

Caroliz

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**Author's notes**

Hi, I'm the author under the pseudonym ZezehoMon

In this book, we get to know the university romance between 'P'Dai', the beautiful girl from the faculty Architecture who loves to wear denim jackets over her uniform, and 'Jane', a freshman from the faculty Arts who is lively and has a fertile imagination. With Jane's funny and adorable personality, what began as a cute love story quickly turned a comedy full of confusion.

'Jane Will Be the College Star' was written so that readers can relax after a stressful day and stress about Jane instead (just kidding!). Hahaha. I wanted to take a break from long plots full of twists and turns, so I decided to write something with a sweet, pastel vibe. I don't know if you'll all feel the same way, but seems to there be food in several chapters. And since this story is a light romance with no drama, it's perfect for a relaxing read. That's why the tone is more relaxed.

**Prologue**

I'm Jane. I'm about to enter university and start a quiet and peaceful life as a

freshman.

Just when everything seems to be going well, I meet someone who 't seem to like doesnme, even though I haven't done anything to her. A senior called P' Dai, the star of the university last year.

The problem is that, by chance, I ended up becoming the star of the Faculty Fine Arts, and she is one of the mentors responsible for looking after this year's star.

## Chapter 1 : Jane will have problems with a veteran

**Part: Jane**

Two women looking at , each otherwhat else could it be?

I left high school adolescence behind and entered the world university, wearing my student uniform and determined to make the most of ofthis phase of life, exploring every possible : aspectstudies, food, sleep, friends and love.

But it seems that all this ended up going a bit off plan, right?

Ah... but before we talk about why or about that girl, let's get to know me a little better.

To begin with, I'm the youngest in the family. I have twin brothers called Jimmy and Junior, and an older sister called Jasmine. I also don't understand why my parents, when it came to their last child, decided to give me a simple name like "Jan". It doesn't suit the other three at all. They didn't even put a suffix at the end. If they all had namesone-syllable, that would be fine, but the others have two. When I was a child, I asked why, and my mother gave me a casual answer:

*"Oh, because they all start with 'J', right?"*

She seems to have lost her passion when it to comeschoosing names.

But anyway, Jane is Jane. It sounds good, and you can add afterwards to make it cool: Jane this, Jane that, Jane this other.

I've always enjoyed reading comics since I was a child, whether it was

Japanese manga, Korean manhwa or Western comics. One day, in my second year of high school, I took my older sister's iPad and tried to draw a four-frame comic strip and posted it on Facebook. My friends liked it and shared it, which gave me the motivation to continue. My father saw my potential and gave me an iPad and a stylus as a birthday . After that, I created a page called "Jane" to post my work.present

In less than a year, he already had thousands of followers.

During the vacations before entering 6th grade, a comic book reading app in Brazil contacted me, wanting me to collaborate with them. I was so happy that I accepted immediately, without hesitation. The first comic I published on the app was a comedy

about the school life of a group of friends. At first, it seemed that no one was reading it, but after a month, it exploded in popularity, with millions of readers. The "Jane" page gained thousands of followers.

Now, I can say that I've been earning an income since I was a teenager by drawing comics for the app. The first story was finished, and many people continued to wait for more of my work. Since then, I've published two more stories: one about traveling back in time to be reborn in the age of the dinosaurs and another about the quiet life of a woman who raises a turtle in her dorm room. The latter is almost finished.

That's why I chose the Faculty of Fine Arts, specializing in Visual Arts. When my aunt heard about it, she asked me what I would do for a living after graduating. I replied that I would cook. After that, she went around saying that I was a troubled girl. I was confused, because I answered directly and honestly.

I've already talked a lot about my past. Let's talk about the present now.

I, "Jane", or my full , nameMiss Jarin Tian Sawangwab, am waiting in line to receive a paper badge to participate in an integration activity organized by the seniorssecond-year . As I wait in line, I don't feel comfortable making conversation with the people in front of me or behind me, as they are chatting animatedly among themselves. A couple who look to be over six feet tall and are probably already friends are laughing and having a good time, completely ignoring someone under six feet like me.

I felt a bit discouraged, because in high school everyone paid attention to me. I was the leader of a group called "The Goddesses", with the concept "not getting involved in love or studies, just focusing on things that give us pleasure". Now that I've grown up, I seem to have become an ordinary person, and the world doesn't care about me anymore. I was a little sad, but also happy that I no longer had to be the leader.

While I was thinking about it, it was my turn to receive my name badge. In front of me stood a sophomore with his shirt , brown hair and a slightly... provocative .facial expression

"What's your name?"

"Jane."

At that moment, the hand holding the pen suddenly stopped. "Why are there so many Janes this year? Three Janes have already passed halfway down the line, and there are still more coming?" The senior brown-haired looked at the group freshmen lined up. I followed his gaze and realized he wasn't exaggerating.

A dark-skinned boy at the front had a badge that (M)".read "Jane

A pretty girl with an elegant hairstyle at the end of the queue had a badge that read "Jane (F)".

And in the middle, a young man who was that chatting animatedly with his friends next tohim, and by the of it looksalso had a badge read "Jane (It)".

That's crazy! That was my favorite . nameI should have arrived earlier. Now, my last hope is that, since we're on the same course and at the same college, we can't all be "Jane (It)"!

So, what'my real ?name

While I was swallowing my frustration, the brown-haired veteran called me back. I already knew he was going to come up with an additional name for me.

"Jarin."

"Oh, I'll add your real name at the end. It'll be unique."

Well, . I imagined it to be "Jane (Jarin)" and I felt 300% prettier, as well as looking a bit like a Thai celebrity. It was a combination of a cool name and real that worked well. He had a very ideagood .

But then I blinked in confusion when I realized that, not only did the name he'd come up with not make me any prettier, it also sounded strange and annoying.

**Jane (Ja)**

Yes, that's the name I got.

Damn! Who would have thought he'd use the first part of my real name? Who has a name that sounds like a verb? Even the person sitting next to me turned to look as if she was watching a TV program. I glanced at a girl with shoulder-length hair who looked like me, and she laughed openly. Her name is "Cake". Well, as of today, I will never be close to that girl. Jane will never be friends with someone called Cake!

Well... anything can happen, right?

After the day when the second-year seniors called us to integrate and get to know , each otheralthough there wasn't the kind of "initiation" I had feared, we freshmen were each given a blank notebook. It wasn't out of kindness for us to draw, but to collect signatures from the veterans of the college. We had a week to get a certain number of signatures. During this time, we also had to find our veteran "godfather" or "godmother". And, of course, during this week of signature-hunting, we had to do embarrassing things in order to get

that the veterans sign our notebooks. That's how I approached two people:

**Wai**, a quiet girl who always seems sleepy and has trouble following conversations. She answers messages late at night because she's always fighting with her dormitory neighbors.

And the other, **Cake**, that clueless girl who laughed at my name that day.

As I said, anything can happen. I was also confused as to how, after so much bitterness, we ended up becoming friends the following week. But, come think of it, it was probably because one day I went to buy doughnuts behind the college, grabbed almost ten as if I was going to eat them all week, but almost fainted when I opened my bag and realized I'd forgotten my wallet. Cake was in line behind me and, I don't know if out of kindness or pity, he paid for me and said I could return it later. At that moment, I forgot that I was angry with her. I think God really did send her to be my friend.

As for Wai, I met her because that day she forgot her pen and had to borrow it. I didn't quite understand why her pencil had everything: highlighter, concealer, eraser, sharpener, pencil, post-its, but not a single pen?pouch

And what do you me, expect from someone like who spends more time with a stylus than a regular pen? At that moment, I turned to Cake and asked her to lend me a pen. After that, without realizing it, we ended up forming a group that went out together to collect signatures from veterans.

In less than a month, we became friends who went everywhere together. We became so close that we switched from formal to informal pronouns and almost fought a few times when we didn't agree. For example, I would take the elevator on the left that was open, but Cake insisted on taking the one on the right because she thought it was faster. Total .nonsense

So that was my experience of becoming a university student. Even with a

strange name given to by the seniors, a sponsor who always shows up who are me me), at bars every night and friends a bit crazy (just like in general, my first year went pretty smoothly. Except for one thing I've been noticing for a while and I feel like I'm about to have a "rivalry" without even realizing it.

That's that "that 's four times now girl" has looked at me with an expression thathard to decipher.

From her posture and her clothes, she's clearly not a freshman. She wears a denim jacket over her college uniform, combined with a pleated skirt. She must be over five feet tall, with a pretty, sweet face that matches her long hair and well-groomed bangs.

**The first time we met:**

I was waiting for the streetcar because I had a class in the central building. Across the street, near a coffee shop, she was waiting for a friend , outsidelooking at her cell phone. In a moment, our eyes met at a distance of about ten meters. For me, it was no big deal, as I'm the type who likes to observe the landscape to use as inspiration for drawing comic book scenes.

**The second time:**

We met at a shopping center near the university. We were on opposite escalators: me going up and her coming down with a friend (or boyfriend?). The pretty girl looked at me for a few seconds, before crossing her arms and turning to continue talking to her friend.

**The third time:**

My group of friends and I were sitting in the air-conditioned library. Wai was asleep, Cake was stalking last year's seniors, and I was reading the comments on my comic. We were on the fifth floor, which is normally used by students to study during exam periods, but as the semester had just started, the desks were empty. Less than half an hour later, the elevator door opened and a group of boys and girls appeared. Among them was the girl who had tied a denim jacket around her waist. It was the same senior I had seen in the cafeteria and at the mall. And yes, this time she looked at me briefly before crossing her arms and returning her attention to her friends.

**And the fourth time...**

Just !now

Cake wanted to post pretty pictures on Instagram. Since we didn't have class in the morning, she dragged us to the courtyard in front of the Faculty of Architecture building, which is so beautiful that many Thai TV series use it for filming. From the design of the building, created by a former student who is now nationally famous, to the landscaping of the side . gardenAnd we can't forget the lake with five bridges leading to the center, as if to say: "Hey, our architecture school is amazing!" That's why Cake wanted to come and take pictures here.

That's how I met the senior again. Today, she was still wearing her signature denim jacket over her college uniform, surrounded by a group of friends and...

once again, she looked at me.

When he realized it was me, one corner of his lips seemed to curve slightly.

I, who used to be the leader of a group of popular girls and had many problems with people in the past, am intelligent enough to realize these things. Even if I've changed my life now.

Hehe! , I watch a lot of Thai . soap operasI know what that means.

*"Cake, Wai, I think that veteran definitely doesn't like me."*

Wai had been fast asleep at the table for quite some time, so only Cake stopped taking pictures and slid closer, asking with interest: "Which veteran?"

I grimaced and nodded in the direction of the senior who was entering the building. She was no longer looking at me now. "That one."

"Wow, that's Daow, last . year's university starWhy would she have anything against a sloppy girl like you? Did you mess up her vision or something?"

"I don't know, but when two girls look at each other, what else could it be?" I've watched hundreds of soap operas, and in all of them there are fights. If you ask , meit's definitely something bad.

"Arenyou 't imagining things?"

"not I'm imagining it. It's happened four times."

"So that means you also looked at her four times. Otherwise, how would you know she was looking at you?"

"Well... the person being looked at can feel it too, right?" ". When you have

some time, try to see if you've done anything that might have displeased the veteran. Perhaps you liked a photo of a guy who she it likes or commented on it without meaning to."

I listened to my dear friend Cake, 's adviceeven though I don't really know how to use Instagram. Anyway, tonight I'm going to check my Facebook to see if I've accidentally liked a photo of her boyfriend or a guy she likes. Maybe that's why she's looking at me so much.

I just wanted to have a quiet, fun life, balancing studies with fun, but university life seems to be going off the rails.

Suddenly, it seems that a veteran is looking at me with disdain. ...Because when two women look at , each otherwhat else could be? I'm going to memorize her name. We could become rivals in the future.

**P' Dai**

## Chapter 2 : Jane will hate it personally

P'Aew is the editor-in-chief of a comic book reading app who contacted me a few years ago to collaborate on a project. Recently, he's been sending me Line messages demanding a new project from me.

I'm thinking about it until my head is full, but I still don't know which genre to choose or what exactly I want to draw. That's why I asked for a week's postponement to give an answer. And instead of thinking about work, I've become obsessed with reviewing my likes and dislikes to see if, by any chance, I've liked or reacted to photos of a man who might make P'Dai unhappy.

No, I'm not as addicted to social media as Cake. In my life, apart from drawing comics, I don't do anything else. I follow the philosophy of 'sleep, move and eat'.

This lack of understanding made me send a message in the Line group where there are three : of usme, Cake and Whai, to ask for P'Dai's Facebook. Maybe she posted something indirect, following the pattern of someone who doesn't like me.Instagram or

**- Gossip Association -**

**Jane:** "Please give me P'Dai'. s IG or FB profile"

I didnt 'come up with , the name of the groupCake came up with it all by herself, just to give it a gossipy atmosphere.

After sending the message, my friend, who specializes in... other people's affairs, replied with totally confusing language.

**Cake**: What the hell are you doing?

**Jane:** Yai Yai!

**Cake**: What?

**Jane:** My business.

**Cake**: Hahaha, how annoying! Don't use that escape technique with anyone , elseokay?

**Jane:** So, do you have the P'Dai ?profile or not

**Cake**: (Sends an image of a blue .)background

**Jane:** What the fuck?

**Cake**: Hold ."

**"That's 'slow ', right?**

Oh, how tiresome! I was wrong to have her as a friend. Every time we chatI have to translate from Thai to Thai again.

Less than a minute later, my friend returned with a screenshot of a Facebook account called 'Darin Pinmorakot' and a profile picture of her in front of an architecture school sign.

**Jane:** Thank you.

**Wai:** Who are you talking about?

Wai must have just opened Line. She asked in the group, confused. I didn't have time to explain everything from the beginning, so I let Cake tell her the story (Wai will freak out at Cake's language). In the meantime, I went to check out this P'Dai's Facebook page. In the back of my mind, I kept telling myself: 'Don't go enjoying anything on impulse!

Most of the posts were photos with groups of friends, in restaurants, bars, cafés... Every now and then, she would post a photo on her own, but the only thing that was always the same were the short, simple captions, as if she didn't want to think too much. For example, her profile picture had a caption that read:

'If you knock down.

Ah, now I know she's from architecture. She was standing in front of college , how could I not have noticed before?sign

Hmm, but there's no indirect post or provocation. Besides, the subtitles don't indicate anything specific. So I decided to pay attention to the comments.

**Bee Samutchaya** - How beautiful! The person who took the photo is also beautiful // it's me.

**Phra Rong** - *Architecture, that's !*

**An An Pukpak -** When are you taking me to eat shabu-shabu?

**Po Teerayu** - P'Dai, you look beautiful!

**Ploy Ploy** - It's P'Dai, right? When you're free, do a lipstick review, please! (sparkly eyes emoji).

And many others. After reading everything, I couldn'conclusive, because P'Dai didn't reply to anyone. She just liked all the t draw anything comments.

It was a night when I couldn't put the phone down until almost one in the morning. I off turnedthe lights in my lay there, room and staring at the ceiling, thinking about what this was all about.

Hmm, or does she dislike me because our names sound similar? Dai Darin and Jan Jarin.

Oh, that's totally nonsense.

The most likely explanation at the moment is that... she just didn't like my face. Sometimes people only need to look at each other to dislike for one another. Or maybe she's afraid that I'm going to be interested in her boyfriend or something. I know, I watch a lot of soap operas, and the plot is always the same.feel

So can I reserve the role of protagonist? Because I was the one who got the challenging look first.

**Two days later...**

Our department is facing a problemserious , and I think other departments probably aren't experiencing it.

The problem is this: at the beginning, on Wednesday evening, the seniors called all the courses in our department into the auditorium to discuss the selection of 'Dua Muang' (a kind of beauty or acting contest). They said that freshmen could apply or nominate friends. After choosing the representatives from each course, there would be a vote in the department to decide who would be the Faculty of Fine representative Arts' in the university's Dua Muang contest.

Unfortunately, after hearing about the activities the participants would have to do, we all agreed that we didn't want to take part.

The veterans were desperate, but they needed to send representatives. So they decided to call three interested people and then choose the representative. I was calm, because I thought this was something very far removed from my reality. Jan Jarin as Dua Muang? I thought that was funny. Besides, I' stopped worrying about my appearance since the group 'Nang Sawan' (The Divas) split up and each went to study in a different department.

But, my God, what happened was that after choosing three men to bethe frontrunners, the veterans decided to choose three women as well. And, to my surprise, I was chosen as the third, with a justificationridiculous :

'Well, the first two are the pretty kind. The third one has to be cute, innocent and a bit silly.

Oh my God, what nonsense! I really believed that.

Ever since I was little, my elders always liked to compliment , mesaying that I was cute and adorable.

While I was thinking to myself, I looked over to where they were sitting and saw that Cake was already laughing her ass off. She was laughing so hard when she saw me standing in front of her, awkward and out of place. Meanwhile, Wai was wide-eyed, confused, not understanding why I was there. Meanwhile, the sound of the ' veteransmegaphone explaining the selection process didn't enter my ear, because I was staring at that bastard friend of Cake's, who couldn' stop laughing. She was laughing like it was the last day of his life.

I'll have to beat him up later, that friend.

'Now it's our colleague.. 's turn.Jane Ja to show what she's got!

The next thing I knew, the veteran with ponytail was standing in front of me with the the megaphone. I was completely lost, because I hadn't paid attention to what the other colleagues had done before. I was busy psychological warfare with Cake. Suddenly, it was my turn, and I was totally confused. What's more, my colleagues in the stands laughed quietly when they heard the name 'Jane Ja' written on the paper badge hanging my neck.

I swayed a little, not knowing what to do. I don't have any special talents that people would expect. Does count? drawing But we're already in the courseArts , so that shouldn't count, should it? So I approached the megaphone and was about to say:

'I've got nothing', just to get it over with.

But wait, if I do that, it'll seem like I'm not collaborating, right? So I'd better sing something simple. I think with my voice out of tune, they'll eliminate me on the spot.

'Here you go, my dear, the Gogo dress you'wanted-ve always '

I certainly won't be chosen as a representative. 'm already preparing to get out of this.

'Ahahaha!'

All my friends in the stands laughed and shouted as if I had put on a comedy performance for them. After that, I ended up becoming the female representative of our course, going onto compete for the title of 'Dua Muang' of the college completely without understanding how. I only found out afterwards that the veterans had proposed a game: whoever made everyone laugh the most won!

And I should be proud of that?

My parents were thrilled. The veterans almost made a banner with my picture to put up in front of the village. My two friends were happy too. Only I was still in shock: 'I'm the representative of our course?

And I was even more confused when, the following week, it came time to compete for the title of 'Dua Muang' at the Faculty of Fine Arts. I ended up winning again, because when I walked in the parade, the veterans said I was funny and had a talent for entertaining.

'You'll win over the judges for sure!

It's you, Jane Ja! P'Min thinks you have potential!

"Er... P'Min, I just wore high heels for the first time in my life. I wasn't trying to be funny, I just fell off my heels!"

I wanted to say what I was thinking, but I was afraid of the three seniors embarrassing . who had chosen meSo I just smiled and accepted. I ended up becoming 'Dua Muang' with a character that the seniors thought I was: a cute, funny girl who brought joy to others.

Admitting that this was a lie would be complicated, so I ended up letting it slide.

"Miss Jane Ja Tian Sawang Waap, representative of the Faculty of Fine Arts." That name and surname were now engraved in 's memoryeveryone.

And then something happened that made me realize that freshman life can be scary.

It was one evening, on the last day of the freshmen reception. Were all the freshmen thrilled with the activities? Not at all. It was raining so hard that we were all soaked, like puppies dropped in water. The veterans had to end their activities early.

As we couldn't find a way to get back to our accommodation without getting wet, my friends and I stopped at a café inside the university. We ordered drinks and waited for the rain to pass. But after a while, it didn't look like it was going to stop. In the end, Cake called her father, who was coming by after work to pick us up. Wai, on the other hand, was fine, because she lived in the boarding . houseShe just sat there (sleeping) keeping us both company.

My accommodation is close to the university, just a short bus ride away. So I didn't call anyone at home. I just thought that when the rain stopped, I would wait for the bus. Or, if it kept raining until tomorrow, I'd just sleep in the cafeteria.

While we were sitting doing nothing, Cake started talking. First, she congratulated me on becoming the college in such an unexpected way. Then she changed the subject and startedrepresentative

talking about P'Dai. I don't know how, but she started saying that P'Dai was beautiful in this and that, that a producer wanted her to star in a teen series, but she wasn't interested. Deep down, I admit that P'Dai is really beautiful. Wherever she is, she stands out. Her smile is sweet, and she looks great in both long and short skirts. You can imagine how successful she would be if she actually starred in a series.

But thinking about her left me with a strange feeling in my chest, because I couldn't understand why she didn't like me enough to look at me that. So, to disguise my confusion, I let out a heavy and said to my friend:sigh

'Why are you talking about her? I dont 'P'Dai . Cake frowned. 'What did she do to you?like this girl

I . 'I don't know. Maybe it's a personal So she started picking on me before, huh?dislike.

"You're crazy, Jane!"

"I just don't like her , face's all!"

What kind of person is adding to the stress of my first year at university? , I still can't think of a new plot for the manga. The editor is pressuring me. "You really . are cluelessThe only thing you have is freshness."

"Enough, you too. How can we be friends if our levels patience are so different?"

"Ah, Jane!"

We almost got into a fight, if it wasn'for t the fact that Wai spotted a black car pulling up in front of the café. She swallowed the bad words as if she had never said them, instantly transforming into a polite person in the eyes of adults. She stood up and picked up her glass of milk.

"My father has arrived. I'm going, bye! Well again 'fight another day."

"Okay." I rolled my eyes and, when the table was down to just the two of us, I let out a sigh as I saw my other friend, the snooze , masterfinally wake up.

"What about you, Wai? How can you have coffee and still be sleepy?" "I'll stay here with you before I go back to the lodge."

"You can go, the rain is letting up. I'll along soon." "Okay."

After that, I was alone at the table. The rain outside had died down so much that, at a glance, I 't even couldntell if it was still raining. I thought

it was the right time to grab my bag to cover my head and wait for the bus without getting too wet. Determined, I picked up my glass half-drunk and stood up. But I stopped suddenly when my chair hit the next table, where someone was still sitting.

'Oops! Sorry!' I turned around quickly to apologize, and the person at the next table turned around too.

'All right.

, the sweet, soft voice, smile, accompanied by a slight me stunned and paralyzed.

How could I not lose my head? It was 'P'Dai', the girl who always wore a jacket denimover her university . uniformAnd, to make matters worse, just now I was bad-mouthing her out loud!

Wai escaped because she was asleep the whole time, and Cake didn't say anything bad, so she probably escaped too. As for me, I said I had a personal dislike for her, even though I didn't really feel it... And P'Dai didn't like me from the start. This is a disaster, Jane!

I don't know how to deal with this situation. I looked around and there was no one else , as this area was a more reserved corner with only two tables. What's more, the café was almost empty, with customers leaving little by little. While I was still processing all this, the older person stood up, causing me to look up to face someone much taller.

I mean, how do I apologize in a way that seems sincere and genuine? I can't even hold eye contact for long.

Then the person who had started the conversation continued, taking control of the situation. She tilted her head slightly with a smile, but she certainly looked like a six o'clock soap opera villain.

'So, you're the faculty representative, are you?'

Ah, that must be a show of power.

'Well, you'll be seeing a lot of me from now on, because the representatives from previous years need to train the new ones until the day of the big contest.

... That's . She's making me as anxious as a little girl on the first day of school. And she's still smiling as she talks.

"I'll introduce myself then..." Her narrow, beautiful eyes glanced at the tag name hanging around my neck, before rising meet mine. She smiled slightly. "Jane Ja." Tick, .

The veteran left these words as a farewell and left the café with her glass of iced tea, leaving me behind with a mixture of strange feelings, as if I had been thrown into a washing machine.

No! She came so close to me just now, so close that I could smell her rose . perfumeSo close that I was completely tense, unable to say a word.

Tic, tac!

And now my heart is racing with worry!

## Chapter 3 : Jane Ja is a polite person



The next day, when I told my two friends that P'Dai had overheard our conversation the night before, Wai was why I was acting like it was such a big deal. Of course, she confused, not understanding was asleep the whole time.

Cake, on the other hand, was silent for a moment before suggesting a solution.

"Take a garland of flowers and apologize to her." "Are you crazy, Cake?

'If you had the courage to speak badly, have youto have the courage to apologize.

I couldn't argue back, because she was right. , it might reduce the friction between me and P'Dai. Maybe her anger would diminish to just irritation... But wait, are those two things the same?

Nineteen o'clock on the dot. I was sitting on the balcony of the lodge eating rice and omelettes, while staring at my cell phone next to my lunchbox. The screen was open to P'Dai's Facebook profile. Cake's voice from earlier echoed in my mind like a sound I couldn't get out. The idea of waiting for her at the Faculty of Architecture with a garland of flowers seemed far-fetched. I would die of embarrassment if she simply ignored me. So I was wondering if I should send her a message.

P'Dai hadn't posted anything for two days. This left me with a chill in my stomach, wondering if the next post was a hint to me. If so, her thousands of friends and followers would surely take an interest and comment asking who she was criticizing.

Oh, no! My mouth always gets me into trouble.

Who would have thought that she'd be sitting at the table, so close that if I pushed my chair in, I'd hit hers?

The rice and omelette had already cooled down, and the time passed, reaching almost eight in the evening. I still couldn't decide whether to send a message, because I didn't know how to start. I thought until my head was full. In the end, sent a message to P'Jun, who responds quickly and is the closest to me in the house.

**Jane:** Junior, I need some advice.

**Junior:** What ?about

Here it is, he read it on the spot. Junior is the second oldest in the house and works as a freelance . translatorHe seems free, but it's not because the work is easy. He's full of tasks, he just likes to act like he's having a good time. Quite unlike his twin , brotherwho is a company employee and leaves work on time.

**Jane:** There's a senior at another college who doesn't like me, and I ended up talking badly about her by accident. She heard everything.

**Junior:** Leave the house immediately.

**Jane:** P'Jun!

**Junior:** Just kidding.

**Junior:** And was it heavy what you said?

**Jane:** Yes, I did. I said I didn't like her, her.that I disliked

**Junior:** So, I think you just need to avoid her. You're from different colleges, right?

**Jane:** I'd like to do that, but I think it's going to be difficult.

**Junior:** Why?

**Jane:** Because I'm the faculty .representative

**Junior:** What's that gotto do with it?

**Jane:** It's all that, P'Jun! I'm the college representative, and she was the university representative last year. During training or activities, she'll have to be my mentor.

**Jane:** My friends told me to bring a garland of flowers and apologize, but that seems like too much. So I thought I'd send a message her she on Facebook, but I don't know how to start so that feels 'm being sincere and friendly.

**Junior**: Got it.

**Junior:**: I'll help. I have a lot of experience in winning over girls.

Hmm, canI trust it? P'Jun has had four girlfriends, and after breaking up, he hasn't been able to win any of them back. But anyway, at least he should be able to help in this situation.

Five minutes later, with P'Jun's help with communication, I finally had the courage to send a message to P'Dai. I started exactly as P'Jun had taught : meI sent a meme of a cat with glowing licking its own paw. Then I waited until the other person accepted the message request.eyes

P'Jun said that she would respond, certainly just as his ex-girlfriends always responded by cursing:

'Why are you sending me memes?

**Jane Ja:** (Sends an image).

Ten minutes passed and there was still no sign that she had read the message. I kept waiting until I thought there were two possibilities: either she was busy, or she saw it and didn't want to reply. Maybe she'd profile picture making a face at the camera and took a dislike to it. seen my Ah...

But then, after showering, brushing my teeth and lying down in bed, stretching out my arm to turn off the light and get ready for bed, my cell phone vibrated with a notification. Laziness almost made me put off reading it the next day, but another part of me thought:

'Is P'Dai finally free?

In the end, I quickly picked up my cell phone and my heart raced when I saw that the message I had sent had been answered.

**P'Dai:** Is that Jane Ja?

Well, the Facebook name says it all, doesn' it? Could she be an angel reincarnated?

And why does she have to call me that? It sounds like a name that doesn't finish the sentence. Jane Ja... Ja what? Oh, no, the 'Ja' comes from my real name, Jane. She probably doesn't know what it means, but she's going by what's on the badge. Still, it's annoying. My lips tightened, but I couldn't do anything about it, because now I'm the one apologizing.

**Jane:** Yes, Im Jane Ja

P'Jun taught me that education is important. After sending the meme and the other person replies, I have to...

**Jane:** Hello, P'Dai!

**P'Dai:** Ah...

**P'Dai:** What do you want, girl?

She must be typing with the energy of someone who wants to make a mess. Maybe she's pouting and rolling her eyes. I breath took a deep before typing to try and sort out what had happened in the cafeteria.

