, before I remembered that the pendant I was wearing was Liz’s personal emblem. “Oh, okay.”

“Have you seen the news yet?”

"What news?" I'm sorry, I only watch sci-fi series.

He took out his own phone, scrolled through something, and then placed it on the table, then scrolled it over to me, as if to let me read it myself without him having to explain too much.

Believe me, besides the picture of Liz opening the car door for me, the English headline was the most shocking thing that made my eyes widen.

**Lady Lizabeth returns with a sad message in the color scheme of her coat, along with her soon-to-be Mooreshaw.**

## Chapter 28: Fake Sharon

The news kept saying that I was going to be a Mooreshaw because I wore the coat of arms, but no matter how carefully I read it, there was no explanation as to why wearing it would make me a Mooreshaw.

Max didn't seem to want to explain anything. When I asked, he answered with silence. He wanted me to remove this important pendant. Of course, I refused in a flat voice. And he didn't dare to pester me any further because he knew that I was someone Liz had made a person he couldn't intrude on.

I walked back to Liz's room, floating and still in a daze, wanting to stop and ask a staff member for some clarification, but as I walked up the wide stairs, I was met with a sight that made me forget what I wanted to say.

"I'm in trouble."

The senior staff members had a puzzled expression on their faces as they watched the palace's princess plug in the vacuum cleaner.

"Today is a good day. We need to clean."

“…”

The employees wanted to protest, but that busybody dragged the vacuum cleaner down the hallway. I laughed at myself for a long time because of my own rule of doing housework on even and odd days. But with such a big palace, even the employees need to help each other out, how could she, the delicate one, manage?

“We wanted to eat instant noodles, but the cook refused.”

The person who had just finished cleaning the second floor walked in and threw herself on the same long sofa as me. She rested her head on my lap, feeling exhausted, and complained about how no one in the palace would pack instant noodles for her. I knew she was going to ask me to cook them for her. Is she out of her mind? They served a variety of food to her room, but she was being naughty and wanted to eat instant noodles.

“Have you lost your mind?” I snapped. “You can eat anything you want.

They’ll get it for you, but you’re asking for instant noodles.”

"Mango is fine."

“The taste might be a bit different from the one in Poon, but try telling him.”

“Grilled chicken is good.”

“You really stick to the food you ate when you were Watson.”

“Actually, I’m not that stupid to eat that much. Just because you’re here, I’m already happy.”

The skill of flirting has never disappeared from this woman.

I was about to open my mouth to ask about the meaning of me wearing the pendant, but then there was a loud, urgent knock on the door.

“Should we ignore it?” The girl blinked twice and looked up at me.

"Not good, not cute"

"Then I'll go open it," she said with a slight frown, but she got up and walked to open it because I asked.

At first I thought the person knocking on the door might be her father, mother or grandfather, but no.

The tall figure who had knocked on the door angrily earlier was a blonde woman with a beautiful face and a resemblance to Liz if you looked closely. Her eyes are fierce. She held a brown document in her hand.

All of a sudden!

Before she threw it at Liz's face in anger, at that moment, my body suddenly stood up and I immediately ran to Liz's side. I didn't know who this woman was or how great she was, but the only person who could hurt that lizard was me.

“Do you think you can scare us with this, fake Sharon?”

My people laughed deliberately, mocking the other party. She bent down to pick up the envelope and paper. The paper has a hole in it. "It's like you're going to struggle and come here. It actually works."

"What do you want? Personal satisfaction?"

“I will tell you a win-win deal, but not now. At least let your greatgrandfather’s work pass.”

…

“Or would you like to prepare yourself to become a tea maker in our palace?”

It's 8:15 p.m. in this country's time. I'm in a multi-cuisine restaurant where we can choose our menu. This is the 3rd floor, next to the wall.

The difficult-to-pronounce names on the menu made me not know what to order since I had never seen it before. Luckily, I flipped to the back and saw a selection of Thai food. So I ordered the very basic Tom Yum Goong.

Liz ordered a few more dishes of her national cuisine that even though I could understand, I had never seen before. The drink was grape wine. Seriously, does wine and tom yum go together?

After the waiter reviewed the menu and collected the items, the two of us were able to have some privacy again, because even though there were other tables, they were far apart.

Which one is the real one, the Lizabeth who sleeps on my lap or the Lizabeth who is annoying me?

“Princess Alex?” I opened the conversation.

The woman sitting opposite smiled slightly, propped her chin up with both hands, and tilted her head to look at me. Her gaze was no different from the day she ate the fried rice at Auntie Noi's shop. It was very delicious.

“It's just a response mechanism.”

"You're about to provoke me again."

"Not at all, I mean that I am responding to that person."

“Um…” But I’ve done a lot to you too… I want to say this, but I’m really afraid of those infatuated eyes.

“I don’t know what you were thinking when you came to me in the rain that day, but what I do know for sure is that I fell in love with you at that time.”

Why are you so good at flirting with such a sweet smile? Aren't you tired?

“I wonder if you’ll fall in love with someone too.”

The heat spread to my ears, and they might turn red, which would be embarrassing. I blinked my eyes frequently, and my damned hand tucked my hair behind my ear like a soap opera actress. That made Liz laugh a little.

“You can ask me… even though I’m done with you.”

"Having sex is not usually an indicator of love."

Ah... I seem to have forgotten that this is a foreign country.

“You’re forcing me to talk.”

"Yes, Fang."

“You really are a troublemaker…”

“Can't help it.”

"Then how can I be sure that if I tell you how I feel, one day you won't forget about us?"

“I don't know what to say.”

“…”

"I just feel that the world is really beautiful and worth living in...When you're there."

“…”

"As long as we’re together, we don't need anything more wonderful than

this."

I never thought I would hear such sweet words from someone. It was so sweet that my heart was pumping.

Liz's serious face was not playful. Her raised lips, her slight smile, her dark eyes, and her wordless confession of love made me think of a dream.

A dream with a prince, a sweet dream, is this a dream? Like changing from a prince to a princess.

I keep my head down

How should I act?

In fact, it really tickles my left chest.

Or should I just accept the truth?

“Actually, you’ve been stealing my heart little by little all along.”

It was another morning when I woke up in Liz's bedroom, completely naked, with only a blanket covering my chest.

This time the other one was still awake, her arms draped over me, while she herself was also naked, covered only with a blanket. Last night, we returned from the restaurant, straight back to the palace in the white BMW she drove. We ended up having sex on the bed, with every piece of clothing strewn on the floor, and woke up at eight o'clock.

Now I know why there were rumors that I was going to be the next lady in the royal family. And this pendant... the one I've always worn. Whenever a member of the Mooreshaw family gets engaged to someone, he or she would give this pendant in lieu of an engagement ring (but now she give me both the ring and the pendant). The fact that I was wearing it was what sparked the news all over the internet and in the newspapers.

However, the camera was taken from a relatively far distance, and the pendant was hidden quite a bit in the shirt, making it difficult for everyone to see clearly which member's coat of arms it was. They guessed that I might be the fiancée of Prince Nicholas, with whom Lady Lizabeth is friends.

Prince Nicholas, who has the same face as Princess Alex... I hope he doesn't call people fake like his twin did.

I moved my hand to gently stroke the emblem with my thumb, thinking of that day, the day my mother and I were hopeless among the people.

At that time, Aunt Kaew was working as a housekeeper in a wealthy family. My mother, who made money, led me into the village. I went to her to ask for money for the bus fare. She looked at us both with difficulty and answered shortly that she had no money to give us, but she had some limes waiting in front of her (boss's) house first. She would go in and get them for us.

Mom definitely knew she wouldn't get any money from Auntie, but she had to sit and wait because she didn't want to leave without saying goodbye. Once she got it, she took the bag of limes and sat at the bus stop. Mom was worried, resting her face in her palms, crying and cursing herself for losing her wallet. After a while, she tried to search for any spare coins that might be left and took me to a phone booth to call Dad for help.

Well, at that time, I was just uncomfortable being packed in a small booth with my mother, so I walked out and stood reading a sign on a board at the bus stop. I don't know what it said. I really can't remember. Then I heard a sound like a coin hitting the floor. My ears rang out. I turned to the sound and saw that an old man had dropped a ten-baht coin.

I hurriedly ran to pick it up, intending to give it to my mother.

But then I thought, what if this old man has very little money on him?

This might also be his car fare.

Finally, I ran after him and returned it. The man turned to me and thanked me, saying that I was a good girl.

At that moment, a girl whose face I can barely recognize appeared.

She was taller than me, had fairer skin than me, and had a prettier rosy cheek than me. She kept looking at me until she was called to turn and receive an ice cream cone from the vendor. Then, a man in a white long-sleeved shirt gestured for her to get into the car parked nearby.

That's weird. Is that her father?

But she looked so humble, like a card... At that moment, I thought like this. I tilted my head to look at her. She looked back at me while eating ice cream. Don't tell me you were looking at me from the beginning, from the moment I was standing there thinking whether to steal the money or return it. The taller person walked in, didn't bite the ice cream they bought, but handed it to me.

“Why do you look like this?

She asked. I looked at the ice cream, not daring to accept it from a stranger, but interested in the other person's strange accent instead.

“Can speak Thai too.

Just a little bit.

“No Money, Go Home.”

I explained the reason for my gloomy expression. Well, I'm stupid in English, so I just spoke randomly. It made her tilt her head in confusion, so I had to explain the important points again.

"In Money... I Need It”

It seemed to make her understand a little better. The girl in front of me nodded and dragged out a sound in her throat, understanding the situation. She stopped offering me the ice cream, knowing that I didn't seem to want to accept it, and took off a pendant from around her neck instead.

“What? I asked, confused. Why did you give it to me? What do you want from someone who got a grade 1 in English?

"Money," the little girl said jokingly.

'No, no, it's not that, it's not that.'

Just then, a man in a formal suit called out in English. She turned to look and answered in a slightly bored tone. The man just stood there waiting. I was so confused. I wondered if it wasn't her parents because she seemed more powerful than him.

Just as I was confused, she pulled one of my hands away and placed the newly removed pendant on my palm. She said something in English in full sentences, making it hard to understand, before walking back to the man who was waiting at a distance.

I looked at him as he opened the car door for her to get in.

She rolled down the window and smiled at me.

Her face is like a doll.

But I don't remember how cute she was.

That happened when I was 11 years old. Liz was 12 at the time.

I asked her what she was thinking at the time when she gave such an important item. She answered simply.

**I can tell that you like me.**

Is it serious?

"I like that you returned the coin to him even though you wanted it," said the good-for-nothing girl said.

“Before you left, what did you say? I can’t remember. It was so long ago. At that time, I couldn’t understand English at all.”

“Say I like your hair.”

"I have braids?"

"It's beautiful when it's on top of you."

"I really admire people who are as good at flattering as you."

It was a conversation before we both fell asleep last night. However, when I woke up this morning and turned over to look at her pretty face, I still couldn't help but feel shy. This girl is really good at making me blush. I don't know what's so good about a foul-mouthed, hot-tempered woman like me.

In the morning we went down to the garden for breakfast. The waiter brought the food to us. Liz insisted on the last dish being mango. The young waiter agreed, but I knew right away that he had to drive to the nearest supermarket right now to bring it to us before we finished our main course.

And because Liz was wearing a shirt that was quite open at the back today, that's when Max saw the scar on her lower back, which she had tied up in a bun. He was so shocked, shocked to the point of almost calling an ambulance. Are you crazy? When I told you, you didn't believe me, but when you saw it yourself, your eyes went wide, fearing you might get fired.

"I'm not going."

A little pout rejects Max when he asks her to go to the hospital for a checkup.

“It was my fault for thinking that this was the princess’s plan. Please, please.”

“What kind of person plans to crash a truck into the water and almost lose their life if they don’t have the airbag and the safety hammer to break the glass?”

“I was wrong. I thought you just wanted to play a role.”

Liz glanced at me.

We had to hold back our laughter because Liz really did it on purpose, she just had amnesia. Before becoming Ms. Watson.

"You're a bad guy, Max."

"Yes, let me correct the mistake by taking the lady for a checkup."

"No, I’m fine. Even if you bring a tow truck to pull me, I won't go."

"But I think you should go, Liz."

“Okay, Khao Fang is right. I changed my minds. Let’s go.”

Does this mean I'm bigger than the tractor?

Max must have been suspicious of our relationship, or maybe not at all. Because Liz has been quiet obvious about it. And the leaked photos of us having dinner together last night have made Mooreshaw trend on Twitter, sparking various opinions.

“The fiancée of Prince Nicholas and Lady Elizabeth, the two of them are close friends!”

"Seriously, Mooreshaw would accept an Asian into the royal family?

That's impossible.”

I don't know what other people think, but I think she might be Duchess Lena's secret daughter, right? That means she's Lady Lizabeth's half-sister.

Everyone is going the wrong way. I can tell right away that these two are dating. Just look at Lady's eyes.

I've been reading these tweets while I'm waiting in my room. It's already afternoon now. Liz was taken to the hospital for a checkup at noon. She originally wanted me to go with her, but Max said that even if I went, I wouldn't be able to go inside with her anyway, and it would attract even more attention. Of course, Liz argued with him that it was already news, so what? But he still replied politely that the news should come from the palace instead of the public spreading the news among themselves at this time.

Liz's room was too big for me to get bored of. I could spend hours here, completely forgetting I was in a foreign country, until a tiny snail crawled onto my coffee table. My eyes widened, wondering how it got in there. Then I exclaimed, "Oh, come on!" when I remembered that the other day I had opened the window to look out at the view. It was closed now, but the snail must have slithered in around that time and been crawling around here for days.

Oh, I'm sorry.

I picked it up and put it in my hand, wrapped it around my hand a little to prevent it from dropping, and walked out of the princess's room straight to the grass behind. There was a bush. I left it there, sat there watching for a while to see if it survived, before turning around and heading back into the palace's right wing.

It was then that I saw a blond man walking past from the main hall. He was looking for someone in this area and his gaze happened to focus on me.

A young man in a black suit stood with his legs resting comfortably. He wiggled and beckoned me to come over. In the meantime, he picked up an ecigarette and started smoking.

Huh? Do I have to walk?

But because I saw that he was calling me, I walked towards him in surprise, in case he was one of the lizard's followers who came to tell me something... but then again, I pretended to act aloof, thinking it probably wasn't the case.

"Where's Lizabeth?"

"Go to the hospital for a checkup."

“What time will she be back?”

“No later than six o’clock, she went to the Grand Palace too.”

“It’s my fault for coming here without warning,” he muttered, before telling me clearly, “Tell her I’ll come back tomorrow at ten.” With that, he turned and walked away easily. I was also confused as to why this man kept coming and going here as if it were his second home, and I remembered that I should ask for his name to tell Liz.

