

# Chapter 1: Let's Break Up

The atmosphere inside a certain café was filled with the kind of romance that made it a popular hotspot for couples. It was so well-known among young lovers and even newlyweds that it was ranked as a must-visit location by a famous online page.

Every table in the café was occupied by couples, whispering sweet nothings to each other—so much so that it felt like the place was overflowing with love. But! There was **one**

table that stood out from the rest...

**"Let's break up, Vee."**

The moment those words left the lips of a handsome young man, everyone in the café froze. Conversations stopped, movements halted, and all eyes turned toward the attractive couple seated in the middle of the room.

**"What did you just say?"**

The beautiful woman sitting across from him was stunned, her expression frozen as if she had been turned to ice. She hoped, prayed even, that what she had just heard was nothing more than a bad joke from the man she called her boyfriend.

**"You heard me. Let's break up."**

**"Vee's not laughing, Win. You can't just say something like that out of nowhere. Don't you think that's too easy? We've been together for almost two years!"**

**"If you want a reason... I have one."**

The handsome young man spoke nonchalantly as he lifted his cup of coffee and took a sip, completely unfazed by

*Nichawee*

's growing anger. When he finished, he locked eyes with her and continued.

**"...I don't like your kisses. Is that reason enough?"**

The moment those words left his lips, the glass of water in front of *Nichawee* was grabbed and—

**Splash!**

**"Don't joke around like that, Win! Vee's not laughing!"**

The man now sat there, completely drenched. Yet, instead of reacting with anger, he simply reached into his pocket, pulled out a small handkerchief, and calmly wiped the water from his face.

That only made *Nichawee*

even more furious. He was acting as if she didn't exist, like she was nothing but air to him.

**"So you're really dumping me just because of a bad kiss? What, was that all you ever wanted from me? Did you never love me in the first place?"**

She stared at him, desperate for an answer.

**"Yes."**

A single, cold word. *Nichawee*

felt like her entire body had gone numb.

**"For me, kissing is the most important part of a relationship. Love comes second. And if the first part doesn't work, then there's no point in moving forward. That's all there is to it."**

His voice was calm, his words merciless. The *Anawin*

who once spoke sweetly to her—the man who once respected and cherished her—was now sitting across from her, spewing cruel words without a hint of remorse.

Every "I love you" he had ever said now felt like a lie. He wasn't even trying to soften the blow.

It was clear now. He truly didn't love her anymore.

He must have already found someone else—someone who kisses better than she does. Otherwise, why would he be in such a rush to dump her like this?

**What a piece of garbage.**

. .

Even though four years had passed since that day, she still remembered every word, every look, every action.

That moment had left a scar on her heart—one that had never healed.

**Present Day**

**At a restaurant...**

**"Let's break up, Vee."**

The voice of a young, nerdy-looking man echoed across the restaurant, cutting through the casual chatter of diners. *Nichawee*

froze, her spoonful of rice hovering mid-air.

She looked up at the man sitting across from her in confusion. The situation felt far too familiar.

**"Wait a minute, Kan... You're not joking, right? We haven't even been together for a full month, and you're already breaking up with me?!"**

**"You have to understand, Vee. We've been dating for almost a month, and you still won't even let me kiss you. How can I not break up with you? You need to see things from my perspective."**

**"Understand? Wasn't it YOU who said you'd respect me and give me time when we first started dating?"**

She couldn't believe this. Just a few months ago, this guy had been chasing after her, begging for her love. And now, here he was, throwing her away like she was nothing.

Sure, she had started dating

*Kan*

to help herself forget about

*Win*

, but she still respected him and wanted their relationship to grow naturally.

Why did this keep happening to her? Every time she trusted someone, they ended up hurting her.

**"Then tell me why, Vee. Why can't we kiss?"**

The young man asked, frustration evident in his tone. To him, kissing and intimacy were natural parts of a relationship. And yet, his own girlfriend wouldn't even let him hold her hand without permission.

It was weird. Too weird.

**"Wait... Don't tell me... You're actually scared of kissing. Or... you just don't know how to kiss at all?"**

*Kan*

's voice dripped with mockery as he stared at her with a smirk.

That was the last straw.

If there was one good thing about this breakup, it was that she now saw

*Kan*

's true colors. And she found them absolutely disgusting.

**"You know what? I should be grateful."**

A smirk formed on

*Nichawee*

's lips.

**"Grateful that I never wasted a kiss on someone like you. And grateful that I made a rule to never kiss someone until I was ready. Because look at you—showing your true self in less than a month."**

**"Vee, you're so full of yourself."**

**"Oh? And what about you, Kan?"**

She raised a perfectly shaped eyebrow, unimpressed.