**Jane**: I wanted to apologize for what happened yesterday.

**Jane**: Can you forgive , meP'Dai?

I hoped she would at least feel sorry for me and not take it.

**P'Dai:** All right.

But P'Dai's short answer left me completely confused. What did she mean? I asked her to forgive me for what happened yesterday, and she replied with 'It's okay'. Did she like being criticized? No, I don't think so. She probably sent the wrong message. She must have been talking to her boyfriend or another guy and sent it to me by mistake. I also always send messages to the wrong group, like in high school, when I arranged to skip class and ended up sending the message to the family group. My mother lectured me for three days.

So I decided to pretend I hadn't seen the message, which had probably been sent to the wrong person.

Jane: I saw that P'Dai likes iced tea. If you'll forgive , meI'll buy ten glasses.

**P'Dai**: How generous! The iced tea I like is expensive, you know?

**Jane:** I'm not buying the iced tea. I'm going to buy ten empty glasses for you to put the iced tea in.

**P'Dai:** ...

**Jane:** (Sends a meme of a cat with glowing eyes asking for compassion).

**P'Dai:** Hahahaha. You don't need to buy anything.

**P'Dai**: I'm not angry with you.

**Jane:** Really?

**P'Dai**: Really )

I spent a long time reading P'Dai's last message, not knowing how to respond. If I asked , ' you Arereally not angry with me?

That's the problem with text : messaginghow do you know if what the other person is typing really reflects how they feel?

Even though there seemed to be no more hurt between us, I almost couldn't sleep that night, because I couldn't stop thinking...

Is it really possible that she's not angry? Before, she didn't like me, so much so that she looked at me like that several times.seem to

The next day, after finishing my morning classes, I received the schedule of activities for the college representatives and was called to introduce myself to the veterans of the competition's organizing team. I met lots of new people, including representatives from other colleges, each with their own story. Everyone introduced themselves, saying their names and where they were from, and then they were added to a group on Line to receive information about the activities and to be contacted. They were also introduced to the mentors who would help them and give them guidance.

Yes, I saw P'Dai again, but this time I didn't have the courage to look her .in the eye

She was next to last year's university representative, both handsome and elegant, worthy of their titles. The other mentors were also handsome and seemed very competent, which made me a little nervous sitting there. Firstly, I wasn't confident in my appearance. Secondly, I didn't know what talent show tothe judges. The only thing that came to mind was drawing, but I thought: 'Would that be weird? After all, we're at art college. Even Cake draws incredible scenery, and Wai makes graphic novel covers, even if she only takes orders occasionally, since her life revolves around sleeping.

I couldn't come to a conclusion. Maybe this is something I should discuss with my mentor, but I'm not going to. Just seeing P'Dai 'in the group doesnt give me the courage to approach her.

The only good thing about today was that I met more colleagues. Like Tim, a boy with red glasses and a handsome face, who is the male representative of the faculty. Arts Ay, a tall, athletic basketball star. Praimai, a girl from the north who is the representative of the law faculty and gives greetings so graceful they look like election campaigns. And Dear, a southern girl with dark skin who introduced herself as being from Nakhon Si Thammarat and is so stunning that she looks like this year's winner. She's the representative of the Architecture faculty, and that got me thinking: should I try to approach her and ask about P'Dai, since they're from the same faculty? Maybe I'll find out why I'm being watched.

The meeting finished around five in the afternoon, and I felt relieved not to have to sit in the same room as P'Dai. She looked at me a few times, but I don't know if it was on purpose or not, because she seemed to be looking at all of this year's representatives.

What's with this feeling of not knowing how to behave?

As I walked towards the main gate to wait for the bus back to the accommodation, I let out a sigh of resignation. Being a university student who also has to take part in activities is really tiring. But then my thoughts were interrupted when someone suddenly grabbed my arm. I turned and saw P'Min, my senior who, during the first weeks of the freshman reception, had disguised herself as a freshman and completely fooled us. She was great at staying in character, and we only found out the truth when she revealed herself.

"I'm proud of you, Jane" ,said P'Min with a sincere . smileShe is a very active person and involved in everything around her.

I . In the past, I was the leader of the group and I thought I was beautiful and lovely, so beautiful that I could melt the world. But as I entered university, met more people, faced new environments and matured (a little), I began to lose confidence in myself.

"Thanks, but I don't feel pretty when I'm in the middle of so many people like this."

"No, no, don't think like that. Jane, you need to trust , dear. You know, I told the seniors in your group, and they were very happy.

They said they wanted to take you out to celebrate. The veteran even offered pay the bill-"

"At the bar?"

"Of course! I booked the table ."myself

Hmm, is that why P'Min came to hug me and walk with me? Does she want to invite me out for a drink? But wait...

P'Min, I don't know how to drink.

"Then we can just go a forbite to eat and a soft drink, how that? I've already made arrangements with the other veterans."

"you Could have warned me that it would be tonight?" "Crazy! I have an appointment with my friends ." Whew, what a relief. "Tomorrow night."tonight Ah, it's still too early!

But then , tomorrow is Saturday. Apart from lying around lodge all day, I have no plans to go anywhere. I still can't think of an idea for the manga, and I don't have any answers for the editor. So maybe

it would be 'interesting to explore a place Ive never been before. After all, I want to make the most of this phase of life.

"What time?"

"Let's make appointment for thehalf past eight in the evening."

" Isthat meeting time timeor going home ?"

"The meeting , timeof course! Who in their right mind would start drinking in the morning and come home so early? Jane, you're funny."

I don't know, I've never been. I always thought that people started drinking at six in the evening and went home at seven. Who knew they'd stay late? Before, when my mother took me to make offerings in front of the house my older brother, P'Jim, arrived staggering, I always wondered where he had gone. He was wearing the same clothes as the day before. Now I understand that he was drunk until dawn, returning home at the same time as my mother left to make the offerings.

In the end, I agreed to my veteran's invitation, as it would be a good opportunity to get closer to the other veterans in my group.

At that time, who would would meet have thought... that I P'Dai there? And we still had an 'incident' that night.

## Chapitre 4 : Jane Ja Studies Music at Thonglor

At around six o'clock on Saturday evening, P'Min sent me the name and location of the bar via Line. , I still hadn't chosen what to wear. I didn't know which theme to follow. When I asked my veteran, she replied simply: there's no need to stress, you can go as you please.

So I trusted her and chose a short-sleeved white T-shirt with a matching sweatshirt. I arrived at the venue at eight in the evening, but as it wasn't yet time to meet, I stood in front of the bar for half an hour. I got in exactly at the agreed time. Unfortunately, the reserved table was a set of sofas in an area where the sound wasn't too loud, but there was only one person there: the veteran of my group, who had probably offered to reserve the table. He was wearing a dark red long-sleeved shirt, folded to the elbows, and pants that were clearly expensive.

I was meeting my senior in person for the first time, I only knew him on Facebook. He was in his third year, so we didn't

we met often. In real , lifehe was very stylish and polite, which contrasted with the slightly bad-boy personality he conveyed online.

I was tense for a while, and after another twenty minutes, the senior in my group appeared. She was a fourth-year girl, wearing a black one-strap dress that showed off her tattoos on arms herand neck. I had heard that she drew all the tattoos herself, which was incredible.

Then the person who arrived later showed up at eleven o'clock at night. P'Min arrived with impeccable , make-upa cool hairstyle and a dress that showed off her super sexy back. She arrived with a beauty who seemed irritated by the trip.

Hey! 'Whats everyone wearing? You said go ahead!

"Jane, you don't look like you've come to drink, you look like you've come for a spiritual ."retreat

The senior who had just sat down spoke, and I looked downat my white T-shirt and pants, feeling embarrassed.

It hurts, doesn't it? The person who told me to take my time was the same one who showed up all dressed up.

The music in the bar was louder than I had imagined. Even though we were in the quietest area, we still had to almost shout to talk. I dont know if 'P'Min's aim was to strengthen the bonds between us or just to get drunk, but at least I met two more veterans... sort of. It's a shame that the veteran only stayed with us for a while before going to dance near the DJ. She seemed to have her eye on the DJ, and P'Min was just as lively, circulating with a glass of drink and greeting various tables. In the end, only the veteran and I remained at the table eating.

'Mom!'

I was slightly startled when suddenly the cell phone next to the glass of soda vibrated and showed that my mother was calling. She never calls like that, what's going on today? And I, being the good girl that I am, asked the senior for permission to step away and take the call. At first, I thought about going to the bathroom, but the music was still too loud. So I ended up leaving through the back of the bar, where there was just a parking lot. But it was good, here you only hear the background music.

I answered the call and put on an animated , voicelike the Jane I am. "Hi-"

[No, Mom, I'm not sleepy yet. What's wrong?

[I just wanted to know what time you're coming home tomorrow].

I forgot completely that I had arranged with my mother to come home this weekend to pick up more clothes. I was scared, thinking that someone from the neighborhood had sent a message showing that her daughter was in a bar. What a relief!

"Er... probably around noon."

I was about to say that itwas, but then my mother seemed to notice something strange. She asked in a harsher tone of voice.

[Jan, where are you? Why is the music so loud?]

Was the sound leaking much? I was confused and answered awkwardly.

"I'm studying music at Thonglor!" Oh, what a reasonable excuse.

But then...

[Don't tell me youve 'been drinking.] Second scare! I was taken by surprise. My excuse wasn't convincing.

"No, Mom, I'm not drinking." Because I'm drinking soda.

[Are the veterans with you men or women?] Ah, she kept asking as if she didn't believe me... I think 'Im going to haveto reveal the truth...

"There are men and women, Mom. But they're very nice and kind, it's nothing you're worried about. I assure you. Besides, I've been here so long and I haven't touched alcohol yet."

[Ah... I knew it. Actually, I wouldn't ban it so much if you wanted to try it.

Banning teenagers only makes them want more. But I'm afraid you'll be like P'Jim in college. He would only come home when I went out to make offerings, arriving staggering and with the smell of alcohol on his clothes. When I complained, he'd just move into the lodgings. No way!]

"Hehe."

[It's almost midnight. You can go back to the lodge and sleep, you know.]

"Yes, when I get to the lodge, I'll text you, Mom." I'd better keep playing the behaved girl, since I was so easily caught.

After disconnecting the call with my mother, I turned to go back inside, but stopped abruptly when I saw a tall, familiar woman leaning against the wall not far away. There was a sign and a symbol indicating that it was a smoking area. "P'... P'Dai."

She was wearing a black T-shirt from a famous brand, super-stylish ripped jeans and white sneakers. Although the look wasn't extravagant, her pretty face and long loose hair made P'Dai look incredibly different today, as if she were someone else compared to the university uniform version.

As I was busy trying to find somewhere to talk on the phone, I didn't realize she was behind the bar. But she didn't probably hear my conversation with my mother, because we were a reasonable distance away.

And, on closer , inspectionhis right hand was raised, holding something with a little smoke coming out of it. It was a cigarette.

"We meet again, Jane Ja." "P'Dai smokes cigarettes too..."

The girl stopped suddenly, interrupting the movement of bringing the cigarette to her mouth. , she tilted her head slightly and asked in surprise: "You don't like smokers?"

"not It's that I don't like smokers, I just don't like the smell."

Before, when P'Jim was stressed by a break-up, he would smoke all day, so much so that his mouth would turn dark. But one day, I couldn't stand it any longer and told him directly that the smell of smoke was bad. He ended up smoking less and finally stopped. The reason was because of me. At home, we spoil the youngest a lot.

P'Dai was silent for a moment. She didn't say anything, but put her cigarette in the ashtray that the bar had placed nearby. I was extremely surprised, because the cigarette wasn't even halfway out. It looked like she had just lit it.out

"Oh, why did you delete it?" "Because you don't

like it."

"I was going to stop by. We're not close, you don't to worry about me smelling it."

"not I'm going to smoke anymore. I've decided to stop."

"Oh, you decided a long time ?"

"No, I just decided."ago

I didn't understand, but I didn't dare ask any more. Since I'd spoken ill of her before, I just shrugged and replied briefly: "That's nice." Then I prepared to go through the back door of the bar, but something caught my eye and I stopped again. I turned back to the older person.

"P'Dai."

"Yes?" The pretty , girlwho looked especially stylish today, answered. I adjusted my voice to sound serious.

"Can you stop calling me 'Jane Ja'?"

"So, what do you want to me call ? youRepresentative of the Faculty Arts? Or by registration number?"

"Just 'Jane' is good enough."

"It's even longer. Just 'Jane' is fine." That P'Dai is pretty, but annoying!

I'm going to not talk to her anymore. If I carry on like this, we'll end up fighting.

I made a face at the senior, who was the university representative last year, and left with a confused expression, returning to the table where my seniors were - if they had returned at all.

She probably doesn't like me. When she made me frown, there was a bit of teasing too.

I don't still understand what I did to be treated like this.

I sat on the sofa until just after midnight. At this point, the three veterans were already very drunk. The senior in my group was the type who keeps quiet when he drinks, saying he's not drunk, but his face is red and his eyes are heavy. The senior, on the other hand, when she drinks, thinks of her ex-boyfriend, sitting with a sad expression and complaining, alternating with swearing. I had to console her. That business of dancing to the DJ was just an attempt to find someone to fill the void, but deep down she's still thinking about the same person. As for P'Min, she's very resistant to alcohol. So far, she's probably just been a bit dizzy and hasn't stopped going around and greeting people.

And that night, at a moment 't canremember exactly, I ended up trying alcohol for the first time, and I couldn't help it.

The veteran was very emotional and filled my glass with a little drink. She asked me to drink with her. At first, the senior tried to stop her, saying not to force the freshman, and she stopped. The problem was that I was sitting there looking at my glass, which was now more than half full of an amber liquid, and, like many teenagers... .curiosity took over

I don't really remember what made me decide to pick up the glass and try it. All I know is that the first sip that went down my throat wasn't good at all. My tongue stuck out because I thought it tasted awful. What's more, I had to drink plain water to keep up. But the second time, the

veterans said I should mix the drink with a little water to make it easier.

I guess I shouldn't get drunk, right? At most, I'd get a little dizzy.

But I 't again didnrealize ituntil the next morning.

I woke up in my my bed, in room. The blanket was on the floor and my clothes were the same as the night before, as if I hadn't showered before bed. My hair was a mess and my head was throbbing with a pain I'd never felt before.

Memory is like that. I remember a little that, after the veteran mixed the drink with water, I found it much easier to drink and I had several glasses with confidence. The rest of that night is completely erased, as if I couldn't unlock those memories.

But... it's probably no big deal, right? After all, I'm my room now. P'Min must have brought me back, like she said she would.

Toc toc toc!

The sound of rapid knocks on the door caught my attention. I, who looked hungover, had to pull myself together for a moment before dragging my body to the door to see who was there. I'm not sure what time it is, but the sun is bright outside, so it must be late.

Cake and Wai were standing outside, looking at me with expressions of disapproval.

"You look pretty good, huh?" "Why?"

"Hey, Jane, haven't you seen the video yet?" "What video? A paper ?" Cake grimaced.clip video

"Don't try to be funny now! They're sharing a video of you and P'Dai everywhere!"

I frowned until it almost formed a knot, making Cake roll her eyes, while Wai took out her cell phone and started looking for something. She handed me the phone so I could see the video that was playing on the feed.Facebook

It was a short , videojust over ten seconds long. The scene took place in the bar, in the middle of the dance floor, where lots of people were having fun. Two girls of different heights were facing each other. The angle

showed P'Dai's face clearly, but only from the side, with me my onback. At first, it seemed like I was saying something that only the two of us could hear.

Then I leaned forward and raised my face, as if I was about to kiss P'Dai.

Hey!

"What did you do drunk last night, Jane?" Wow!

I don't remember doing anything like that.

## Chapter 5 : Jane wants to stay away from P'Dai

After Cake and Wai told me the news at nine in the morning, I crawled under the blanket because I didn't know where to hide my face. From time to time, I kicked the air out of embarrassment. The video already had over a thousand views, and there were comments mocking P'Dai, saying that she had been 'knocked down' by a girl. No! Even if no one knew it was me, Jane, and even if it hadn't gone so viral, I was still embarrassed for P'Dai!

My two friends had brought food and were sitting a Japanese table , while I

was kicking the air, almost going mad.eating

Cake, probably unable to stand it any longer, turned and said:

'Stop freaking out! Do you remember how you got there?

Of course I remember! I was just drinking with the veterans.

'In the video, you're crystal clear, and you're wearing the same clothes as now. All in white, as if you'd gone to pray in the temple.

Oh my God! I don't know which part I should be more ashamed . ofMy face is burning. And a few seconds later, I remembered what I was supposed to do.

'I need to send a message apologizing to P'Dai!'

I sat down and picked up my cell phone, opening the chat room where we had talked once before. My heart was pounding as I typed a message to her, after the night I probably did something stupid. Oh my God.

All right, if I've done , I ithave to have the courage to apologize.

Jane: P'Dai.

Jane: I'm sorry.

This time, she didn't answer as quickly as before. I don't know if it was because she slept late and hasn't woken up yet or something. So my friends dragged me out to eat together. Usually, this duck and basil restaurant near Cake's dorm is my favorite. I always ask her to bring it to me, if possible. But today, I couldn't seem to taste anything.

What's going on? What if, when I get home in the afternoon, my mother ends up watching the video? Or... or will she notice how despondent I am? The thought of it makes me want to do nothing but stay under the blanket.

Cake, the brave one, sent a message to the person who posted the video on Facebook, asking themto remove it. She said that she was my friend and that I was very uncomfortable about being filmed without permission. The person replied quickly, saying:

'Sorry, I saw that the girls were cute and I ended up posting it. I'll delete it right now.

Around ten o'clock, my two friends went back to their dormitories, knowing that I would soon have to leave to catch the bus home.

*Toc toc!*

My cell phone notified me of a new chat message as I stepped out the ofshower wearing ,my bunny . pajamasI quickly rushed to pick up the phone and look at the screen, hoping it was P'Dai (even though, deep down, I was scared). And it was! The beautiful senior.architecture **P'Dai:** This time, what are you apologizing ? Why is she acting as if she didn't know?for

Does she want to see my reaction? Or is she so angry that she's being sarcastic?

It's hard to guess! All right, I'll apologize again to show that I'm being sincere and that I really am sorry.

**Jane:** I'I didn't m sorryreally , it like that.

**P'Dai:** I get it.

**P'Dai:** Oh, and do you like doughnuts?

She suddenly changed the subject, but as I was still afraid of annoying her, I answered the question truthfully.

**Jane:** I like all the foods, hehe.

**P'Dai:** (Sends a photo of a box of donuts.)

**P'Dai:** So, come and help yourself to food. I bought too many because today is the store owner's birthday, and they have a 'buy one box, get one free' promotion. I don't know what to do with so many doughnuts.

Hmm...

I didn't understand, but who would turn down free doughnuts, right?

**Jane:** Just a minute, I'll get ready. I was going to go home.

The donut store is near the university. Today is Sunday, but many students, wearing casual clothes or with group activities, are stopping by to buy. Mainly because it's the owner's birthday, and the promotion special is attracting a lot of people. The queue is almost out the door. I wasn't worried about that, because today I didn't come to buy, but to get something for free from someone.

P'Dai was waiting at a small table, which only fit two people, in the corner of the store. She was wearing a long cream and red striped shirt, short dark gray pants and black and white Nike sandals. You can tell she has an interesting style and goeswith a lot of outfits.

Wait, why am I paying so much attention to her again?

I, who was dressed simply, ready to go home, with an ecological cloth backpack, walked up to her and sat down on the chair opposite. When she saw that I had arrived, the girl who had been on her cell phone raised her face. She put her cell phone on the table and greeted me with a smile, while pushing the box of extra donuts towards me. Then he crossed his arms. Thank you.

I picked up the box and scratched my cheek, looking away without the courage to face her. But now that I was face-to-face with her, I needed to talk about what I' done dwrong, even if we weren't close.

'I, um... I...'

But again, the words didn't come out. In the end, it was P'Dai who spoke in a sweet voice, as if to put me at ease.

'I can call you Jennie like last , nightit was cute.' 'Last night'... Ah, she's definitely teasing . meI breath took a deep and said: 'I want to apologize for being rude to you.

'Rude?

'Yes, I did something that I'm sure upset .you

'Huh? Was there something like that?' 'Yes, there was.

' didn't.'

'What?

'No, he didn't.'

I closed my eyes and let out something embarrassed:

'How could not? I was drunk and I kissed you P'Dai!'

The older person was surprised to hear this. The man at the next table was also startled and looked at us, before getting embarrassed and leaving the store with his bag of doughnuts, probably so as not to us make any more uncomfortable. Now there were only left, the two of us which made easier.the conversation

After being confused for a moment, the girl across the table seemed to remember what had happened. But instead of being shocked, she let out a fond smile.

'Oh, no. You were drunk and said my eyes were pretty, so you got up on your tiptoes and came to take a closer look. That's all.

'!!!!!!'

'What made you think you were rude to me? Was it because of that video shot at that angle?'

'Yes, of course! Ugh... I'm so...'

I was completely paralyzed, because when she briefly told me what had happened, the memories that had previously been fragmented began to come back little by little. It seems that... I drank several glasses of that alcoholic drink mixed with soda, confident that I wouldn't get drunk. Then the veterans stopped being sad and took us dancing. I don't know how to dance properly, so I kept moving without any rhythm, as if I were making funny . Then I bumped contentinto someone. That person was P'Dai. We stood in the middle of the crowd having fun. There wasn't much light, but I remember thinking: 'Wow, her eyes shine so beautifully.

'P'Dai, I want to have beautiful eyes like that too.

Oh, my God... Why did I say something so embarrassing? Miss Jarin, you're glowing with embarrassment.

But I didn't go so crazy as to try to kiss her. I just stared deeply into those eyes for a while, until I couldn't stand it any longer and went back to the table. She shook her head slightly and led me back to P'Min's hands.

At that point, what should I be ashamed of first? The fact that I got drunk or that I thought I kissed her? Oh, Jane, what a headache! I can't stand it any longer, I don't know how to act! I stood up and picked up the bag with the box of doughnuts that P'Dai had given me.

'I'm going, okay? I'm going to have a papaya ! saladI need to eat a papaya salad!'

'Hey, didn't you say you were going home?

'I'm going home and then to the papaya . salad storeBye!

Without waiting for P'Dai to answer anything , elseI quickly ran out of the store with my face ashamed. If I had wings, I would fly to the North Pole. Or, if I were rich, I'd beg my mother to send me somewhere far abroad where I could bury my face in the snow.

Jane, why don't you think before you act?

And is it P'Dai, that every time I meet something happens that makes me feel so ashamed?

Oh my God! I think I really need to stay away from this girl.

I came home around noon with a box of doughnuts full of eight juicy pieces. My father complimented me, saying it was good that I had bought something sweet, and gave me two hundred baht , notesafraid that I had spent all my money. I put my hands together in a sign of respect and accepted it, with a dry smile and a feeling of guilt, since I'd actually gotten the whole box for free.

At Sunday lunch, we were all together: father, mother and siblings. The table was full of food. If you're wondering if it was my mother who cooked, the answer is no. We bought everything. My parents have always been very busy with work since they were young, so they prefer to buy ready-made for food convenience. There was a period when my mother retired early from her teaching career and stayed at home. After a while, she tried to cook. Unfortunately, she punctured the pan, broke the spatula and burnt the food. In the end, my father asked us to continue buying food.

Speaking of my brothers, Jimmy works in Nonthaburi and lives in a apartment rented there. If he had a girlfriend, he'd live probably with her, but since he's single, he comes home every weekend, probably because he's lonely or misses his dog.

Junior, who works as a freelance translator of several languages, doesn't need to move anywhere. He' been sthe most homely since his school . Junior's face is so similar to Jimmy's that it's hard for others to tell the difference, but for our family, you only have to look at the way he walks, the rhythm of his speech or his smile to know who's who.days

Now, about Jasmine. Well, this might be a bit of a long story, but I want you all to meet this amazing woman. She's the middle sister in the family and currently works as a ground receptionist at an airport. She is so beautiful that wherever she goes, people turn to look. And it was precisely my older sister's beauty that made me vain during high school, thinking: 'Wow, my sister is beautiful, so I must be too!

How can I explain this? Well, when Jasmine was born, the term 'boy' was registered next to her name. My parents always thought they had three children. male I hardly remember what she was like in elementary school, because I was so young. But I have a vague recollection of a smiling, boy small who liked to let his hair grow longer than the school allowed, and for this he was often punished with haircuts.

When she entered high school, one day a neighbor sent a photo to my mother on Line. It was Jasmine dressed as a woman, walking with friends in the mall, along with the message:

'Did you know your son is transgender?

That night, when she came home, all the secrets were revealed. I was sent to bed, but, driven by curiosity, I ended up peeking in. mother, father, twin and Jasmine were all sitting on the sofa in the living room, their expressions varied.brothers

No one said anything for a long time, as if they were waiting for Jasmine to be the first to speak up. The middle sister lowered her head, pressing her lips tightly together, before raising it and speaking in a short, voice:tense

'I apologize for being like this. I'm sorry for being a man, but feeling like a woman.

Silence reigned for another moment. I didn't really understand the situation, but I knew I had to keep quiet to continue listening.

It was then that Jimmy reached out and stroked the head of the girl who just hadapologized. He gave her a gentle , smiletypical of his older brother.

'Why are you apologizing?

If Jas feels like a woman, then Jas is a woman. You don't have to worry about anything.

As soon as he finished speaking, the tears that Jasmine had been holding back for so long overflowed, and our mother went to hug her. Junior said he already knew, but hadn't said anything because he wanted her to feel free her to tell us on own. Dad... well, Dad looked more serious than usual. He got up and left without saying a word.

At the time, Dad was the only one who couldn't accept it. He refused to talk to Jasmine for a while. But with the support of her mother and siblings allowing inher to dress the way she wanted, even though she felt uncomfortable with her father's coldness, Jasmine gradually became more herself.

I also had to change many of my ideas. You could say it was the starting point for me to become braver and, eventually, a leader. At the time, I was in 8th grade, and the PE teacher was teaching. The material in the book said that, in addition to 'man' and 'woman', there was a group called 'Gender Change'. The teacher gave the an example:class

'Like Jarin's , older brotherwho is now in 12th grade. Hes 'an example of gender reassignment. You can't tell if he's a man or a woman.'

I raised my hand and stood up to speak:

'Jas is a woman.

The teacher replied: 'Are you crazy? You're already big and you still can't distinguish gender? What kind of woman uses "sir" in front of her name and doesn't have a uterus?

I retorted:

'Oh, so if the teacher removes her uterus, she's no longer a woman?'

'Girl!'

That was it. I was asked to go to the principal's office and received a warning from that teacher.

At the time, I really wanted to understand, but the teacher said that I was insolent, clueless, disrespectful, aggressive, talkative and badly behaved. And these rumors spread and wide: that the girl Jarin Tian Sawangwab was a problem student. Later, I'll tell you how I ended up becoming a leader, but for now, let's continue with P'Jasmine's story.

And it was because I was punished like that that one day, when P'Jasmine I were watching a movie late at night, just the two of us, she asked a strange question:and

'Jan...'

'Hm?' I turned to look at her, answering with my mouth full of popcorn.

'Do you get confused? About seeing me as a brother or a sister?

'P'Jas JanI answered 's sister. naturally, because if she should her saw herself as a woman, why I see any other way? But that answer made the person who heard it cry, leaving me at a complete loss.

What? Why did I make you cry?

Then P'Jasmine, who at the time still couldn't grow her hair because of school rules, laughed through her tears and pulled me into a hug.

'Im 'crying with happiness, Jan. I feel lucky. I thought it would be harder...'

Ah... she was just emotional. I thought I'd done something wrong.

When P'Jasmine entered university, she became more herself. She let her hair grow the way she always wanted, wore the women's uniform and started hormone therapy. It was at this time that she became so beautiful that I thought that, when grew up, she would be just as beautiful. As for our father... I don't know what changed his mind. Perhaps it was the fact that the rest of us had shown that we accepted P'Jasmine. Little by little, he started talking to her again and finally called her 'daughter' without hesitation.

"So that's my family.

But seriously, I'm still puzzled by my name. Why does my name have one syllable?only

Jimmy, Junior, Jasmine...

And Jan...

**20h17**

As I said, today I stayed at home. Now I'm lying in bed, fiddling with my cell phone, switching between apps without doing anything serious. My belly is full because my mother 't stopped bringing me food. The result: I'm lying here, feeling a bit heavy.

*Toc toc*

A group on Line caught my attention. It's not the group Cake and Wai, but the group that brings together this year's college representatives (stars). The veterans said that if there were anyannouncements or meetings, they would be notified there. So I quickly clicked to see.