"Tell her who came to see her?"

His casual tone of voice answered all the questions about who he is with Liz.

### “Lord Joseph, her fiancé.”

## Chapter 29: She's gone

Max sent another follower to go with Liz instead. He didn't go because today was his day off. He just learned that if he was a royal secretary or a personal follower, the palace would have a room for him to stay in. Now he was getting closer to becoming the princess's secretary.

“You never said Liz already has a fiancé.”

“Actually, I just found out when you told me.”

I was stunned for a few seconds. Oh my god, Max didn't know about this either.

"I just recently became Your Highness's follower."

"So..."

"But if you call me into the room like this, even though it's just a little past the door, the princess will be angry."

"She's not mad at me."

"You will be angry with me instead."

“…”

"By the way, is there anything I can help you with?"

"Um... I'd like you to answer the question honestly."

“I never pretend.”

“I didn’t mean it like that. I was just afraid you’d feel embarrassed answering questions like this.”

"Not at all."

“Do I look like I don’t belong here?”

“…”

“Why are you hesitating?”

“You are not unsuitable for the lady,” he said, his face expressionless.

“And I am LGBT myself, but there is no way the lady would date another woman, and you are Asian.”

“Hey! You’re being racist.”

“I don’t mean to be racist, I think it’s ridiculous, but the Mooreshaws will marry their own relatives, or if a member marries a commoner, the commoner will be our people, or, at the most flexible level, they will still be on the same continent.”

“…”

“Everyone in this country of the same gender can register their marriage. They can marry anyone of any race, except for members of the royal family who have to follow the old rules. Do you understand this?”

He has explained it this much already.

"I understand"

Very much.

### Part: Narration

“I heard you went for a brain scan. Are you okay, fake Sharon?”

Alex pretends to sound concerned, in a way that makes it immediately clear to the listener that she's just talking to get angry, with a smirk, doing her own work, and resting her elbow on the pile of documents on her desk.

"By the way, are you thinking of doing a job like ours? I'm curious."

“We use money from our family business, not from taxpayers. It wouldn’t be right to say that.”

Lizabeth sometimes helps out with palace affairs, mostly sports-related, as it is her personal interest. But today, when she burst into her cousin's office, it was a personal matter, to the point where just a serious look in her eyes, without teasing, made Alex gesture for the people outside to close the door so that they would be alone.

"About your secret, Alex."

“Telling everyone will only shake the royal family. You know how important popularity is in our country.”

“Then don’t you want to stand in Mooreshaw properly?”

“I don’t want to hear about the cunning schemes of people who have paparazzi take pictures of themselves to make headlines to make Prince James angry.”

“Shut up Alex. I’m here with an offer: if you go to your grandfather and ask him to change the palace rules on same-sex marriage and interracial marriage, I won’t spread the rumor that the third-in-line to the throne is colorblind.”

"You're a bad girl..."

“Speaking of which, you could also use this opportunity to ask for a change in the color blindness rule. Now that your grandfather is the King, too.”

Alex let out a short chuckle in her throat. She had intended to attend to her own affairs as soon as she had the time. It was just that the current situation was not suitable.

Lizabeth crossed her arms and walked over to the blonde girl's desk.

"But anyway, it will take time to change something like this. If you are being tricky and refuse to give us the first two points, and only ask for your own benefits, in the meantime. Change the rules and anything can happen. Your news might spread on the internet for the public to criticize it."

“Just because you want to marry one woman, do you have to change the rules?”

“Just one color-blind royal, why do you have to change the rules?”

"Retort..."

"Aren't you afraid that you'll fall in love with a woman or a foreigner?"

“Do I look like someone who likes women?”

"Seems like it."

“Lizabeth!”

“I know you’re good at persuading people. Use this demonic ability to change the rules. Cheer up.”

The young woman planted the bomb in Alex's office before walking out easily, leaving the big task for the blonde to deal with. Alex was not happy about the honor, she was already going crazy with her own matters. Even though the current King was her grandfather, it didn't mean that she could just walk up to him and ask for something.

No matter when, that fake Sharon always makes her angry, especially when she accuses her of being someone who likes women.

The new phone, in the model and color that Elizabeth liked, had been provided. Since most of her data was backed up in the cloud, all her photos and information were restored. The young woman scrolled through everything while riding back to the palace. There were several messages from someone, 'Prince James,' but she ignored him, as well as her mother's message saying she had traveled to her vacation home abroad. Instead, she focused on the latest message.

Joseph: Come see me tomorrow at ten o'clock. About the land concession.

Joseph: Please stay and welcome your fiancée.

Liz: Why do you want me to welcome you when you’re coming to talk to my grandfather?

Liz: But if you bring Thai food, I will leave the room.

Joseph: Your palace also has a Thai chef, as far as I can remember.

Liz: Really?

Liz: That's it.

She just remembered when he said that.

That’s right.

The Thai chef taught her many things about Thai. They were quite close. Why did she just remember this? If she had known, she would have stopped asking for instant noodles and asked for Thai food instead. This memory loss is really bad.

“Thank you, you are so kind,” the young woman said to the driver, or another attendant. He was a little surprised. From what he knew, the lady would not just walk down, she would have time to smile at him through the window and say thank you like this.

The slender figure walked into the kitchen first, went to the close chef, apologized for not coming to see her first, acted like the sweet-talking Lizabeth, and asked for tomorrow's menu, any two Thai dishes, delivered directly to her room, just knock on the door, she would come out to receive it herself.

Deep down, Lizabeth had hoped that Alex would be able to do it by teasing her cousin today. That woman was even more dazzling than her. She couldn't bear to tell Khao Fang about this anymore. She hurried up the stairs. What was the other person doing at this time?

She opened the door and found the large sofa empty. The young woman took off her coat and hung it up, then walked to the movie room. The room was still empty as usual.

Bathroom?

Clothing room?

Bedroom?

She kept searching until she reached the last room she was suspicious of, which was the bedroom.

As soon as she stepped in, her eyes caught sight of an A5-sized paper placed on the nightstand. The emblem pendant that the other person always wore was removed and placed beside it. She walked straight in.

Sit down on the bed and reach out to grab a piece of paper that I remember is written in Khao Fang's handwriting to read it.

“Liz, I have to go back to my internship. Max has arranged the flight for me.”

"You can continue living here normally. I don't want anything in return. Just consider the meals you paid for at the restaurant as a return for the accommodation I provided. As for the gift from Prince James, I kept it in the drawer of the bedside table. I want you to take a look at it. And this necklace that I've held onto for many years... I want it back. It's important to your royal family. You should give it to your fiancé, not me."

“Our relationship might be possible if you wasn’t a princess and I wasn’t the same gender as you and a foreigner at the same time.”

“I’m glad you found your family. Even though they’re not what I expected, at least you have a fiancé who you should get along well with.”

Her beautiful, thin eyebrows almost knitted together immediately. She got up and quickly walked out of the room, down the stairs, and knocked on the door to call out to the man who was almost her secretary.

"Yes, Your Highness?"

“I have a fiancé?”

“…”

"Or did you tell a story to Khao Fang?"

“Why would I do that?”

“Because you don’t like Khao Fang, you might be against my relationship with her, against same-sex relationships.”

"But you know I'm gay."

“Are you gay?”

“…”

“Sorry... I don’t think you like her.”

“I don’t dislike her, but I can’t deny that I just told her the truth, and that might have made her feel bad…maybe.”

“What did you say?”

“She asked me if she was suitable here. I just told her that it was impossible for Mooreshaw to have same-sex marriage or a foreign marriage.”

“You’re still a bad guy, Max. Damn it…”

"You know that I didn't say anything wrong."

“Despite my belief that those regulations ought to evolve with the times, you continue to enforce Mooreshaw's Law in an attempt to hurt Khaofang's feelings. Saying it that way is akin to slapping her across the face for the fact that Asian women are not allowed to marry into the royal line, even though you claimed you didn't specify whether it was suitable or not.”

“…”

“I don’t like you at all, Max.”

“I’m sorry,” Max, dressed in an informal suit, bowed his head. “I don’t think telling her the rules will make her decide to leave.”

"What about your fiancé?"

“God is my witness that I didn’t make anything up for you."

"Then who is Khaofang talking about?" The expression of the person who used to spend his life getting on other people's nerves was now serious. "Wait a minute... Don't tell me it's Joseph."

"Yes?"

"That guy must be bothering her," the young woman thought a little too loudly to herself.

“Do you want her number? She left it for me.”

Lizabeth's eyebrows twitched immediately.

“Are we the type of people who like to talk about important things on the phone?”

***Chapter 30: No one can compare to you.***

### Part : Fang (Fang's part)

Four was the one who woke up early to pick me up at the airport. I was the one who called her. She was the only one in the group who I called because I didn't want to make a big fuss and bring the whole group. Plus, she's the person I'm closest to.

"You look surprised," I said to her when my best friend's expression was unexpected.

“What about the princess?”

"The princess must stay in the palace."

“Don’t tell me that once she remembers her own family, she immediately forgets about you.”

"That's clearly a Thai soap opera."

After getting into the passenger seat of the yellow Porsche, Four drove off with my rental room as the destination. I let out a long sigh and began telling her the whole story.

Let her listen because I want to vent to someone. Tell her everything from the beginning of how my relationship with Liz has gradually increased since she was just Miss Watson to the fact that she has a fiancé who is Lord Joseph.

"So you came back because of that?"

“Not exactly. I have to come back to do my internship anyway. The reason I came back without telling you is… I just don’t like the fact that Liz already has someone of her own, but she still sleeps with me.”

“Not everyone wants to marry their fiancé,” my friend said calmly. That’s right. Four herself used to have a fiancé who was a lawyer, but it seems like she got over it and got hooked on that law student instead.

"Yes, but Liz didn't tell me."

“Maybe she still don't remember.”

“…”

"You're not the kind of person who would be so irrational and annoyed that you'd do something like this. I know that."

"You damn friend..." Caught again. I lowered my head. "Maybe that place isn't the right place for me... A huge palace, expensive items, a stadium as big as a football field, as many employees as a department store, what kind of crazy person's house has three or four floors and an elevator?" I complained in a whiny tone.

The person behind the wheel chuckled. “My house has an elevator too.”

“Really?”

“True, but there are only three floors.”

"I'm so sick of rich people like you," I said, rolling my eyes slightly.

I just pretended to be annoyed. In fact, I know that Four has problems with her family. That's why her friends never go to her house. Plus, she has to rent a room separately.

“No one is unsuitable for any place. It depends on whether we are happy there or not.”

“Actually, I like it when Liz hugs me...”

“…”

“I like the part where I help comfort Liz.”

“Forget how big the place is, whether it’s a mouse hole or a palace, cheap or expensive, just know that there are only the two of us.”

…

"But besides not being able to date her, she already has a fiancée."

…

“I didn’t want the seventeen-carat diamond, I just wanted Liz to be single, but then... rejected..."

"It's okay. You'll meet a foreigner with amnesia again. This time, he really has no head or feet."

"This damn friend..."

I laughed. If I had a pillow or a doll here, I would have thrown it at her. Because the traffic light was red. Four teased me to make me feel better. Which worked. I changed to being naughty instead.

But still...

“Thank you for making me feel better and for coming to pick me up.”

"Yes"

"Are you bored with me?"

“I’m bored. You don’t have any souvenirs.”

"What kind of souvenir? I left the palace and went straight to the airport. I didn't even have a single baht on me."

"Stealing things in the palace"

"Oh yeah, I should have thought of that... Oh my! That's a really bad joke."

Flying back in first class was a great blessing. It was completely different from economy class. In economy class, people sit next to each other, in rows, with an aisle for the flight attendants to walk around and serve food and service. Imagine something like in a movie. But in first class, which is a step up from economy and business class, the seats have privacy and plenty of personal space. The airline that Max provided was actually a room-like seating arrangement. The chairs can be converted into a bed, has its own TV, tablet, Wi-Fi password, call button for the crew, food list...

I almost went crazy thinking about whether Max paid for the plane or not. If not, what should I do? And if he did, do I have to go after him to pay him back? When I sent him a message, he said he didn't pay for it. The money came from Liz's palace.

Speaking of which, Liz said that the money used for those extravagances comes from the company, not the government budget. I heard that the secondary Mooreshaws often have their own businesses and work with the government, unlike the main ones who only work for the country.

"You're home now, what are you daydreaming about?"

The sound of Four's voice brought me back to my senses.

Wait, have I been thinking about Liz the whole way?

1 week has passed

"Fang, please run the bill number for me. When you're done, go buy me some coffee. Here, I've written down the items.”

Two in the afternoon of my internship, wearing a student uniform and hanging a name tag, a senior in the office walked over holding a bill book for me to run the numbers and handed me a notepad with a list of drinks attached to the money of those who wanted something cool to drink. I accepted, smiled, and took both of them and followed easily.

This is a small office with only a few employees. It's a branch of a publishing house that has branched out to translate novels from Chinese, Japanese, and English, as far as the editors are concerned. I had already submitted a request for an internship in advance, so they hired me because I knew the language. However, my main job consisted of trivial matters that my seniors were too lazy to do. I would go buy coffee or ride the office motorbike to deliver documents to the head office.

It's been a week since some of the princesses haven't contacted me, even though I left my number with Max. It's unlikely that he didn't give it to her. Maybe she's been busy with the traditional funeral and the new king's appointment.

I ran the bill numbers until the book was finished. They were very informal bills. Then I got up to do my duty as a coffee runner. Two blocks away, there was a coffee shop called Mermaid's Tail. I ordered everything on the list but didn't order anything for myself because I couldn't afford it.

Today's internship ended almost half an hour after the end of work. I dragged my exhausted body to sell orange juice in the evening. Today, there were a lot of people walking around the market because there was a series filming in this area. The film crew also ordered dozens of glasses of orange juice to be served. It was doubly tiring.

Regarding Liz's old workplace, I went to apologize to Chai and told him that Liz had already returned to another country. I asked him how much she owed for overpaid work, but Chai replied that a man had used the money that had already been advanced and had even spent more than that. Chai was going to return the money to me. However, I refused politely, saying that the man had given it to Chai, not me.

Dad and sister Sali called three times this week. They asked about Liz, but I simply replied that we were no longer in touch. Neither of them dared to gossip or criticize her for fear of the word “princess.” unlike my friends who, once they knew they could gossip, went all out, accusing Liz of abandoning me and forgetting my benefactor.

In fact, I don't have that much of a favor. Even though they let me live with them together, I still collect the rent and buy things for her first, but I write them down on the credit list. Even the price of instant noodles is overcharged.

I'm not a Virgin Mary.