**"What the hell? I was being NICE to you!"**

**"Nice?! You're breaking up with me and blaming it all on me. That's nice?"**

*Kan*

's face darkened in frustration.

**"You've gone too far, Vee!"**

**"Oh really? What part of what I said was wrong? Go ahead, argue."**

**"I can't believe I wasted my time on someone like you. You're nothing but a pretty face with an awful personality."**

The moment those words left his mouth—

**Splash!**

A glass of water hit

*Kan*

square in the face. **"You—! Are you insane?!"**

Maybe she was.

This was the second time she had thrown water in a guy's face after getting dumped.

And maybe... just maybe... all men were like

*Anawin*

.

Maybe they all cared about the same damn thing.

And if that was the case, then she would rather stay single forever.

**Title :**

Love Begins with a Terrible Kiss

**Author :**

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# Chapter 2: Proving My Kiss Isn't Bad

**A Bar**

The vibrant lights, the booming music, and the lively chatter of the crowd filled the atmosphere. Alcohol of all kinds was scattered across the tables as young men and women indulged in their drinks, laughing and enjoying themselves. Some got up to dance, moving wildly to the beat, as if shaking off the stress of the day.

Nichawee was no different. She downed the liquor in her glass in one go, prompting her two friends sitting beside her to quickly stop her before she ended up passing out.

"Take it easy, girl. No one's stealing your drink," said Baibua, her longtime friend from school.

"Yeah, don't act like the world is ending just because you got dumped," Saipan, the petite friend, added.

"I'm not like this because Kanta dumped me," Nichawee retorted. "If anything, I should be celebrating getting rid of that guy!"

"Oh? Then what's up with you?" Both of her friends asked in unison.

Nichawee bit her lip, reluctant to speak. It was embarrassing enough to admit that she had trouble kissing someone because of the words her exboyfriend had said when he broke up with her four years ago.

Baibua, noticing her hesitation, quickly pieced the puzzle together.

"Don't tell me... is this about Win again?" Baibua asked knowingly.

"..."

Nichawee's silence was answer enough.

"Wow, seriously?"

"Come on, Vee! You still haven't moved on from your high school ex? Even I can barely remember his face!" Saipan exclaimed.

"I don't know!" Nichawee groaned. "His words still haunt me! Every time I even think about kissing someone else, his voice just pops into my head. I'm going crazy because of him!"

Baibua hummed thoughtfully. "I see... so that's why Kanta broke up with you. Honestly, Vee, you're kind of in the wrong here. Physical affection is one way of showing love in a relationship."

Hearing this, Nichawee pouted. Her friends weren't taking her side at all.

"Exactly. Since when did you become such an overthinker, Vee? It's been years, and you're still hung up on this guy. Talk about a deep-rooted love." Saipan smirked teasingly.

"Ugh! You guys don't understand how hard it is for me!" Nichawee protested. "It's not like I didn't try to maintain my relationship with Kanta. But every time we were about to kiss, Win's face would appear in my head, and I'd freak out and push Kanta away."

"There it is." Both friends sighed.

"But seriously, don't just blame me. I mean, come on, we weren't even dating for a month, and he was already acting like an octopus with grabby hands. That's not okay either, right?"

"Sure, sure. So the one truly at fault here is Anawin, huh?"

Saipan patted Nichawee's shoulder as if to console her, though her face showed nothing but exasperation. This wasn't the first time she had to listen to Nichawee rant about her ex-boyfriend.

"But speaking of him... did you know that your dear ex just got promoted to Vice President of his company?"

"What did you just say, Baibua?!" Nichawee's eyes widened in shock.

"You didn't see the news? It was a huge event. Made headlines everywhere," Saipan chimed in, downing her drink in one gulp.

As soon as Saipan finished speaking, Nichawee's soft features twisted in irritation. While she had been suffering because of his words, he had been out there living his best life?

"Who knows, Vee? Your horrible ex-boyfriend might have already forgotten about you," Baibua teased.

"No way in hell! I won't let that happen!" Nichawee declared.

"And what exactly do you plan to do? The guy's a Vice President now, you know." Saipan shook her head at her friend's vengeful nature.

"...Maybe I can do something," Baibua suddenly suggested.

Both Nichawee and Saipan turned to look at her curiously.

"What do you mean, Baibua?"

"Well... turns out his company is looking for a secretary for the Vice President," Baibua said, holding out her phone to show the job posting.

"Wait... don't tell me you want Vee to apply?"

"Why not? She seems eager to get back at him. I'm just offering a plan. And look—she's interested."

Saipan turned to Nichawee, whose expression had turned serious as she stared at the job listing on Baibua's phone, her eyes burning with determination.

"Are you seriously considering this, Vee? Think about it! This is a secretary position for a Vice President. The competition is going to be fierce! You're up against candidates with impressive qualifications, and some might even have inside connections!"