**Yupin:** (Sent an image)

**Yupin:** Here is the calendar of activities for the representatives (stars).

**Yupin:** If you have any questions, you can ask in the group, okay?

I clicked to see the image and let out a surprised 'Hmm?' when I saw next week's agenda. I was scheduled to travel to another province for a short retreat and to shoot promotional . photos and videosBut 't that a bit too fast?

At the bottom of the calendar, there was a small note. It said that only some of the veterans could go, as not all of them were available. The list of veterans who would accompany the group was on the next line. I hoped that the name of last year's university star wasn't there. Please, I'm not ready to see her often and embarrass myself even more. But heaven was not kind to me.

P'Dai's name was written at the end!

Just reading her name made me want to dig a hole in the backyard and go out into the middle of the ocean. This afternoon, I made a fool of myself, imagining that we had kissed. She didn't like me before, and now, even though she smiled politely, isn't she hating me even more?

Deep down, she's probably thinking: 'This girl is stupid, isn't she? I would never kiss you!

I'm sure of it.

And now, on this retreat, I'm going to have to see P'Dai every day? Oh, that's going to be awful, that's for sure.

## Chapter 6 : Jane will get suspicious

The sea... Why is it that the favorite destinations for seniors to take their freshmen to always arebeaches? I've always wondered that. Even in dramas, there's rarely an answer. But, come to think of it, when I felt the gentle sound of the

waves and the cool , windI ended up smiling. It's really refreshing. Okay, the sea is good, yes.

Even though I felt a little lonely because my two best friends 't make couldnit, this is a retreat for the representatives (stars), the seafood food will cure everything.

The hotel booked for us is of medium standard, with a spacious swimming pool and designunique , a hall for meetings or activities, and a buffet at dinner. For accommodation, the veterans have organized suite rooms for two people, with pairs drawn at random.

I stayed in the same room as Dear, the star of the Architecture faculty and one of the favorites to win the title this year. I've heard rumors that her skills are incredible. I'm still thinking about what I can do to compete with her, but it's not a feeling of envy. It's more like admiration. And it seems that most of the other representatives feel the same way.

Staying in the same room as her could be considered an advantage, because before I had already thought about trying to get a little closer to Dear to ask about P'Dai. They are both seniors and freshmen on the same course. At the last meeting, I saw them talking before they left. So I think Dear might know why P'Dai doesn't like me. But first, we need to get close enough to talk about it.

However, the problem between us arose as soon as we got the room and started topacking our things. Dear let out a loud scream that made me jump.

'Oh, my mother!

She exclaimed, before turning to me and speaking in a heavy southern .accent

: 'I've forgotten my charger. Can I borrow your charger for two days?

'Huh? ?Two days

Dear was silent for a moment, as if she had realized that I didn't understand the dialect very well. Then she switched to the standard language, still with a slight southern accent:

'It's just that I forgot my charger. I... can I borrow your charger for a little while, please?

'Ahhh.'

Even though I didn't understand some of the words, I got the general .idea

So I quickly rummaged through my bag to get what she was asking for and handed it to her, who was on the other side of the queen-size . bedDear smiled and

thanked meI , and saw that this was a small beginning of friendship, perfect for approaching me and asking about the senior on her course. Actually, it was too soon to talk about it. I should have waited a bit longer, but Jane here really wanted to know why P'Dai didn't like me. So I couldn't help myself.

'Hey, are you close to P'Dai?

The pretty girl , confused by the change of subject, but replied:

'Several times a week.

'Wow, several times? You meanyou talk, 't you?' 'Yes.'

'Hmm... Is she angry with someone?' 'I'm not sure, but...'

'But what? Who else would it be? A secret ?' 'And what do you think of my face?character 'I'm waiting for you to continue.

I've just spoken.

'Did just yousay that?

It's not possible! I clearly heard the word 'but' and Dear didn't want to continue. That means she almost let something out. It seems there are secrets and protection for the veteran. My God, Dear must be in a difficult situation. Maybe she was pressured not to tell the truth. I feel bad that I pushed her.

P'Dai must be as as bad I imagined. Now I'm even more worried.

**14h52**

On the first day, we didn't do many activities. In the afternoon, the staff us briefly explained to what would happen during these three days of retreat. Tomorrow, we'll start in the pool area, where we'll take photos in casual clothes, with the theme 'On a hot day'. The next day, we'll go to the beach area, where we'll record a 30-second video. We can choose whether we want to shoot on the sand or go into the water with props. The veterans have created options for those who can't swim. The activities fill the three days perfectly.

"Guys, remember that this is like a trip, you don't have to be nervous," said the team leader. So I decided to explore the hotel to see if there was anything interesting and maybe find some stores nearby to buy souvenirs. I invited Dear to accompany me, and as she had no plans, she accepted.

As we explored, out I kept an eye to see if I could find P'Dai. Not that I was interested in her, but I wanted to avoid meeting her. It was a question of keeping my distance. It seems she was helping the staff, busy preparing for the next day's photos and coordinating with the hotel staff.

But after just an hour, before we even left the hotel, something happened that interrupted our exploration. Someone from another college came to flirt shamelessly with Dear. The first one asked for her number, and another came up with a ridiculous line. My roommate became visibly annoyed and ended up pulling me back into the room, where we spent the time scrolling through our cell phones.

I was a bit frustrated, but I thought the evening buffet would help improve our mood. So I sent a message in the 'Gossip Association' to tease Cake and add a little excitement to life.group **Jane**: Hey, Cake, are you free?

**Cake**: Hello. is that?

**Jane**: If you're free, find something to do. **Cake**: Oh, you \*\*\*\*\*, Jennie! You're so \*\*\*\*\*! Well, at least it helped relieve the boredom.

Dear and I went down again at around six in the evening, knowing that the hotel restaurant had a buffet. Apart from us students, there were other guests using the service, so it was pretty full. That wasn't a problem. What left us speechless was the fact that the food was just rice fried and fried .

sausagesAnd when the sausages ran out, they didn't replenish them. Is that a buffet?

What about the seafood I wanted to eat?

*Toc toc*

Dear's cell phone and mine rang at the same time. When we looked, it was a message in the representatives group (stars).

**P'Yupin:** Guys, if anyone wants to go out to eat at a restaurant outside the hotel, save the bill for reimbursement tomorrow. The budget is 200 baht

per person. If you're in a group and only , have one billwe'll multiply it by the number of people.

P'Yupin sent the message at just the right , timeas if she knew we were thinking!

I cheered up again, since we had a 'meal voucher' to eat we wanted. I turned to Dear with a beaming smile:

'Let's eat something outside! We're both 200 baht each. You're hungry , aren't you?too

'I'm not that hungry, but I'd like to eat some seafood...' Hmm? Why did she end with 'but' again?

I was confused, but I didn't dare ask about the 'but'.

Instead, I asked: 'Nêu means hungry, right?' 'Yes.' I'm good at understanding southern , dialecthuh? 'Okay, let's eat some seafood then.

As I've never been here before, I didn't know which restaurant was good. So I consulted a food review app. After about ten minutes, we arrived at the restaurant I had chosen, where people online said that the seafood sauce was incredible, so good that some even took it home. With a recommendation like that, I expected the food to make me feel like I was floating.

'Ah, Jane, Dear!'

The girl with her long hair up in a ponytail was P'Pin, who always posted activities and announcements in the Line group. She was sitting at a table in the restaurant and waved when she saw . usWe had no choice but to approach. When we got close to the table, I saw that there were four veterans sitting there, and one of them was P'Dai.

Here she comes again.

P'Pin asked with a smile:

'What are you two doing here? Looking for big ?fish

'Huh?' What kind of greeting is that? We were both completely confused.

'Look at faces! Just kidding. The buffet at the hotel restaurant 't very good, is it? We've also just discovered that it's not like the website. That's why we sent the message in the group.

I looked at Dear, but she gave me a look that said:

'You answer, I don't know what to do.' So I turned to P'Pin with a smile and answered:

'We read in the reviews that the seafood sauce here is delicious.

Us too! So sit down, you can eat with us. There are two chairs left.

Damn, that means I'll have to sit at the table with the person I've been trying to avoid for a week. And Dear has already sat down so easily, which means that the last available chair, in the corner, is mine. And guess what? It's exactly opposite P'Dai.

Everything is going wrong.

To refuse would have been very rude. What's more, one of the veterans at the table told us not to worry about the money, that they would cover the bill without deducting it from the 200 baht we had. And I was so hungry that my stomach was rumbling. So I gave in and sat down, even though I didn't want to.

P'Dai didn't look directly at me, perhaps afraid of making me uncomfortable. She must know how much the conversation in the donut store had embarrassed me. I, not knowing how to act, just turned to talk to P'Pin and Dear, while taking a sip of Coke, waiting for the food to arrive.

Deep down, I wanted to eat ever since the curried crab was placed on the table, but P'Pin wanted to take pretty pictures of all the dishes to post on Stories. So we all had to keep swallowing until everything was served. Not only that, but we had to wait another three minutes while she took pictures. Wow, was it luck or bad luck to find them?

'All right, guys, you can eat!'

As soon as I heard the signal, I reached out to grab what I wanted : mostthe grilled shrimp that smelled wonderful, ready to be peeled and dipped in the vibrant seafood sauce.

But gee, why is grilled shrimp so hard to peel? It slipped out of my hand and onto my clothes. The worst thing was that the tastiest part, the head, was the one that got all over it. What a waste! I love shrimp heads. I tried to peel two of them and they both fell off. Ah, life...

Just as I was grimacing in frustration, I looked up and saw P'Dai smiling discreetly by herself.

I've got you! She was laughing at me!

After eating two prawns (which were completely torn to pieces), I gave up. I was so hungry that I wiped my hands with a napkin and

I decided to eat the fish. I put the shrimp aside for the time being. If I kept trying to peel it, it wouldn't just be my shirt that would get dirty, it would be all of me.

I continued eating, trying not to look at the person sitting in front of me. Even though I could hear her laughing and talking to her friends, I didn't turn to look, even though I wanted to know what expression she was making. And I was determined not to talk to her unless she started singing 'Kin Jub Jib' (a Thai children's song). Only then would I respond with 'Tued Teng Tued Teng' (another children's song).

But who the hell would sing 'Kin Jub Jib' now? What am I thinking?

While I was lost in my thoughts, suddenly a plate was placed in front of me. It contained peeled prawns. It was the pretty girl sitting in front of me who had sent them. I blinked, completely confused, until P'Pin turned and joked loudly...

'Hey! Dai, did you peel shrimp just for Jane? What about the others at the table, huh?

Last year's university star looked around before replying with an indifferent expression:

'If they have hands and feet, they'll peel themselves.

'How rude! P'Pin said to her friend, then turned to me with a mischievous smile.

'Wow, there are people peeling shrimp for you. This girl' no joke, huh?

What's going on? I don't understand anything. The other seniors at the table were also laughing and making noise, while I was getting more and more confused. I turned to Dear, but she was busy eating, not caring.

I had to do something about this situation...

By then, the other veterans at the table had changed the subject. I was staring into P'Dai's eyes, and she, realizing that I wasn't looking away, finally asked:

'What is it, Jane?

'You peeled shrimp for me. What do you want?" "Huh?

's it. Why did you peel shrimp for me?

'Isn't that nice? That way you can eat easier. I saw you were all dirty.

I can't believe it. How is that possible? We're nothing. We're not older or younger , or seniors or freshmen. We've only known each other for a short sisterstime.

But hunger overcame everything. In less than a minute, I was already eating the prawns peeled on my plate, although I kept glancing at the pretty veteran sitting in front of me.

I dont 'P'Dai know why did , but I'll keep eating while I keep an eye on her, just in case.

What person... her face doesn't look trustworthy.

**Chapter 7 : Jane has been challenged!**

The thing about unexpected this retreat was that it was exhausting!

I had no experience of this kind of activity. So when I had to take pictures by the pool and the photographer asked me to take the most confident pose possible, I held up two fingers and smiled. All the staff stood still, not understanding what I was doing. It was the hired photographer who recovered first. He turned to the group of veterans and asked someone to teach the college star how to pose.

At that moment, my eyes went wide, and I prayed that I wouldn't *she was the* one who came to help . meBut, oh, God must be punishing me, because it was exactly her who came. P'Dai, with her tall body, skirted around the pool on the other side to come to me and explain how I should pose.

That was hard , enoughbut the next day, during filming, it was even worse.

I can swim a bit, but I didn't want to be diving and swimming in the sea. I saw that the representatives of two colleges who chose the water took a area long time to get a nice . videoSo I chose land without hesitation. The problem was that I looked very clumsy in everyone's eyes. My poses and movements in front of the camera left the photographer speechless again.

What was it? I did my best in those 30 seconds. I put in everything from 'Gangnam Style', waving and smiling, doing onigiri, squatting like Beyoncé, to tilting my head and looking at the camera like a soap opera star. I finished with a special touch. All these poses are super popular, you know?

The photographer, seeing that we had been working almost two hours, asked for a for15-minute break and told me to think about how I could show my personality. He would do another round of shooting.

Seeing this, P'Pin turned to her veteran : friend'Dai, help Jane.

What?! There are eight veterans on this trip, why does she have to be the one to help me on both days?!

I didn't know how to act, and deep down P'Dai was probably upset too. Who would want to be around a freshman she didn't like?

The girl, wearing a sunflower print shirt and tight jeans, walked up to me with a strawberry lollipop in her mouth. And it was that lollipop that made me unable to look . awayShe seemed to know what I was thinking, even without me asking. She finished sucking on the lollipop and answered my question:

'I'm trying to quit smoking. I don't like chewing I bought lollipops to suck on when I feel like it.gum or candy, so

Ah, got it! That way, the smell of cigarettes won't cover P'Dai'.s perfume

What? My sentence was normal, it shouldn't make anyone or upset.

But for some reason, when P'Dai heard, her mouth dropped open slightly and a slight blush appeared on her smooth, pretty cheeks. She crossed her arms and seemed to be trying to hold back a smile. Hmm? Then she changed the subject to what really mattered:

'Oh, right. So, let's talk about the promotional .'video

It's a good idea. Let's film soon and go separate ourways. P'Dai must be tired of me by now, right?

**20h43**

'Where are we going?

Dear, who I dragged out of the room in the middle of the night, asked confusedly. I turned to her and winked, replying: 'Let's go eat Korean barbecue with the veterans.

Before that, I'd showered, slathered up and was ready for bed, but feeling a bit lonely. So I was scrolling through Facebook and ended up finding a post by P'Pin with a picture of a Korean grill that looked delicious, along with the caption:

Secret snack. The sauce is mouth-watering. Freshmen, if you want to come along, we're in the pool area.'

It's a good thing I wasn't asleep yet, otherwise I wouldn't have known that the veterans were making such a tasty snack. My stomach was rumbling, begging for food. Of course, I decided in a second to go down and eat with them. And, since I saw that Dear had been sleeping late for the last two days (like, still up at 2am watching videos cooking in the dark room), I figured she wouldn't mind being dragged down to the grill.

We reached the pool on the first floor in no time. It was a bit chilly, but fortunately, even though my pajamas were thin, they had sleeves and long legs. The veterans were having a little party in one corner. They were sitting in reclining , chairseating and drinking happily, with someone playing guitar and singing in the background, creating a cool atmosphere. There were about three barbecues, and each one was surrounded by people sitting in a semicircle.

From what I could see, there were about four or five freshmen, men and women, mixed together. They'd probably seen the post, just like me.

And, as expected, when she saw that there really was Korean barbecue and that it wasn't a joke, Dear, the beautiful candidate for this 's year, rushed to a chair as if she had forgotten that she had come with me. In the blink of an eye, she was already with chopsticks in hand, helping the veterans turn the meat as if she'd been waiting for this for ages.university star

And what about Dear? Why did she have to sit in the same circle as P'Dai? Well, I understand that she was already familiar with P'Pin, who talked to her a lot that time at the seafood restaurant. But, my God! If I were to sit in another circle, it would look strange.

In the end, I accidentally ended up sitting in the same circle. All right, at least I'm not sitting opposite her like last time. I'll just focus on eating and that's that. I came here just to silence the rumbling in my stomach. I dont 'P'Dai mind, even if looks at me and smiles when I sit down in the recliner.

But I ended up looking at her pajamas for a while. She was only wearing a long-sleeved shirt and shorts, and she was still sucking on a lollipop when she should have saved the candy for last. Hmm, I think she felt like smoking. But I guess I stared for too long, because at one point she turned and our eyes met. I had to pretend I was busy turning the meat on the grill, even though Dear had already finished doing that.

Was I wrong right or to show up at the secret ?snack

Or I was wrong from the start, when I sang 'Gogo Cat' in the selection. Ah, if I'd known, I'd have sung 'Nuu Malee Mee Look Maew Miaow'. I probably wouldn't have got through so easily.

As I ate the Korean barbecue with the delicious sauce that matched the invitation, less than ten minutes passed. I don't know if my expression was that I was too spicy or because they saw me sitting there, sticking out my tongue and wagging it to relieve the burning. Suddenly, a veteran member staff came from another circle to give me something. He wore round glasses and had a cute, half-Japanese style.

'Jane, milk. It helps relieve the burning.

Our whole circle fell silent, especially P'Pin, who usually is loud and animated. She went quiet when the unknown veteran appeared like this.

'Ah... thank you.

I accepted the carton of milk in confusion, and he looked embarrassed for some reason, scratching his head before running back to his circle with his friends.

I, who still didn't quite understand the situation, shrugged my shoulders and thought positively that he was probably friendly with . But I was startled to turn around and see P'Dai with a serious expression and an unfriendly look following the senior who was probably in the same class as her.

Hmm? Then my little brain started connecting the dots.

Did that veteran have some kind of relationship with P'Dai? And maybe he secretly , likes mewithout showing , itwhich made P'Dai look jealous and therefore dislike me? Then she keeps looking at me and warning me: 'Jane, don't mess with my man.

But wait, I only saw that veteran's face today. I don't even know his .name

'A rival,' P'Pin commented casually before taking a sip of water.

What's going on? I'm completely confused. So, is it as I thought?

I couldn't eat the Korean . barbecue anymoreThe burning faded as I thought about how to act. Should I invite Dear back to the room? Hmm, but she's enjoying the barbecue. Or should I go out alone and fake a yawn?

"me Let borrow your guitar."

That phrase was spoken by P'Dai. She turned to another friend who was tuning his guitar. The boy handed over the instrument without asking too many questions. At that moment, I cringed a little in fear. Villains in dramas often destroy things, so I was afraid that she would take out her anger by smashing the guitar or throwing something. Oh my God, Jane, what are you thinking? Hehe.

All right, I'm going. I was about to tell P'Pin that I was sleepy, but then the sound of the guitar hit my ears, making me forget what I was going to say and automatically turn to the source of the sound.

And the moment a sweet voice began to sing the chorus of a song I often listened to on a streaming app, while our eyes met and remained locked like that, I completely forgot what I was about to do. All I could do was... respond to the look that mixed a little dissatisfaction with a touch of pleading.

'...If you love her so much, I love her more. I don't know how much, but I love her more. What you give, I give more.

'If you want to give more, I'll give more.

If you want to bet on who loves more, I don't lose to anyone.

Wait, I need to stop fantasizing. Now, the question is: why did P'Dai sing that song and look at me?

What was her ? messageThe chorus? No, that's impossible! It must be the title of the song: 'Let's Bet'.

Absolutely!!! She was clearly challenging me and showing that she is superior. So that guy who came to give me the carton of milk really the person P'Dai likes, as I suspected. And she probably sees me as a strong rival, so she picked up the guitar and sang that song full of is hints.

This could be a serious , warningshowing that she really doesn't like me. That's crazy! But I was just sitting there, quiet!

## Chapter 8 : Jane will fight fight for her life (but life will back)

The weekend retreat of the representatives (stars) left me sore, because I don't normally walk that much. To be honest, I was almost too lazy to go to class, even though it was in the afternoon. But I had to drag myself there because Cake wasn't enrolled in the same subject. Only Wai was with me, but she's unreliable because she sleeps all the time.

During class, I had another reason to sigh. The editor sent me a message, probably for the hundredth time this month, asking what the theme of my new story would be so that she could plan it properly. I felt trapped, so I replied that I would give her a definitive answer by the end of the month.

Even though I had no idea what to do.

When the lesson ended, the clock read a little after three in the afternoon. Wai, sleepy, wanted to go back to the dormitory and cuddle up in bed again, even though she had drooled all through class. I was worried about my friend, but I didn't stop her. In the time that remained, I planned to go to an ice cream parlor near the university before rushing back to the dormitory.

But just as I got off the elevator with the sleeper, my cell phone rang.

Someone with the Facebook name 'Champ Thananukul' sent a friend request. When I clicked to see the profile, I immediately remembered that it was the veteran who gave me the carton of milk that night at the Korean barbecue.

Where did he get my Facebook ? fromI think my Facebook name is quite specific: 'Jane Charin'. How did he know it was this Jane?

But now I know: he's the 'P'Champ.

Hmm, in that case, I don't want to accept the friend request. It's bad enough that P'Dai stares at me all the time. Last time, she even sang a song challenging me. If I accepted P'Champ as a friend on Facebook without much thought, and he started liking my posts or reacting to them, last year's university star would surely come and teach me a lesson.

Just imagining it gives me goose bumps.

Then I won't accept it!

It's better to nip this in . the In any case, we still have representative (star) where I'll keep meeting the veterans until the day of the contest. activities If I end up testing P'Dai's patience, I'm sure to have problems.

The elevator took us up to the second floor of the college building. I stuffed my cell phone into my cloth bag and left with my friend, looking tired. I planned to split up with her here, because I was going to wait for the streetcar to go to the front of the university. I was too lazy to walk, as Wai's dormitory was in the opposite direction.

'See you later, Wai.

'What? We're still here together, almost breaking up.' 'Oh, it's short for "See you later, okay?"'

'Ahhh.'

Every friend of mine, huh? *sigh*

After that, we both waved and went our separate ways. I walked to the university streetcar stop, which was like a mini bus . stopPart of me wanted to take out my cell phone to play more, but another part was afraid of repeating what happened week, last when I was so distracted that when I looked up, the streetcar had already passed. Damn!

So the next time I'm waiting for the streetcar, I'll keep an eye on it before it turns the corner.

And because I wasn't glued to my cell phone, I ended up seeing the star of this year's Architecture course walking towards me, as if she had a goal in mind. The recent retreat left us close enough to greet each other when we met by chance.

'Hi, Dear.

Hi.

At first, she looked like she was going to walk paststraight , as she seemed to be in a hurry. But then the pretty-faced girl seemed to remember something and stopped to turn around.

'Oh, Jane, I asked P'Dai, okay? If she doesn't like someone at the moment.

'Huh?' It took me a while to process, but I understood that Dear probably meant that she asked P'Dai if she didn't like someone at the moment.

'Oh, I see. And what did she say?

'She said she has an enemy of the heart at the moment.

Wow, she was definitely talking about me.

Dear didn't explain further. She looked at her watch and put her hand on my shoulder, as if to say goodbye.

I have to go. I have a meeting with friends at four. I'm already late.

Oh, she made it for four o'clock, why is she in such a hurry now? I was confused by Dear, but before I could open my mouth to ask or thank her, the pretty girl was already walking towards the motorcycle parking area, leaving me at the bus stop.

Yes, in this age everything is quick, isn't it? Make an appointment for four leave at half past three.

In any case, Dear must have her reasons. Right now, I should concentrate on what she's just told . meP'Dai herself admitted that she has an 'enemy of the heart' at the moment. Yeah, she sees me like that.

But, my God, I need to correct her .misunderstanding

All right, I'm not going to challenge or be anyone's enemy. Jane will fight. I'm going ask toP'Dai : directly'Do you dislike me because of this?' And ask her to stop staring at me.

With that in mind, I stopped worrying about the streetcar. I picked up my cell phone and opened the chat of someone who likes to stare at me, typing with trembling fingers:

**Jane:** P'Dai?

**P'Dai**: Yes, Jane?

Who would have thought that, in a few seconds, she would read it and reply? She answered quickly. She must be very free.

Oh, and why was I complaining? I wanted her to answer really quickly, so I could sort everything out today.

**Jane**: I think we both have something to sort out.

**Jane**: Face toface.

**P'Dai**: Face toface? Where?

She sent a smiling emoji in such a tense conversation. What a strange person.

If I marked where I was going in , the ice-cream parlorit wouldn' seem tvery serious. So...

We're sorting things out, it's not a date. , if I were distracted by the deliciousness of the ice cream, I wouldn't be able to talk properly. So it's best to let her choose.

Jennie: You choose the place, P'. I'm free now.

**P'Dai:** (Sent a photo)

**P'Dai:** Here. I'm waiting for my friends to train.

In the photo she sent, it was the bleachers of the university soccer field. I replied with a serious rabbit sticker with the word '0%' on its head, followed by a short sentence.

**Jane:** Wait a , I'm on my way.

**15h42**

I arrived at the point where P'Dai had scored, which was the stand with blue seats. She was alone, holding a box of lollipops. When she turned and saw , meshe smiled and tapped the her seat next to , twiceas if inviting me to sit down and talk. But I beeped and shook my head, saying no.

Even though she was alone, a little further on there was a group of students male and female chatting and joking. , looking at the field, both the soccer field and the athletics track had people scattered all over them. It wasn't as private a place as I had expected.

'Can we talk over there?' I pointed to a corner of the stand where there were fewer people.

The pretty veteran seemed to agree with me. She didn't say yes or no, but stood up and got down from where she was sitting. Seeing this, I took her to the place I had indicated, trying to look super serious, as if we were discussing something of global importance.

And so as not to waste time, when we were finally alone, face to face, as I wanted, I went straight to the point that made her dislike me.

'He's the person you like, isn't he?

The girl in uniform, with a denim jacket tied around her waist, made an expression of doubt before leaning against the concrete wall and crossing her arms. Ah, her classic pose.

Who? I usually like the sea . And... she's teasing me again!best

**Jane:** I'm talking about P'Champ!

'Champ? No.'

'not It's true. You're lying to me. It's come to this, tell the truth.

'I'm telling you the truth, Jane. I only met him at the recent .'

'What?!'retreat 'Why are you surprised?

'I thought you liked him.

', if I'm being exact, I really don't like his .' 'What?!'face

The pretty girl laughed. 'You've already surprised yourself .

How can I not be surprised? My brain can't keep up with everything. As I walked here, I was rehearsing answers in my head in case P'Dai exploded, challenged me or declared that P'Champ was hers. How could the real situation not be in the script?

But my determination was already burning, and I wasn't going to give up. I crossed my arms and spoke seriously:

'But you don't like me, you?

'Hmm? Why do you think I don't like you?'

'Well, in the beginning, when we still didn't know each other, you stared at me the time. Women who stare at each other don't like or hate each other, do they? Every drama is like that. I know, I watch a lot of them. On vacation, I spend all day watching them.

P'Dai remained silent.

For several seconds, she was speechless. I assumed it was because she was shocked that I had understood the game so well. But shortly afterwards, the older person raised his hand to his head, as if laughing at something funny, and let out a laugh.

Hmm, did I do something embarrassing? ...No, dont Ithink so. 'Don't take dramas so seriously.'

Normally, her voice is already sweet and pleasant, but that particular sounded like vanilla ice cream... something like that. And seriously, it made my heart beat in a strange way. phrase What's more, the person wearing a soft rose perfume moved away from the wall and approached me, getting very close.

'I wasn't staring at you because I don't like you. And... then why was P'Dai staring at me?

'Women who stare at each other can only be because they don't like ? each otherHmm?'

While my brain was trying its best to process these words, the pretty girl leaned forward until our noses were only a short distance apart. My mind seemed to be scattered, but her next sentence ended up making my heart work harder than before.

'...I was staring at you because I like you, pretty .'girl

## Chapter 9 : Jane is completely confused.

This has gone far beyond what I expected. I don't know how to react. Jane doesn't know what to do= She runs back to the dormitory.

If we're confused, we need to go back to our nest to pull ourselves together. I went back to the dormitory, forgetting that I wanted to eat ice cream.

I wrapped myself in the blanket and tried to calm my heart, which wouldn't stop pounding when I remembered P'Dai's expression and voice:

'I was staring at you because I like you, pretty girl.

What is there in me to like? I don't understand. Was she kidding me? Like, she found my confused face funny and decided to play around a bit, and then she'll come out and say: 'I've got you, silly Jane!

But, on reflection, her gaze didn't seem malicious. Oh, I don't know. This kind of thing is complicated. I need help. The first person I thought of was P'Junior.

**Jane:** P'Junior?

**P'Junior:** Hello?

Incredibly, he was on standby, connected to social . networksI barely sent the message and he already replied.