When I got back to my room at around 9pm, I took off my university belt first, then put my shoes back in place, before collapsing on the mattress, not wanting to get up and take a shower right now.

Without that girl, the room has been quiet for a week.

Hmm.

But it's so good. No one asks me to buy grilled chicken, meatballs, or cook instant noodles for her. Now I can eat full-size instant noodles. I'm fuller than when I was with Liz.

I'd be so comfortable without you.

I unbuttoned my student shirt, then changed to lying on my side and grabbed my phone to unlock the screen.

There are only messages inviting people to apply for on-hold music and chats from groups complaining about how the internship was today.

I join them in typing my complaints even though my daily routine is tiring. Whether I train or not, around 10pm we all go our separate ways to say goodnight in advance because we all have to go to do this and that. Of course, they have girlfriends to hug and cuddle with. What do I have? Oh, the dead baseball bat balloon in the corner of the room that the little girl probably doesn't want anymore.

Why would you care about me?

Even if you like women, there are plenty of women in your country.

I'm just Fang, I'm just Fang in a mouse hole.

Hmm... I miss you again. I'm so bored. I'd better take a shower.

The cold at night makes me, a person without a water heater, have to hurry, take a quick shower, put on clothes, and come out to eat the instant noodles that I cook and left out. Eating alone without anyone to burden me is good like this...

Good for ghosts!

Crazy!

What kind of person would be able to sweet-talk so much but then suddenly disappear without even contacting me? You have my phone number and many ways to contact me.

Fucking lizard!

That noodle-eating bastard!

Knock knock

My attention turned to the wooden door with the knock. I was flustered, afraid that the landlord would come to demand the money because I was late.

Oh… If I asked to postpone it a little longer, would he give me a stern look? I didn’t want to ask my friend to borrow money again.

Knock knock

There was another knock. I put down the bowl, answered, “Okay, just a moment.” Then I stood up and went to unlock the door. However, I remembered that I should ask something important. “Who is it?” Even though I was in a rented room, I had to be careful.

"..." The people outside didn't respond.

"If you don't tell me, I can't open the door and talk."

“…”

"Also, it's late at night now. Collecting debts now is against the law."

"Who do you owe money to?"

Liz!?

It's definitely Liz's voice. I can recognize her accent and tone.

“I’ll pay you now. Just open the door and tell me who you owe.” We’re probably standing facing each other, blocked by a door. “She came here…”

“…”

“You just knocked on the door and didn’t say anything to scare me?”

“Normally, you would just open it, and I wouldn’t know what to say.”

Damn you, Liz.

You're still as cute as ever.

"You won't open the door even though you know it's me like this. Are you angry that I flew here to see you?" The person outside said softly, "I'm sorry... there's a rule that all royal family members must attend the funeral ceremony. So I can't leave the country until everything is settled."

“…”

“The angel must be angry again…”

"Don't be sweet-talking."

"That tone is really right."

“You act like the world has no phone signal or internet signal.”

"I don't like discussing important matters through that."

"Huh!"

"I don't want to risk encountering a voicemail system or being ignored after reading it like I have experienced throughout my lives.”

Liz...

“So I came to see you.”

The annoyance of her not contacting me gradually faded away when I remembered that during her childhood and the past, she had been disappointed with living far away and calling her mother, but not receiving the attention she deserved.

I lowered my head and sighed. Anyway, the annoying lizard was already right in front of me, just blocking the door.

“Open the door. I brought some food to make up with you. There’s grilled chicken. Let’s eat together.”

“No,” I said, sounding a little uncertain. “We’re not suitable for each other’s places anyway. I’m not belong in the palace, and the princess is not belong in the mouse hole.”

“What are you talking about? What is the basis for judging what is appropriate or inappropriate? If it’s Max’s words, then ignore him. Mooreshaw has been around for over three hundred years, and we’ve changed the Palace Code 12 times.”

"Are you going to let them change the rules to date me even though you already have a fiancé?"

“Really, Joseph…”

“Yes, Lord Joseph.” I leaned back against the door, slowly sitting down and hugging my knees. “And I will not be a mistress, you know that.”

The voice sounded like Liz was about to sit down and bring us to the same level. “Don’t trust people easily.”

"What do you mean to convey?"

"Joseph was a relative and childhood playmate. We used to pretend to be engaged. As we grew up, we jokingly called each other fiancés. He has married another lady now."

Hey!

Really...

“Please open the door, Khao Fang. The sticky rice is still hot. I haven’t eaten anything since I got off the plane. I want to eat with you.”

Making a sweet voice like this...

“I’ll return the emblem pendant to you.”

“W-why me? Can’t you find someone new?”

"No one can compare to you."

What's going on with this woman...?

### "Because I like you so much, I want to call you our wife in the future."

## Chapter 31: Reinstate

What is this feeling of being so full that I feel like I don't want to eat anything else in this life? My stomach is so full. Walking is hard, sitting is stiff, and lying down is stiff.

In the dark and full night, I rubbed my thumb over the pendant I had put back on, nostalgically.

"Are you asleep?"

Liz's voice asked through the dark air. I groaned in my throat in denial. "No...."

She turned to face me from her previous position, lying on her back.

“We’ll take you tomorrow.”

"You don't have to.”

“But I have a car.”

"I take a bus. Don't be stubborn."

"...” There's no back-and-forth conversation. She probably don't want to argue with me before she go to bed.

But I have to admit that Liz is not only good at flirting, she's also good at hugging. Liz, the sweet-talker hugged me tightly, pulled the blanket up to my chest, and even made a happy sound, softly in her throat.

“Have you lost your mind? There’s a palace but you’re not there. You come and squash me on a narrow mattress.”

“You’re not there at the palace. I miss you so much. Let me hug you all night.”

“I’m so embarrassed, you know?” I said to relieve my embarrassment, but I didn’t untie her arms. I squinted at the person who was pressing their bodies closer to mine.

Liz came back wearing a chicken-pecking-child pajamas, even though she had come here wearing French-brand clothes. How crazy would someone be to want to sleep on a mattress just because they thought of a foul-mouthed woman? I don't know. I just know that the lump of flesh called my heart is really warming up right now.

I slid my hand over the back of the clingy girl's hand.

“Goodnight, lizard.”

“Good night too, my angel.”

The next day

How!"

A white Aston Martin was parked in front of the rental room all night!

"If you want to take this one to send me, don't do it. You don't understand what I mean by "I'm going to take the bus."

“Why? I let my people buy it in Thailand a few days ago so that I can drive it. It’s right-hand drive.”

"Ha?"

"Or would you like to try the imported, left-hand drive type?"

“Wait, you want me to drive?”

“I will drive it to you today, but yes, it will be yours once we have completed the transfer of title.”

WTF!

What the hell! I woke up and found a supercar parked there, and she even said she will going to transfer the car to my name. When I heard that, I was shocked. I wondered what the occasion was for this. The pretty face seemed to be able to read my mind. The smiling girl spoke up.

"You don't want it, right?"

“No, it's too expensive.”

“It’s not expensive because if it weren’t for you, I’d all die alone in a phone booth.”

“I don't have money for gas.”

“I will leave you a black card.

That legendary card?

But I still have an excuse.

"I don't know how to drive."

“I will teach you this weekend.”

“No way! I won’t do it. You can’t use the money from the palace like this.”

“This is business money, not palace money. You know very well that the secondary Mooreshaws, the underlings, are all business-oriented, and we just popped in after all this time of being a total scumbag.”

“Your garage has a lot of space. You can park there.”

"Let's go get something to eat before work. We'll be late."

You dare to change the subject!!

The two of us were at a roadside restaurant.

An Aston Martin was parked next to the shop, and a few kids came up with their phones, taking pictures, while we waited for our fried egg rice and stir-fried basil rice. Liz didn't pay any attention to the kids who were moving around and touching her car. She just ordered two bottles of Coke and was intently staring at the auntie's hot pan of cooking.

"Are you really going to give me that car?"

“I’m not lying to you.”

And when I thought about it, I came up with a brilliant idea.

"Can I sell it... well... I mean, I prefer money. Oh, you see the state of my house, right? If I could send money to my dad to buy a new prosthetic leg, renovate the house, and give some to my sister to raise her kids, I would be much happier than driving this on the road. But everything depends on your decision whether to agree or not."

"I won't agree to it."

“I thought so. Okay.”

“The car is just a car. I am responsible for the money that will be sent to your house.”

Liz spoke with a cheerful face. It happened that the owner of the shop brought our food to serve us just in time, and I was shocked for the second time.

"Ha...?"

It seems like I've said this many times today.

My intern kept asking me which guy drove me here. What a luxury car! Is he a celebrity or a socialite? Blah blah blah, all sorts of teasing questions. I just smiled wryly, not daring to say out loud. Which guy? She is a princess from abroad.

She told me she was going to watch the stadium a bit so she could sign up for a membership. I didn't ask her much because she had already asked what time I would be home.

But it's strange, today even though I was busier than before because of the books that were printed and delivered, I didn't feel downcast. I didn't keep picking up my phone to check if any lizard sent me a message.

If I admit that I miss you too... Liz will have to say something to make me feel embarrassed.

This girl is really good at this kind of thing.

Because today was a bit busy, during lunch break everyone ordered food from the food truck. It was great that my brothers and sisters ordered for me as well. I thanked them and unpacked the chicken fried rice box and sat down to eat at the table together.

Rrrr!

Liz: Have you eaten anything yet? We're at a fried chicken shop.

I smiled when I realized that the person I was waiting for had texted me.

Fang: No, my office friend has already bought me some rice.

Liz: [Send photo]

Liz: It's delicious, but the owner has a bad attitude.

The picture she sent was of fried chicken with a plate with the logo of Sister Jim's shop. Wow, you went to visit her all by yourself? I put the rice in my mouth and bit the plastic back, typing with both hands on the keyboard to tease her about how bold she was.

Liz: I came with two more guards.

And then I had to delete those sentences and change them to

Fang: There are many fried chicken shops. You're probably going to show off more, aren't you?

Liz: Well, I want to let her know that she shouldn't disrespect you.

Liz: That mean girl was really nice to us today.

Fang: I'm not surprised.

This girl drove a supercar and brought a guard with her. The spending was probably done with a credit card. I guess Phi Jim must be very confused about how the foreigner who pushed her away last time was able to transform herself into a princess.

And it wasn't unexpected at all.

In the evening after my internship, the same Aston Martin came to pick me up. She told me that Phi Jim personally served her and spoke politely. It seemed that Phi Jim had seen the news on the Internet that had spread and remembered who Liz was.

We laughed about this in the car, and I wanted to see how much her face had changed color.

"What should we eat tonight? Aunt Noi's restaurant is really delicious. How about it?"

“No, I have to go to work,” I replied, before picking up the fresh milk frappe Liz had bought and taking a sip.

She smiled slightly. "Oh, but today I went to apologize to Chai in person and also went to find someone."

"Who?"

"The owner of the orange juice shop you work for, I have bought the business. So you don't have to be a salesperson anymore. You are a partner."

Suddenly!!

"Cough, cough"

“The student uniform is all dirty. Let’s go buy a new set.”

"Stop it right now! Stop immediately! Stop using money for others like it's a game!!"

And no matter how much of a princess she is, I would still pinch her smooth arm and scold her to stop this habit. Liz made a hurt face before turning dejected, steering the wheel while listening to me explain the value of money. The pretty girl couldn't help but argue in her throat, but we both knew that my fierce gaze could tame that little brat.

Even though Liz bought the business like that, I still insisted on selling it in the evening.

“She’s my new boss, that’s all,” I said with a straight face, scooping up some orange juice to sell.

Liz sat there like a big-eyed lizard. She didn't know how to do much. The only thing she could do to help was to hand me a glass. I saw her desire to help, so I didn't want to complain. Instead, I gently stroked her cheek when there were no customers. She leaned her cheek against my hand like a child.

Do you think I'm your mother?

"Do it again tonight."

"I'm not doing it tonight. I'm tired."

“Does stroking my cheeks use that much energy?”

Oh, shit. I thought it was something like that. I was embarrassed. I cleared my throat and avoided eye contact.

“W-what you said was ambiguous. I thought it was something like that.”

The blush on the cheeks of the person who blinked lightly became slightly red. “Can we do that?”

"Ma-"

"I'm so glad you didn't pretend to forget it. We miss your body the most."

...It's too late.

Normally, after I take a shower, I'll find something to eat and then go to sleep.

But this time, after “we” finished taking a shower together, it was different.

"You know our status well, right?" A whisper sounded beside my ear, as Liz lightly nibbled on it with her lips, tickling me a little.

“I know the status of a princess and a commoner,” I replied. At that moment, the last button of my shirt was undone. I was pushed down onto the soft mattress, becoming in the arms of the person above me.

“No,” Liz leaned down and kissed my left neck, moving her lips to my cheek. “It’s a fiancée status.”

It was interesting to see if the palace had agreed to change the rules, but before I could ask, my throat suddenly let out an incoherent sound as her warm hands kneaded my left breast to arouse me.

Liz's mouth kissed all over my body, and because I was so dazed that I closed my eyes, I couldn't tell where the next sweet kiss would be. It was both exciting and hot...

Let the princess have a moment before I changed my position to be on top. I sat on the thin waist of the foreign-looking woman, our naked bodies pressed together, and my part was on her warm belly.

Just this makes me feel almost crazy.

I leaned down, both hands supporting the face of the person below to press my lips together. Liz kissed back, her tongue soft and warm, filled with the same fragrant mint scent as always.

Your hair is the same, it smells good and is soft. It's not just you who misses my body. We should say that we miss each other's bodies.

“Smile.” Our moans blended together, making it hard to tell whose was whose. The air in the rented room became stuffy. I don’t know if it was just me, or if Liz might have thought the same thing.

I moved back and sat on her smooth thighs. My two fingers entered her warm body first, moving in and out slowly.

Liz let out a loud breath through her mouth. She moved her hips in response. It wasn't the first time, so we got to know each other's rhythm well. It only took a minute. It was a minute that was burning inside her chest.

Finally, the love juice of the person below soaked my fingers.

Liz lay there panting for a short while before she got up and took charge, bringing her first finger in and slowly pushing in another. Our lips met again in a long kiss, while my lower half continued to squeeze her as I entered and exited.

"Aaahhh..."

My voice vented, I really couldn't help it because in addition to the bottom, the tip of my erect breasts also touched her skin, causing me to move my body to the rhythm of the other person.

It's close...

Just a little more...

And I follow you with those warm fingers.

Tired from moving my body, I leaned down against Liz. Her fragrant body immediately wrapped around me and pressed another kiss to the crook of my neck.

“When you feel better, let’s continue again.”

The next day

I woke up at 4am, much earlier than my usual time. It wasn't anything that woke me up, it was the vibration of Liz's phone next to the mattress.