**Jane:** Help!

**P'Junior:** Who's disturbing my Jane?

**Jane:** It's P'Dai!

**P'Junior:** Tell me everything. I'll take care of her.

**Jane:** It's that architecture senior I was talking about earlier.

**P'Junior:** I remember.

**P'Junior:** Did she physically ? assault youIf so, 'll Icall the police.

**Jane:** No, it's not like that. **P'Junior:** So what did do?she

**Jane:** She said she likes me.

**P'Junior:** (Sent a meme of a cat with its mouth open, shocked)

**Jane:** P'Junior, help! I don't know what to do with my life now.

**P'Junior:** Jane, you scared me. I almost cried.

It's just that my head is a mess.

**P'Junior:** And you like her? If you don't, just say no.

**Jane:** Of course I don't like women. My mother and P'Jas are women.

**P'Junior:** No, Jane, 's not it. I meant like someone you love.

My consciousness seemed to return to my brain in several parts. As I read my older brother's message, I began to reflect.

That's it. When I heard P'Dai confess her feelings (which I had misunderstood along), I was stunned and my heart raced, my mouth hanging open before I ran as if someone had put the sun on me.

What if, at that moment, Ihadn't freaked out? What would I have ?

I'm stressed. Why does the life of a 19-year-old girl have to be so complicated?

**Jane:** I don't know.

**Jane:** I don't want to say yes or no.

**P'Junior**: Hmm, that's difficult.

**P'Junior**: Look, Jane, you don't have to rush. I think you're fine. For now, try to think about what you want to do next, okay?

Is it okay if it's her? If you get to the point where you think you don't like it, just say no. I'll help you.

**Jane:** P'Junior, are you free?

**P'Junior**: Yes.

**Jane:** Okay, I trust you.

After finishing the conversation with my older brother, I couldn't sleep. I tossed and turned in bed until almost five in the morning, forgetting that I had work to do. My eyes were fixed on the ceiling, as if there was a movie playing.

And then a message from the 'AssociationGossip ' group appeared. It was from Cake, who is always on top of everything.

**Cake:** Hey, Jane, what's going on? Someone said they saw you with P'Dai near the soccer field.

The news spreads fast, as if there were security cameras at the university.

**Cake:** What were you doing there? Flirting? Or solving the problem with that guy who was hitting on you?

**Jane**: Oh yes, we were sorting things out.

**Cake:** AHHHHHH!

**Jane**: What?

It's hard to type now.

**Cake:** I'm so excited! It's like a live drama. Have you kissed yet?

**Jane**: Kiss what?

**Jane**: P'Dai likes me.

**Jane**: She said she likes me.

**Cake:** (Sends a sticker of shock, his their eyes almost popping out of sockets) **Cake:** I'll call the group now!

That night, Wai was probably already asleep. So Cake and I stayed on the phone, just the two of us. My friend was so shocked that she must have frozen when she heard. She never imagined that P'Dai would go beyond rivalry. Instead, it ended with the confession: 'I was staring at you because I like you, pretty girl!'and I

Ah... just remembering that phrase made my cheeks hot again. I had to cover my face with my hands to calm down.

After a long silence, Cake's voice came out of the speaker It seems she's discovered something interesting.phone.

**Cake:** That's right, she's a lesbian.

**Jane**: How do you know?

**Cake:** Look on her , Facebookin the details section. She wrote that she's interested in women.

**Jane**: Hey, Cake, do you spy on P'Dai on Facebook? I never realized that. If you'd told me before, 'd Ihave known she liked me a long time !ago

**Cake:** Haha.

I quickly picked up my cell phone, which was still on a call with Cake, and logged onto Facebook. I went to the section she had mentioned and blinked rapidly when I saw that P'Dai had indeed specified her interest in women.

She made it very clear, without hiding it, that she is a lesbian. What'more, s the photos section of her profile, there were several pictures of her with other girls.when I looked at

But... is P'Dai a lesbian?

I looked at her photo with a slight smile, and my confused expression turned to doubt.

'What is it about a girl like me that she likes?

A whole week has passed since the incident in which I went to confront P'Dai and discovered that she likes me. Since then, we haven't met by chance, which surprised . meEven even with the preparation for the competition and the important activities to come, I haven't seen her, the star of last year's university, once.

Where did she go? Did someone kidnap the pretty girl from Architecture?

She hasn't posted anything new on Facebook, and I don't know if she's online, since we're not friends on the platform. I wanted to try sending a messageher , but every time I start typing, I feel a heaviness in my chest, as if my cell phone had a low battery. In the end, I give up and hide under the blanket, running away from reality.

Until one day, while I was under the building with my two best friends, I remembered a scene from a drama where the protagonist creates a situation to find the person she wants. Maybe I don't need to be anxious about sending a message. Just show up where she's likely to be.

But where would bethat place ? I scratched my chin thoughtfully.

If I go to architecture , schoolit seems like it would be easy to find. But then again...

I'd be an intruder if I showed up in her , wouldnclassroomt I? What if she's not there?

Maybe a donut store or a coffee shop where she usually stores? No, that's too obvious.

Or perhaps risk going to the stands? That's where the important incident happened.

That day, she said she was waiting for her friends to train. So it seems the most likely place to meet her if I go at the same time.

I turned to Cake, who was eating garlic bread messily, looking like a child in a washing powder commercial, and asked casually:

'Ah... do you have any friends or acquaintances who might be near the soccer right now?field

**Cake:** '? Do you want to find P'Dai? She might be waiting for her friends to train, like last time.

How did she know? That I would casually pretend and show up?

As if I was just going out with friends. Cake is so smart that she doesn't even need me to say anything, she understands everything.

**Cake:** 'That's it, isn' it? But I'm , I don't know anyone who's there right now.

But in a moment of desperation, a heavenly voice sounded like a saving bell. And, surprisingly, it came from Wai, who had just raised her head after dozing off.

**Wai:** 'I know someone.

She looked at me with the expression of someone who has with seen a dog wings.

'The person who's being sucked into the bed so hard...'" She replied simply: "It's just the veteran.

I felt a shiver of excitement and stood up to hug Wai, the incredible .girl

'Let's find the Wai !veteran

At first, I thought the senior Wai mentioned was someone from the neighborhood or something. But when the three of us arrived at the venue, we saw a girl we knew well, as she was one of the university. 's starsShe stopped stretching and came up to us with a smile.

' Wai, have you come to watch me train?'

Wow! How does Wai know a third-year senior, famous for her abilities athletic and incredibly popular with both and women, men like third-year science major ? P'OrShouldn't she be sleeping in the dorm? Cake and I looked at , each other, shockedbut not for long, because the next sentence from the athletic girl, dressed for running, caught our attention.

**P'Or:** "you Are all coming tonight?

**Wai:** 'Yes, P'Or. I 't wonlet you down Oh my God, that's giving P'Or a strange look.

**Jane:** 'That night you mentioned, is it tonight?

**Wai:** 'Yes, Jane. Let's just watch, okay?

It's a rare . sceneCake's confused expression turned to the veteran, and the two of us walked backwards, as if we were rejecting an ex-boyfriend or someone we were talking to.

At that , the older person was put offand had to return to the track to continue training.

We were impressed. Both Cake and I looked at Wai, waiting for her to explain.

**Wai:** '?'

She made a confused , faceas if she hadn't done anything special. Cake asked: 'Are you a "silent cow"?'

**Jane:** ''Whats a silent ? cowA cow that doesn't like to make noise?'

**Cake:** 'Yeah...'

I was about to swear at my friend who was making a stupid , but when I looked over, I saw P'Dai and her group of friends coming down the stairs.face

stands. My eyes went wide, and the shame that came out of nowhere made me quickly close my mouth and hide behind Cake.

Of course, even though I was cowering, there was no way I could hide completely. At one point, P'Dai accidentally . She saw us, but didn't say hello or act as she had before. looked our wayThe tall girl just crossed her arms and turned her attention to her friends in the stands.

What was that all about? She said those words , herselfbut now she's disappeared without saying hello or getting involved. What's more, now it seems she's almost ignoring me.

During the afternoon, the group of friends from the 'Gossip Association' and I pretended to be watching P'Or practice, but the real reason was P'Dai. I lost count of how many times I looked at last year's varsity star, but I felt like I was staring so much that my neck almost stopped. And I realized that she just stood there with her arms crossed, not looking our way even once.

I'm frustrated.

'If she's going to carry on like this, 'youd better talk to me.

I said this in frustration. It was around five in the afternoon, and the of us three were leaving the soccer field, about to split up.

I was full. Cake, who was walking next to me, stopped immediately when she heard this, causing Wai and me to stop as well. She put her hands on her waist and said:

' Jane, you can go to her !'too

'No, whoever confessed that they like it has to take responsibility.

'Ouch! If you think that, then there's no need to continue this conversation. I'm leaving. This is a waste of time. Being with you is...'

Before turning to her friend with a confused face, she said: 'And you, Wai, I'm still curious about what P'Or said. Tonight, tell the group. feel like you're hiding a secret. But now I have to go back to feed the fat cat before it eats the bed in the room. So, bye!'

And we split up there, because Cake's old man drove on his by motorcycle and she asked to go along, since it was on the way. It was just me and Wai. Wai looked at me and raised her finger, imitating Cake. 'I'm leaving too. What's wrong?

She rolled her eyes and sighed. 'Oh, I'm .

**22h30**

My friend's words echoed in my ears: 'If you think that, then you don't need to continue this conversation.

This created a stir in my heart in a confusing way. I didn't know why I was afraid, since P'Dai is from another college and we have nothing todowith each other. But imagining that this girl could disappear after saying something that made my face hot, I knew I couldn't accept it.

I can't let it end like this!

So I got up, took off the blanket and picked up the cell phone that was charging and left on the table next to the bed. I unplugged the charger and opened the profile of someone I'd exchanged glances with today.

Cake said that if we carried on like this, we way might not talk all through. I'm not okay with that.

Okay, if it's going to be like this, why, I don't know but I'm going to send a message.

**Jane:** P'Dai.

**Jane:** I like oranges.

Oh my God! What did I just send you?"

## Chapter 10 : Jane is getting angry!

I was about to cancel the message when the recipient opened it and read it. I was so embarrassed that I wanted to throw the phone out of the world. What inspired me to send a message saying that I like oranges in this situation?

Jane, you're so...

**P'Dai:** Yes?

**P'Dai:** Did you mean salmon?

**Jane:** No.

**Jane:** I meant sour .oranges

**P'Dai:** Oh, so you're not asking me to buy at the market, you?

P'Dai replied confusedly, and I could only sigh at the blunder I'd made. Knowing this, I looked for a meme to send, following Cake's advice, which would be better than continuing.

**Jane:** No.

**Jane**: Just...

**Jane:** I didn't really know how to start the conversation. I was almost in tears.

**P'Dai:** So that means you have something to talk to aboutme , right?

Are the people around me all intelligent, or am I just very stupid? P'Dai saw right through me. Yes, I've wanted to continue the conversation since day theI almost freaked out and ran back to the dorm. But chatting can make me even more confused. So...

**Jane:** Can we meet? I want to talk to you We need to talk face to face.in person.

**P'Dai:** At seven in the evening like this?

**Jane**: I mean tomorrow.

**P'Dai:** Ah.

**Jane:** At five in the afternoon.

**P'Dai:** Is this a meeting for green tea or to donate food to the monks?

I don't understand. Why is she arranging it so early? Even Dear arranged to meet her friends at four in the afternoon.

**Jane:** So, what time are you free?

**P'Dai: '**If it's for a casual , conversationseven oclock at night is fine.

It took a long time, but I didn't dare complain as she was probably busy all day. So I just sent her a confirmation . stickerAfter she read it and replied, my heart raced, wondering what the veteran was doing. Working on an assignment? Sleepy? Or with her girlfriend?

That's crazy. I was thinking too much for no reason. Fortunately, 'Gossip Association' group caught my attention first. chat Cake entered the chat with a 'Hey!

Wai told the story of how she met P'Or, but she didn't reply, even after several messages late into the night. It seems she was busy.

Then I thought about P'Dai again and fell asleep.

The next , dayit was Wai's turn not to show up for class, leaving Cake to look at each other and immediately realize that her friend with the confused face was just avoiding answering questions.and me

We were meeting discussing whether we should press Wai to tell us or whether we should drop the subject, since he didn't seem to want to talk about his personal life.

Even though Cake and I seemed clueless and liked to gossip, if it made our other friend uncomfortable, we decided not to put any more pressure on Wai. Cake sent a new message in the group:

"Oh, never mind, we don't anymore. Come to class !"tomorrow

"But what about you, what's going on with P'Dai? Have you texted her yet?" Cake quickly "Yes, I have."changed the subject.

Cake's eyes immediately lit up when something caught her eye. "So, how was

it?"

"Lets 'talk tonight." "So you're dating?" "Are you crazy? I don't like her." "Oh, right, you're denying it."

"It's just that it's early. still I didn't say I don't like her."

"Hey, Jane Ja, you're annoying ! meYou want to pick a fight with me, you?"

I got a scolding, but I really meant what I said. At the moment, I don't have an answer to continue the conversation that P'Dai started by confessing her feelings. That's why I want to find her and hope she'll talk more about it.

I've never had a romantic relationship before. Until now, I've just been a girl who eats, sleeps and has fun. Maybe my life is a little more exciting because of the manga I draw and the followers on my pageFacebook , but my theories and stories about love come from the music I listen to, the soap operas I watch and the movies I see. How can someone like me understand what it's like to like someone?

After staring at Cake and almost getting a fight, I sat for a while until intoit was time to split up, as she was going back to her lodgings. I decided to wait until seven in the evening and then go to the café that P'Dai had indicated. But... there were still several hours to go. It was only four in the afternoon.

The cell phone in my bag vibrated and rang loudly. I, who was sitting alone at a marble table, was happy that someone was calling. But I had to stop myself when I saw that the number was the editor's, who has been waiting for an answer for a month. I'm screwed.

[Jane, haveyou decided on the new story you're going to write?] As soon as I answered, the sentence I was expecting came over the line.

I blinked rapidly, wondering if I should mention the little ideas that were popping up.

"I have a plot idea, but... can I confirm it tomorrow?" [What's the idea? Can you give me a spoiler?].

"yetI can'P'Aew."t tell you ,

[Too bad. I could try to move it up at the meeting tomorrow.]

"Then I'll tell you later tonight."

I said that, but even don't Iknow why I need to wait to talk P'Dai before deciding what the theme of the next manga will be.

I' not msure what she has to do with it, but when I said "I have a plot idea", the image that popped into my mind was her face.

I told you, my life is completely off the rails because of this one veteran.

Jane Ja Tian Sawang Waap's life during high school was . If she made an appointment with someone, she was never late. Before, if she didn't arrive on time, she'd probably be so late that she'd question herself! But when she entered university, she turned into someone who always arrived before the agreed time.

Today, she didn't have the heart to sit around doing nothing, out of respect for the establishment, so she ordered a banana milk shake and a green coconut cake, planning to eat while she waited. When she'd finished her glass, she'd probably be time. But just as the waiter brought the order, coincidentally, someone opened the café door. It was a girl wearing a denim jacket over her university uniform.

P'Dai arrived. It wasn't yet five in the afternoon.

The tall, slender woman looked around the café before she saw me sitting down. Her thin, pretty lips with their pink lipstick curved into a smile, showing a little surprise. She, who was carrying a brown paper bag, went up to the counter to order something and then came to sit down in the chair opposite me. "Hi, I'm early."

"I was here earlier .." too.Now I'll have to eat more carefully instead of devouring everything.

P'Dai just smiled slightly, without answering anything about it. Once again, the pretty girl crossed her arms, making me wonder if this gesture was an automatic reaction when she felt something. But I'm still not sure.

Before I could look any further, her pretty face pointed to the bag brown paper on the table. "I bought that for you."

What?

Did she really buy me ?a present

I took the bag and opened it to look inside, completely surprised. Holy shit...

"I heard you you say like to eat."

P'Dai bought smoked fish for me.

"..." I was speechless. I've never seen a soap opera where someone conquers another person with smoked . fishIt's romantic in a different way. While others give flowers, I get smoked fish. On a positive note, it's a nutritious and healthy gift. "O... thank you." I didn't know how to react.

P'Dai smiled slightly, seizing the moment to jump in before I could get ready. "So, what do we need to talk about in person?"

Can people get into it before the green tea milk shake is even served? I had to stop being impressed by the fish gift smoked and sit down, trying to think of how to answer the question. This is difficult. After all, she was the one who brought it up. Why doesn't she continue today? Why did she make me start?

I lowered my eyes, playing with my hair and fiddling with my ear, completely flustered.

"I..."

"Jane Ja..." The older person paused for a moment.

"I wanted P'Dai to continue talking about what happened that day in the auditorium."

The pretty girl made a thoughtful , expressiontapping her chin lightly and looking up, as if reflecting. "What about? Are you talking about that time you got stuck in the soap opera?"

"No, it's not that." Hey, doesn't she really know?

"Oh, so it be must about that guy, huh? What was his name again? Champ?"

"No, no, !" How could it be about that?

"Ah, so I really don't know what you're talking about."

That's when I realized I was being provoked. My lips tightened and my cheeks were so hot that smoke was almost coming out of my ears. I wanted to say something, but I thought it would be too embarrassing, since she confessed that she likes me. She should continue the conversation!

"P'Dai, you're crazy!"

That's what came out of my mouth.

That's it, I' mnot talking to her anymore. What kind of girl is that? She smiled and continued eating calmly!

## Chapter 11 : Jane wants to ask one more time.

I'll get away with banana , milkcoconut cake and fish.

The decision was made, but P'Dai ended up laughing beforehand, as if he had succeeded.

The moment to play trick, a the green tea she had prepared earlier was served on the spot.

With four expressions, we were silent for a moment, but P'Dai still looked at me with an expression of wanting to laugh.

I've decided with myself that when we're alone again, I'll make up my mind. Let me speak first, no matter how embarrassing "That

day, P'Dai said he likes Jane."it is.

"Wow, we spoke at the same time!"

I quickly covered my mouth, signaling for to P'Dai continue talking, and she seemed to understand well... but why is she crossing her arms as she talks?

"Um, and I wasn't kidding. I watch a lot because I like Jane. But that day, when I heard, I was afraid to get close again, afraid that it wouldn't be okay or that you'd feel uncomfortable."

Frowning as if he were picking on someone older: "Wait a minute, P'Dai what did you see in me?"

"It's just that you're cute." I was about was about to ask if it her looks, but she continued to look embarrassed as she explained further:

"The way way you laugh, the you walk, the way you eat, or even the way you do it. I don't know, but I think you're a lovely, lovely girl."

"Wow... being complimented by another girl makes me feel 200% cuter."

"And then I heard you talking badly about me in the store that day, about how I didn't like your face. You know, it was so embarrassing. What a dramatic girl, huh?"

"It's just that... I always see it that way."

I kept arguing from the , because I was dying of shame. It felt like I'd been acting like a child from the start. She must have laughed several times at my silly expressions. When I thought about it, I felt a heat on my face and automatically covered my face with my hands.

"Enough, ! Don't talk about embarrassing things about me , anymoreI'm ashamed!"

"I don't see anything embarrassing. I think you're cute."

Those beautiful eyes seemed to smile together.

"Jane is the person who made me want to quit smoking. I want to take care of the little things, and I've shown even my jealous , sideeven though I'm in the position of secretly liking it. That last point is kind of funny, isn't it?"

Quit smoking because of me? Because back then you said you didn't like the smell, right?

I didn't even have time to think through.

But now, I can't look at the face of the person who bought the fish for me. I feel like a super silly girl who interpreted everything negatively because she was too immersed in vacation dramas. You silly girl, you made Jane look bad!

I only managed to lower the hands covering my adjust my expression.face when I tried to

When I got back to normal, we didn't talk for a moment, but it wasn't a strange or uncomfortable atmosphere. Every time I glanced , overthe girl in the denim jacket with her arms crossed, looking at me and smiling.I saw

What's going on here? My father always said that when I got to university, I'd have lots of guys hitting on me. How did that end up being a girl? But... I feel like I'm floating in the middle of a fairy tale. Wrong in a way that makes your heart flutter.

P'Dai tilted his head slightly.

"What about us? In the end, is it okay that I confessed like that?"

The question seemed to bring me back to reality. After listening, I blinked rapidly and ended up answering with another question:

"And... you're just going to confess and that's ? "

"What do you mean?"

"You said you liked me, but you're not going to keep courting ?" I ended up saying something so embarrassing! Damn!me

"Ah..."

Even she, who was listening, was speechless for a moment. P'Dai made an expression of not knowing how to react, and then crossed her arms more tightly. I seemed confused by this reaction.

"I care a lot about what you said, I'm not going to let go iton for another night, that's for sure!"

"So you're saying that you allow me to court ?" "It's just... it's just..."you

"Jane, you know, right? That courting someone is like knocking on their and hoping that one day they'll open it for you."door

"I don't know. I've never tried to understand these courtship I'things. ve always compared real life to dramas. But... I'll try to understand."

"You don't have any experience with this, you?" she asked, unable to hide her curiosity.

"Because I don't like you, you but I don't I 't dislike , eitherso donknow what that means. But if you're... well... courted, maybe I'll understand better."

All the dramas I've watched or all the manga I've read, I've always been involved with the characters' romances, but I've never understood what it's like to fall in love or give your heart away. Sometimes, I've thought it would be like being in a completely different world, or perhaps like tasting a heart-warming food.

That' why sI only know "love" superficially.

"Got it." P'Dai nodded slightly in response to what I had explained. It was hard to guess what she was thinking, but at least I liked the discreet smile that was still tugging at the corner of her mouth.

"So, shall we go back together? It's getting late. Where's your dorm? I'll drive you."

Take me back to the dorm?

This was different from normal, because I always came back alone and never thought about what it would be like to have someone I could trust to take me home, carefully.

Hmm, sounds strange, but in a good .way

Her bike was a creamy shade, like vanilla ice cream. The two helmets were white with red . stripesAs I put mine , I heard her whisper something about needing to buy one that matched me better. I sat behind her, a little confused, thinking:on

"this Doesn't helmet suit me? Or do I look ugly in it? No, Jane, could it be that

our weak point is wearing a helmet? How are we going to solve that?"

After thinking too long, I realized that we were already at the entrance to the alley that led to the dormitory. P'Dai turned to me, still keeping an eye on the road to see if I was on the right track, and I quickly...

I lifted my head to awkwardly answer yes, but at that moment the tip of my nose almost touched the ear of the person in front of me.

Oh my God.

My nose seemed to heat up instantly. P'Dai Was on fire or something? My heart was pounding too. What's going on? The speed she was driving wasn't that high. I... need to search the internet to see if this is normal.

At around 7:15 p.m., the girl's motorcycle, which was from the Faculty of Architecture, stopped in front of my dormitory. It's actually not very far from the university, but walking is tiring.

Walking during the day is almost melting, and walking at night is frightening. We live in a society that teaches women to take care of themselves, but doesn't teach men to control themselves. It's difficult, as you can see.

When the older person took the helmet back, he joked: "I hope you don't have to worry about me tonight, huh?"

How embarrassing! At that moment, I just wanted her to I wanted to clarify things. I spoke without thinking, and now I realize that I shouldn't have admitted that she has such an influence on my sleep.know that

"And... what are you waiting for, P'Dai?"

"I'm waiting to see you enter the dormitory." "Oh..." Why is my chest so hot?

I nodded a little awkwardly, while holding the bag of fish she had brought for me. Even if it seems a bit strange, it's nice to know that someone cares about the little things I say. I thought about it as I walked.

I was about to leave, but in a second, my mind decided something. I wanted to talk to her tonight.

I stopped walking and turned to the girl who was still on the bike.

"P'Dai, do you remember comparing what you're doing now to knocking on a door and hoping that one day it will open?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I'm bothered, just tell me to stop, and I 't bother you anymore."

"No, it's not that..." I wanted to say, even if it was embarrassing.

"It's just that... I'm not sure what this feeling is, but I just wanted to say that, if it's like this, you can knock on the door again tomorrow. And in the following days too."

Yes, if it's like knocking on a door, I want this girl to keep knocking. Even if I' not msure I'll learn about love in the meantime, I want to feel what it's like to open that door.

"Understood." P'Dai replied with a soft smile, and at that moment, I was very grateful for the streetlight in front of the dormitory, which allowed me to see something like this. Who knew I'd be so moved by a girl?

"Good night, Jane."

In a sweet, soft voice, she said this, and I almost felt my body melt. I'thend better go up to the bedroom, . I raised my hand to wave back.

, I quickly ran away because, if I stayed any , I would probably do something shameful.

As soon as I entered the room, I acted like a leading lady in a drama. I leaned against the back of the door and slowly slid to the floor, biting my lower lip as I thought about the moment we were face to face.

Was the impact of that girl from the School of Architecture strong? Oh my God.

I sat there for a while, waiting for my heart to calm down and stop beating so hard. Then I managed to get up and put the fish in the small , fridgelucky that my father had made me buy it. We've that point, haven'we? The point where I think about whether I'm going to take the fish home at the weekend for my mother to fry or to seal and keep as a souvenir.

No, that's too much.

My stomach is still full from the banana milk and coconut cake I ate last night. I'm so full I don't want to eat anything else. I lay on the single bed, rolling from side to , happy, but my body wasn't happy.

Then I remembered something. It seems that I promised Mrs. Tao that I would confirm the new manga that I'm going to publish on the web. I picked up the phone and opened the Line of the person who always charges me.

After a serious conversation with P'Dai today, I finally made up mymind.

"Yes, that's . The next manga I'm going to draw will be a yuri. I want to try drawing a story about two women who love each other."

**Chapter 12 :** Jane doesn't like pharmacy stars

After that day when I practically flirted, saying that I wanted P'Dai to knock on my door every day, many things happened in the following weeks.

First, when my friends in the group found out that I, Jane, was letting a girl woo me, both Cake and Wai shouted "Wow!" because the level of that person was unusual. Everyone at the university knows her. The fact that she was giving out sweets to woo me made my

two friends as excited as if they had seen a silk thread floating in the sky.

Secondly, P'Dai added me as a friend on Facebook. I thought it would be more relaxed to accept, but with this girl it was like I was being proposed . In the end, after (pretending) to be difficult for almost a day, we finally became friends on Facebook. Now I'm more relieved. If I accidentally like something, it won't be so awkward. As well as P'Dai, friends from her group also added me, as if I were a celebrity.

Thirdly, Ae, my editor. When she found out that I was going to write a yuri story,

i.e. about women who love women, she called me immediately and complained. She said it wouldn't work. I argued back, saying: "I'm going to do it, I'm going to write it." She didn't accept this and tried to explain why, saying that she feared it wouldn't sell because most people probably like handsome men and that would sell more. I didn't accept this and said: "How you know that people don't like women together? You're assuming that people won't buy without trying. We don't know, we haven't tried yet. Anyway, I'll do it."

In the end, Ae and the team didn't want me to write it. They were afraid that the number of readers would be low, that it wouldn't be worth , itand suggested that I write a romantic story between a man and a woman or between two men. Why do they have to be so controlling?

Because of this, I'm no longer part of the site. That's fine.'s projects

I can publish on another site, chapter by chapter. It's freer that way, with no tight deadlines like before.

Anyway, I really want to draw a love story between two women.

And , I think I'm having a serious . I'm glaring at someone.rivalry now

The point is that this coming Thursday will be the university's stars and moons competition, so we've had to rehearse the song we're going to dance to together since Monday. Plus, there are lots of other things to practise, like the choreography. That's why, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the stars and moons from each college need to get together, including the mentors.

P'Dai is one of the most people supportive and is sought out by the younger ones for advice. Most of the time, it's about the talent show and how to answer questions, because they've seen last year's videos. You tell that she really deserved the title. She did a black belt karate performance and then played the guitar sang beautifully two songs live. additionIn , she answered the questions drawn at a level worthy of a Miss Thailand.

The others seem to approach her only for advice and see her as a kind of idol.

But there is one person who makes me raise my eyebrows in a strange way. She's a cute , girlsmall in stature, and with bob hair braces on her teeth. Every time she approaches P'Dai, it seems that...

She keeps grabbing his arm, touching him here and there, always approaching him nicely.

Tiring!

Miss Khemika Arunchancham, nickname King, is the star of the Faculty of Pharmacy. You're already exaggerating!

Dont 'P'Dai, mess with my the star of the pharmacy!

Ah, wait, we're just getting to know each other, mine . But no, anyway, P'Dai wants to knock on my door.she's not yet

So if anyone tries to knock on P'Dai's , doorI won't allow it. I'll lock it and put up a sign saying "No entry".

On Tuesday, at 9pm, while I was chatting with P'Dai, I also sent a message in the group of close friends. Gossip Association Group **Jane:** Hey, guys.