It vibrated for a long time, and then the little one fell asleep. I certainly wouldn't dare to pick up the princess's phone, but I intended to pick it up and wake her up to answer it, or let her handle it however she wanted.

"Liz..."

“Hmm.”

"Hey Lizard, Princess Alex is calling."

The person who wanted to continue sleeping suddenly opened her eyes. She took the communication device and pressed "receive". The person sat up, but I lay down and watched the other person's expression because she was just listening to the other end of the line.

"What's the problem, the real Sharon? Is it just because we talked to your grandfather about changing those three rules and got rejected, making you, his beloved grandchild, too scared to talk to him again?"

…

“Don’t be upset. I went to talk to him on the day I went to see you. I didn’t tell you because if you knew I was rejected, you wouldn’t have gone to talk to him.”

…

"That's all. I'm tired of listening to you."

Liz pressed the button. Even though she had spoken in a teasing and irritating tone earlier, her eyes were showing a lot of stress.

“What happened?” I asked as she put the phone back down and lay down.

“Alex just found out that I previously talked to King about changing the rules and got rejected, so she didn’t dare to go and talk about it again.”

“Then why do you think Princess Alex will change his mind? Even after she came and went, she still hasn’t been able to change his mind.”

“Alex is his grandchild, she’s closer than us. Plus, she’s the type of person who’s good at words, both sarcastic and persuasive.”

"Oh really... I hope it turns out that way," I prayed.

Then the one who was fully awake and smiling moved closer to me, her eyes shining as if to tell me to do it again like last night. I squinted my eyes at her, I can't do it. Last night, when I was a little less tired, she nudged me to continue. It was late at night before I finally went to sleep.

We ended up talking while lying in bed. Liz told me how much she wanted to fly to see me during our time apart, and I told her what I had to do at my internship. She listened and responded with curiosity about my daily life. Her hand reached out to touch a strand of my hair, playing with it while she listened.

After about half an hour, Liz's phone vibrated, indicating that someone had sent her a text message, not a call.

She turned to pick it up and open it. I, who was in her arms, was waiting to read it, because the message was from Princess Alex.

But what she sent made my heart skip a beat.

**Alex: Forget about changing the palace rules, fake Sharon.**

**Grandfather just rejected us too. Get over that woman.**

## Chapter 32: Black sheep

### Part : Narration

The time before Princess Alex went to talk to her grandfather

She had just learned from the secretary that her cousin had already discussed the change in the three rules. Knowing this, it was no wonder she was angry that the fake Sharon had not told her first. If she had discussed the same thing again, wouldn't it have annoyed him? Princess Alex called to scold the person who had run off to her girlfriend in Thailand.

Lizabeth claimed that she went to see the network too, but it was clear that even if she really went to visit her mother's company, her main purpose was still that woman.

“Grandpa hopes it’s not the same as Lizabeth’s.”

King Albert VII, or Prince James's brother, put out his cigarette in the ashtray by the window and sat on the sofa opposite his grndchild. His face was not smiling, but neither was he overly fierce.

“I must apologize for saying that I am talking about the same thing."

“…”

“Grandfather knows that I am color blind and that Lizabeth is gay. What do you think?”

A conversation that may be a bit emotional has begun.

“It is a matter that cannot be disclosed to the public.”

“The world has changed. How can we just sit back and let people criticize us like Lizabeth’s mother did? In the end, Mooreshaw will get even more negative press.”

"Then, when we reveal that we have one heir who can't tell the colors of the national flag, and another who has a girlfriend of the same gender, do you think all the people will understand?"

“No one agrees with us on everything.”

"But there shouldn't be any more reasons for him to ban us than this."

“Aren’t colorblind people and people who like the same gender not considered human? Are you afraid that there will be negative feedback and that people will be dissatisfied?”

“Grandpa didn’t mean it like that, Alex. Grandpa said it’s something that shouldn’t be revealed any further. Could you please make it easier to understand? Lizabeth herself came in and asked to change three of the palace rules, claiming that in the past four hundred years we’ve changed them twelve times, when the twelve times were changed out of necessity.”

“Okay, let’s start with the fake Sharon… Let’s think from the perspective that the three new rules that Lizabeth and I asked to change are not necessary enough. Let’s think from the perspective that Mooreshaw’s consort-choice rule is reasonable enough to be kept.”

“We will set the right example.”

“What did LGBTQ people do wrong? Is it right to be attracted to the opposite sex?”

“It’s not wrong. Don’t you know that our country’s laws support samesex marriage?”

“Yes, everyone in the country can marry anyone. So why can’t we, the royal family, marry the person we love regardless of gender or race? I think that’s contradictory.”

“Don’t talk to your grandfather in Lizabeth’s manner.” It was obvious how often Lizabeth caused trouble for Prince James to correct her. King Albert could not help but worry that his grandson and granddaughter would be like that.

Alex smiled slightly.

"I never thought of getting on anyone's nerves like that woman did to her grandfather."

"Grandchild is causing trouble for Grandpa."

"I'm glad that Grandfather cares about what I say."

"But Grandpa must refuse now that we will not change any of the rules."

“What choices do I have for being born this way, with genetics from my mother’s side?”

The nobleman knew that this argument would not end easily if he did not end the conversation decisively.

“Alex, listen, what’s the point in worrying about your color blindness? If Nicholas has a child, whether it's a daughter or a son, they will take his place in the family order. At that point, you’ll be the second-in-command of Moore Shaw. Take a break from your busy schedule and go rest.”

He said in a calm tone before standing up and preparing to leave the private living room on the second floor to go to the study. If it weren't for the blonde girl who was still sitting in the same place who spoke up and made his feet stop moving.

“One hundred and twenty years ago, the 8th amendment was to give women the same right to be crown princes and to rule the throne as men. And that law has kept us from collapsing, hasn’t it?”

…

“The world is always changing. If we want to survive, we have to change to fit in with the world.”

Silence fell, the atmosphere was oppressive. The tall man stood there for a moment, and Alex thought he would sigh and take her words to heart, but he was disappointed when...

“Grandpa still makes the same decision, Alex.”

That's the origin of the message she typed to Elizabeth.

**Alex: Forget about changing the palace rules, fake Sharon. Grandfather just rejected us too. Get over that woman.**

### Part : Lizabeth : (Lizabeth's part)

07.35 a.m. Thailand time

"I'm grateful that you volunteered to drive me to my internship every day while I was still learning how to drive. But not working and spending time on girls is a bit annoying for Prince James."

“I flew to see you and also came to see the branch in Thailand. After dropping you off, I went to work. I get to do both,” I explained while driving on a road where there weren’t many cars yet. I glanced at my angel who was sitting and nibbling on a corn pie for dessert to finish off the a la carte meal we had just eaten.

I feel so happy when I see Khao Fang chewing deliciously. She looks fuller than when she had just one box of milk for breakfast.

“You’re still stressed out about that, aren’t you?” she suddenly said.

“What are you talking about? I am happy when I see you are full.”

"Your face is filled with sorrow, and I know the reason is that we are not meant for each other."

“…”

“It would be better if we end the relationship now.

“Do you want it to be like that?”

“Yes”

“Your voice is shaking. Your face looks even more miserable than mine.”

“...” She pursed her lips tightly. Khao Fang really made that face.

“I’ve woken up in the middle of the night and heard you sleep-talking about the prince… Don’t you want to live in the palace anymore?”

“Liz”

"Huh?"

“You know that I have feelings for a stupid lizard like you. When you were a crazy person, with amnesia and no one knew who you are.

“Yes, I know, but I don’t want to crush your dreams.

“My dreams were crushed when I rejected every guy who asked me out on a date because I was afraid of wasting my work time, but I was willing to give it up if it was about you.”

“That’s why I want to give you the best I can.”

Khaofang's eyes trembled. Just a glimpse through the glass made my heart feel tortured. She looked at me and said in a trembling voice.

“Liz, understand. The point is that we both know that you’re a royal. Our statuses don’t match. Even if I wear your pendant for years, in the end, you should marry someone who’s right for you, have kids, and live in the palace. We’ve been living in different worlds since the beginning.”

“I thought we had cleared things up last night...”

“You yourself feel that it’s impossible between us.”

I like the way you bite the corn pie, but I don't like it when you bite it with your eyes looking like they're in tears. Why do you look so sad but you're pushing it away like this?

No matter when, my title is always a problem, whether it's with my family, school, or our own business.

It would break my heart if this relationship were to end anytime soon.

"Fang"

“What?” she tried to sound firm.

“Will you be indifferent if I get engaged to someone else?”

“…”

“Would you be a bridesmaid if I married a royal that you thought was worthy?”

“…”

“Then if I offered you a nanny job to take care of my child with that man, would you be very happy?”

“…”

"And-"

“Enough!” Khaofang turned her face away. “Don’t talk about that anymore. I don’t want to listen.” And I heard her muttering to herself softly, “Shit… we’re nothing more than temporary roommates. Why should I be sad?”

It was then that I thought I should stop the heartbreaking drama and just tell her what I've always wanted to say to her.

"Let's date."

"Ha?"

The person who had initially turned her face away immediately turned back. Her beautiful eyes widened unexpectedly, or she couldn't change her mood in time. Come on, I've never done that before either. But because I wanted to make it clear, I decided to say it again.

"Let's date, Khao Fang. Don't make me say it again. I've never said this to anyone before either."

I'll do anything, even if it means becoming the black sheep of the royal family.

The only thing that will definitely drive me crazy is if the other party continues to insist, deny and use the same excuses.

I pray that you will say 'yes' rather than letting the silence become an explanation...

Songkran has arrived.

Songkran!!!

I'm about to play Songkran for the second time in my life. The first time I ran away to travel and carried a penguin gun and jostled with people. I once sprayed it at a papaya salad vendor before he chased me. It was fun.

The second time, this time, I will go play a refreshing Songkran with Khao Fang!

Last month I bought a penthouse under Khao Fang's name. At first she didn't want it, and even went back to sleep in her old rental room even though I had already sent someone to move my stuff. Before I could finally beg her to accept it, she complained to me for many days that it was too big and that she didn't want a swimming pool. I replied that maybe we could try something new in the pool, but she pinched my arm until it turned red, even though I meant for her to relax by swimming.

I'm glad that Khao Fang agreed to date me and let her friends know what our relationship status is. It's something that makes me happier than anything else I've ever experienced in my life.

Nowadays we live together and she drives her Aston Martin to her internship. On holidays we go to the city of heaven to visit her father and sister to see how the new house they are building is doing.

Khao Fang said that she definitely can't pay off all her debts, so she became my cook. I think she cooks better than all the chefs in the world.

"Are you really going to dress like this to go swimming?"

"Can't you? Many Thai people wear sarongs."

"Liz, this is not a time for harassment. Go change into pants now!"

She raised her voice and pointed towards our dressing room. I gave her a pleading look, asking if it was really okay. When I saw the fierce look in her eyes, I obediently walked over and changed into the pants as instructed.

I drove a black Aston Martin, but today we didn't drive out, instead we took a tuk-tuk to the area where people were playing in the water. Khao Fang had made an appointment with three other friends at a cafe. The two of us will go and meet them first and then go have fun.

Today, she is carrying a polar bear water bag. Mine is the same. You could call it a couple's pack. She is the one who chose it.

“In previous years, you came with a group of friends, right?”

"No, if I don't work part-time, I'll go back to my father," she replied. My right eyebrow twitched. Hey, you work even on your days off? My angel...you won't suffer anymore.

In fact, two days ago we went to the city of heaven, and today she insisted on taking another part-time job. If I hadn't asked her, I would have found Khao Fang at a KFC branch by now, and she would be cleaning tables.

You should relax.

And I'll just pretend to forget about the palace rules for a while.

The tuk-tuk stopped in front of the cafe. I got off later because I had never ridden one before, so Khao Fang had already paid for it.

"I said I'll take care of the money."

“Do you have a problem?”

"Nothing..."

"Good, follow me."

I followed Khao Fang into the cafe. The cafe was full of people. They were all wearing Hawaiian shirts like me. But what was different was that I was wearing clear goggles. It helped me to disguise myself in case someone recognized this black sheep.

Khaofang walked straight to the table where six women were waiting. I tilted my head to wonder why her three friends had brought three more people with them.

Before she could moan low in her throat, she remembered that Jeans had a girlfriend named Luk Nai. Four had a girlfriend named Jattawa. Lukmee came with Sky.

The beautiful Chinese woman Sky stared at me for a long time. So long that she raised her hand to cover her mouth because she remembered who I was.

“Lady... Lizabeth?

"No, the person looks like..."

“Yes, you can call me Liz. It’s nice to meet you. Hello,” I said before Khao Fang could lie to everyone and raised my hands in a traditional Thai wai. All six of them quickly returned my wai. I saw Jattawa pull Four’s sleeve and whisper something. I heard that I was concerned about the need to use royal language.

"Today, you're hot again, Your Majesty."

Jeans was the one who teased me.

I laughed back. She often joked like this when we met. I was glad that I got along with Khaofang's friends, even though she kept calling me Princess or Lady alternately.

There was another person who showed that she was more afraid of me than anyone else, and that was Aunt Kaew.

That day, I took Khao Fang to collect the money from selling the flower garlands because I wanted her to quit and go manage the orange juice shop instead. When Auntie Kaew saw me, she looked like she was going to cry. She even put her hands together and knelt down, almost bowing down to my feet if I hadn't sat down and stopped her first.

Auntie Kaew apologized for hurting me and leaving me behind. She even kowtowed to me because she begged me not to press charges, since Max had already coordinated and investigated the whole thing. Auntie Kaew didn't know that I had stopped Max. Otherwise, she would have been arrested long ago.

I wanted to be angry, but it actually made me meet a real angel.

…

When everyone was there, the eight of us walked out of the cafe together, armed with water guns, along the now crowded walkway.

Khaofang has never relaxed herself like this before. She looks so much fun.

But there was one thing that I was not happy about. A group of men were flirting with Khao Fang. It was an extremely rude slur. I was so angry that I took off my goggles and gave them an angry look. It turned out that I was being flirted with.

"You, you, sleep with me."

“Sleep tight!” I almost gave him the middle finger if it weren't for the fact that I shouldn't.

“Never mind. Let it be air. They think it’s like in the dramas. They think that if a woman scolds, it means that a woman loves.” Khao Fang ignored them while grabbing my arm and leading me to join the group with Jeans and Luk Nai. I was looking sullen. That group of people made my good day disappear in the blink of an eye.

But in any case, I'm staying with Khao Fang.

It's just another good day.

9:23 p.m.

"Do you want any souvenirs?"

“No, but what about you. Playing Songkran today. You’re flying back to your country tonight. Aren’t you tired?” Khao Fang adjusted my shirt collar. We were at the airport. I was in the lounge waiting for the staff to call me to board because I bought a first-class ticket.

“That’s right. It’s so boring. I want to sell the company and sleep on your lap all day.”

“This girl!”

“Just kidding, don’t be so fierce at a time like this.”

“How can you not be fierce if you have a girlfriend who likes to do crazy things?” She shook her head slowly. “Of course… You’re staying at the palace, not a hotel, right?”

“Hotel,” I answered without a second thought.

Her face became messy. “Liz, you shouldn’t have done that.”

"I don't want to see Grandpa."

"That means you haven't seen Prince James's gift yet."

“No matter how expensive it is, I don’t care, whether it’s land or even if it's an island."

“You got it wrong. It’s not anything expensive.”

“…”

“But it’s very valuable. I want you to open it and take a look.”

And... That’s it, now I'm at the palace after coming back from negotiating work at the port.

In a bedroom without Fang, I feel so lonely that I don't want to do anything except sit. Just indifferent.

“But it’s very valuable. I want you to open it and take a look.

Think of Khao Fang's eyes, which seem to have so much to say, but want me to be the one to discover what the gift is.

How many times have you asked me to open this? Twelve, no... Thirteen.

Rrrrrrr!

My phone vibrated. I glanced at it from the corner of my eye. My mother's number came up. I didn't want to answer it, except for... I wanted to know how my mother was doing.

[How are you today?]

“It’s a good day, maybe.”

[Mom means your negotiation with our trading partners? They didn't negotiate anything that went beyond our boundaries, right?]

“You mean....about this?”

No matter when, my mother always disappoints me and makes me feel insignificant.

I laugh to myself

Why do I expect my mother to ask about me?

I replied to the negotiations three hours earlier. Mother seemed pleased that our important partner had not yet played down the offer. She praised me for being a good Lizabeth.

And it was the thing I wanted to hear the most all along, which is why I had to study a major that would make me excel.

Mom said it too, yes, she said it, but not in the way I expected.

I should have understood something simple from the beginning: I've been alone for a long time.

Christmas Eve 4 years ago...

In the living room on the first floor, my mother was talking with a college friend who had come to say hello. I shouldn't have overheard the conversation. It was my fault.

Did you auction off that baseball bat and hang it on display in your palace?

“I bought this as a gift for my daughter.”

That's right, for a daughter who has transformed her from just a businesswoman to a full-fledged royal, she must have invested a bit.

I'm not upset that my mother's friend said that.

I'm sorry that my mother smiled and accepted it as if it were the truth.

Even though I've been the enemy of everyone, in the end I still feel hurt when I realize that they don't love me like a family should.

To this day, my mother still doesn't know that the night I was hit by a car and fell into the river and used a safety hammer to break the glass and survive to the shore, I called my mother first, and the only one I called, to tell her that I was going to run away and start a new life as Lizabeth Watson.

Never mind. It's already like this.

Our conversation was all about “important” things about my mother. After four minutes, we hung up. I went back to the quiet room, without Khao Fang as before. I miss you so much. I wish you were here.

There was nothing left to lose in my relationship with my family. I sighed, pressed the random playlist, and opened the drawer to take out the “gift from Grandpa as Khaofang had said.”

It's in a white bag.

Something is thick.

I took it out and found that it was all photographs, and my right eyebrow raised in surprise.



***Chapter 33: Those photos aren't worth anything.***

### Part : Narration

These are the things that Khao Fang tried to urge her to open and look at, the photos.

…

The first photo was one that Lizabeth recognized as her, the sleeping baby with her eyes closed. But the point was, she had never seen herself in the corner of her bed being photographed by an adult or a photographer.

On the back, there is an English letter stating the age and a concise description.

- 0 years

“After leaving the hospital, I came back to the palace. It’s a pity that I didn’t start filming on my birthday.

Who wrote and photographed these? Lizabeth wondered, but it was her grandfather who gave it to her. The young woman put the first picture aside and paid attention to the next one.

A picture of her learning to walk with a nanny holding her hand.

1. year

“Very good, little girl.”

This time, it was a picture of her and Joseph sitting on the grass. Joseph was slightly older. At first glance, you could tell what special day it was because she was wearing a hat that symbolized her birthday.

1. years

You're really growing up so fast. You even look like your grandmother.

1. years

Or maybe it's a picture of her cheeks and hands covered in cake.

“This naughty kid made a mess with her birthday cake.”

A picture of her at an important ceremony, wearing a cute, flared dress, with people following her to take pictures, but this angle looks like it was taken from far away.

- 4 years

It's a birthday that I have to attend. I hope you like the gift I'm going to buy for you.

A photo taken with the country's previous ruler.

1. years

“Received the title of princess from the King.”

This picture shows a young girl named Lizabeth, who is standing with her head bowed in remorse for hitting a baseball through a palace window and breaking it.

1. years

“From making a messy cake to breaking a palace mirror?”

And here comes the same girl playing baseball with her nanny...Josh.

1. years

We have changed the mirror. Please feel free to do so.

It was then that the young woman, who was looking at the photograph, realized that it was her grandfather who had ordered the glass to be made stronger.

Come on...he's just afraid of damaging the palace.

The older girl is with Joseph, Nicholas and Alex. If I remember correctly, the picture was taken in the Grand Palace to post on social media for her eight birthday. The picture is full of young royals.

- 8 years

“You look so tiny when you stand with them.”

After that, it was just another birthday party, but the girl's face was not as happy as it should have been, probably because she knew that she would soon have to leave the country.

-11 years

It's time to get ready to go to school, following in your grandparents' footsteps, little one.

In that case, this picture should be the last one, because after that on her birthday, she was in London the whole time. But why are there still more pictures? At age 12 walking out of school, at age 13 in the stands watching a sporting event, at age 14 eating fast food with Yarisa in a restaurant, and so on, all the way up to the present. Sometimes in the palace, sometimes at important events, depending on what she was doing on her birthday that year. Most of them were angles where she didn't even know she was being photographed or who was watching.

Last year, she wasn't here, so there are no pictures.

This kept her up all night, sitting on her bed, listening to her favorite songs repeatedly.

*"One more stupid love song, I'll be sick..."*

“Ryan, I told you to take some time off.”

Prince James, who was raising his camera to capture the long view, said in an irritated voice as soon as he heard footsteps behind him. He went up the mountain with his personal secretary and told Ryan to wait in the car hundreds of meters away. He wanted to spend his day off by taking quiet pictures by himself.

But...

“I just found out recently that Grandfather likes taking pictures.”

The tall man lowered the camera in his hand. It was at this moment that a slender young woman walked over, her coat pockets in her hands, and stood beside him. She looked at the scenery outside the city that she had driven two hours to get to.

"Those pictures, I thought they were made up."

"Have you looked at it already?"

"Yes, and because I don't understand what you're trying to say, I'm waiting for an answer. How can something like that be called a gift?"

“Grandpa has kept those photos in his office all along.”

"So...?"

“I heard that you have created a new identity. No one can oppose you.”

“Your sources have become more efficient, Your Majesty. However, I still do not understand the meaning of this gift.

"I just want you to know that you are never alone."

"Is this really considered being by my side, just taking a photo like this?"

“…”

“The order has moved up closer than before. So, I can’t disappear and start a new life. But, aren’t you embarrassed that your only granddaughter will have a daughter-in-law?”

“…”

**"I don't feel grateful for such a gift at all,"** she said coldly, and she felt a pang in her heart when she saw her grandfather's face not looking so good. Nevertheless, "I'll take my leave now," she still tried to maintain her strong facade.

As she turned around to walk back to the car parked near his grandfather's car, the man holding the camera closed his eyes and spoke.

"I'm sorry..."

The young woman stopped in her tracks, a smile on her lips as she found it amusing that he would say such a short word. She intended to turn back and confront him, making him feel like she would have to live the rest of her life alone, if it weren't for Prince James speaking first.

“Grandpa didn’t think of anything except wanting his grandchildren to study in the same institution for their honor and hoping that they would grow up perfectly.”

She never once resisted him.

“That perfection is learning in such a society, fighting back against the bullies until she had to see a psychiatrist and was branded as a violent princess for many years. Is that what my grandfather would be happy about?”

“At that time, my grandfather thought that every child has a difficult time. No matter what, they have to get through it on their own.”

"What about now? Grandpa must have thought the same thing, right?" A mocking voice said.

“A palace where there is no sign of a grandchild coming back to visit, it is really lonely.”

“…”

"So quiet... I took the time to reflect on what caused this, only to find that it was the grandfather himself who made the palace so lonely and erased the smile from the grandchild's photo."

His voice lowered and became somber, so Lizabeth remained listening and did not walk away as she had originally intended to do.

"Grandpa apologizes for making you cry."

"I never cry, Your Majesty."

“That night”

"Which night is it, Your Highness?"

"The night you announced that you would make your grandfather die an unhappy death with your own scandal."

It's true...

That night, tears flowed weakly

"I am not the same person anymore."

"I’m sorry"

“…”

"I'm sorry for everything I did to hurt that girl."

Prince James looked back at his granddaughter, who had been missing for months and he thought she would never come back.

“The granddaughter looks so much like her grandmother. Her eyes, face, and smile are all the same, beautiful and perfect Lizabeth.”

Lizabeth just drove over to say that she wasn't really touched by the gift.

But in the end, she stood there and listened to him speak until the end, and then she forgot about her anger about the past for a moment. She looked deep into her grandfather's eyes, the eyes of someone who felt pity.

“...But no matter what, I don’t plan on changing my mind about marrying a woman. It’s not just a joke to tease you.”

“You act just like your father.” At first, I thought Prince James was going to criticize her, Khao Fang. But before Lizabeth could argue, he spoke with a troubled face. “Suddenly dating a girl out of nowhere, without bringing her to introduce. Before I knew it, you’d probably get married, and Grandpa would be watching the ceremony.”

"You'll say it's Fang."

“The two things that Grandpa dislikes the most are widows, and the second is selfish widows.”

"Does that mean you accept my girlfriend? You must be kidding me. You're so old-fashioned."

Always so quick-witted... The grandfather thought as he looked back at his granddaughter who was standing next to him again.

"Grandfather is no different from a businessman. Whatever he does, he expects good results."

"If it will bring back the smile of that girl, then it would be a good outcome."

Since she went to study in England, she had forgotten what her grandfather, who had a serious but kind face, was like.

Until now, when she could sense his feelings from his tone and his nervous manner of speaking his mind.

Lizabeth turned her gaze back to the sky and asked casually,

"I'm not done being angry with you yet, but tomorrow... how about we go fishing?"

"I can't. Grandpa has important business to attend to." The person who answered raised his camera to take a picture.

“It was my fault…”

“Next time, bring that woman with you and then we can go fishing together.”

The listener was also surprised. “No way, is it the real one?” But she smiled back and asked if her grandfather was joking. Prince James complained to his granddaughter a little about this comment, but he insisted that he was not joking and was just being happy.

The grandfather and granddaughter walked along the corridor, their conversation still a little bit tinged with Lizabeth's foul mouth, but at least what changed was that they walked closer together, and there were some smiles in their conversation.

In addition to having a heart-to-heart talk with him, she also learned that the palace welcomes Khao Fang.

Then Lizabeth's only problem is that there are unbreakable rules.

And it's a big problem too.

## Chapter 34: Choose you

### Part : Fang (Khao Fang’s Part]

My father's house is finished. It really didn't take long at all.

I went back to check on the situation and hired someone to come and inspect it. Everything went well. We used this newly renovated house to welcome P'Sali's little one. Oh, can we call it a welcome? The little one is several months old already.

‘Khao Tang’

Is my niece's name

"Little Khao Tang, walk quickly. I'll buy you a car while you're waiting."

“Wait! What the hell are you thinking, buying a car for a child who’s not even a year old yet?”

I almost lost my temper with her completely, if it weren't for the fact that Liz was holding Nong Khao Tang and we were in front of both my father and sister. I didn't want to deal with it now because last time, my father scolded me for being violent with my girlfriend.

"I bought it for your sister to drive."

“What other brand? Shelve this project already. The Mini parked in front of my house is already too much. That’s enough.”

"Auntie Khao Fang is really good at complaining, don't you think, Nong Khao Tang?" She leaned down and spoke in a high-pitched voice to Nong Tang.

I could only hold back my nagging feelings and deal with them all at once.

As you can see, I'm already crazy about my niece, but Liz is even crazier about the little one. She even complained that she wanted to have a child and raise a child. I secretly imagined that if that really happened, I would be exhausted. Why? Because she's already like a big child!

“Dad has already prepared the room for you. Give me your bag. I will take it upstairs for you.”

"Dad, no need. I'll take it upstairs myself. Dad, keep watching TV," I said so that Dad wouldn't have to go through the trouble of getting up to help pack up. At first, Dad wouldn't let me, but then I ordered Liz to be the one to put the stuff up. She had no choice but to return Nong Khao Tang to his Mom's arms and carry the stuff up the stairs. Dad was a little shocked when he saw this.

“Speak to her nicely, child…she’s a member of the royal family.”

“We’re lovers, Dad. Don’t think too much about it. Fang can handle her,” I replied, and threw myself on the sofa next to Dad. Then, the longing made me become a little child. I moved closer and acted cute until my sister, who was watching, secretly shook her head and smiled. “I miss you so much. I miss you too, P’Sa.”

Dad slowly stroked my head while Sister Sali teased me. “What is it? You’re being extra affectionate this time.”

"Well, normally Fang is only interested in work. When I come home, I just think about whether I'll make it back to Bangkok in time for work. But now I feel relieved."

“Thanks to Liz,” Dad added.

“Fang knows.”

All this time, Liz kept saying that I was her God-given gift. But no, in reality, it was her who was the God-given gift. She bought Dad a new prosthetic leg, extended the house to be bigger and have two floors, and Khao Tang's belly was also protruding.

My special deposit, my house size, my vehicle and my expenses, Liz is still the one who issued it.

It's not like she's throwing money at me, really.

But it is a type of "give me my entire salary" issue.

And my salary is not small at all. She is a partner of her own company. And when I refused, she said why did I dare to accept it when I worked with Chai?

No matter what, this girl is still stubborn and innocent.

When she officially introduced me to Prince James, she even called me "fiancee"....

It's fortunate that even though you might look fierce on the outside, you still honor me differently. Thinking that I might be looked down upon.

At first, Prince James allowed Liz to browse her grandmother's jewelry, specifically 'Lady Lizabeth Moore-Saw I,' in the jewelry room. Liz was determined to fulfill the promise of the seventeen-carat diamond.

Good thing I stopped it and said, "Why wear so many diamonds?" Being her heart is worth more than that.