**Jane:** I'm starting to dislike someone.

**Cake:** Who? Just say it.

**Wai:** I'm curious.

**Jane:** The star of the College of Liberal .Arts

**Jane:** I'm starting to dislike the star of the Faculty of Pharmacy!

**Cake:** What did do?she

**Jane:** She's insinuating herself to P'Dai

**Cake:** Grrrr!

**Cake:** Who' going to ssteal the university star from us? I won't allow it!

**Cake:** We have to deal with her.

**Jane**: Tomorrow is the rehearsal. I think I'll clear things up.

**Cake:** Are you to goingslap her? I'll that!

**Wai:** We have to stay calm.

**Cake:** ?

**Jane**: Oh, your spelling is tiresome, Euk.

**Jane**: The Thai teacher is disappointed.

These two won't help at all. I massaged my temples. Cake probably just wants to fight, and Wai... I'm not sure if she's sleeping or talking to someone somewhere. Looks like I'm going to have to sort out this College star thing on Liberal Arts my own.

The next day, at 5pm, we still had the dress rehearsal. This time, the venue was the hall where the real event would take place the following day. We needed to rehearse the performance, the choreography and the order of the presentations. As it was the final rehearsal before the actual event the next , it morningended up lasting until nightfall. The staff were prepared to deal with our hunger by bringing us packed lunches. They said that, during the break15minute , we could take what we wanted and eat it.

As I was determined to provoke the star of the College of Liberal Arts, I waited for the moment when we would be alone. But she holding my P'Dai's arm, making conversation. I didn't feel like eating my lunch, so I just kept my hands on my waist, staring, waiting for my hateful gaze to reach her.

But my gaze didn't arrive, because Dear appeared first!

"Jane, why are you standing ? thereAren't you tired?"

I was as confused as a wide-eyed chicken and asked back, "Huh?"

Dear grimaced and said, "Arenyou 't tired? Tired, tired, tired!"

I didn't understand anything. What was she trying to say?

So I put out the fire inside me and tried to mentally translate what Dear was saying. I think she meant that I wasn't hungry.

"Oh, you're not going to eat? Get a lunchbox first. I'm waiting to sort something out with someone."

Dear made a strange , faceraised her hand to scratch her head and said, "All

right, I'll sort it out myself."

Then she left muttering: "I don't know what's going on with that girl. I'm going to eat first, otherwise I'll get hungry."

I didn't quite understand the whole sentence, but I think it was meant well. So I focused my gaze on King.

I waited until the star of the College of Liberal Arts stopped sticking to P'Dai.

P'Dai was called by the team to help, since they were short of people.

Meanwhile, the girl was left with no one to cling to and, probably hungry, decided to go to the table where the lunch boxes were lined up.

I wasted no time. I took on the role of the villain and went straight to her, picking up the same lunchbox she had chosen.

"Oh, you..."

Now I'm going to tease her. I'm going to use a strange nickname I invented for her. "Hey, King."

The lunchbox we were holding, each on one side, wasn't the last. There were many others, but it was the last one of garlic chicken. The others were fried rice or curry. Deep down, I really wanted to eat what I was holding. And yes, I wasn't going to let go, because I grabbed it first, 0.02 seconds before she did. And that was a metaphor for the situation with P'Dai (but in P'Dai's case, I got there much earlier).

Leave P'Dai for later, now it's time to deal with the star of the Faculty of Pharmacy.

"Jane, you look a bit pale. Why don't you get a cold ?"drink

"Let's eat the garlic ." chickenOr, in other words, "Don't mess with my P'Dai, okay?"

though we were the same size, her aura of cuteness was spreading. She didn't understand the meaning behind my words. "Ah... I can eat the fried rice." If that meant she would stop meddling with my person, that would be great. But the look on her face showed no sign of understanding. After picking up the bowl of fried rice, she turned and gave me another sweet smile before joining a group to eat.

Hey, either she she and is pretending not tot, or really didn'.

I was confused , myselfscratching my head.

I decided to sit down and eat with Dear, since I'm closer to her. But our beautiful girl is a fast eater. In no time, she'd finished her lunch and gone to wash her hands in the bathroom. So I ended up being alone for a while, eating.

"Time to sweeten up a bit."

While I was sitting there, a little lost, suddenly a glass of water was placed in front of . meWhen I looked up, I saw that it was from former staruniversity with whom I was a little upset at the moment.

P'Dai sat down in the chair opposite where Dear had been sitting earlier. In one hand, she held a box of Pocky, probably bought to kill the urge to smoke, since she she had said before that doesn't like chewing gum.

"Why are you making that face?"

Was I obvious? But no, I need to maintain the drama . protagonist poseThey all keep a neutral expression and reply: "Inot 'm making a face."

"Really?"

"Yes." Better eat quickly and get out. Make it clear that this door is closed, there's no need to keep knocking.

The only problem is that I don't eat quickly. Even though it seems like I'm eating in a hurry, in the end I eat slowly!

When she saw that I wasn't continuing the conversation, the pretty girl raised her hand, propped up her chin and tilted her head, looking at me with a smile, while asking questions, as if she wanted to start a conversation.

"Tomorrow is the university. 's stars and moons competitionDo you have any expectations about which title you'll win?"

I swallowed my rice and . "A title that comes with a prize, preferably sweets."

"Hmm, I see. But... you're so serious. What are you eating? Garlic chicken?"

I ate some more, swallowed and replied: "Yes, garlic ."chicken

If I said something like "to prevent the star of the from Faculty of Pharmacy touching you", it would sound very bad.

I looked at the older , personconsidering whether I should say what I was thinking. It seems the girl had no idea what she had done to make me angry.

Hmm, if I don't tell her, she'll never understand, will she? So I took the iced milk she'd bought for me, took a sip and let out a "Hmph" , followed by a sentence that could explain the situation.sound

"P'Dai's type is a small girl with bob hair and braces, right?" "Huh?!" Why did she look so confused? If I repeat it, will she understand?

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"P'Dai, don't do that."

"Speak up!"

"That's . P'Dai, don't do that. I saw you holding hand and arm. You looked like you were having fun too. So, are you going to knock on my door or are you going to knock on the doors of all the university stars?"

"King is my little ."sister

"Huh?" Blatant lie. Go study again, I know, I've looked into everything. Different surnames, what older and younger sister?"

"Listen here, Jane." P'Dai's voice was full of seriousness, even though his face still smiling, as if he still had affection for the person he was talking to.

"My mother remarried. King is my sister on her mother's side, so we have different surnames and names that 't arensimilar. But we grew up together, and she already has a boyfriend."

"Ah... got it." So they really are sisters? Wow, it's not like I imagined.

So all that stuff about about me spreading gossip the star of the Faculty of Pharmacy was actually about P'Dai's sister?

Oh, God! I've made a big mistake. I deserve a cat to come along and pat on the head to bring me back to reality. I looked around to see if King was still eating nearby and saw her chatting animatedly in a corner with a group of friends. At one point, she looked at me, and that look was so hard to decipher that my heart started pounding, wondering if she already hated me for stealing her garlic chicken.me

I... need to find a way to apologize to her.

"You've got it all wrong, haven' you?" P'Dai's sweet voice made me turn my attention back to her. The only word that came out of my mouth was:

"Huh?"

It seems I'm destined to embarrass myself before I've even finished my first year. I started planning how to approach P'Dai's sister. Maybe I should send a greeting , memeas juniors are wont do, toand then apologize directly for everything from staring at her to stealing her garlic chicken.

I was taking my own stupidity seriously for not paying attention. It was once again that P'Dai's voice brought me back to reality. She picked up a Pocky stick and bit down with a loud sound.

*Crunch*

She smiled slightly and let out a sentence that put me even more: "So... you were jealous?"

Or did it just make me even more confused?

1. stopped eating for a moment, picked up the cold milk and took another sip. When I put the glass back, I realized that there was a heart drawn in permanent pen around the glass. Maybe she'd asked someone in the store to draw it, or maybe 'd shetaken a pen from the staff and done it . Either way, my heart raced. It felt like steam was coming out of my head, and I wanted to curl up like a screw, ashamed of having revealed my feelings.

What's that? "Jealousy"? And jealousy based on a misunderstanding.

"Where are you going, Jane?"

"I don't know. I'm hungry. I'm going to find something to eat." "Wait a minute, aren't we eating now?"

"That's , I'm not satisfied. I'm going to find some more food!"

1. 'because P'Dai decided to let go of my hand, but I managed to get out of there quickly. m not sure if it was because swung my arm harder or Now my mind wasn't on food, it was just an excuse to get away (temporarily) from the former university star. The next thing I knew, I was...

I was washing my face at the bathroom sink, hoping the cold would help cool my hot cheeks.water

P'Dai said she would keep knocking on my door, but it ended up being me, the stubborn one, who kept peeking in and watching her.

**Chapter 13 :** Jane is getting a present

On the day of the competition, we had an appointment for make-up and hair styling backstage. By coincidence, I ended up sitting next to King, the lovely star of the Faculty of Pharmacy, who is friendly with everyone and wins everyone's sympathy. I looked at her with embarrassment, thinking of all the bad things I'd thought about her over the last few days. Then I took a deep breath and prepared to say what needed to be said.

"I wanted to..."

"Jane, what are you trying to say, darling? I'm applying your lipstick."

Wow, I got a scolding from the older girl. I blinked rapidly, without moving, until she finished doing my makeup and started fixing my hair. At that moment, I thought it was the right time to talk to King, who was sitting on her cell phone. But before I could open my mouth, her make-up artist spoke:

"Ready!"

And yes, the girl who seemed to be talking to her boyfriend (or was she?) raised her hand in a gesture of farewell and quickly left.

What now? What do I do now? Last night, I sent her a meme on Facebook, but she didn't even seem to have seen it.

Is heaven playing tricks ? on meHow hard is it to apologize to someone?

Even though the time before going on stage was short, I still tried my best to find an opportunity to talk to King. Which was extremely difficult, because she kept moving around, talking to one person here and another there, not to mention her showing up to support her.boyfriend

What do do I now?

After trying a few times, I finally understood that perhaps it was a dialect, and I had misinterpreted it, thinking that she hadn't finished talking about P'Dai.

I wanted to go back in time and slap myself upside the head.

Tired of teenage life, I decided to focus on the competition that was still on. In a few minutes, we would know who won which prizes.

And that saying always works: "If you expect nothing, you won't be disappointed."

Even if I told myself that there were many talented people who would probably win the title of university star this year, and that the favorite was Dear, the beautiful star of the Faculty of Architecture, it wouldn't be surprising if Jan Jarin didn't win anything. Just being here because the seniors 'm on my course like me because Ifunny should be a source of joy. But in fact, a slight disappointment (maybe) came over me when they were handing out the banners.

I'm jealous. P'Dai was the one who put the track on Dear.

It was a cute scene: the former star of the Faculty of Architecture handing over the sash to her successor from the same course. But in the back of my mind I thought: "It wouldn't be bad if it was the pharmacy star there..."

Well, there's no point in thinking about it. Now that the event is over and I

haven't won anything, it feels like I only took part to make a fool of myself. At least I had my two friends to console me, especially Cake, who came to pat me on the shoulder.

"Hey, Jane, don't be sad. We' just renot pretty." "Ei-"

"Don't swear yet, I haven't finished. What I want to say is that we're not beautiful in the eyes of the judges. In fact, we're always beautiful if we believe in ourselves. These contests don't guarantee that someone is prettier, it's just a question of pleasing the judges."only

Hmm, at least she's improved a bit. I'll keep being friends with her.

As Wai, she didn't say much other than: "Then I'll you give a drink - oops, I mean sweets to console ." youShe seemed innocent, but she was too .suspicious

This friend seems to have let out that she goes to bars lately. Oh my God.

But overall, it 't wasntoo bad.

Looking on the bright , sideDear will probably be exhausted being the representative for several events next year. Also, I saw that her boyfriend came to hold her and the university moon rep's hand just because they needed to take photos together. She clearly didn't appreciate it, since she already has a boyfriend.

God must be being merciful to me.

Walking along the sidewalk with my two friends, me in the middle, we stopped suddenly when a motorcycle approached and slowed down, as if

wanted to talk. Who else could it be but the former star university who had just passed her title?

Before she could say anything, my friends were smart enough to walk away quickly, leaving me alone with the beautiful girl from the School of Architecture, who was still sitting on the motorcycle with the engine running.

"Today was tiring, huh? Let's eat something tasty tonight, Jane."

I smiled wryly. "me Inviting to eat like this would be more appropriate if I'd won a prize, don't you think?"

The pretty girl smiled sweetly. "Then it's perfect."

"What's perfect?"

"You beat me every day."

"Is... this a joke? ..................I' not mfalling for it!" And my voice was shaking, what a shame!

In the end, the result of that joke was that, at 7pm, the pretty girl from the School of Architecture showed up at my dorm on time to pick me up. This moment was unprecedented in my life - someone asking me on a date at night. So I spent the whole afternoon choosing an outfit for hours. I even asked my older brother for was busy with an assignment deadline, so I ended up asking my two friends for help.advice, but he

And it was Wai who gave her advice as if she were dating . I ended up expertrehearsing various phrases and gestures, fully prepared so that I wouldn't look bad on a romantic date.

One thing that puzzled me was , while I was dressed up like I was going to a fashion showP'Dai was just wearing a T-shirt and jeans. Of course, she was still beautiful, and her beauty even showed through her helmet, but it seemed very casual, more like we were going out with a group of friends than on a date.romantic

But I forgave , herbecause she bought me . a new pastel helmetShe said it was especially for Jane. Cute.

While I was sitting on the back, the owner of the sweet voice didn't miss a chance to make me feel even more embarrassed. She said that the weather was cold and that I should hug the person in front of me to keep warm. Of course, my cheeks turned red when I heard that..........but I did what she I said, because it was really cold. What's more, this time she was only wearing a T-shirt, no jacket for me to hold on to like last time.

As the motorcycle rolled down the road in the twilight, I wondered what kind of restaurant it would be. I eat everything, so...

I just wish this meal had dessert. Ice cream, Honey Toast, glutinous rice cakes, mango with rice pudding, cakes, milk pudding or pumpkin cooked in coconut milk. My God, just thinking about it my mouth salivate. I didn't win a prize in the stars and moons competition, but I'm going to win a dessert!

I was so distracted that I didn't notice when the bike stopped at an outdoor buffet restaurant.

At first, I was still a little disappointed inside. All right, even if it wasn't dessert, I like buffets. I ate, chatted and distracted myself until my belly was full.

But then I let out a "Huh?" when the older woman led me to a table where two girls were already sitting. If I'm not mistaken, they were friends from P'Dai's group who always hung together around the university and often commented on her posts.

I looked around and saw a huge sign hanging, catching my eye. It was a special promotion valid for today only.

"P'Dai brought me here because the promotion is 'pay for four, get two'?" I asked, turning to the girl who pulled out a chair for me to sit on. She replied with a smile, as if it were something normal.

"Yes, another friend of mine couldn't it. She was busy fighting with a dorm mate's cat."

P'Dai was playing with me again.

Not as romantic as I had imagined. It was obvious that she had only brought me to take advantage of the buffet promotion. God, I'm stressed!

**Chapter 14 :** Jane will take the initiative

I wanted to break with the past of high school. Back then, I was the leader of a group of powerful girls at school.

The beginning of the reputation that Jan Jarin was terrible came from the time I argued with a teacher about my older sister's sexuality. At that time, some friends no longer wanted to associate with me for fear of being targeted too, but

on the other hand, there were those who thought I was amazing and approached me, calling me "boss".

When I finished elementary school, I applied for secondary school at the same school because it was convenient and all my older brothers had studied there. I didn't care if some teachers didn't like me. My face must have been coated in steel, because I could study just fine. Even in the first year of high school, when a teacher who didn't like me (because he was a close friend of the PE teacher I'd had a fight with) stared at me, I felt no fear and asked a direct question:

"Teacher, why is my grade so low? I think Igot more questions right. Can I see the answer sheet you corrected? Maybe your vision is a bit blurry."

And this incident happened in front of the whole class. The teacher, a middleaged woman, was furious, her face red with anger. She shouted at me, but I stood my , insisting in that I wanted proof front of everyone. If I was wrong, I would have been willing to apologize publicly in the courtyard.

Then the teacher had to show me the answer sheet with my name on it. And yes, it looked like I had been robbed on several questions, as if they were trying to undermine me.

The news spread quickly throughout the school, because it was my classmates who spread the gossip to other classes, juniors and seniors. Even among the teachers...

The other teachers got wind it too, and I earned the nickname "Jane the Brave" overnight.

After that, everything happened so fast that I could hardly keep up. Students from the same grade, but from other classes, began to approach me during breaks or lunchtime. At first there was just one, but soon the group grew to four (including me).

Each of them became my friend for different reasons.

The first, Sol, approached me because she admired my courage in standing up to adults. Sol had already had problems with a teacher and had fallen behind in her grades several times in the first semester of high school. While her friends around her just told her to apologize to the teacher, Sol believed she hadn't done anything wrong. And yes, after hearing the story, I didn't think she was wrong either. The teacher in question was the same one I had questioned the grades ... withSo she felt more comfortable spending her free time with me.

The second person appeared shortly afterwards. She was called Kha-wing, a very stylish name that made me envious. On the outside, she seemed cheerful, but she also had her problems. She had had a fight with a teacher's daughter, who was her classmate. The teacher then ordered his classmates to avoid her and exclude her from group work. Kha-wing was

and ended up sitting downto lunch with me by chance. At first, I just thought: "Okay, let's have lunch together, no problem." But when I found out the problem teacher's name and realized that I also had a class with him, one afternoon I raised my hand and spoke heartily before the end of the class:

"Professor, can I say something?"

"What do you mean, Miss Jarin?"

"I think you need to see a psychiatrist to help you separate issues. personal and professional Otherwise, you'll be angry with everyone who fights with your daughter."

Unsurprisingly, I was called into the boardroom. My mother was summoned too, but fortunately she's very good at arguing. She defended her daughter with all her might because, after hearing the story, she thought the school was wrong. She even asked me if I wanted to change schools, but I said no, because I wasn't wrong!

The third person, Nat, didn't have much of a story. She just thought that my actions were incredible, that I was brave and wasn't afraid of being called to the board. She saw me as an amazing person and wanted to join the group. That's when I realized that the four of us were always together, gossiping and sharing very similar opinions. So we decided to get together and give the group a name.

The name of the group was "The Goddesses", and I came up with the name. It sounded good and gave a sense of confidence, because we were the prettiest.

For a group as beautiful and cool as ours, even though we were in classes different , we and coursesstuck sticky together like noodles that are hard to chew.

If someone provoked us, we fought back. Fight back with people? Oh, no. We fought back by putting on make-up and walking around showing how beautiful we were.

But as we each had different dreams, different courses and even universitiesdifferent , we ended up splitting . upSol went to study abroad, Khawing went to a university in the north, Nat went to one in the northeast, and I stayed in Bangkok. The four of us still kept in touch, but as you'd expect, in fourth year, some of us were overwhelmed with studies or activities, so we only talked in the Line group a few times a week.

Why am I reminiscing about the past when I was the leader of the group "The Goddesses"?

Because today P'Dai took me to a barbecue with two of , one of whom went to the same school as me. Although "P'BEE" was from a different grade and a year above, the name of the leader of the group "The Goddesses" was so famous that she could never forget it.her friends

"Jane, you're amazing, you know that? Of the three teachers you've faced, no one has ever had the courage to challenge you before. Especially the one you questioned about grades. I've done something to annoy him and lost points too, but I've never had the guts to complain. Man, speaking of which, I admire you even more. I'm even touched." The girl, who was in the same grade as P'Dai but studying business, was using her right hand to grill the meat and her left to wipe away her tears.

Wow, is she really crying?

"BEE always told me that there was a student at her school who was brave, incredible, determined and number one. I never imagined it would be you, Jane."

This time, it was the voice of one of the men in the group, namely "Phi Rong", the handsome representativeuniversity. 's moon After sitting at the table for a while, I realized how annoying he was. He was also complimenting me.

"Ah... I'm not brave." Everything was said according to the situation, and I never spoke in anger. I still wonder why I was called to the board so many times.

At first, I was frustrated because the dream of a romantic date for two disappeared an in the blink ofeye. But after talking to BEE and Phi Rong, I ended up enjoying myself. I wasn't as nervous as I'd imagined. I ended up being the most talkative person at the table, while the beautiful P'Dai sat next to me, just...

She would grill pork and put it on my plate when it was ready, or peel prawns, like that time on the beach.

She was probably afraid that I would try to peel it myself and get my clothes dirty again.

But I felt bad for only receiving, so I did something for her too. Every time I

went to get something, I asked her she if wanted . Noodles? Fried rice? Soda? Or something else?

At least I'm useful in some way.

Phi Rong said that I didn't have to pay because my presence had reduced the bill. But even so, I didn't want to be selfish, as I was really enjoying the food. So

I insisted on splitting the bill.already

Seeing my determination, the three of them didn't argue.

In a way, this meal helped to heal the disappointment of not having won any prizes in the contest that afternoon. As well as being delicious, it was a chance to meet new people and reminisce about the past.also

Our table was completely alcohol-free. At first, Phi Rong wanted to have a beer, but it was P'Dai who stopped him, saying:

"No one will take you home if you get drunk, because I have to take Jane back."

So Phi Rong didn't touch anything that might make him drunk, since he'd heard that BEE had her boyfriend to pick her up, and he'd have to drive back by himself, and he still lived far away... But, speaking of which, P'Dai was quite serious about taking me home, even though my dorm wasn't that far from the restaurant. It was only a short drive.

At one point, P'Dai got up to take a call from her younger sister. The table was left with just three people. Suddenly, BEE smiled as if she had just remembered something funny. She leaned over and whispered something in my ear.

"Hey, Jane, I'm going to take down P'Dai'.s perfect image Hihi."

"Huh?" I, who picked up on Cake, 's curiosityalso wanted to know.

What secret could this apparently perfect person have? Was it a defect or a quality? But her friends seemed sincere, so it probably wasn't a bad thing. Perhaps it was a slightly embarrassing secret, but nothing terrible.

"sheshe When 's embarrassed, likes to cross her arms. If you don't believe me, try watching."

Oh, so all those times she crossed her arms, whether when we first saw each other or during our conversations, she was embarrassed but disguised it? I blinked rapidly, like a child who has just discovered a big secret. Before I could ask BEE any more questions, the person in question came back from her call with her sister and sat down again.

Hmm... it would be interesting to see if what her friend said was true. But how to make the older girl feel embarrassed?

After eating Korean barbecue while thinking my head off, I had an idea! Without hesitation, I turned to the girl to me, who was wearing a T-shirt and jeans today. "P'Dai."

"Hmm?"

"My eyes are burning."

"Oh, is it burning too much? Do you want to metake you to the doctor?"

"It's really . burningIt's just that P'Dai's beauty is me hitting hard."

P'Dai was paralyzed, as if she had been shocked. She seemed to want to say something, but she couldn't. Several seconds passed before she regained her voice.

She laughed, feigning relaxation. "Oh, Jane, what kind of joke is that?" Then she put her chopsticks on her plate and crossed her arms, as if it were an ingrained habit.

I've discovered a weakness!

**22h25.**

This was the second time I went back to the dormitory, but at least this time it was with a full stomach, unlike the last time, when I went back drunk. Besides, I was completely conscious while I was on P'Dai'back... although I smiled to myself a few times when I remembered her reaction when I teased her.s

It looks like the older girl's cheeks have turned a little pink too. And since we finished eating, we haven't had a conversation. She didn't even let go of my arms as we walked to the car. So it was no surprise that, even at the red light, there was no conversation.

Knowing that, I felt like teasing her again. But how can I do that, since I don't have many jokes? 22:26.

BEE: Hey, Jane, shhh! I've got another secret to tell you that will make your heart melt.

While the light was still red, I received a Facebook from message someone who had just added me while we were having dinner (in fact, I added both BEE and Phi Rong).

I'm naturally curious, so I answered quickly:

**Jane:** I want to know!

And the second secret of BEE, who admired me so much that she changed sides, made my face heat up like a barbecue.

**BEE:** Here's the thing. At first, P'Dai was going to ask you on out date.

**BEE:** But she was embarrassed. At the 5pm, she invited us atlast minute to the buffet, and we were confused. // By the way, Phi Rong was really busy.

**BEE:** She dressed up as if she was going to audition for a series, but she was afraid you'd notice how anxious she was. So she went back to the dorm to change and look as relaxed as possible.

**BEE:** And that's how it ended. Kkkkkk. Funny how shy , isn' itshe is? If this were a drama, it would be the pinnacle of the pinnacle, wouldn't it?

To cut a long story short, she was planning to ask me out for a meal alone, and she even got all dressed up, but she was afraid of showing too much and changed her plan to disguise it. And I believed for hours that she was just joking.

Who knew?

She was just the beautiful, shy girl from the School of Architecture.

When the red light was about to change, the sweet voice reminded me to hold on tight, as if it were bringing me back to reality. I put the phone back in my pocket and went back to hugging the thin waist of the person in front of me, as before. But this time, I felt a wave warmth in my chest that I can't explain.

Time always seems short when you're happy or enjoying something. In the blink of an eye, P'Dai's motorcycle was already parked in front of my dorm. I felt a pang of regret for having been so quick. The ride there was long, but the ride back was even shorter.

And we're at different colleges. The chances of us meeting are slim, since there be any won't more events like the star and moon to keep us close.contest Is there any guarantee that she'll keep knocking on my door? What do I do?

But then, when I took off my helmet and gave back it to her, an idea popped into my head, and I was surprised that I thought it.

The idea was... if I was afraid that she wouldn't knock on my door , why not go out and do something to make sure she comes back? Or, let's say, tease her... that would work too.anymore

How embarrassing. I had decided that, as I was being courted, I should wait for the other person to take the initiative.

"P'Dai." My voice was a little shorter because I was about what I wanted to do, but I don't know if she noticed.so excited

"Huh?" The girl answered as quickly as she thought. I brought both my hands up to her cheeks and brought my face closer to...

Kiss!

I gave the pink lips a quick kiss and quickly pulled away before I exploded with embarrassment. Then I pulled back, winked and stuck out my tongue like a naughty girl at P'Dai, who was still paralyzed, as if she'd been shocked. "I got to the dorm safely. I'm going up now." suspect Isomeone will be sleeping with their arms crossed tonight.

## Chapter 15 : Jane will have a special color palette

That night, I was embarrassed to give him a one-second kiss. I thought it was just a joke to make you blush, but in the end I was the one thinking about it. And I couldn't forget it for several days! No, even now, almost a week later, I still find myself touching my lips when I remember it from time to time.

How could I not think of that? After all, she always sends me delicious food. Sometimes a freshman like me gets a carton of milk, or a college senior brings me an egg tart. There's everything: brigadeiro, fried durian... But what they all have in common is a heart drawn in pen.marker

And where is she now?

I'm not very patient with curiosity, so I sent her a message on Facebook asking. Her reply was that she had been very busy lately, sometimes with projects or helping a colleague with code to hand in to the teacher. That's probably true, because I asked Cake to look into it. But... deep down, I think part of her still isn't ready to see me in person because of the kiss.

**I'll admit it in all honesty... That night, I was also the one who took the initiative.**

But, after returning to the dormitory, my heart was beating so hard that it felt like it was going to jump out of my chest and float back with the seniorarchitecture

So I don't have a problem with the fact that she's avoiding contact, because I don't have the courage to look at her directly either. Even when I'm browsing Facebook or receiving the food she sends, I still have to stop myself from smiling so much that my jaw hurts.

**"Hey, Jane, what's with the attitude?"**

And then I was scolded by Cake, who was probably secretly jealous. Then one day, something different happened. This time, the food she sent wasn't as usual. Not that the menu was strange or exotic. The sweet in question was a delicious daifuku that made my mouth salivate. But the person who delivered it was...

**" do Whyyou have to get involved with my older ?"sister**

Yao Ying, the star of the Pharmacy faculty and P'Dai, was probably free in the afternoon and was sent to go through's younger half-sister

here, which is my college building. But the bob-haired girl didn't seem to like having to wait very much.

And I, who was a bit lost after splitting up with my two friends a while ago, had to act as if I wasn't afraid of her frowning expression and answered confidently:

**"What? Your older sister was the one who hit on me first. And I didn't even ask for those sweets, did I?"**

"You could have refused, you know."

**"No."**

"Jane should!"

**"She wanted to!" Ah, she even looked into my past. Perhaps more than I did. What a shame!**

"Stop calling her that now."

**"Stop calling me that now."**

" what? You still call me Jane."

**"I'll beat you and use your blood to wash my feet!"**

"I'm not afraid. We're in front of my college. If you do anything, I'll scream to call the veterans and use their blood to wash my feet in return."

Although we'd had a conversation that seemed frightening, the atmosphere between us was more like that of two children fighting. At that moment, I knew that Ying wasn't going to scream and come and hit me, even if she was grimacing and gnashing her teeth. And even if she didn't really like me, after realizing that in the real world people don't go around hitting or hurting each other as easily as in soap operas, I felt a little calmer... maybe.

After all, Ying is a star of the Pharmacy faculty and in recent competitions ,she even won the "VotePopular " title. So how could do something so extreme?she

**"me Give the daifuku."**

I held out my hand with a confident . expressionYing sighed deeply, making it clear that she didn't like me, but ended up handing me the candy her sister had sent, without much choice.