Very greasy.

But I said it anyway.

And that made Liz feel very embarrassed. She raised her hand to cover her mouth and asked to go to the bathroom in the palace.

This girl is really cute....

Let's get back to the subject at hand now, because thinking about it makes me feel embarrassed too.

Normally, I am someone who gets irritated with children very easily, but every time I hold my little one, I fall in love with her giggling and innocent eyes. To the point that she becomes the "red-lipped girl" who smiles gently at the child...

this is what P'Sali calls her.

"I've already made dinner and prepared it for you. I only have fried mackerel left because I want it to be eaten hot. Please leave the rice cakes here for a moment."

"You don't have to, Phi."

"Liz loves to eat. Just frying it isn't too much trouble."

As you can see, Liz was given special attention, both when she was ordinary roommate and when they found out her true status.

I held the little one in my arms. Her big round eyes stared at me without blinking. Then she suddenly laughed so hard that her cheeks and eyes squinted. I felt both amusement and affection at the same time. she was really cute.

Rrrr!

Max: Is Lady Lizabeth with you?

The pop-up message lit up my phone screen. I had to leave my niece with my dad and picked up my communication device to type a reply to my girlfriend's "secretary".

Ah, now he has been promoted. After being a follower chasing after the good princess for a long time, he has been promoted to a secretary with a higher salary and a larger private room in the palace. His husband can also stay there.

Fang: Hey, the two of us came to visit my house. Do you have anything important to say?

Max: The lady already told me, but I just wanted to check. I was afraid that she would trick me again.

Fang: I'm not surprised at all.

Well, that little girl once did something naughty to Max. It wouldn't be strange if she was suspicious that his boss was planning to escape again.

When I turned to look at my father again, he was talking to the little one in a good mood.

It was a sight that I saw and felt very happy. My father no longer had any worries or tiredness hidden on his face. It was all because of that person who was like a blessing from heaven.

Thank you…for everything. I don’t know how I can repay you.

"Being my bride is enough.”

Thinking back to our conversation the night before, I couldn't help but feel embarrassed. Even though we had been dating for several months and I was graduating next year, Liz's sweet, sugary mouth made my face and ears heat up almost every time.

8:35 p.m.

“Your sister’s mackerel is always delicious. If you open a restaurant and start a franchise, it will definitely be good. I will support you.”

“Just the orange juice shop you bought from is already too much for you to handle. That’s enough.” Because it has many branches.

It's a common practice for the two of us to lie down, stare at the ceiling, and talk before falling asleep. It could be something silly, something serious, or we could tell each other what we've been up to during the day. But in the end, my outlet is on the left, and Liz's outlet is on her right.

“Grandpa said he would give us the palace because Mom and Dad wouldn’t come back to live there permanently.”

“Isn’t it good? It’s where you grew up. The field is quite wide.”

“It’s true that we don’t have any problems with Grandpa, but we will stay there only if I can marry you.

“…”

I was quiet, lying quietly staring at the ceiling of this bedroom, I could even hear the sound of our breathing.

This problem is difficult to resolve, even though the public knows that their lady is a lesbian who dates a foreign woman, and there is positive feedback that it is Liz's right to love whoever she wants, but we all know that the King has shown no sign of changing the palace rules, even though his two grandchildren have asked for it.

Nowadays, we are happy because we try to forget about that. It's definable.

Liz can't marry me. That means whether I marry Mooreshaw or I marry Watson, it's not going to work. I know that's annoying.

I assured her that it was alright and that we could continue to be happy in this state. Liz, however, said she wanted me to have the rights as her wife and shook her head. She recalled the night I unexpectedly had to go to the hospital due to a bad stomachache.

That's right, if an unexpected event occurs, the other party cannot sign the consent for the surgery because their status is only "friends", which is different from spouses. What about other rights?

“Go to sleep,” I said amidst the long silence. “Tomorrow, I want to go to the market early in the morning.”

“That’s right. Goodnight, Khao Fang.”

"Goodnight too, little lizard."

Ending the conversation with a hug from her, closing my eyes at the same time, hearing the breath of the person next to me, this is one of our routines.

I fell asleep easily after a long drive after work. The temperature in the room was just right, even though we didn't turn on the air conditioner, but just opened the window. The familiar air and the warmth from Liz finally made me fall into a dream.

A dream without a prince, but only a story about a big girl. Sometimes I dream that she made me so angry. Sometimes I dream that the palace rules were changed and we got married. Crazy dreams, dreams, dreams 70% of the time, her face is always there. Where did the previous prince disappear to? I don't know.

It must have been around 2am. I felt a strange sense of relief. I groggily searched for the body that should be lying on my left side, but found nothing but emptiness. I opened my eyes, looked at the time, and heard a faint sound coming from the balcony.

What is that little brat chanting? She mumbled.

Since I already had to pee, I decided to get up and go to the bathroom first, listening intently to try to make out what Liz was reciting. It was English, formal, and she kept correcting the words as if it were a speech.

Until I finished my business and washed my hands and walked towards her on the balcony, the closer I got, the more I understood.

It made me realize that Lich wasn't practicing the speech.

"I wish to inform you that I am no longer choose to remain as the fifth in line to the throne or as a member of the Mooreshaw dynasty. My relationship and marriage with my beloved are contrary to the royal regulations. Therefore, my choice is to renounce all titles, surnames, and adopt my mother's surname to become 'Miss Lizabeth Rosswain, a woman who can marry the one she loves.'"

**She drafted the speech to resign from her position...**

“Liz...” My voice startled the girl in the chicken-pecking pajamas a little. She turned around with a surprised expression to see me standing there. “You can’t give up everything for one woman like this.”

"But Khao Fang... there's no other choice. You're worth more than anything."

"The secondary Moore Shaw is very important to the dynasty."

“If it’s Nicholas’ reign, Alex, the younger twin sister, will take the secondary line instead."

“But-“

“Darling, I know you’re not happy with this situation.”

“…”

“Please support my decision.”

I'm speechless.

Some people like to say that if you love each other, you don't need to register your marriage. They forget that even many rights are not comparable. Such as maintenance, jointly created property, adoption, or many other things that are not supported by law if you are not a married couple.

I understand what Liz is thinking, but I don't want to be her problem.

I sighed before asking, “When are you going to announce this?”

“I am thinking whether to announce it on my personal IG or on the show that I am going to interview next week because my IG has a lot of followers.”

I used to follow a lot, even though she rarely uploads pictures. And the pictures are mostly about tourist attractions, cats, dogs, and street food. Seriously, who would know about her IG if they didn't see that the Royal Palace followed her?

“Or maybe announce it to my Instagram followers to wait for this important announcement from the show again,” she said with a smile, making my heart feel light, and I wondered.

“Don’t you regret the things you should have had? The palace, and… everything you got from being a royal.”

"If you're not there, I don't want anything."

“It's not funny at all.”

“Yeah, it’s not a joke,” she said, not looking distressed at all. The pretty one folded the paper she used to draft the announcement and tilted her head slightly. "Let's go to the show that invited us for an interview together." “Wouldn’t it be better to consult someone in the royal family first? It’s such a big deal.”

“You know they’re not going to change the rules, and that’s our decision.”

“Okay… If you’ve made your choice, I will support your decision.”

I said as I walked over to brush the leaves off her left shoulder, knowing that Liz had made up her mind, but also knowing deep down that she needed my encouragement. I pressed my lips to hers, kissing her lightly, sending warmth through them, leading her back to the bed.

Tonight we have no more conversations, just warm hands that hold each other tightly and then we fall asleep again.

## Chapter 35: Change

1 week later

The program that invited Liz to be interviewed was a program that usually invited celebrities to sit down and talk together, one of the TV channels in her country. And importantly, it was broadcasted live at 10 pm. That means that on a program with good ratings like this, if anything was said, it would be known by all.

Yesterday, Liz posted a picture of her and my hands holding each other, with a caption saying that she had news and would like to inform everyone.

Many comments speculated about what the story was, but most of them guessed that she would introduce her girlfriend, which was me. Of course, New Walljor's paparazzi were so good, they often took pictures of us on dates in Thailand.

"I'm glad you're in love, Princess Elizabeth, but I'll still support you because you are still the same as before.”

“I don’t think we have any announcements about changing the palace rules. Her best friend is probably here to join the interview.”

“I made a bet with my friends that Lizabeth will get married before Alex. Let’s wait for the announcement.”

I read the comments on the plane. 80% of them were guessing that Liz would announce an engagement or marriage. 10% of them were just chatting with a close friend on the show. And the last 10% was a mix of emoticon comments, short words, etc.

In fact, most people predicted correctly. This interview will be the real official launch of our story. At the end of the show, Liz will talk about resigning from her royal title. At the end, even the host and the team did not know that she was preparing to talk about it.

“Should we kiss to end the show?”

“Don’t be dramatic. The paparazzi’s photos of the date pretty much explain it all.”

I looked at her through the large mirror where we were having the makeup artist of the show do her hair and makeup. Today I felt strange with my new hair style that was curled at the ends. And the long dress I was wearing. I've never dressed like this before.

“But kissing is good, Khao Fang. It’s an expression of love.”

Wow!

No, not in front of other people. She likes to stick her tongue in, and it makes us kiss for half a minute!

But...

“Just a quick peck on the cheek.”

"Mouth"

"Cheek"

"Mouth"

“Okay! Mouth is mouth, but hurry up!”

"Yes!"

Believe me, being with a sweet-talking, flirtatious person and we have to maintain our image, it will make us unconsciously become fierce. Because if we just keep blushing, they will smile and keep dropping new words.

In front of other people, you have to keep up your appearance a bit.

There's half an hour left until the show airs. The host has already arrived from another event and is doing her hair and makeup in another room. Our makeup artist brought us some accessories to choose from. They're all from the same brand, but they're all different styles and types. Sponsors, right?

In this room, Liz refused to let the technician help her choose and asked for privacy for the two of us.

“It wouldn’t be good if I lost it,” I said, picking up a pair of earrings and examining them.

"We just pay."

"Can't I wear it?"

"Sure, it doesn't matter because the result is the same whether you add it or not. You will shine more than diamonds.”

Liz is so good at flirting like this.

And when we were alone, this Khaofang had to purse her lips tightly because the temperature on her face rose. I was shy. I'm still shy now. I hope that if I stay here for a while, I'll get used to this flatterer.

Kiss!

But now, as I look at my pink cheeks in the mirror, a beautiful woman suddenly hugs me from behind and takes the opportunity to kiss my cheek. My face is stunned for a split second before I frown at her through the mirror. Liz's eyes are completely shameless and innocent.

She hugged me tighter, looking me in the eye. “Let’s get through this together.”

I understand. This is a call for encouragement.

"Smile, we've come this far." She even took time off work to come to the orange juice shop. "But your secretary, he usually comes running to you. Where did he go this time?"

“He sent a message saying he was at the Grand Palace.”

Rrrr!

Rrrr!

Max must have had some kind of premonition or alien powers because within seconds of mentioning it, a text message from him went off. Liz's slim communicator was on the mirror. I handed it to her. She took it and unlocked the screen, but not only did she not let go of my hug, she rested her chin on my shoulder.

We read the message from the blonde young man together.

Max: In half an hour, we will make an announcement from the Royal Palace.

Max: The two changes to the Palace Law have been approved, but will be implemented after the new official crown prince rank is established.

"Change two rules...?"

“It might be something to do with Alex. He might have assessed the risk that keeping it a secret would not be beneficial,” Liz told me, typing back to ask what the rule was.

“Maybe King will change his mind,” I said hopefully.

"You'll probably agree to the matter of your real grandchild as we said."

Max: (sends a picture)

Max didn't disappoint the Liz's guess. The first rule he sent a draft for her to see was to amend the conditions regarding the crown prince. In this rule, he chose to remove the conditions that prohibited the crown prince from being colorblind and the conditions that prohibited the crown prince from having a speech problem. In short, the amendment to the first rule was to remove two prohibitions so that the person with the problem could remain in the position, stating that the person was colorblind and that speaking would not reduce their ability to perform their duties.

“It was really fixed for Alex, but… why did you fix two things in one?”

“So that it wouldn’t be too shameful to change the rules for one person. In our history, the secondary heir has always been important to prevent the direct line from running into these kinds of problems. But the world has changed. Alex has more working hours than Nicholas. If she really is out of office, just because she’s following the old rules, the results won’t be so good.”

Liz explained it so I could see the picture. It's a good thing this rule changed, but…

"Should we call Max? Another possibility could be about us." I said hopefully, but the other party had an indifferent expression on her face.

“It’s hard to do that. We have to change two things: marriage with foreigners and same-sex marriage.”

Rrrrl

Max: (sends a picture)

Max: And another rule has changed, my lady.

The picture he sent is another rule that has been revised. It's a bit long, but the gist of it is as follows:

Two rules were removed, replaced by a new rule that said a member of the royal family could only marry “a person” whom he or she and the other party had agreed upon.

A few seconds after she had caught the gist of it and was speechless, her secretary sent another message.

**Max: Prince James asked me to tell you that this is a real birthday present.**

There was silence for a moment. I heard the woman who was hugging me swallow. Weren't those words a joke? And what did Max say? What did he mean by a birthday present from Prince James?

“Grandfather was the one who went to talk to him...” She spoke as if it was coming from her heart.

I didn't question it, but I thought about it in order of events. After all, Prince James is the King's only younger brother. Talking about this as a rational, adult sibling would have a much better effect than two granddaughters asking for it. Plus, the announcement of the rule change itself came out in the form of only changing two major points.

"We're asking for a time out..."

“Relax.

I thought Liz would call Max, but no. After leaving me, she typed a short thank you message to the young secretary and dialed her grandfather's number.

A crew knocked on the door to tell us that the show would start in ten minutes. I turned to smile and told the woman that I would be there in five minutes.

"Are you the one who... asked him to do this?"

Liz was silent for a long time. I don't know if the person on the other end of the line said anything or if he just gave a short answer and then she went quiet.

It took minutes for her voice to return.

“Why wouldn’t I be? You always seem to be looking for trouble with me.” And as far as I know, I saw Liz’s tears again, but it was different from the night she had a nightmare because she thought everyone had abandoned her. This time, the clear tears flowed out without her being able to hold them back or hide her feelings. I pulled out a tissue, sat down on the other side, and gently rubbed it under the eyes of the person I loved.

It's not the look of a brokenhearted person.

But it was the look in the eyes of someone who didn't expect to receive sudden happiness.

Her beautiful, jagged lips curved up into a smile. "Thank you..." she said softly to the person on the phone.

"When the interview is over, I'll come to see you."

The conversation that I didn't hear the other party's words ended. I didn't blurt out and ask because I knew Liz's personality well that she would tell me anyway.