"'s all."

"Don't continue my sentences." "So what?"

The cute-faced girl was frustrated to realize that Jane, her rival, was difficult to face. So she gave me a piercing look, shook out her bob hair and left. I stood there with my arms folded for a moment, feeling like the winner of a pointless contest, and then took the box of daifuku from the bag.

As always, there was a heart drawn in marker pen, the work of the beautiful architecture veteran.

This time it was another stroke of luck... Oops! Someone's knocking on the door again.

Seriously, I was beginning to wonder what I could do to repay the kindnesssenior. 's It seems like I'm always getting things without giving anything in return. But when I went to ask her:

"Would you like some iced ? Jane teawants to offer it to you."

And she always replies: "No need, Janezinha." It happens every time.

So... how about I draw something for her?

Usually, the price for a commission of a full-body drawing starts in the thousands. Sometimes fans and novel writers hire me to draw characters or book , coverswhich turns out to be a source of extra . incomeIn my spare time, especially during the vacations, I usually accept a lot of requests. But at the moment, laziness is taking over, and I want to focus a new GL-style I'm planning.manga project

However, to be honest, all those sweets and treats she always sends me... If you add them up, you could pay for a drawing commission! So, while I'm still planning the story, I decided to use this time to draw the veteran in a cartoon version.

As soon as I got back to my room, I showered and changed out of my college uniform into a T-shirt and shorts. Then, like a true glutton, I attacked the daifuku before anything else. Once satisfied, I sat down to browse the beautiful architecture senior's Facebook page, looking for a photo of her to use as a reference for my drawing. However, she doesn't post many personal photos very often. Every now and then, something pops , but they're usually profile pictures of her wearing a denim jacket over her college uniform.up

No, I've seen too much of .that

In the end, I didn't use any photo as a direct reference. Instead, I decided to create a new pose and a new look for her. The only thing I used as a basis was her face, her gaze, her smile and that dimple in her cheek.

"When comes itto work, I'm relaxed, but when comes itto a girl, I'm persistent."

I don't know how the inspiration came about, but that night I sat down and started sketching what I wanted to draw of her. Basically, the idea was for her to be wearing a long-sleeved white dress shirt with a tie, a plaid skirt and holding an architectural model in one hand.

The idea was something like a beautiful and talented architect, or, to put it simply, the veteran in the future. Yay!

What a treat!

Just imagining it made my heart melt like a scrambled .egg

Why didn't I think of that before? It could be a perfect ! matchAh, Jane, you clever girl!

And, believe it or not, just by sketching this image, without even finalizing the strokes or moving on to other stages, my messy mind seemed to have a bright light. Ideas began to emerge like a roll of film, flowing like a current. Good God! I'd found the character I wanted to create!

Of course, with so much excitement, I grabbed my iPad and started writing frantically. I don't know how the characters in this story came into my head, but before I knew it, I had the protagonist: a talented and dedicated architect, who ended up crossing paths with a second-year business student, full of secrets.

"Wow! Even I'm thrilled with that idea!"

A beautiful, mature architect and a student who ends up getting lost at a party because she's been dragged along by her friends. This has all the makings of a Yuri manga, full of romance and comedy, with scenes that make your heart race!

And then I remembered something important: I should ask this person's first, shouldn't I? So I took out my cell phone and sent her a message:permission **Jane:** Can I use you as a reference for the protagonist of my manga? A few seconds later, the answer came, full of confusion:

**P'Dai:** "Huh? What?"

Planning the plot and creating the characters takes time, especially as I've been away from this kind of project for a long time. I had to remember a lot of things. But somehow the motivation to draw the veteran's fanart seemed inexhaustible. In just two days, I finished her drawing as if I didn't feel tired at all, even though I had classes all day.

Now I'm sitting in the corner of the room, hugging my knees and worrying. Will she like it when I send it? Will the line look nice in her eyes? What if she thinks it's totally pointless?

So that's . I've finished the drawing and now I'm here, stressed, without the courage to send it.

**Rrrrrr!**

**P'Dai:** "Hey, Jane..."

**P'Dai:** "Have you had dinner?"

Suddenly, the person I was thinking about sent me a message, as if they knew what I was feeling. I blinked a few times, trying to process whether I'd had dinner or not. Then I realized: "Oh, that's right, I haven't eaten anything !" yetMy stomach was rumbling, and the clock read almost seven in the evening. **Jane:** I haven't eaten .yet

**P'Dai:** My mom came by the dorm and brought a bunch of boiled crab. Would you like me to take some for you?

**Jane:** Boiled ? crabAre you letting me choose what to eat?

**P'Dai:** It's boiled , crabJane!

**Jane:** What is ? Is it some kind of mythical creature that joins three animals into one?

**Jane:** Just to warn you, I don't eat horse .meat

**P'Dai:** (Sends a sticker holding her head, frustrated)

**P'Dai:** (Sends a photo of the cooked and peeled )crab

"Ah... you mean boiled , crabalready peeled and arranged, ready to eat, with pepper sauce in the middle? Just the sight of it made me hungry!"

I replied something like: **"How tempting! But I don't want to bother you, you don't have to come here, it's late."**

She sent an "understood" , stickerbut shortly afterwards, she sent another message:

**P'Dai:** "I'm in front of your dormitory."

My God, don't tell me she brought the boiled crab here!

I didn't waste any time and went down to check, as I was also planning to go to the 7-Eleven to buy some bread. And yes, there was the beautiful architecture veteran, waiting on her motorcycle, with a bag (probably with the boiled crab she brought especially for me). Today was another day when P'Dai was incredibly kind... too kind.

She came in casual clothes, but even without makeup, she still looked beautiful. However, there was one thing I could tell from a distance: she couldn't look me straight in the eye. We barely managed to maintain eye contact for three seconds before she looked away. What's more, she crossed her arms in a relaxed manner.

Hmm... is she ashamed? Of what?

**"Gone for a week and comes back with boiled crab?"** As soon as I approached, I started the conversation by teasing her slightly, with an expression of debauchery.

Her , voicesofter than usual, let out a sentence that explained everything:

**"...It's just that you stole a kiss from me."**

Wow, justwhat I suspected. The veteran, so beautiful and sometimes so cool, but extremely shy when she feels vulnerable.

She was really busy with her studies, but I think she had some free time. She just didn't have the courage to meet me.

Something caught my eye. While holding the boiled , crabI leaned forward and tried to explain seriously:

"Jane didn't steal a kiss. That was a smooch."

She, who had previously avoided my gaze, frowned and finally looked directly at me: "Does it make a difference?"

"For me, it does. A smooch is just a quick touch with the lips. If it involves tongue, then it's a kiss. So that night, I only stole a kiss from you."

Her expression was that of someone who didn't know how to react. She opened her mouth to speak, but then closed it for a moment. Her slender fingers lightly touched her lower lips, and then she murmured:

"Call it a selfie or a kiss..." She paused for a moment, as if remembering something more important. Then she opened her eyes and looked at me: **"But you still stole, Jane."**

I felt a little guilty. My eyes widened slightly, and I raised my hand to scratch the back of my head: "So, what should I do...?"

Before, she seemed shy, but for some reason, after I said that, the veteran's charming personality came back to the fore. She was no longer crossing her arms. , she reached out and pinched my left cheek with a mixture of affection and mischief. A sweet smile and a charming dimple appeared in the dormitory light, making my heart, which hadn't seen her for a week, speed up instantly.

"Jane, you have to let me fight back." "Huh?"

"You have to let me kiss you back." "N...I don't want to!"

It seems that P'Dai isn't the type to force or push when the other person doesn't agree. So, when she heard what I said loud and clear, she stood still for a moment and quickly pulled her hand back. Her expression was that of someone who felt guilty, and she was about to apologize, but I quickly kept talking to avoid any misunderstandings.

"Inot 'm rejecting you, it's just.. 's just..."

"..." Oh, why is she tilting her head like that, looking so curious? "I'm going to explode with nerves!"

"Hmm?"

I decided to close my eyes tightly and let out the embarrassing . truthIt sounded like something out of a shoujo manga, but it was really what I was feeling at that moment!

"Because if you come and steal a selfie back, I'll be super embarrassed!"

As soon as I finished speaking, I ran away again, just like the time I ran away when she thanked me near the stairs. Since I met P'Dai, I've become very good at running. I run first because I can't face eyesher . , I'll be so embarrassed that I'll melt on the spot. Oh, and the drawing I did? I completely forgot to show it to her. For now, Jane prefers to run out the door first!

**Chapter 16 : Jane won't think about it.**

The situation now is completely the opposite of before.

At first, it was the veteran who was embarrassed and didn't want to see me. Now I'm the one who's so embarrassed that I'm almost a pretzel, without the courage to look at her. That night, I didn't do anything, really! But why am I feeling this way now? Recently, she showed up in front of the college building to bring me a snack. When I saw her, I dragged my two friends over and texted her:

**Jane:** P'Dai isn't coming here!

**Jane:** I'm embarrassed! **P'Dai:**

Are you still embarrassed?

**Jane:** P'Dai was embarrassed for a week too, wasn't she?

**Jane:** (Sends a meme of a cat hiding)

What kind of relationship are we having?

We were ashamed of each other, going back and forth. Will it ever end?

In the end, this week wasn't much different from the onesprevious . The only thing that changed was the reaction of Ying, the star of the pharmacy school, who recently broke up with her boyfriend for a very common reason: **"We don't match."**

And if you're wondering how I know that? It wasn't difficult. She turned up complaining while handing me a sweet that her older sister had sent and practically forced me to sit and drink with her to drown my sorrows. It was a Friday night, and I don't even know why I agreed to go out with her so easily. The next thing I knew, I was sitting like a fool, watching Ying cry over a glass of booze in a bar with music loud enough to explode your eardrums.

That was bad enough, but on the way back, she was drunk as a skunk. I had to struggle to get her back somewhere. No

I had no idea where her dormitory was, and she was already saying nonsensical things. I ended up having to call a cab and take her to sleep in my room, with no other option.

I still hold a bit of a grudge against her, you know? For trying to keep me away from P'Dai and for making me sleep on the floor.

But that night, I didn't sleep at all. Ying isn't the type to get drunk and go to sleep. She kept waking up to throw up. Sometimes she would walk disoriented to the bathroom.

And yes, sometimes she throw up on the floor. I had to put on my "housewife mode" and look after her like a wife looking after a drunk husband. Wow!

Although I was a bit annoyed (in fact, very annoyed), in the end it wasn't a totally bad experience. The next day, when she sobered up and found out that I'd bought her porridge, she was so moved that she easily stopped being my enemy and even called me that:

**"Sss... I love you, Jane, my best friend."**

What? Is she still going to do this?

I got angry, put my hands on my waist and pointed to the door, telling her to get out of my room quickly. She understood, but before she went, she hugged me tightly as if we'd been friends for several lifetimes. Then she walked off with her head down to her dorm, leaving a message that she was going to add me as a friend on Facebook.

Confused, I asked : myself**" I Canreally be friends with Ying?"**

Or does she have bad intentions? Like that jealous villain who pretends to be nice to the protagonist to win her trust, but hides something bad behind it. Every drama is like that...

I don't know. For the time being, I'm going to not trust her. It's always good to be a little suspicious.

But after that, Ying actually added me as a friend and even sent cute dog stickers. At first, I pretended not to care, I just took a quick look. But over time, she started chatting about her older sister. To be honest, I think she was lonely. She had just become single, so she was probably looking for someone to vent to. With that in mind, I ended up giving in and talking to someone who used to be a bit of a rival.me

So I ended up showing her the drawing I'd done of her older sister, asking her if it was okay. I made it very clear: **"Don't tell anyone, okay?"** because I wasn't ready for the architecture know .veteran to yet

Ying sent an "understood" sticker, but apparently she can't read properly, because half an hour later, I received a message from P'Dai :

**P'Dai:** "It's beautiful, Janezinha."

**P'Dai:** "Thank you for drawing something so beautiful for me! Ying showed it to me and said you drew it. Can I use it as a cover photo on Facebook?" Ying cant keep a secret, can she?! Or did she do it on purpose?

Ouch, I still wasn't prepared to know how P'Dai would feel when she saw that I had drawn her based on my imagination. Even though she sent me a message saying she liked it, I'm still not sure. At first, I even thought about showing her the drawing myself, but Ying opened mouth first. What hatred!

**Jane:** Did you really it, like sister?

**P'Dai:** Of course I liked it! I loved the drawing and the artist too. Ah... my cheeks got as hot as boiled . Such a simple phrase, but my heart melted.sweet potatoes

Maybe... it was better not to show the drawing myself. Otherwise, I probably would have done the usual thing: run away out of shame.

Ah, I'll certainly end up opening the door and going to it soon!

**The following ..week.**

My life was quiet and peaceful. I was also focused on the manga, which was beginning to take shape. I was very proud of myself when I read the characters I'd created and the plot I'd developed. I'm even thinking of storyboarding it! The only problem is that I haven't touched Professor Gon's assignment yet. The deadline is tonight at 11pm, and I seem to have picked up my junior's habit: work piled up to my neck, but acting like I'm off duty.

It's just that I want to prove that editor Jae, who mocked me and wouldn't accept my GL work (Girls' Love), is wrong. She won't be able to change my mind with that phrase that "stories with male characters sell more". The capitalist world won't defeat me, because I'm the one who's going to make this work reach Pluto... at least that's what I hope.

It has to be a success, the architecture veteran is incredible!

Hey, why do we seem to be talking about P'Dai again? And her suddenly appeared in my mind.face

No, Jane! She only disappeared for three days without any news. I can't keep daydreaming about her! My life has lots of other important things, like the activities theyve asked 'the representatives of each faculty to take part in, the manga that's about to start storyboarding, the

page I need to take care of, the two friends who always have something to me make angry, the ex-members of the "Goddesses" group, college , delicious food and... the person who said they'd come knocking on my door...subjects

Here we go again, thinking about her.

It's strange. When we were in normal , contactI didn't care if she replied quickly or sent short messages. But now that she's disappeared and not... Even though the day is 24 hours long, I' been vethinking about her for 25 hours. Exaggeration, right?

But I've missed her ever since she disappeared. I don't know what to do. I've texted her, but there's no sign that she's read it. Waiting without knowing anything is torturous.

Thankfully, that day at the buffet restaurant, I added her friends. That night, unable to stand it any longer, I sent messages to both of them. I started with her sister BEE, who always talks to me because we have similar .tastes

**Jane:** P' BEE, the veteran's gone. Is she all right?

And then, the same message, but with a different name:

**Jane:** P'Rong, the veteran's gone. Is she all right?

It seems that P'BEE was busy, perhaps with an appointment. So it was P'Rong who answered within ten minutes.

**P'Rong:** P'Dai is probably busy with work. The teacher's is midnight tonight.deadline

I was a bit scared, because I also have a deadline coming up, but I'm acting like it's nothing.

**Jane:** She must be very busy, right?

**P'Rong:** Yeah, I'm worried about her too. I've seen how she gets when she's focused on something. She forgets to eat and by the time she realizes it, she needs to be taken to the hospital.

**Jane:** What do do? I I'm worried.

**P' Rong:** Come and buy some noodles from my store and take them to her.

**Jane:** Is this your , storeP'Rong?

**P' Rong:** Not exactly. I'm just worried about my friend, but I want you to see her, and I'm doing a little advertisement for my noodles. Who knows, maybe youll 'try it too?

And if you like it, you can recommend it to your first-year . friendsNobody loses out, right?

Wow, what subtle and direct marketing!

But what really interested me was... if I went to buy the noodles, he could tell me where P'Dai's dorm is. Then I could take the food to her, which would be a good excuse to check on her. That way, 'd Ibe sure that my beautiful senior isn't working too hard and that she isn't forgetting to eat until she passes out.

So I asked for the location of the P' Rong noodle store without hesitation. Perfect!

It's near my dorm.

P' Rong's noodle store is about 800 meters away. It' not very busy because it's in an alley and the front isn't very big.

From what I understand from talking a bit, it's his father's business, and he helps out when he wants extra money for snacks. Most of the income comes from large orders from certain places or deliveries.

P' Rong seemed a bit lonely. While we were waiting for his father to prepare the special noodles, the veteran came over to chat with me. Most of it was about P'Dai, probably because he knew I'd be interested to hear it. And believe me, in less than ten minutes of waiting, I had already found out a lot about her.

For example: she loves eating green curry with doughnuts, she's the eldest daughter and has two younger . half-sistersOne is in her first year of Pharmacy, and the other was just born last year.

Even so, she has no family problems. Perhaps it's because she's left home on her own since high school and only comes home two or three times a month.

While I was on the back of the bike, on my way to the dormitory according to the coordinates P' Rong mehad given , I looked at bag of noodles in my hand and thought: **"If she doesn't even answer her friends, ' phoneswill she open the door if I knock?"**

I thought about it for a while, and before I it, knewI was in front of the twelvestory dormitory.

The rooms here must be much more expensive than mine. They look bigger, have air-conditioning and common areas such as gardens for relaxing or jogging, and even a small swimming pool. Wow, what a nice ! placeWhy didn't I find this when I was looking for a place to live?

P'Dai's room is on the sixth floor. I took the elevator with my heart beating harder harderand , afraid that I had come for nothing. When I stopped in front of the room with the three-digit number that Brother P' Rong had told , I was even more nervous to raise my hand and knock on the door.me

It's the first time I' been veto a girl..'s room.

Come on, Jane, you've got to be brave! Take a deep ! breath*Knock on the door.*

I stood waiting for about a minute, until the door slowly opened, revealing a tall figure wearing a white T-shirt and black shorts. Her hair, which is usually straight and well groomed, was a little messy, and the fringe that usually falls over her forehead was pinned up.

Oh.

She looks incredible, even messy. Beautiful in a sloppy , waymaking my heart pound. Jane, your heart is racing!

The girl, who now had dark circles under her eyes and looked a little tired, was slightly surprised. Probably because she looked through the peephole and saw that it was me, so she wasn't too scared.

"Janezinha, how did you end up here?"

"I came by motorcycle."

P'Dai, who was overwhelmed with work and a little down, laughed lightly before sighing.

**"Oh my..."**

A few minutes later, I was already sitting inside her space and discovered that it was an apartment with a separate bedroom. At the moment, the living room was full of papers that she had just used to cut models. The work due tonight at midnight was on the laptop, which was on a low table. I don't understand much, since we're from different faculties, but I think it must be something to do with...

"Sorry, the room's a mess."

The girl spoke as she tried to clear as much of the living room area as possible so that I could sit down.

"It's okay. I only brought food. I was afraid P'Dai would work until he passed out."

"Let me guess... Noodles from P' Rong?" "How did you know?"'s store

"Henot 's worried about me, that fox. He just wants customers for his father's restaurant. Every time I disappear, he sends someone to buy pasta there to bring me back. Cunning marketing."

"Why are you pale?"

"So... you mean P'Dai has frequent ?"visitors

"Yes, friends, older and younger ..." colleaguesWhy does she have to be so charming as to make me jealous? My expression became despondent, but her next sentence suddenly changed my mood:

"But when I looked through the peephole and saw it was you, I was overjoyed." My face flushed.

I guess I'm important to her, huh?

P'Dai smiled when she saw that my mood had improved. She invited me to eat noodles with her, and I, still floating in my pink world, agreed without much thought. When she saw this, the owner of the room went to the kitchen and came back with bowls, spoons and chopsticks. She put everything on the low table and asked for some time to comb her hair and tidy it up.

That's when I couldn't help myself and ended up showing my silly .face

The tall figure stood in front of the mirror hanging on the wall. The way she styled her hair was not at all profound, but it was mesmerizing. And then, when she took a hair elastic from her pocket and tied her long hair into a high tail, my attention was drawn to the delicate and beautiful nape of her neck.

A woman's body really gets my heart racing...

P'Dai turned to come and sit with me on the floor in front of the low table, but stopped when he saw my expression.

**"Janezinha... are you drooling?"**

When I heard that, my eyes went wide. I raised my hand to touch the corner of my mouth and realized that I was actually drooling. I had to wipe it off quickly. How embarrassing! That's...

"She's extremely cute, but also very provocative. I had to say something quickly to show that my intentions were pure."

"I wasn't thinking about anything too much with you, you know?"

Wait, doesn't that sound like I'm suddenly ? admitting somethingThat's not what I meant!

Damn, I look totally suspicious, don't I?

**Chapter 17 : Jane wants a hug**

Of course ,in Jan Jarin style, after doing something so embarrassing, the only solution is to flee to my own nest.

I couldn't eat the pasta. Who can eat after drooling and uttering a sentence that seemed so profound? I couldn't stand there looking like

landscape. This time, it's no surprise that I wanted to hide under the covers and scold myself nonstop.

**"Jane, you made her look awful!"**

This confusion made me restless. I couldnt sleep and woke up 'P'Dai startled when texted . meShe sent a picture of the empty noodle bowl, followed by a heart emoji and the phrase: **"Thank you, beautiful ."girl**

With a compliment like that, how can I sleep? I wanted to open the window and shout for the whole dorm to hear that the senior architecture is amazing! Everyone should know that.

That night, I didn't get to sleep until midnight, after picking up the phone and posting on the **"Jane, of course!"** page that I would soon be launching a GL manga (Girls' Love) on a new platform (since the project was rejected on the previous one, but I didn't mention this to followers, for fear of sounding like a criticism). Even though I posted it so late, many people liked it, shared it and commented saying they were looking forward to reading it. Seeing this made me even more excited, and I ended up going to sleep with a feeling of accomplishment... at least I managed to forget a little about the shame of what happened in the afternoon.

...But when I woke up, I still remembered everything. Damn!

In the middle of the week, something sad happened. Something that affected me so much that I couldn't go to class or even eat.

That morning, my mother came to tell me that our dog, whom we had raised and loved for over ten years, had left us. He left in his sleep, probably because of his old age. That day, I didn't care that I had class at 8:30. I took a cab and went home with a heavy heart. When I arrived and saw my dog lifeless, all the memories from childhood to adulthood, with him always by my side, came flooding back. I couldn't hold back the tears.

That night, I had to stay at home, my eyes swollen shut and completely inconsolable. I couldn't go back to the dorm alone, so my father said that the next day, after we'd helped bury our dog, he'd take me back.

We chose to bury his body in the yard and planted a tree on top, so that he would become part of the tree and continue to grow in our house, as if he had never left... When I looked up at the sky, it looked normal, but to me it was gloomy. My eyes were swollen and sore, and I didn't know when I would be able to get over this sadness.

He had been with us for a long time, ever since I was in elementary school. Whenever I came home, I went to see him first and played with him for a long time. My brothers were also close to him. Like me

I said before, sometimes my brother Jimmy would come home just because missed his dog. This put our family in a melancholy mood that day.

"In a month's time, I'll go to the shelter we adopted Juju from and bring a new puppy. Then the house won't be so quiet."

My father spoke as he drove back to the dormitory. I tried to control from crying

again and just nodded my head several times.myself

On the way, we didn't talk much, perhaps because he was too, sad but he didn't show it. And one thing that didn't need to be said by any member of the family, but we all understood, was that we weren't ready to bring a new dog home right away. So my father decided to wait until next month to look for a puppy.

I got back to the dorm around 3pm on Thursday. , I had class at 1pm, but I had already told Cake and Wai that I probably wouldn't be able to go back to school until Friday. They didn't ask why, perhaps because they could sense my sadness through the messages.

I knew that my dog was old and had left in peace, but even so, when I was alone and saw pictures of dogs on Facebook, I ended up crying anyway.

**P'Dai:** Hey, Jane.

**P'Dai:** I brought you , a snackbut I haven't found you since yesterday.

**P'Dai:** Are you all right? Do you want me to keep you company?

From the most recent messages, I suspect that Cake and Wai must have told P'Dai that I wasn't doing very well. That's why she sent me a worried message. I blew my nose once before replying.

I wanted to type: **"It's okay, I'm fine."** And send an emoji or animated sticker so as not to make her worry. But on the other hand, I didn't want to force a false joy. I thought... what if in the future we became something more ...

...something more than just flirting. At that moment, I wanted us both to be able to show all sides of , whether happy, excited, sad or whatever. So now, I won't try to be someone I'm not, especially when I'm feeling fragile.

**Jane:** I'm not well.

And in less than ten minutes, the girl who had sent me a worried message was knocking on my bedroom door for real, not just a metaphor. This time, it was me messy and a tired, puffy look under my eyes. Meanwhile, the tall figure outside was carrying a pizza box and a soft drink combo.hair Oh... that's heavier than the pasta I brought her.

Part of me was was still so sad that I could hardly smile.happy to have won a snack, but the other part

I made way for her to enter without saying anything. The girl understood the message and came in, taking a seat in my room, which is a small space with no sofa. The only option for eating was a Japanese table in the middle of the room.

P'Dai opened the pizza box and soda combo without pressing me to say anything. It seemed as if she had come with the sole purpose of helping me recover my energy. Until, finally, it was me who broke the silence:

"I'm causing problems for you..."

"Don't think like that. I want to take care of you. Everyone's worried."

I bit into a piece of pizza, not really tasting it because I was so sad. Then I lowered my eyes and asked in a low voice:

"And P'Dai... 'dont you want to know what's happening to me?"

The sweet, gentle voice replied calmly: "If you want to tell me or are ready to talk about it, I'll know. So you don't have to worry pleasing me or following me. Let's eat first, shall we?"

She was right. As we ate together, I realized that I still 't ready to talk about it.

And even though I'm a foodie, I couldn't even finish the bottle of Coke. Although the tears had stopped, the sadness was still there. P'Dai continued to be amazing, as she herself said, eating pieces of pizza while I thought about how to tell her first. But my voice was a little hoarse...

"My dog that I raised since I was a child... he's gone."

The beautiful girl was silent for about three seconds, as if she was thinking of the best way to comfort me. Then she smiled sweetly, showing that charming dimple.

"It's normal to miss it and be sad for a while."

"But Jane cried so much she was like a child. And I still got an ugly look on my ."face

"Not at all. Jane is always cute. And being sad is supernormal for . So if you want to cry, go. I'll be here as a friend and bring you some tasty food to give you energy."

Is she an architect or a fairy who doesn't seem to exist? I bit my lip, lower feeling a desire rising up inside me. Should I say that? Would it sound too demanding? But as I looked into her eyes, which

seemed ready to listen to , I ended up making a request that sounded a bit selfish.

"P'Dai ..."

"Hmm?"

"I want a hug..."

A request that I'm not sure is too much...

I was about to say that if she felt uncomfortable, she could refuse. But then she approached me and said:

"Then I won't ask permission."

She slowly wrapped her arms around me and my head rested on her warm shoulder. That space that fit perfectly was something that allowed me to close my swollen eyes without feeling strange. I snuggled under her warmth and smelled scent the faint of roses that she always left on her clothes. The love I feel for P'Dai seems to be growing more and more. I love the dimple in her cheek.

I love it when she gets shy and crosses her arms. I love the way she asks permission so respectfully. I love her varied tastes.

And I love the warmth of her ...body and heart

I never imagined that the senior, who I thought would be my rival at university and always saw in a negative light, would become the person I would ask to hug me at that moment.

Now, I like her ... so muchthat the first events between us seem so insignificant.

## Chapter 18 : Jane likes to hold hands

Time really does help to heal.

But the people around me are also important for getting the Jane of old back more quickly. I feel one of the luckiest people to have an familyunderstanding , amazing (albeit slightly annoying) friends and someone I look up to, who is more than I could have ever imagined. She doesn't judge me or express negative opinions, and even helped me get over the loss of my dog more quickly. During this time, P'Dai didn't take advantage of me, except when I asked her to.

It's been about two weeks since then. Now I'm stressed out because I can't manage my time properly. In other words, it's not vacation yet, I have to study and, at the same time, storyboard the manga I want to write. It's a very difficult job, because I've ended up planning a very long story.

's why I only get to see P'Dai a few times, as she always offers to pick me up and take me away. But these are just quick moments in the day.

"You and the veteran are slow, huh? You understand each other, but you haven't gone beyond flirting ?"yet

One day, when the three of us were eating ice cream in a store near the university, Cake said this in the middle of a conversation. I was speechless, not knowing if the time that had passed had been slow or fast. After all, I've never had a romance in my life. My days are taken up with drawing manga or getting involved in dramas.

"She likes to play hard to get." This time, it was Wai who spoke casually.

I quickly turned to look at my round-faced friend, who was eating a piece of cake. Then I closed my eyes as if to say, **"Who's going to be like you?"** Because the day before, Cake and I had discovered Wai's secret. The reason she seems sleepy during the day is not because she was born loving to sleep, but because, at night, she goes out to clubs, bars, drinks, dances and flirts with several women almost every night! And 's more, they're not the same people! The proof is that, a few days ago, a beautiful senior School at the a photo on her story at half past midnight. The point is that it was a photo of her and Wai, dressed up and cool, to the point where I rubbed Business posted my eyes and wondered if she was really my friend. And it didn't stop there. The next day, it happened again. Wai appeared in a frame with a senior from another college, and the setting was a bar. Only the woman sitting drinking with her was someone else.