“Grandfather really went to talk about this.”

"Good"

“He was afraid that we would still be stubborn about the past… Just now on the phone, after accepting that he was the one who asked, Grandfather asked if he could attend our wedding.”

“…”

I understand now why she cried.

Why wouldn't it be possible? You always seem to be looking for trouble with him.

The words that came out with tears and a smile, she responded. She covered her embarrassment with a teasing word. A stubborn person like me understood.

“It’s a good thing we haven’t gone on air yet.” I wiped her tears away again, caressing her cheeks to comfort her, as gently as Liz would. “Let’s go to work first, you lizard.”

“Umm, but Khao Fang.”

People who grab tissues to wipe under their eyes like children protest.

“As for dating, engagement or marriage, we’ll have to wait until the new official appointment has passed before we can talk about it to the media. Can the two of us do interviews in a state where we don’t have to talk about it but just hold hands the whole time?”

“Sure, I understand. Anyway, we have to wait for the new rules to be announced first.”

"Thank you for understanding."

"Then I should take off the pendant first."

“No need.” The other person's hand grabbed my shoulder, preventing me from taking off my important things.

“Half the country is finding fault with this. If it were on the show, it would be even clearer.”

"We didn't deny the status, but we just haven't announced it yet. Let's leave it that way."

“Are you going to take it?”

“Don’t worry, we will answer if the host asks.”

"Ah...okay."

Our relationship was based on understanding, even though our statuses were different, our personalities were different, and even our past life patterns were almost completely alike. I finally realized that sometimes we fall in love little by little with someone who is completely different from us.

In a live interview, the red-haired host actually asked. Liz smiled sweetly at her, tightened her hand that held mine, and replied cheerfully, “You can try to guess the status between the two of us. But don’t say it out loud. We will reveal it at the right time.”

The female host herself pretended to have the answer in her mind and would wait for Her Highness to reveal it.

I wasn't asked many questions about myself, since we had already agreed that I would be private in many areas. So the questions that came were mostly about Liz, telling them about her weird habits or about her interests that most people wouldn't know about.

The interview program lasted a full hour. By the time I removed my make-up, changed my clothes, returned, and got in the car at the palace to pick me up, it was already past midnight. I looked at my watch and was talking to Liz, who was sitting with me, that Prince James might have taken a rest.

But I guessed wrong.

In the living room on the first floor, a dignified old man was sitting waiting for his granddaughter. He was wearing dark pajamas. The figure stood up when he saw the two of us walking in and stopped.

There was no conversation at all.

There was only the image in front of me, where I saw a granddaughter walking up to hug her grandfather, as if she had many words to say, thank you, sorry, or maybe even love.

I stood smiling from a distance. It seemed like we would have a long talk before bed tonight.

***Chapter 36: It was just agreed upon from the beginning.***

1 year has passed

@Graduation event

"Little Khao Tang, look at the camera, please. Please, please. Let me have a nice picture on the wall."

The soft, sweet voice came from somewhere. It was me. I gently pulled the baby's soft cheeks to cheer her up, then pointed at the cameraman for her to look in that direction.

Today is an important occasion, a graduation day. I am wearing a graduation gown like my friends. We came to the flower arch. Sister Sali drove the father and little daughter from Nakhon Sawan especially for this event. It was quite difficult to find me in the crowd because there were reporters who were interviewing celebrities who were graduating as well.

"Where's Liz?" Sister Sali, who was carrying her daughter, asked about the person she had been looking for but couldn't find. I smiled slightly before answering.

"I heard that there's a traffic jam, but Fang already said that if she don't make it in time, then you can take me, my father, and Nong Khao Tang to the penthouse."

The father standing next to her quickly protested, “What penthouse? He’s just being considerate of her daughter and Liz.”

"Driving back late at night is tiring, Dad. Besides, the gift for the little one are still there. Let's go get them, you clever one." After that, I turned around and spoke cheerfully to my little niece, making her smile with her cheeks puffed up.

“I am really serious. On my graduation day, I still have to buy something for my niece."

I heard Sister Sali complaining softly.

Thinking back, I am surprised at myself. In the past, when I was teaching children as a part-time job, I was so stressed out that I thought I never wanted to be involved with children again. But in the end, I was completely infatuated with my niece's cuteness. Liz and I often bought her things, such as food, toys, and other things. If I gave her money, Sali would not accept it.

Liz had hired a photographer in advance. Before that, the photographer had already taken photos at other places with our group of friends. But on the actual day of the shoot, I wanted it to be mostly family photos. I had already taken many family photos from many angles. It's just that my lover had just gotten off the plane recently and there was heavy traffic, so she texted me to apologize for being late.

I'm not angry or upset. Even though I wanted Liz to be in the picture, it's not right to be silly when you rushed in from work. You've been with me the whole time. We consult each other about everything. We expanded the orange juice branch. We brought my father's lotus seed dessert recipe into the business. We gave each other advice. There were so many things that happened. To judge that she didn't care just because she might have arrived too late would be too stupid.

"Fang!"

A sharpl voice called out while I was talking to my father and sister about wanting Nong Khao Tang to practice English since she was a child. When I turned around, it was “Grace”, a high-society woman who had arranged the wedding when we were in our fourth year of college.

She held a phone, “Let’s take a photo together,” and smiled brightly.

"Um," I replied, confused, "You want to take a selfie together and post it on Instagram?"

“How have you been? We haven't met up in a while. Let's plan a group trip together sometime. During my wedding, I was really busy, so I asked your friend to tell you. But I saw you didn't come, and I don't know if you're mad at me or not. Sorry for not telling you myself; I was too busy adjusting the bride's dress until the day before the event.”

You're lying. Are you blaming my three friends? They only found out later that I wasn't invited.

"By the way...is the lady coming too?"

"Why?"

"Well."

Asking for a photo to post on Instagram to show that you know Liz. I know Grace is the type of person who uploads a photo every two hours, creates weird captions to get attention, and her fake smile is so annoying.

I gave her a smile back, letting her know it was a villain's smile. "Your Highness, smile back, letting her know it's a mark. Take pictures only when necessary or with close friends."

“Oh, yeah, that’s great.”

“You’re not close, Grace.” Her smile froze when she heard it. I continued, still pretending to be indifferent, “Sorry, but I don’t think you should slander my friends like that. I know you didn’t want to invite me to the party in the first place. Actually, I’ve already forgotten about it. But when you blamed my friends, you were so annoying.”

Her face is discolored.

It was a perfect moment when my friend, nicknamed the slapper, Four, who was also wearing a graduation gown, walked up to my side. “What’s going on?” he asked, glancing at Grace with her slanted eyes as if she was looking for trouble.

I crossed my arms and looked at Grace silently. I wanted to tell Four now, what Grace lied about earlier. But today is such an important day, I'll tell her later in the chat so she doesn't make more enemies.

“No,” I replied.

“Um, no…” The young woman rolled her eyes and spoke after us. Then she pretended to pick up the phone and said to the invisible person that she would go find him. She could tell. She hadn’t even pressed the call button yet, and she was talking to a ghost.

I turned my attention back to my friend. "What about Jeans and Luk

Mee?"

"Jeans is with her father." He's with the dean. "As for Luk Mee, she wait for her sister at Gate Two."

Hmm, no wonder. Because on the dress rehearsal day, we took a lot of group photos. Today, everyone is paying attention to the family, just like me. Oh, oh! But Auntie Kaew and Uncle Lert didn't come to the event.

Right now, Aunt Kaew has been arrested by the police for often using people to block cars and demand money. Last week, I visited her and brought some gifts. She also sent her congratulations on my graduation, although she looked sad because she was worried about Uncle Lert, who is sick but has to work alone. I also gave him some money to help.

"You'll have red lips until graduation day," Four teased, breaking my train of thought.

"I'm pretty. Why don't you bring your wife with you?"

“She’s coming. Come on. Has the princess gotten off the plane yet?”

"She's down and coming, but she's a princess, that troublesome friend."

Before I took Four to take a photo with my family, Four bowed her hands to my father and sister and didn't stop smiling at Nong Khao Tang who was looking at her with wide eyes. See? Everyone loves my little niece.

In about twenty minutes it was time to meet up. I saw that there were already a lot of people, so I told my sister to take my dad out for lunch first, and since Liz was probably getting upset with the traffic is definitely bad. I decided to pick up my phone to call her and tell her that it was okay and that we could take some pictures outside later. But before I could even unlock the screen, a warm hug from behind occurred, along with the scent of her favorite perfume when she went to important events.

“I made it in time,” she said, letting out a sigh of relief. I was so happy that my cheeks almost split into a smile. “It’s good that I made it in time.”

Liz broke away from the hug with one hand. When she turned around to face me, I saw that in her other hand she held a bouquet of flowers. The pretty face smiled sweetly and handed it to me. “Congratulations, my angel.”

"W...what normal angel walks on earth?"

"Because you're special, that's why you're not a normal angel."

As soon as she arrived, she made everyone else feel embarrassed. I took the bouquet of sunflowers and held it, reading the message written in her handwriting on a small card.

“You are my sunflower.”

I read it and smiled. “Thank you…”

I looked at the flower and spoke. Others might have thought I was talking to a sunflower. So I looked up and met her dark, sincere eyes, who were smiling. And I smiled wider to tell her again.

"Thank you, for everything."

"Same"

No matter how crowded and chaotic the surroundings are, it feels like there are only the two of us here.

If it weren't for a girl accidentally running into Liz, the two of us wouldn't have been able to get out of our trance.

“Oh yeah,” the pretty girl said with a hint of embarrassment on her face. "Can we take a picture of you?"

"Uh..hmm"

The slender figure took out her phone from her trouser pocket and took three steps back, telling me to pose however I wanted. I did several poses, but when I saw Liz's smiling face, I couldn't help but wonder if she was joking or not.

"Come on, let me check the picture."

She stopped taking pictures but her eyes were still glued to the phone screen. “I really like the third photo”.

"Then," she said as she walked in and handed it to me to open my gallery.

The first picture is a pose where I look at the bouquet of sunflowers in my hand.

The second photo was one where I smiled at the camera, but it was a mischievous smile that had a hint of a grin.

Third picture...

***'KhaoFang... I want to grow old with you'***

[... ขา้ วฟ่าง... เราอยากจะแกไ่ ปพรอ้ มกบั คุณ.]

My brows furrowed as I looked at the English letters that appeared in place of my picture. It seemed like Liz had only taken two pictures on purpose, and she had prepared the third one from the beginning. I looked up and met the person who was smiling faintly. I intended to open my mouth and tell her why I couldn't, but then she spoke first.

“I also like picture number 4.”

“Picture 4?” I repeated, leaning down and sliding my finger to the next picture.

***'will you marry me?'***

[แต่งงานกนั นะ?]

Proposing for marriage...?

“The revised Palace Law is now in effect.”

"Liz..."

“There is one thing I really want to give you right now, and that is my surname.”

The announcement for everyone to gather rang out from the front of the building again. Liz reached into her pocket and took out a ring. She didn't kneel down, probably because she knew that I didn't have much time left here because I had to run some errands.

"I want to put this ring on your finger in the church."

…

"Please come and be my lady."

I smiled with emotion. I thought there was no way I would be standing here. The point where someone would say something and my eyes would burn with emotion. This is not the mean-mouthed Khao Fang.

“Ummm,” I groaned in my throat. It was really indescribable.

“Huh?”

"What else is there to doubt? Are you trying to tease me or what? My answer was always yes from the beginning.”

Finally, the tears that were brimming at the edges finally spilled out a little. I felt so embarrassed that I had to raise one hand to cover my face. I heard Liz laugh a little before she raised my hand to lightly kiss the tip of my finger. Her touch was gentle as if she wanted to cherish me.

I understand the meaning of her action of not putting the ring on me now, because wearing the coat of arms symbolizes our engagement. I have been her fiancée all along, and with just my consent to marry her, we will exchange rings in the church.

The announcement sounded again. Liz, who was wiping away my tears, smiled and told me to go to the event. She would take my family to the penthouse and then come back here to pick me up.

I pulled away, but I turned to look at her many times. She stood there, looking at me, her beautiful face looking at me with eyes and a happy smile.

I can't believe that I would have a deep relationship with a princess. It was completely unexpected compared to what I had thought my whole life. It's not like what I had imagined or envisioned.

But I just accepted her marriage proposal a minute ago....

Wedding Day

It had been a while since my graduation day, and I should have finally prepared myself mentally and physically. Liz gave me the right to choose my wedding dress, and I was wearing the dress that I had personally chosen.

But why, when the actual day came, when I looked at myself in the mirror, I felt nervous in an indescribable way?

Everything just seems off to me. Whether it's the figure that has been slimmed down but still looks too thick for me, the lace that seems too luxurious, the shoes that are too beautiful for the occasion, or the venue filled with many high-ranking people gradually arriving for the ceremony.

“Don’t purse your lips. It’s like you’re afraid of marriage.”

"Are you going to make me feel out of place at a wedding where only aristocrats are invited?" I asked.

I looked at Jeans through the mirror. She was busy putting on her shoes.

Today, three friends flew across the country to be bridesmaids. Their dresses were simple and not too much because they wanted to make me stand out the most.

But that didn't make me any more confident about my body.

“Come on, from now on, you’ll be a princess too. The word ‘lady’ really suits you,” the cute Luk Mee who had finished dressing long ago added. “From now on, you’ll be living in the palace. Don’t forget about us, you know?”

"Who could forget a friend like you? We've done so many good and bad things together."

As soon as I finished speaking, we laughed as we recalled all the events that had happened throughout our time together. Then, Four, who was the tallest, sat down on the sofa opposite me.

"Your wish has come true. You must be God's beloved child." She teased, making the other two laugh. As for me, I was embarrassed because I had prayed to meet the prince before.

"I haven't met the prince, Liz is a princess."

“Wearing a crown and living in a palace is probably the same.”

“Stop picking on me, you guys.”

"Fang, are you done yet, my child?"

It just so happened that my father knocked on the door and called me, so I didn't have time to turn around and knock on the heads of my evil friends.

“Almost done. Fang will be out in 5 minutes.”

"Then Dad will wait with Max."

"Yes"

“Then let’s go out, in case another bride comes to see us,” Jeans said with a smile. She had already put on her shoes, and everyone else agreed and walked out in a row. I greeted my teeth, but deep down, at such an important time, I wanted to stay quiet and calm myself down. My friends could probably guess what I was talking about.

Sister Sali and Nong Khao Tang were already sitting and waiting at the ceremony, as were Liz's relatives, including Yarisa and Linlin. I wasn't too nervous about Prince James because I had talked to him many times before. But for the other guests, Lord Joseph and his wife, Liz's senior Duke, or even Princess Alex and Prince Nicholas, who also attended the event on behalf of the King.