So that means that when she hit on the veteran on the soccer field that day, she really had her her. eye on This girl is no lightweight!

Despite the confusion with her friends and the veteran, Wai didn't mind. She just shrugged and smiled, asking: **"Do you still want to be**

**my friends?"** Of course Cake and I aren't going to stop being her because of that. Why would we?friends

Anyway.

At least the of us three know each other very well.

But the problem is that these two are pressuring me to be slow in the relationship.

"Things need to happen slowly." I replied, some chocolate ice cream into my mouth.

"If you carry on like this, believe me, if this were a novel, I'd write a hundred chapters and still not finish." Wai, showing his true nature without mercy.

And then it was Cake who reinforced, but with the intention of just speaking, without thinking too much. However, the sentence she unleashed left me in shock: **"Why are you being so slow? Only the veteran is trying to win . You should do something back. Go to the movies, go on a date or take her to meet your parents."you over**

Take it home?

I thought about it a lot.

I became so obsessed with this idea that I went back to the dormitory and kept thinking about it. I thought about it so much that I woke up at 3am and sent a message to P'Dai:

**Jane:** How about eating Som Tam at my place this ?

And then I fell asleep from exhaustion. When I woke up in the morning, I received her reply:

**P'Dai:** May I?

It seemed like more a question than an answer. That day, while brushing my teeth...

**Jane:** Of course! Everyone in my house is very nice.

After that, I sent a message to the family group saying that on Sunday I would be taking a veteran home to eat and asked them to prepare a very spicy tam tam. At first, I thought no one would care much, that they'd just be fine with it. But they didn't.

**Junior:** That's the girl you always see me about, isn't it?

**Mom:** Why didn'ever t Jane tell me about this?

**Jimmy:** Wow, my little sister has a girl interested in her?

**Jasmine:** Jane, why didn't you tell me about your heart ? problemsWhy did you only tell P'Jun?

Everyone was curious to know more details. Just a short message, but all the family members were already asking questions. Just by looking at the letters, you could imagine the facial expressions.

**Mom:** So you're just a "veteran", really?

I knew that if I took P'Dai home, I would be interrogated. So I decided to solve it by calling my father and explaining who this "veteran" Without lying a bit. When he found out that Jane was being courted by a girl, he was silent for a moment. Then he coughed and said:was.

"Jane, are you a lesbian? Or are you just interested in this girl? I just want to know if you're going to get married and give me grandchildren in the future."

I was silent for a moment. It was a time to reflect on myself. In the end, I let out a smile, even if he couldn't see it on the other end of the line, and answered proudly:

"I dont 'want to deny who I am, I don't want Dad to expect me to date a man one . I think I'm a lesbian."day

Lately, I've asked myself this question several times and even thought that maybe I was only interested in P'Dai, since she was the only woman, but I could still like men. But that wasn't it. After watching a few porn videos by myself, of both men and women, I realized that I was quite indifferent to the male , bodywhile my heart raced with the female body, both top and bottom.

My God, P'Dai seems to have unlocked something in me, helping me to understand myself in a way I never imagined.

So I answered my father , directlywithout beating around the bush. He remained silent, perhaps because he has a conservative side, just like when my sister Jasmine came out. He needed some time to process and try to understand. But I believe in my father, he's a mature enough adult to understand. He just replied with a **"Hmm"** and hung up. This was to be expected, so I wasn't upset or stressed.

In any case, the more liberal members of the family are ready welcome P'Dai.

Sunday arrived, and with it, my anxiety. We agreed to meet at 1pm at a donut store and then take the bus together, since my house is a bit far away. What worried me most was the choice of clothes. Normally, when I go home, I wear something very casual, almost like pajamas. But going with... P'Dai, who I'm almost dating, and with the feeling that I like her a lot more than before, I wanted to look beautiful and cute in her eyes.

I tried on several outfits, spent a long time choosing and, in the end, I ended up wearing a white shirt and white, pantsjust like the ones to I wore the Thonglor bar with my senior. After trying several combinations, this was the one that suited me best. The concept was clean, bright and calm. It worked.

"Hey, can we say we're the onsame page?"

And then I almost fell over when I got to the donut store and saw that P'Dai was also all in white, as if we'd agreed. She was surprised and couldn't help but smile. I, on the other hand, could only feel a little embarrassed and scratched the back of my head to disguise it.

P'Dai bought a big box of doughnuts. She said she would take it a present for asmy family, since it would be strange to go empty-handed and ask to have dinner together. I didn't argue, because my heart was already thinking about the desserts.

On the bus, we couldn't sit down. We had to stand and hold onto the handles, asit was full and perhaps because it was the . One of the problems that made me tired was that I could barely reach the handles and had to stretch my arm until it was sore. So I let out a sigh of frustration.

But even without complaining or mentioning the problem, it was as if she read my mind. The taller girl stretched out her arm to hold the strap and said with a smile:

**"Hold my arm then, so I don't get tired."**

It was a bit embarrassing, as I didn't know if anyone else was experiencing the same problem. But I ended up holding onto her arm, as it was the best option. And instead of facing the boredom of standing the time, I ended up facing the beautiful girl with whom I'd matched the outfit perfectly today.

It was a small moment in everyday life that, strangely enough, I loved. I almost want to draw it as a scene in the manga...

Until, at one stop, many people got off, and we found a place to sit. Even though there were only a few more stops to go, I pulled P'Dai's hand so that we could sit down, because my legs were tired.finally

We stood for so long, and even had to use advanced skillsbalancing , as Thai buses aren't exactly smooth.

Phew... When we sat down finally and the wind from the window blew my hair... it was a mess. The hairstyle I had done so well ended up all messy.

I turned to her and thought: ", even with her hair messed up by the wind, does she still look like she's in a romantic music video?" Is it the person or the shampoo?

When she realized I was looking for a while, she smiled gently at me. And it was at that moment that I felt an overlap with the drawing I had made of her, in that architect of the future look. And sometimes Jan Jarin is as quick with her mouth as she is with her brain.

"P'Dai..."

"Yes?"

"Are you going to keep using the drawing I made as your profile ? pictureWouldn't you rather put up a beautiful photo of yourself?"

The girl replied without hesitation: "I want to brag that a manga artist super cute drew it for me. , this drawing is prettier than my own photo."

Wow, the ex-university star talking like that left me speechless for a moment. But a few seconds later, I quickly said that wasn't true, because she's the most beautiful, so beautiful that the world almost melts. Even in my heart, I always refer to her as "the beautiful girl". So she can't diminish herself like that!

This made her laugh fondly. She lifted her hand and stroked my head gently, agreeing with me. Then she slid her hand down to hold mine.

Oh... .how cozy

Even though the midday heat was unbearable, holding her hand made feel pleasantly warm.me

I suspect I like her ..too much.

So much so that I began to think: "What if, today, I accidentally open the door my heart to her, what will I do then?"

## Chapter 19 : Jane is going to have a girlfriend

Today, my mother prepared everything just the way I like it, with grilled fish, yum noodles, sticky and fried pork with fish sauce. It looked like a graduation party, but it was actually to welcome the youngest daughter's "senior" who had come to visit us.rice

Believe it or not, in the blink of an eye after entering the gate, she was already part of the family, while I stood by in surprise. My mother seemed to adore her. Jasmine asked about her , lipstickwhat brand it was and the color was so beautiful. Jimmy whispered that she was prettier than all the girlfriends he'd ever had. The younger brother gave me a thumbs-up, as if to say: **"This one's amazing, sister."**

Even my father, who I thought would be cold to P'Dai, ended up relaxing when she started talking to him about the book he was reading.

That night, we ate earlier than usual, around 4:30 p.m., because my mother was worried about the journey back, since I wasn't going to sleep there. She didn't want us to get back too late. Everything was going well until, after a while, my mother leaned over P'Dai and said with a serious expression:

"Please take care of Jane. I don't know what she gets up to at university, and she still has her music lessons at Thonglor. , I ask you to keep on the right track."her

Wait! What's with turning me in like I'm a troublemaker? , P'Dai is no saint when itcomes to drinking and partying . That day, we met in the same bar! Just because she's dressed in white doesn't mean she's a nice person, Mom!either

I wanted to complain, but I didn't want to spoil the happy family atmosphere. So, after P'Dai smiled and agreed, Jasmine started talking to her. Meanwhile, I just looked angry.

After we' finished deating and washed our faces, my mother threw out of the kitchen on the spot, saying: me **"Jane, get out of here. Don't touch the sink to wash dishes. Every time you help, you waste a lot of water."**

Wow, I was so moved I almost cried.

So only my mother, younger brother and P'Dai were left to do the dishes. The speed with which she fitted into the family was impressive. I looked at the architecture , veteranwho seemed to blend in perfectly with the Thiensawang family.

But before I could think any more about it, my father called me over to the bench in the front garden for a chat.

**"Remember?"** I asked in a clear , voicein contrast to my father's .deep voice

"You said you're a lesbian... And have you thought about the future, when you're older? Who's going to look after you?"

Oh, that? I smiled and replied with my heart: **"I'm strong and I'll take care of myself."**

The adult was speechless for a moment, but it seemed that he had lot of aquestions about the fact that his daughter liked women. Then he moved on to another topic.

"What if you break up with your girlfriend? Relationships like that don't usually last, you know."

"Then I'll ll sit for a long time, I'm 'afraid Iget tired."

"How did your mother and I raise an annoying daughter..." What? Is my father holding my head now?

"Dad, you're being very serious. You shouldn't think that relationships between women don't last. Even heterosexual relationships can't last. It depends on the couple and the people, doesn't it? Even Aunt Chantra split up with her husband."

"But back then it was just Jasmine. It took me so long to accept it. And before I could take a breath, you come along and say you like women. I don't know how to feel."

Hmm... In our house, my father seems to be stuck in old traditions or thoughts. What he said was a phrase from a mind that hasn't yet thought it it's throughmoment. , or perhaps the best he can do at the But the truth is that anyone who hears it, like me, feels uncomfortable and their heart squeezes when they see their father so tense.

Everyone expects their parents to accept and embrace who we are.

And even though my heart felt terrible, I forced a smile and said, trying to keep my voice as calm as possible:

"If Dad really loves , mehe won't see my sexual orientation as a problem in our family, right?"

We ended the conversation there. It was the first time someone like me had decided to get up and talk. I went into the kitchen and insisted on helping to clean up, even my mother didn't want me to. While I washed the dishes (in a way that

left

my extremely irritated ), motherI kept kept trying to smile and my face firm the whole time.

**19h30**

After getting off the bus at the stop closest to my dorm, the two of us decided to walk slowly together instead of calling a motorcycle.

Anyway, on the bus with P'Dai, I thought that maybe we should call a cab near the dormitory to get back. Meanwhile, I was wondering whether I should invite her to sleep over, because I was worried... But then I realized how bleak the world can be. Why do women have to be so careful?

**"What a world, huh?"**

And then, out of nowhere, the person next to me spoke bluntly, leaving me confused while I was torn about inviting her to sleep. I turned to ask, perplexed: **"I'm sorry, what's wrong?"**

**"It's just that I can't invite Jane to meet my parents."** Her was lower than usual, and she was still looking at the ground as she walked. voice Her body language made me realize that I should reach out and take her hand, as she continued: "Apart from Ying, I'm not very close to my family. It's not that we don't get along or anything. It's just that... I tell my mom important things through Line, but we don't get to see each other or eat together."

My expression may have seemed exaggerated, but it was because I had a lot to say to make her feel better. I wanted her to know that, even if she didn't feel comfortable introducing me to her parents, I didn't see it as a problem. And about loneliness, sometimes I feel lonely too, without talking to my friends or the Goddess group. One day, I sat alone for hours, lying down and feeling lonely. So I understand perfectly.

She turned to me with a smile. Perhaps my drama-free reaction was unexpected for her, after so much thinking along the way. Then her serious face turned into a sweet smile, and she reached out to pinch my cheek lightly.

"Thank you. You're so sweet."

"P'Dai is praising me so much that I'm going to awayfloat . And if I float out of the world, what will you do?"

"You won't float . awayI'm holding your hand right here."

My face got hot, because as she she said this, squeezed my hand .

Today, I was especially sensitive to the warmth of holding her . handIt' no surprise that I almost wanted the walk back to the dorm to be ten kilometers longer, so I could keep holding her hand for longer, hehe.

"And tonight, are you going to be okay on your own? Or do you want to get something off your chest with me?"

Huh? Hearing P'Dai ask such a soft voice, I stopped walking and turned to her, quite surprised. Today, I tried to hide my discomfort the whole time. What do you mean?

"Did P'Dai understand?"

"Hmm, it's just that I'm watching you the time." I was shocked to hear that.

In the past, when I was sad or harboring deep discomfort, rarely did anyone notice. My cheerful personality gave people an image of me as someone who doesn't know suffering. But I often felt myself sinking, like now, when my father seemed uncomfortable with the idea of having a lesbian daughter. If it hadn'been for t the others, I could have cried a lot. But, afraid of letting everyone down, I tried to act normally.

... this girl understood.

If I think about , it seems that while I was at home, the veteran came to stroke my head several times. At the time, I didn't think much of it..., but it was a consolation, right?

My heart became warmer, asdidthe palm of the hand that held mine. The sadness may not have disappeared completely, but it was diluted. I smiled broadly and then said what was in my heart:

"P'Dai is so cute."

"Hey, are you complimenting me back ?"now

"It's just that you're so cute. I'll keep complimenting you ."

Her , reactionwhich made me laugh, was that she almost raised her her arms, but decided not to because she wanted to keep holding my hand. hand to cross The girl ended up pursing her lips and speaking a little hesitantly, trying to get me to pick up the pace back to the dormitory.

I loved today. the atmosphere between us several times I felt it, even if it wasn't dramatic as as in soap operas, where the protagonist saves the heroine from a bullet,

yet my heart moved and I liked this person more and more. felt like Itmy chest was swelling with happiness. The sidewalks of Thailand seemed brighter as I walked with her.

On the way, I tried to convince her to stay, even suggesting that she sleep on the floor. I didn't want her to have to go back alone in the dark. But P'Dai refused, saying she had work to finish.

And, well... the time we spent together flew by. In the blink of an eye, we were already in the dormitory. We climbed the stairs and arrived at my bedroom .door

She walked me to the door of my room. As soon as I opened the door and went inside, she would probably come back, since her goal was to see me to safety. But... even though the distance we walked hand in hand 't long, my heart was full.

So full that I thought: **"'t I cankeep this to myself ." any longer**So I turned to the tallest person.

**"P'Dai..."** Wow, I've called her so many times ..

The beautiful girl tilted her head slightly:today.

"Yes, Janezinha?"

"I feel like I want to open the door."

"I know that dating isn't the final , destinationbut just the beginning."

I nodded: "Yes, I know it's just the beginning."

"Exactly. After that, we'll both have a clear status with each other. We'll get to know each other little by little, the good points, the bad. Sometimes we might fight, disagree, but we'll we adjust until understand each other, accept each other and share our stories."

It seems there's a lot to learn, but... "Got it. I'll do my best."

"I'll do my best ."too

Now I could hear my heart beating .

And I dont 'P'Dai'know if it was because s heart was racing , toobut she leaned in so that her lips were close to my ear, as if she wanted the next words to be as clear as possible for us.both of

"So... do you want to date me, Janezinha?"

**Chapter 20 : Jane is dating**

Two months later...

**07h09**

The family group on Line notified me early on. Normally, at that time, I still would be asleep, dreaming of delicious food. But lately, the motivation to draw manga has been so strong that it doesn't go away easily. Maybe it's because there are so many people waiting to read it, since I've just published the story. So I'm full of energy to keep going.

I let go of the digital pen and picked up my cell phone to check. I discovered that it was my father who had sent the messages.

**Father:** Jane

**Dad:** About that day...

**Dad:** I'm sorry.

**Dad:** When are you going to bring the old lady home to eat again? Oh...

It went beyond my expectations.

I knew that one day my father would accept me, just as he accepted Jasmine. But back then, it took him a long time. So this time, I was already prepared for him not to speak to me for at least a year. But strangely, in about two weeks, he sent me a message on Line, and even wrote "sorry".

I wonder why. But if I had to guess, I think it might have been because of the post I made on the **'Jane, of course!'** page a few days ago. It was a drawing I made myself, of two girls sitting side by side, with one leaning on the other's shoulder. The caption was...

**"No matter , it's still love all the same."** Perhaps this made my father think more quickly than he had at the time of Jasmine.

I'm glad he invited that "veteran" to eat with us again. I hope...

**Jane:** Of course!

**Jane:** But now she's not just a veteran.

As soonas I sent that message, in less than three minutes, the family on Line exploded.group

**Jasmine:** What?

**Junior:** , that girl is fast.

**Jimmy:** My little sister has someone looking after her now. I'll have a commemorative banner made.

**Dad:** Wait.

**Dad:** What does that mean? Someone explain it to , meplease.

**Jasmine:** Dad, ask mom to explain.

**Dad:** Mom went to the market and hasn't come back . yetShe's probably already bought everything. Someone of these four explain to me what that means!

Oh! Looks like someone hasn't understood the implied meaning yet. I laughed softly, knowing that my older brothers would have to explain it to their father. And it was the younger brother, who was probably (pretending to be) free and typing faster, who explained the meaning of the message I had sent.

My father was very surprised and sent several stickers with a serious face. But I sent a sticker showing my tongue back.

**Dad:** But Jane is still young!

**Jane:** I' not myoung, I'm going to be 19.

**Dad:** , you're still young to me.

**Jane:** But I'm only dating the veteran so we can get to know each other better, right? It's not like we're getting married. Dad can't forbid it or I'll get angry, and Dad won't eat som tam with me for a year! If the family loses me, who's going to help eat everything when everyone's full?

**Dad:** (sticker Shock with lightning striking his heart.) Looks like he's not going to argue with me anymore.

At first, I smiled until I closed my eyes and planned to go back to drawing the manga. But then I remembered that it was a good opportunity to ask something that had been on my mind. So I pursed my lips and typed another message.

**Jane:** While we're at it, can I ask you something that's been on your mind for a long time?

**Dad:** What is it?

**Jane:** Why is Jan's surname the only one-syllable word in the family?

**Jane:** Snort, I don't accept that!

Yes, that had been on my mind for a long time. Today I had to have an answer. While we're at it, I pretended to throw a tantrum. But the answer I got from my father made me blink several times.

**Dad:** Oh, the name Jan, I chose it .myself

**Jane:** What? Jane: ? The mother ran out of creativity to name the fourth child, did she?

**Mom:** Are you crazy?

Wow, the lady of the house has arrived. It seems she'd at the market and was on her way home, so she had time to pick up the phone and just finished shopping look.

**Mom:** When Jan was born, I almost got into a fight with your father because he wouldn't let me choose the name I'd been thinking about for so long.

**Jane:** What?

**Jane:** So, what did Mom want to me?

**Mother:** Jjj.

**Jane:** Mom's playing with her cell phone, right?

**Mom:** No, I wanted to call you "Jjj". It sounds like "Je-Je". I thought it was cute, unique, and sounded like a child trying to write down a lesson or something.

It seemed so nice. Theres still 'time to change, you know? My "Jjj" is still young. Do you want to change it to the name I thought of?

**Jane:** Wow, Mom, I like the name Dad chose. I'll Jan, okay?

And so, both the acceptance that Jan is a lesbian and the doubt and resentment that I carried were resolved and cleared up today. And I felt like thanking my father for making me be "Jan" instead of "Jjj", which my mother thought was so cute. Being Jan is good enough. I'm not going to change.

Because I still remember our conversation that night . very wellThose phrases have stuck with me and reinforced how much I like her.

**"So... do you want to date me, Janezinha?"**

**"Yes, we're going to date P'Dai."**

You know, this could be the turning point in my career. After many people followed and eagerly awaited the first chapter, and it even topped trends even before I posted more than cover thetheand synopsis, editor Jae called directly and said that the team wanted to me take this work to...

A project. But, of course, I didn't want to go back to anything that didn't value my work. So I politely declined. Even so, they kept sending me messages, saying that this time the site wanted to test the market (BL, GL, etc.).

Wow, that's exhausting. Sometimes I type as fast as I think.

**Jane:** No, I don't want to test the market with BL or GL now. At first, when I proposed it, nobody was interested. Everyone thought that if it was about women loving each other, it wouldn't be successful. Isn't that a bit ugly? The site promotes BL as a way of promoting diversity, but GL 't in the same community? That's why they rejected my idea. So now I'm going to try to do it on my own.

They were very discouraged. They apologized, but I just sent them a refusal sticker.

It was a bit satisfying, because when she rejected my project back then, I felt discouraged too.

Anyway, enough about Jae and that website. Anyway, I've made up my mind and I believe in the path I've chosen.

Let's talk about the relationship between me and... a woman who is like a special color palette.

If you're wondering what changed between us after we defined our status, well... it was probably the fact that we were getting to know more about each other.

Now, the beautiful architecture veteran and I are waiting for doughnuts at the counter. Since the ones I like were sold out, they're making more inside.

They're almost ready to serve. I decided to wait, asthere was little in the store and the employee said it would only take five minutes.movement

And... I took the opportunity to tease P'Dai 'd with some new information Idiscovered about her. After all, now that we're dating, her friends have started talking to me, and I've found out a lot. For example:

"I heard that your nickname in first grade was 'Dta', right?"

The person who was humming suddenly . stoppedShe let go

a quiet **"Huh?!"** before crossing her arms and looking , as she always does when she gets shy.

**"Ah... it's just that they've combined my surname with the first letter of my real ."name**

**"So you're like Jan!"** I smiled broadly, showing my teeth, because I felt I had a new nickname to tease her with. But as soon as she managed to control her shyness, she turned around and asked where I knew that from.

"But how did you find out?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

The pretty girl raised an eyebrow: "Of course you will." "Wait, don't change the subject. P'Dai gets shy fast. I like it." "Hmm."

**"Ah..."** I didn't almost manage to cover my mouth in time. I ended up saying that I like seeing her shy. Damn! Now I was feeling a bit embarrassed.

Believe me, after seeing that reaction, she'll make me blush. From experience theI've had since we started dating, even it thoughhasn't been that long, I've completely understood this part of her personality. And there she was... smiling, showing off that dimplelovely !

"Janezinha..."

"S...yes?"

"On a scale of 1 to 100, how much do you like me now?"

Wow, that question gives me a chance to hit back. I raised my face, like someone who saw an opportunity.

"200."

But P'Dai's reaction was the opposite. She didn't get upset in the slightest, as if she'd expected me to say something like that. Instead, she hit back with such force that I had no reaction.

"Really? So, when it gets to 300, how about we think about moving into the same dorm? Maybe we can do something out of the ordinary."

I remained silent. Silent because my mind was already imagining the scene of us moving in together and seeing me with a face as red as a tomato when it came to sharing a bed.

Damn! Even though she had only said a few sentences, I was already so embarrassed that I wanted to twist like a screw!

Weren't her words suggesting something like that?

Actually, I'd thought about it several times, but I never had the courage to say it first because I was shy. I thought that, as the relationship progressed, the mood would take naturally us there, like in soap operas... But she got straight to the point.

**"Ready!"**

The sweet voice of the employee, who announced as he put the doughnuts freshlybakedinto a box, was like a bell that saved me from melting right there. I quickly turned to pay, since we had agreed that I would pay for the donuts and she would pay for the drinks.

But as I glanced at the person next me, I saw P'Dai', which he seemed to be trying to disguise.s sweet smile

"Hey, Jane, we're already girlfriends. Why be shy?"

"V... let's get some water first." I grabbed the donuts and spoke quickly, or rather, I tried to disguise my reaction.

She laughed softly, as if she were enjoying herself, but didn't tease me any further on the subject. Perhaps she knew that I was already confused enough, because my imagination was going too far. So much so that, when ordering the drink, I even messed up and asked for tapioca bubbles without tea. It was supposed to be tea without bubbles!

After that, I got on the back of P'Dai's motorcycle, which I already knew well, and we went to the place we had agreed to go to eat sweets in the evening. It wasn't too far away, just a small garden of the Faculty of Architecture, with a view so beautiful that several teen series have booked to film there. She said that there aren't many people there on Friday nights, as they're probably getting ready to drink in bars or at parties. So it was the perfect to sit and relax.place

I like it. It's not spectacular, but it's comforting. Like, it doesn't have to be confusing or complicated. It's something simple, but it touches the heart in a way that's hard to explain.

And because the surroundings were so inviting, I was able to put more daring thoughts out of my head. As I nibbled on my crepe, I looked at the large lake in front, with a pavilion in the middle to sit and relax in, and a walkway leading down to it, divided into five sections. Wow, the design is beautiful, isn't it?

"At that time, Jane looked at me sideways. Did you know?"

P'Dai spoke and raised her glass of green tea. I felt a little ashamed as I remembered that time when I thought she wouldn't

liked me and I almost ran away. It took me months to find out the truth, and even after I did, I still kept my tail between my legs and ran away.

We went so to farasbecome girlfriends, going through so many situations in which I was foolish.

But there's something I discovered after changing my status with her. How can I put it? Cake made me explore myself, and when I started drawing the manga with P'Dai as a reference, I realized that it wasn't just her who looked down on me when we didn't know each other very well.

I lowered my head, ashamed of what I was about to say: "I have a confession... I also thought you looked at me all the time. But at the time, I didn't know what it was. It looked like interest because P'Dai was attractive, but when you stared back and sometimes crossed your arms, I misunderstood and thought you didn't like me."

P'Dai let out a laugh, but his thin lips still held a gentle smile. "We need to stop watching serious ." She dramasraised an elegant finger and lightly touched her chin, thinking of something.

"Hmm, so I have a confession .. too.That time I called to get free donuts, it was really just an excuse to see you."you

"What?!"

Wow, now I was the surprise, as she turned to me with a mischievous smile.

"It's just that that night, you were drunk and all you said was that you wanted to eat donuts. E... , I couldn't resist your cuteness. The next day, I ended up buying them for you."

**"What?!"** That kind of nonsense came out of the mouth of someone like me? How embarrassing! I almost threw the donuts and tea away and jumped into the lake ahead to appear in the Andaman , Seabecause my face was burning again!

"Are you mad?"

"N...no." Damn, my voice was too high. I sounded very suspicious.

P'Dai probably knew, because she courted me for a while and, after we started dating, I spouted a lot of nonsense. So she just laughed softly and pinched my cheek, as she likes to do. Then she turned to admire the scenery ahead and changed the subject.

"The university's fan page probably already knows that I have a girlfriend."

"What?"

I was confused for a moment, until I realized that the girl next to me probably was talking about the page she usually posts updates on

about the students. Knowing this, I was curious to know what the page had posted about me or about us. So I didn't hesitate to take out my cell phone and check.

Posted 1 hour :ago

"What do you mean? I heard that the second-year senior in Architecture is dating. She's a first-year freshman. Apparently I've seen a quick clip of them doing something in a bar before. Everyone, take a look at the photos we've posted. The admin isn't making this up. Oh, and the girl's name is Jan."

In the photo that the fan page posted, it was a picture of me on the back of the senior's bike, going to class in the morning. One arm was holding my laptop I remember well that that day I was afraid of missing the presentation of the group work I had done with Cake and Wai. But in the photo, my face wasn't very visible, since I was wearing a helmet, and the picture was taken while the bike was in motion.bag.

And why did they have to post the photo where my face was hidden the most? I 't wasnhappy, I didn't agree, I'm going to comment to defend the fact that, in real life, we're much prettier! But just as I was about to type, I was paralyzed when I saw the ' comments, studentswhich were almost all in the same direction.

"Wow, the veteran is a lesbian? My heart is racing! But what about Jan?"

"Does anyone know Jan? Please explain. Which Jan?"

"Admin, can you give more information? The photo of the croup isn't very clear."

"Can someone tell us? I'm curious. Is it true or just a rumor?"

"Do you have any more photos of Jan? I want to follow."

"not It's true. Someone as beautiful as the veteran likes women would be a waste. The photo of the croupier could just be a senior and a freshman. Stop making things up, admin. We're not buying it."

"Waiting for the mystery to be solved. After all, which Jan? kkkk"

And so . Almost everyone was asking: "Which Jan is the veteran's girlfriend?!"

The desire to post a beautiful photo of myself with a thousand filters stopped, because I wanted to announce to the world who Jan was that everyone was asking about.

Everyone should have known that the architecture senior's girlfriend was this person. And it was true, not a rumor.

I turned to my girlfriend with a determined look, but before I could say anything, she tilted her head and asked, **"What's wrong?"**

**"I'll announce it."**

**"What do you want to announce?"** P'Dai looked at the screen of my cell phone and seemed to understand what I was saying.

I wanted to say. Then she swallowed and smiled gratefully. **"Go on."**

"I don't understand. Everyone should know that the two of us are together. Why let people be in doubt and ask which Jan? Is that true? I don't want that. And believe me, this is the first time I feel grateful for that colleague who gave me a strange nickname during the freshman reception. Because the time I took part in the beauty contest, even the judges called me by that nickname.

So I leaned my head on my girlfriend's shoulder to smell her rose perfume, while I typed a reply on purpose for the other side to see. I used my own Facebook to show who I am. When she read the two sentences I had typed, she just smiled, and couldn't stand it, so she reached out to mess with my hair.

But I was thinking of something else. I stared at her thin, pink before closing my eyes with one goal in mind. And at that lips moment, I moved closer and leaned my face against hers, until our lips met without any space between them.

At first, P'Dai herself was so surprised that she froze and opened her eyes wide, because it was all so sudden. However, she gradually understood the situation, until she began to react, wrapping her warm tongue around me and pushing forward.

My heart was pounding too, even though I was the one who started it. But my mind was so impulsive that I really wanted to do it. That's why everything happened so quickly that I could hardly believe what I was doing.

When we broke away finally to breathe, it seemed like minutes had passed.

It's a good thing there were hardly any people around. Otherwise, they would have certainly seen the scene where I raised my hand to cover my mouth and spoke in a trembling voice.

"That... wasn't just a kisskiss, it was a ."

P' Dai also paused for breath, and although she wasn't as embarrassed as I was, you could see that her cheeks were slightly flushed. The only difference was that she chose to disguise the situation with a serious , expressionlooking away and lowering her head as she muttered:

"You... you're really , serioushuh?" Damn...

I wanted to kiss him again, but I was so embarrassed that I decided to put it off until next time.

Is her special flavor really that ?sweet

No, I can't get distracted.

I can't deviate from the mission I set out to do. I went back to paying attention to my phone, trying to dispel the blush on my cheeks, even though it was still there.

"As I said, even though I have such a common name that makes people wonder which Jan at university I am, I still have some characteristics that, when mentioned, make everyone say 'Oh, that's her!' That's why the comment I posted was...

'Im Jan who's P'Dai'.s girlfriend

"Jan who was voted the star of the college.

And I'll confess one more thing:

The reason I leaned in to kiss P'Dai just now, apart from wanting to feel those beautiful , lipswas that out of the corner of my eye I saw a student lifting his phone to take a photo of the two of us sitting together."

That's why I wanted to make everything clear. In the comments on the page, there were some people who didn't quite believe it. So how about showing a token of affection?still

In case you didn't already know, this Jan here is now a little more daring, see?

End of story.

**Chapter Special 1: The First Day of Change**

How long does a couple need to be together before they decide to move in together?

For other couples, I don't know. But for both , it was after usdating for about a year and a bit. At the time, P'Dai was in third year, and I was second-year Jan, who felt that the freshmen didn't respect me very much. Sometimes they even made fun of me. How annoying!

Now to the subject of "moving in together". It all started with a fight between P'Dai and me.

That day, she came to pick me up by motorcycle. I had a presentation to give to my teacher, but I ended up waking up late because my alarm clock didn't work. When I went downstairs and met my beautiful girlfriend in front of the dormitory, she had a frown on her face. On the way, I tried to strike up a conversation as usual, but she only replied with "um", "yeah" or "ah". And that night, we ended up fighting.

"Jane, if next time you take half an hour to come down like that, I won't wait any longer, ? I was in a hurry to getto class ."today too

"But, P'Dai... if you were in a hurry, you could have called to hurry up. I would have come down without even showering!"

"I called, but you didn't pick up."

"Huh? Oh, that's right! I forgot to take my phone into the bathroom with me." I took out my cell phone and opened Line to see that she had called me three times in a row. When I realized this, my face went pale. "I'm sorry..."

At that moment, the older woman only gave me silence in response.

"It was very bad. From now , I'm going to university on my own. I won't bother P'Dai anymore. I'm sorry."

"I was thinking the thingsame , that I wouldn't come to pick up ."you anymore

The sentence, spoken in a calm, flat voice, squeezed my heart as if it were being squeezed. We'd fought a few times as before, is normal in a relationship, but this was the first time I'd heard something come out of her mouth that almost made me cry. Maybe it was right for me to go university alone from the start. However, when P' Dai said that, I couldn't help the pain I felt. I tried to hold back my tears, determined to cry hiding in my pillow by myself. I was about to answer, but then the eldest spoke first:

"Because maybe it's time we moved into the same dorm."

Huh?

I almost couldn't control myself, and tears began to well up in my eyes.

And so we decided to look for a new dormitory, closer to the university and more spacious than the oneprevious . Of course, the monthly rent would be more expensive, but that wasn't a problem since we'd be sharing the costs equally. It was like having a roommate, but a roommate with girlfriend status... and with whom we were already close.

Yes, we had both done "18+" things before. After all, we'd been dating for over a year. If I said we were innocent, just holding hands, that would be an exaggeration, because

P' Dai already started showing her intentions from the first month of dating.

If you ask me what it was like the first time, I'd say it was a bit clumsy. We were both beginners at it. She'd had a girlfriend before, but at most they kissed and exchanged caresses, they'd never gone that far physically.

And what about tonight, the first time we'll be living together? I can't quite imagine if I'll be able to behave properly. Or, for example, if I scratch my ass in front of her, will I be able to do it? Im 'message to my dear P'Dai, the kindest person in the world.so nervous that I couldn't stand it and ended up sending a **Jane:** Phi, are you awake?

**P' Dai:** Hi, what's up?

**Jane:** You answered so quickly!

**P' Dai:** And that's bad?

**Jane:** No, no! It's good, it's good!

**Jane:** I need to consult you about something..."

**Jane:** Phi, you know I'm moving in with you ? I'm worried... Like, what if I feel itchy? Will I have to scratch it?today, right

**P' Dai:** Haha...

**P' Dai:** Believe me, at first you'll scratch in hiding. But over time, you'll end up scratching in front of me.

**P' Dai: :** And it's not just you, me too. It's about intimacy between two people who feel more comfortable opening up, you know?

Hmm, come think of it, I guess that makes sense. Before, when I was closer to my friends in the "Goddesses" group, I was very shy and embarrassed, I didn't have the courage to say much. I barely uttered a swear word. But after a month, I was already hurling all kinds of insults and insults.

So I'm going to put aside worrying about everyday life in the future and worry instead about whether I'm going to sleep tense tonight.

Here's the thing: even though we'd done "it" before, it wasn't that often. In fact, it could be because, after the first two times, P' Dai got too busy with work. And when my comics became successful, I got too busy too. It ended up that we only rarely had the chance to sleep in rooms. each other's And besides, not every time we slept together it was for "that". Often, we were so tired that we ended up sleeping together just like that.

But now... from today, we're going to sleep in the same bed every night. We'll wake up and see each other's faces. Be in each other's eyes. It's really exciting and new for me.

*Tok tok tok*

The knock on the door caught my attention. I knew exactly who was the onother side, because she'd arranged pack up and...to come at two in the afternoon to help

The move was scheduled, but it seemed that the girl had arrived early. The clock was barely half past one in the afternoon. I put my clothes aside and opened the door to welcome my dear Phi.

And, as always... she came with her hands full of food.

Every time he comes to visit me, P'Dai brings me supplies as if he's trying to fatten up. me By the time I realized it, my cheeks were fuller and I had gained weight. But she always says I'm still cute. Of course, I'm a bit vain and I accept the compliment, yes.

That day, my dear Phi brought me Once again, she hit the nail on the head. I was craving something sweet at that very moment.brownies and orange juice.

"Let's recharge our batteries, Jane." "Hummm!"

We began to recharge with snacks. While I ate greedily, P' Dai just smiled as she watched me, sipping her iced tea. I wanted her to tootaste it , so I took a piece of brownie and offered it to her. She took a bite and smiled even more. I know her habits well: although in other ways she likes to look after me, she adores

to be pampered when I feed . herEvery time I offer her her something, eyes light up with a smile.

She's so cute... so beautiful...

The most incredible person in the three worlds...

I wonder how I could have thought badly of her at first. I wanted to go back time and slap myself in the face ten times.

**20:28**

Although P'Dai's mother helped move our things from the old dormitory with a pick-up picked up the belongings from Phi Dai's old room at half past three, the problem is that it's now almost truck around three in the afternoon, and we nine in the evening and we still haven't finished organizing the new room.

The the truth is... furniture and shelves we bought in advance have helped a lot, but it's still a mess.

I was already imagining the scene of the two of us curling up in the blanket and watching something together, but it looks like it's going to be a working night.

As I hung up my clothes in the closet, I let out a sigh without realizing it. , it didn't go unnoticed by the watchful eyes of Phi Dai, who was making the bed.

"?"

"Huh?" I realized and didn't have the heart to say that I was disappointed that we probably wouldn't have "anything" tonight. "N...nothing."

"Tired? You can take a shower and have a snack if you like. I'll take care of the clothes."

"No, I'm fine, I'm not tired."

P'Dai didn't say else anything after that, but raised an eyebrow as she looked at me, as if she was thinking and observing my behavior. I, on the other hand, acted naturally, as if it was no big deal, and continued hanging up both of . Who our clothescould guess what's going on in someone's head, right? Especially when I didn't give any signalsobvious .

But I was completely wrong.

Because, at 8:40 p.m., when we' finished dorganizing things and I'd asked to take a shower first, while standing under the shower, feeling the water run down my naked body, suddenly the other person knocked on the door and asked to come in and shower with me. I was a little embarrassed, as I wasn't prepared for it, but I also didn't know why I should refuse. In the end, I agreed in a soft voice, as usual.

In a few seconds, the owner of the slender body, wearing only underwear, walked in. My eyes widened like goose eggs, and I had to swallow as I saw her unhooking her bra in front of me. I was already nervous, but to see her walk in completely naked like that...

And believe me, I couldn't look away from that scene. I could see her delicate breasts, without a bra to cover them, the pink nipples that always attracted my gaze and, 'whats more, raised the temperature of my face. But that 't all, of course. Showering together meant undressing completely, and then I saw the girl taking off her panties, which matched her bra. I had to look away from the beauty of that "rose".

If I kept looking, my heart would explode for sure!

The one taller approached me from behind and rested her chin on my shoulder. The tip of nose her almost touched my cheek, and her warm breath sent a shiver down spine. Then a sweet, playful voice whispered:my

"We're so similar, aren't we?"

"It'.. s .justyou undressed in front of , meI only looked a little."

"not It's just about looking." This time, P'Dai kissed my cheek and pulled away with a beaming smile on his lips. "I was talking about you being worried about whether we were going to do 'it' on the first night."

"How did you know?!"

"Well, I saw you liking a lot of videos on the secret ."Twitter

Oh, I'd forgotten that we know each other!'s secret accounts

I was so shocked that I covered my mouth with my hands. Since last night, I'd been on the app looking for lesbian videos because I wanted to find new ideas to use in our activities so that everything would flow well. But I ended up completely forgetting that it might appear in her feed..., who follows me there. And yes, she saw everything.

So why keep trying to hide something if she already knew from the start?

While my mind was in turmoil, Phiechoed 's whisper in my ear... and that only made me even more confused.

"Don't worry, I still have plenty of energy to do 'that'. My God!

In everyday life, P'Dai is a beautiful woman with a sweet smile and a personalitygentle , which goes perfectly with the light rose she always wears. Her smile is charming, her voice is soft and captivating, and even her shy moments, when she doesn't open up too much, are perfume adorable.

But in bed, she's a completely different person.

Remember when I said, at the beginning, that the first time I asked something silly like "Do I need to take my bra off?" That was so out of context, but she was so focused that she didn't even answer with words. , she just reached out and took it off for me, without hesitation.

And over the next few times, I learned that this is part of her personality. When she's... well, horny, she's so focused on the activity that, even if I make a silly , faceshe simply brings me back into the moment without any problems.

And tonight was no different. The tiredness of moving into the new dorm didn't the affect her in slightest, even though she was mainly responsible for organizing everything. Meanwhile, I barely had time to adjust to the new room, which was more spacious and was an apartment. Because, after showering and putting on my pajamas, I turned around and saw that beautiful face sitting on the bed, with a sweet smile and a look full of intent.

"Come soon." She knocked lightly on the bed.

"P'Dai, the main reason you wanted to move here was... this here, right?"

"Not so much, but... let's say 50%."

Wow, so half of her is romantic and delicate, and the other half is like that, eh?

Well, we've been dating for nowover a year , so I shouldn't be surprised.

I shrugged my shoulders provocatively and went back to combing my hair, putting on a little act to make her more impatient. After about three minutes, I finally walked over to the bed and sat down where she had knocked lightly. Before I could say anything else, I just opened my mouth, and at the same moment I was pulled into a hug by the older woman, until my body fell over hers, slender and delicate.

"You're doing this on purpose, Jane." "Can I continue?"

"If it continues, I'll bite."

I grimaced, but P'Dai laughed softly, enjoying the joke.

Her naughty hands slid under my shirt and began to caress my back gently. I felt a tickle, but at the same time it felt so good that I just pressed my lips together and let her take control, as we always did at these times.

The new air conditioning was so cold that it almost made me shiver. Or maybe it was because I 't wasnused to it, my room old was warm

and stuffy. When our naked skins touched, I felt so cold that I just wanted to wrap myself in the blanket. But I have P'Dai to thank for being a keen observer, because even if I hadn't mentioned the problem, she reached out to grab the air-conditioning remote control and turned up the temperature, making the room warmer.

And that's how I surrendered to these little gestures of attention.

At that moment, not only did my body warm up, but my heart did too.

P'Dai started with her lips gently pressing against my chest, moving down to my abdomen. And before I knew it, she turned me around so that I was underneath her. Then she enveloped me in a kiss that was intense in sensation but soft to the touch.

"Um..." I not 'msure whose moan , came firstbut we both let out similar sounds when our skins met.

My conscience fled even further when P' Dai's warm hands slid down to grasp my right breast, massaging it gently. The nipple, which was already sensitive, hardened even more with the stimulation. Down below, I felt a growing , wetnessthe result of what she was doing to me.

When P'Dai moved her lips away, she directed her attention to the "rose" below. One of her hands slid two fingers inside me, while the other continued to caress my body, exploring the moist, pathwayswarm .

"How wet..."

Where else would find you something like that? Looking at her with that radiant smile, I couldn't stand it any longer.

But the shame didn't last long, because soon my legs were pushed even apartfurther , allowing her get closer and to use her tongue to explore my clitoris. This made me moan and gasp slightly, before feeling a wave of pleasure from her skillful movements.

The hot tongue that played with my clitoris moved at the same pace as his fingers inside me. In fact, our positions during lovemaking 't always werenthe same. Sometimes I was the one playing with her body, and sometimes we used toys to explore each other. But, to be honest, most of the time it was P'Dai who took the initiative, as if she loved seeing my body and my reactions of pleasure. "Ah... Phi... Phi Dai..."

"Hmm."

And one thing I'm sure of is that she loves it when I moan her name. Because every time I do, she responds in such a sweet voice that you can tell how much she likes it.

My feet twitched with the intensity of the pleasure, and her tongue continued to stir up more moisture and excitement inside me. Within minutes, I was on the verge of orgasm, and my breathing, which had previously been panting, now came in long sighs.

P'Dai stopped soon after. She slowly withdrew her soaked fingers from me. At that moment, even though I was exhausted and my body was still shaking, I sat up and made a request, following my heart's desire.

"I... want to eat something sweet at dawn."

We both knew what this "something sweet" meant.

P'Dai smiled suddenly, but it was a smile full of intent, that smile that made my heart race. And I also loved hearing her voice when I served her with pleasure, licking that "sweetness" with gusto.

P'Dai is... sweet in the mouth, in smell and in taste.

And that wasn't the first time I'd done that after we broke up.

"You naughty girl..." She murmured, her voice laced with pleasure, as I deliberately licked her clitoris. My pranks were usually to tease the older girl, and every time I got a cute in return.reaction

The love scene calmed down around ten o'clock at night. The lights in the room were turned off, leaving only the dim light coming in through the curtains. That night, I felt a little strange about the new , the new place, the new temperature. It all made me a little uneasy.bed

"Can you sleep?"

Suddenly, the other person asked, while we were both lying there staring at the ceiling. Coincidentally, we turned at the same time and looked at each other. We... who were now under the same blanket, with our naked bodies.

I answered truthfully: "Not much, but I' not minsomniac . I'm just a bit sleepy. In the first year, when I moved into the dormitory, I couldn't sleep the first night because I was strange."either

"It must be because you feel comfortable with me around." "Hm!

Convinced. I think it's because you've exhausted ."me

I heard P'Dai laugh softly before a comfortable silence settled between us. There was been a sentence I'd meaning to say since I entered the room, but I hadn't had a chance to say it since we'd been busy all day. Now might be the right time, even if it was a few hours late.

"P' Dai."

"Yes?" She replied in her usual . "From now on, I give myself to you..."sweet voice

Although they weren't such elaborate , wordsI had been planning to say that sentence ever since I found out we were moving in together.

And even though the room was dark, I could still see the sweet smile that appeared on the veteran's face at my words. She lifted her hand and gently brushed a strand of hair away from my face, before replying with a sentence that marked the real beginning of our time together:

"I give myself to you too, Jane."

**Special Chapter 2: A Little Jealousy (Part**

**Dai)**

To me, Jane is a cute, adorable, mischievous, rosy-cheeked . A little pest who made my life much more colorful than it already was.girl But today it seems that these colors are a bit *too much*. "Are you going to play with your cell phone all ? dayHave you eaten?"

"Hang , I'm answering a message on Facebook."

I frowned as I watched the girl who used to drop everything to eat. Usually, no matter whether she was in the middle of a game or a midnight show, Jane always stopped to focus on food. But today, our special meal was cold, and she was busy answering someone online.

"Who are you talking to?"

I watched her non-stop, but Jane didn't even notice. She kept smiling and typing until, after a couple of minutes, she seemed to have finished the conversation. She locked the screen of her cell phone and put it aside.

"Come on, let's eat!"

I confess that Jane's and sweet voice me bright smile made so soft that I didn't mention my distrust at the time. It seems I'm too nice to this girl, to the point of hurting myself. She simply started eating and served me the first spoonful, and that was enough to erase everything and make me relax my frown with ease.

I'm currently in my fourth year, and she's in her third. It's been a long time since we met and started dating. So it's only natural that there are lots of people in Jane's life, and that she's grown close to others. I try to think like that all the time.

But a few days later, I realized that I also have my silly . Even though I'm the oldest...side

That day, I went to pick up Jane, who was organizing an activity for the freshmen. She saw me waiting on the bike and sent a message asking for five more minutes. Then she ran in and nudged one of the freshmen, a girl with a pretty, lively face (but not as pretty as my Jane). The two seemed close, and she even giggled during the conversation. Although it lasted less than a minute, believe me, something inside me felt strange.

If 'Im not mistaken, the girl's name is Kim, a freshman who Jane is mentoring.

At the time, she showed a photo on Facebook and said she had to deliver sweets to this girl without revealing . herselfThe day she finally revealed herself, Jane even joked that she probably hadn't been convincing, because the girl said she already knew it was her. All right, I guess 'll Ihave to keep an eye out. "Your freshman is pretty cute, huh?"

As soon asthe girl arrived and took the helmet to put on, I couldn't help but bring up the subject. I just hoped she would explain that it was nothing, but... Jane has always been Jane.

"Yes, yes, Kim is very cute."

She replied with a smile, as always. I wanted her to understand, Jane!

I took a deep breath and stopped myself from saying anything else. Then I took my girl back to our love nest. That night, I could hardly sleep. I stared at her face as she slept, but not for long, because she moved and snuggled into me, seeking warmth.

My heart softened instantly. Even in her sleep, this girl is cute.

Well, I'll worry about the freshman another day. Today, I'm going to just hug her and go to sleep.

She really is irresistible.

The following , weekmy life was filled with worries, especially with the projects that the teachers gave me, leaving my head throbbing. My routine boiled down to going to and from college and working in my room, without much time to pick up or take Jane, since I was

really busy. She understood and would go to the motorcycle lessons on her own, our schedules didn't match up.

But I still had my eye on "Kim", the freshman who now seemed to be always around my girl. Then, one day, Jane sent me a message:

**Jane:** Phi Dai.

**Jane:** I'll be back a bit later , todayokay?

**P'Dai:** With friends, right?

**Jane:** With Kim.

**Jane:** I haven't had dinner .yet

So Jane's having dinner with Kim! I'm already being very patient, see?

**P'Dai:** So, at 8 o'clock, I'll pick up.you **Jane:** No need, no, !

**Jane:** And how is P'Dai going to get here? I'm with your bike.

**P'Dai:** I can always find you. Just tell me the location.

And then Jane disappeared for an hour. No messages, no answers. I was so worried that I could hardly work. My eyebrows were almost in a knot. I wanted to call and ask where she was, but my pride didn't want to seem like such a silly girlfriend, since she'd told me she'd be back late. If I insisted, I'd sound boring.

But I... I didn't like at all. I knew she was with that freshman. The two of them seemed so close, so close that I was jealous. That girl called Kim managed to make Jane, who loves to eat, ignore her favorite pasta. Food is the most important thing to her, but the freshman is more important than that?

And what was it that Jane came back at half past eight in the evening, looking exhausted?

I stopped pretending to be the understanding girlfriend and asked directly, in a serious voice:

"Where did you go with that girl?"

"Why is Phi Dai using such an unpleasant ?" "Yes, I'm unhappy with your freshman."pronoun

"Why are you unhappy? I only went to Kim."'s house

My God, what part of that should I be satisfied with?

"It's a secret, but one day I'll tell you. For now, I'll keep it to myself." Is that fair?

Look at her ! answerDoesn't that make someone angry? But as Jane had a playful expression on her face and rubbed her cheek against my arm before grabbing a towel to take a shower, my heart, which had been on fire, cooled down a little. It still wasn't completely calm, but it got better.

I'll let you get away with it this time, since you warned me beforehand and acted all cute as soon as you arrived. Besides, I was busy working on my laptop. If I didn't hand it in by nine in the morning the next day, it would be a problem.

I decided not to bringupgot out of the shower, wearing only a cream towel and a loose T-shirt, and fell asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. As far as I know, today she had a meeting with the sophomores to plan the schedule for the freshman trip next week, in addition to a full schedule of classes until the evening. And, as we know, she still went to the freshman house until dark., but I kept watching Jane as she

If it hadnbeen for 't that last detail, she would have come back to have something tasty to eat and have a good time with me. I... don't like that Kim at all.

If something like this happens again, I don't think I'll be able to hold in my dissatisfaction.

And, unbelievably, the day I had been dreading arrived just two days later. Jane texted me that she had something important to do. I thought it was something to do with college and even ordered some fried chicken to wait for her. But while I was waiting and scrolling through Facebook, I saw that, fifteen minutes earlier, she had posted a photo on her stories of her cooking with the freshman.

What's that?

I ordered Jane's favorite fried chicken combo to celebrate our second anniversary, but now she's somewhere with someone I don't know.

I called her immediately. After a few rings, she picked up but seemed ,busy. Before I could ask her , she said:

"I'll be right back, just wait a bit, okay?"

This time, no matter how cute her , Ivoice is'm going to not let it go that easily.

We need to have a serious talk.

I hung up and started pacing the room, thinking about what to say when I saw her. I didn't want to seem too angry, but I also wanted to show that I was a little annoyed. Jane is an innocent girl, and if I don't get to the point, she might not understand what I want. Like at the beginning of our relationship, when I nearly died trying to win her over, and she still thought I didn't like her.

So I had to be direct and say how I felt, explain why and ask for an explanation from her.

About twenty minutes later, I heard two knocks on the door, followed by Jane's saying that she was going to open the door. I stopped pacing voice and stood still, waiting to face the little girl who was about to enter.

Jane came in smiling, holding a bright pink box with a bow on top. But that didn't matter, because I had already planned what to say as soon as the door closed and we were face to face.

"Jane, I'm not joking. What does that photo you posted of you cooking with that girl ?"mean

"P... Phi Dai, are you mad?" "..."

Yes, I am. You've made me very insecure, you know that?

"Jane, you're making me very confused. What's going on between you and this Kim girl?"

The girl kept quiet, and that only made me angrier. Up until now, she had been keeping secrets, and just as I was about to demand an explanation...

She entered the room with a sweet smile and placed the pink box in front of .me

"Open up yourself and see what's inside. Maybe that will clear things ."up

I looked at her, still suspicious, but opened the box. Inside were several envelopes, each with a letter written on it. When I organized , they themformed the sentence:

" you Willmarry me?" Darin & Jarin

"Kim's house is a bakery, and she makes delicious . chocolatesIn the last two weeks, I signed up for a course to learn how to make chocolates and surprise you on our two-year anniversary."

My anger disappeared instantly when I understood everything. I looked at the chocolates in the box, which were brown and white, and muttered: "So you got so close to your freshman... just to surprise me?"

She nodded. "Yes, Jane learned to make it all herself. At first, it was so bitter you 't even couldneat it, but with practice, it's now acceptable. Today, I chose the ones that looked the best for you, P'Dai."

"..."

I couldn't speak. I could only stare at the chocolates and then at cute girl in front of me.

"So... Phi Dai was jealous of me?" "I... I was just a bit jealous."

This time her expression became even sadder: "Oh... I'm sorry. I just wanted to keep it a secret for a while, I wanted you to open the box and feel happy. But if it made you uncomfortable, I won't do it again. And Kim already has a boyfriend, see? Besides, I like being alone."

Wait, ? "Huh? ?"You like being alone

"Yes, I like being alone. No, rather, I love being alone with P'Dai. So how could I flirt with else? You have to believe me."

I... My face grew hot with embarrassment. Even with one hand holding the box tightly...

Her anxious words, wanting me to believe, combined with her cheeks flushed with worry, and her declaration that she only loved me... I was going mad with so much cuteness. I stroked her head, avoiding her direct gaze, and murmured to myself once again:

"What am I going to do to you, huh?"

"Why, Phi?"

"Because you're so cute."

I thought I'd be the only one to remember the anniversary, but Jane was so dedicated that she even took a course in making chocolates. Today was sweeter than I imagined. I just expected us to eat fried chicken and watch a movie until we fell asleep on the sofa.

Whose girlfriend is this? Cute from day one until now. Oh, that's my girlfriend.

The girl most worthy of a pinch on the cheek.

Jane is well aware of my habit of looking away when I'm embarrassed. She realized this and must have noticed that my mood changed completely from the moment she entered the room. In other words, I went from anger to embarrassment.

The girl smiled until her cheeks rose, then looked at the low in front of the TV, where the fried chicken was waiting to be served. Her eyes lit up when she saw that there was something tasty to eat. Apparently she had been so busy

making chocolates that she hadn't eaten anything yet.table Then she turned to me with a pleading look. "Let's have some fried chicken and then the chocolates, okay?"

And without meaning to, I let out what I was thinking, embarrassed: "If Jane did this, I want to put it in a display case."

"Oh, that's an exaggeration, I made it to be eaten. Then 'll Imake more for you to eat all the time."

"But these are special, for our two-year ." "I'd rather see you eating, that's more special to me."anniversary And that insistent voice, what is it? She won't give me a break, that girl. "All right..."

"Yay!"

In the end, on the night of our two-year anniversary, we showered and sat down to eat fried chicken and soda while watching a fantasy movie on a streaming app. Although I wanted to keep the chocolates she had made as a treasure, Jane used her trump card and forced me to eat by feeding me the chocolates for dessert. She chose five pieces with the letters "D", ""|" A", "R", and "N", while I ate another five, with the letters "J", "A", "R", "I" and "N". The "&" character has been split in half between us. She really thinks of everything.

The movie ended around midnight. We helped clean up the mess on the sofa, washed the dishes and brushed our teeth and washed our faces together.

In front of the large bathroom :mirror

"Jane."

"Yes, P'Dai?"

"'m sorry II got jealous."

The girl spat out the toothpaste and laughed. "P' Dai, were you really jealous? I thought it was just a joke!"

"It's serious. While you were keeping the secret that you were learning to make chocolates, I was very worried."

"Sorry."

"I'm not angry, but..."

I used a soft towel to dry my face and smiled knowingly, looking at her through the mirror. The cute girl was lathering her face with foam, massaging her cheeks, and then looked back at me, winking.

"But what?"

"But before I go to sleep, I want to eat something sweet made by you to make me happier. Will you let me?"

"P... Phi Dai, you're having improper !"thoughts

She said this out loud, with a clearly shocked expression, while her face turned red.

My God, she's so cute that my heart can't take it. Her reaction when she gets shy always makes me smile from ear to ear.

Even if I did it on purpose to embarrass her and see her cute reactions...

About the dessert before bed that I ordered? I was serious.