Oh, but Liz's parents didn't come. It seems like the palace decided that this was a big event. If the two of them showed up, it would be more like they would divert the topic to old matters. Speaking of which, Liz's mother also chose not to come. Liz didn't mind at all. She said that she only cared about me and Grandpa.

So the one who will send Liz to the ceremony is her grandfather, and the one who will send me to the ceremony is my father, who is waiting with Max.

I don't know. I can't calm down. My legs are probably shaking.

I walked over and sat on the sofa where Four was sitting earlier, crossing my arms, picked up my phone, and read the comments on Twitter about the hashtag about this marriage.

I knew the Moore Shaw would come this day, the day they truly embraced the saying “Love is a beautiful thing.”

“My father was shocked by the news. He did not approve of the couple’s marriage, but I disagree. I am so happy for you two. Love you forever, Lizabeth and Falada.”

This will be the most famous wedding in our country.

There are many positives, but there are also negatives, such as one account that posted a picture of two scissors, open and hitting each other, with the caption, “This is how they have sex lol”, before he was attacked by others and had to lock his Twitter account within minutes.

Liz already talked to me about this. She didn't want me to pay attention to those negative comments. I understand. I've been through a lot of sarcastic and disrespectful comments in my life. And now, after marrying a princess, I'm being criticized. Why wouldn't I be able to handle it?

In fact, Liz wanted to have a quiet wedding ceremony, held at a church, inviting close friends. But because it was the first time that Mooreshaw would marry an Asian person, and it was also the same gender, it certainly received attention from all over the world.

Knock knock

"Let me in, Khao Fang."

As I sat there with my hands clasped in front of me, it was as if the three of them saw the future. Liz was the one who really knocked on the door and asked to come in to me.

"Um, come in."

I respond.

The person who was also in a bridal gown opened the door. But in the similarity, there was a difference in the design of the dress she chose to wear, plus she had more accessories than me, in that she was wearing a small crown and thin white gloves.

Her long hair matches the sweetness of her makeup, and so does her comforting smile.

“I know you must be worried about something.”

“I feel… my legs feel heavy somehow. There are only high-ranking people at this event, and outside there are both reporters and members of the public. Am I really suitable for this job? Look at my waist. It’s not too thick. Is it suitable for this dress?”

"I love every part of you. I am marrying you, not just your waist."

"Crazy..." she said with embarrassment.

"Seriously," another person sat next to her, staring at her with a sincere look in her eyes.

The person who thinks too much suddenly makes me feel embarrassed.

She leaned down and gave me a small kiss on the cheek as a pledge before standing up to her full height. “I’ll have Grandfather walk me through the ceremony first so we can wait for you. Then, come along, Khao Fang.”

“Okay”

This time, Liz had already gone ahead. In the room, I was the only one left to have my final check in front of the full-length mirror. I took a deep breath to gather my courage. From now on, I was “Falada Nainai Mooreshaw”, using my old surname as my middle name. I would be part of the royal family.

Walking into the ceremony with my father on his arm is definitely something I can do.

Dad was sitting in a chair with Max standing next to him. When the young secretary saw me, he moved his Bluetooth headset and coordinated that I was coming in.

“You look so beautiful, just like your mother.” The man I love the most stood up with a little bit of difficulty. Dad walked over to me and grabbed both my arms. He looked me in the eyes with such pride and joy. Those eyes said almost everything. “No, prettier. If your mother were here, she would definitely want me to say that you are prettier.”

I smiled widely. “Dad looks so handsome in a suit.”

We had already planned the event so that the two brides would both hold the bouquet and toss it together. Now Max brought the bouquet to me to hold. I thanked him and turned to link arms with my father.

“Thank you for everything you’ve done for me, Dad, until now that you’re here.”

“Dad should give more to his child, not leave him to work hard all the time.”

“Father has given as much as he can give, Fang knows.”

It just so happened that the curtain was pulled back by the attendant on the other side, and the conversation had to end. I swept my gaze across the stage, and everyone was paying attention to me, including the beautiful bride who was waiting.

The rhythm of the music helped me to calm down quite a bit. I held onto my father's arm tightly, and in the other hand I held the bouquet of flowers that Liz and I had chosen ourselves.

This wedding is so perfect and beautiful that I'm afraid it's just a dream.

## Chapter Epilogue 37: Only You

2 years later

“Did you order the baseball gloves? The palace staff just delivered them.”

I walked over holding a box that I opened and found inside was a brand new baseball glove from a famous brand. Liz was blow-drying her hair on the dressing table. She answered without looking back.

“I bought it to play with our children.”

“Hey, we already talked about adopting a little kid, not an older one.”

“I want to buy it on the day we adopt him or her. It’s a welcome gift. When he or she grows up, we can wear it and play with it.”

Okay, that makes sense, so I took the box of baseball gloves and put them in the living room area of this apartment, then went back to Liz to help her blow dry her hair.

Liz said that after studying in London, she could dress, do her hair and do her own things without the help of palace staff, except for important events where a difficult hairstyle was needed, when her regular hair and makeup artist would be called in to help.

Which now I am taking over the role and styling the hair for my beloved who smiles sweetly and pinches.

And our conversation earlier about adopting a child...we both really meant it.

This idea came about last year when I often called my family. Little Khao Tang became cuter as she grew up. She called me. When Liz saw this, she talked to me about adopting the child. I talked to my father and sister about this and even called my friends one by one.

Dad said it was up to me. My sister prefers to have a biological child through other means. Jeans agreed with Liz. Luk Mee said it was a good idea. Four said it depended on my deepest feelings.

Actually, I wanted to please my lover, but the condition was that I wanted a small child. I wanted to raise him from a young age, and she accepted this agreement. We called the orphanage and told them our information so that they could assess whether we could adopt the child or not. Of course, we passed the criteria. Today, we are going to see the little one who will become a member of our family.

“Have you thought about what word our child will call us?”

"Mom and Mum."

"Same word here."

“Not at all. Different languages. Let the child call me in Thai and call you in English.”

"Then I guess I'll have to trouble you to be my child's Thai language teacher."

"Of course, you have to know your mother tongue."

After I finished doing her hair, I walked to the counter to make some coffee for the person who had to get dressed. Liz was the one who got dressed quickly, faster than I could finish making coffee and spreading jam on the bread. The slender person hugged me from behind, leaning her chin against my right shoulder like she does when she wants to act cute.

"Should it be a son or a daughter?"

“I thought you had already thought of that,” I replied.

“I haven’t thought about it at all. Or do you want to adopt both boy and girl?”

"One person is enough. We've already agreed."

"I know, I just asked," she replied with a smirk and grabbed some bread and jam to take a bite for the morning.

All this time, Liz has remained the same person as before she got married. That was something my sister said I was extremely lucky in that my partner hadn't changed. It was completely different from my sister's ex-husband, who after living together, began to change into a completely different person. I myself had been secretly worried because I had seen Liz confront Princess Alex and her mother before. However, I was worried in vain because she had really treated me the same way.

I wonder if God is atoning for all the jokes he's ever played on me.

“Is it already the 10th?”

We happened to meet Prince James when the elevator opened on the first floor. He was about to go upstairs. I paid my respects out of courtesy. Liz, who I was already close to, responded to the call in a good mood. We both told him that on the tenth of this month, we would go and get some new members to join us.

Liz's grandfather didn't seem to be in a hurry to go anywhere. He wondered about another question.

“A girl or a boy?”

"I didn't think about that at all, Your Majesty," the granddaughter replied.

"If you go get it, tell someone to call me grandpa."

"You want to meet your great-grandchild, right?" She smiled as if she was teasing him.

"That's a strange question." As for Prince James, he pretended to be confused as if he didn't dare. He honestly admitted that he wanted to get to know his great-grandson. He must have been embarrassed.

Liz once told me that he liked children, but was not very good at talking to them in front of others. When Liz was a child, Prince James would come into her room at Christmas time at night and give her a surprise present, even though he was usually quiet in front of others.

That’s right. It took them more than two decades to comprehend one another.

This palace, where I've been living for over two years, I know every path, even the walkway in the nursery. We both headed to the parking garage. Today, Liz chose the white BMW parked in slot B to drive. I sat next to her, with a donut on my lap that I had taken from the dessert kitchen. We took turns biting into it. I was the one feeding the person steering the wheel.

"How is your sister managing the orange juice business?"

“I’ve already posted them in the malls, but the problem is that I’m not very good at advertising. I’ll have to fly over to help soon, maybe next month.”

"You're really good at everything."

“A little less, please. These days, I can almost float on my own because you always compliment me like this.”

“Is it wrong to speak from the heart?”

"Be quiet..."

The other party could see that I was reprimanding to relieve embarrassment. “It can’t be helped. Most of the time, I only think about you. If I don’t compliment you, who else should I compliment?”

In the end, I had to turn my face away in embarrassment towards the car window.

Now, the orange juice business that Liz bought for me many years ago, I am managing it for my family.

She has been taking care of me since I moved here. Luckily, Sister Sali is a single mother who is always ready to learn about the business. Moreover, it is not a big business. We changed from setting up a stall to packing it in bottles and sending it to shops. At present, we have also sent it to small department stores.

Nong Khao Tang won't have to grow up in hardship like me. I'm so happy.

And soon, Nong Khao Tang will have a cousin to play with.

It took over an hour to drive to our destination. Liz drove out without wanting to get involved with the staff. The shelter staff were waiting to greet us with smiles on their faces. The shelter received millions in donations from Liz's business to transform an old building into a place suitable for children waiting for adoption.

“The children are doing some activities, so they are a bit noisy. Please wait a moment, Your Highness. I will go get the nanny to take over.”

“Thank you,” we replied in unison. The officer then hurried along as I had told her to.

A large group of children were busy with activities as people from outside came to provide them with food. Liz and I turned our attention in that direction because the children's voices gave off a very lively energy. From the looks of it, the large group looked to be around 5-10 years old, quite adorable. However, I had already intended to adopt the young children.

After a while, a little girl, probably no more than five years old, glanced over at us. I couldn't figure out what she was thinking about that cute face until she went to get two glasses of fruit juice and then walked over to us with a bright smile and handed them to us.

“Fruit juice.”

"Thank you."

Liz and I spoke at the same time, reaching out to take the glass from the little girl. It seemed that our smiles of affection had formed before we knew it.

“You must be tired from traveling. The teacher said that the kind adults took the time to travel out of town for us. I’ll go get more bread.”

“It’s okay, we’ve already eaten,” I replied quickly before she could turn around.

“Then…” She thought to herself. “I can play London Bridge on the piano. Do you want to listen?”

Liz and I exchanged glances without even planning on doing so. We smiled slightly before turning to the little girl in front of us and nodding to lead the way to the piano by the stairs. We nodded, our wide eyes filled with excitement at the prospect of showing off her skill. The girl climbed up to her seat, placed her hands confidently on the keys, and began playing the song she had just finished.

I thought I was smiling widely when I lightly shook my head to the beat, but when I looked around, I saw that Liz was smiling even wider and more in a trance.

“Here”

I called out, touching the arm under her long-sleeved shirt. The pretty girl raised her eyebrows and turned to look.

“I think we should buy another piano.”

My implied words surprised Liz's eyes. She knew what I meant... We understood each other just by looking at each other. I knew that Liz adored this child, and so did I. My determination to adopt a young child had almost shattered when I saw the little girl's smile as she brought me juice.

"But you said that...."

“I don’t know. It seems like this fruit juice has a charm in it.”

After a brief look in her eyes and a smile that we understood, Liz walked over and sat down next to her.

"What's your name?"

“Ellie.”

"Ellie, can you play Jolly Old Saint Nicholas?"

Little Ellie shook her head. Liz didn't seem surprised. "It must be hard, Christmas songs."

"It's not hard. Would you like me to teach you?"

“Are you going back early? I’m a very slow learner.”

“It’s okay. You can go study at our home… if you’re willing.”

Ellie paused, then turned to look at me, her innocent eyes staring at Liz in confusion. Before she could answer, we both smiled, and that didn't make the girl understand any better, until finally my lover had to explain it in a question.

### "Let's be one family?"

"Yes?"

Her large round eyes widened, and she paused for a moment before Ellie finally understood what was happening. However, her cute face became downcast and nervous.

"B..but I was once sent back here because I missed a baseball throw and my previous parents couldn't handle it.."

It was a big surprise for the pretty girl. She laughed and looked down at the little girl who had done quite a bit of mischief. “That’s great. The two of us will throw it together if you come with us.”

Normally, I would have been so confused by what you said as if the palace mirror was not that expensive. But because this was such a heartwarming and pitiful moment for the little girl who had been brought back here, and Prince James himself had already renovated all the windows...

So Ellie is right for us.

She's perfect for **Ellie Mooreshaw.**

The officer was surprised that we had changed the description to a fiveyear-old child instead of a toddler. She warned us that Ellie had many hobbies, playing music, sports, and setting up a lemonade stand in front of the building when no one was buying. The more I listened to her, the more I liked her. And that's without even mentioning Liz, who looked so much alike.

Little Ellie sat in the back seat, her seatbelt fastened, a stuffed bunny in her arms. The girl asked if she could sneak some cookies into town.

Can the kitchen set up a booth to sell in front of the house? I laughed at this question and answered that it would be difficult because there are dozens of people in there.

"What about baseball? Can I play?"

“Of course, but you have to invite me to play together,” the person steering the wheel replied in a good mood.

"Promise!"

At that moment, the car passed through the palace road. The girl put both hands on the car window and looked into our palace with excitement.

"Wow... your house is so big."

“Yes, it’s very big. And the owner of the house wants to meet you,” I said with a smile, turning to look at the person listening and tilting her head in confusion.

"Why?"

Ellie is still young, it’s hardly strange that she doesn’t know all the royals yet. We both smiled at her ignorance and naiveté before we answered in unison, even though we hadn’t planned to.

"Because you have to call him great-grandfather."

It looks like she just made a little kid hug her rabbit tightly and gasp.

I know our family is going to be even crazier with two (unintentionally) destructive members, but this is another joy for me: watching my daughter grow up. Ellie will be the beautiful sunflower between us, and Liz will still be my sunflower, just like we are to each other.

I can be a grumpy girl sometimes, and you can be a child in an adult's body sometimes. We fight, argue, and don't talk for hours, but eventually we fall asleep together, saying sorry and thank you.

If it’s not Liz, I couldn’t imagine who else I would hold hands and fall asleep with.

Of course, how can I imagine it? You’re here, and you mean everything to me – even more, a driver and a mother figure to my child...

**You are my favorite person from heaven.**

***- The End -***