But Nichawee wasn't listening. Her mind was already filled with thoughts of how she would deal with Anawin.

And then, an idea struck her. A sly smirk formed on her lips.

"That smile... Oh no. You're not even listening to me, are you?" Saipan groaned.

"Give it up, Saipan," Baibua said, patting her on the shoulder. "You should know by now that when she gets like this, there's no stopping her."

"I've made my decision!" Nichawee announced. "I'm applying for the secretary position! And I'll make that bastard realize that my kiss isn't bad!!"

As soon as she said that, both of her friends blinked in confusion.

...Wait.

So she was going to apply for a job just so she could prove her kissing skills?!

**A Few Days Later**

After Nichawee's bold declaration at the bar, she wasted no time. The very next day, she handed in her resignation at her old company without a second thought. Weeks passed, yet there was still no email or any form of contact regarding her application.

At first, she was confident that she would get the job without a doubt. But now? That confidence was rapidly crumbling.

Don't tell me I've actually become unemployed for real...

If they weren't going to hire me, at least they could have had the decency to let me know! Why leave me hanging like this? What, is a phone call too expensive for such a big company?

"So annoying!"

Nichawee grumbled under her breath, catching the attention of her mother, who was sitting beside her watching TV. The older woman frowned before shaking her head in exasperation.

"You've been at home too long. Are you losing your mind?"

Hearing her mother's comment, Nichawee immediately turned to her with a pout.

"Mom! Can't you be a little more supportive?"

"When did I ever put you down? You're the one talking to yourself like a crazy person."

"Hmph! I'm not talking to you anymore! I'm mad!"

She sulked, crossing her arms dramatically.

"I'm not gonna try and comfort you, either. You're acting like a kid, and you're not getting any younger, you know?"

"Mom! I'm only twenty-six!"

Her mother paid her no mind, too focused on the dramatic soap opera playing on the TV. The show had reached a climax—the male lead was breaking up with the cunning but beautiful second female lead.

*"Let's break up, Sairung."*

*"What?! Why? Don't tell me... is this because of that woman you took to dinner yesterday?"*

*"..."*

*"Say something! Why are you just standing there silently?"*

*"Yes!"*

*"Hah... so you cheated on me? Am I not attractive enough for you anymore?! Is that why you picked that countryside girl over me?"*

*"Stop talking about Khaofang like that! I'm breaking up with you because I don't love you, Sairung. I don't feel anything for you.*

**Not even when we kiss.**

*"*

**Click.**

"Hey! What are you doing, Nichawee? I was watching that!"

"I hate that male lead."

"Huh?! What's gotten into you? Are you on your period or something? If you don't like it, just go to bed! Stop ruining my fun."

"Fine! Enjoy your 'perfect' male lead, then. Hmph!"

With a dramatic huff, Nichawee stomped off to her room, leaving her mother sighing in exhaustion.

She really worried about this daughter of hers. How was she supposed to survive in the real world?

When she first heard that her daughter had a boyfriend, she was overjoyed —so much so that she even made an offering at a local shrine to give thanks. Ever since Nichawee's high school relationship ended, she hadn't dated anyone else. But just as she was celebrating the fact that her daughter had finally moved on...

Bam. The relationship lasted less than a week.

Not only that, but she even quit her job!

She probably wouldn't be able to die in peace at this rate.

"What am I going to do with this troublesome daughter of mine?"

Just as she was sighing in thought, loud footsteps approached, accompanied by excited shouting.

"Mom! Mom! I got an interview!" Nichawee burst into the room, practically jumping for joy.

"Really?! Are you serious, Nichawee? You're not messing with me, are you?"

"Of course I'm serious, Mom! Why would I lie about something like this?"

"But you still have to pass the interview first, don't you?"

"Don't worry about that! Just trust me!"

Despite her confident words, anxiety still gnawed at the back of her mind.

After all, she and Win were exes.

If he still held a grudge against her...

What would happen then?

**"Will I even survive this...?"**

**Chapter 3: Twins?**

Nichawee sat stiffly on a plush chair inside a large room, waiting for her upcoming job interview. Her fair hands tightly held onto the documents she had brought along. The entire room was chilled by the air conditioning set at the lowest level, making her shiver down to her bones.

"Take a deep breath, Nichawee. You can do this," she murmured to herself, loosening her grip on the documents.

Her dark brown eyes scanned the luxurious interview waiting room, which seemed too grand for such a purpose. The soft chair she was sitting on, the massive TV screen in the room, and even the elegant refreshments laid out in front of her—it all felt like she was in a five-star hotel rather than a corporate office. But what puzzled her the most was the fact that she was the only interviewee there. Since she arrived, she hadn't seen anyone else come in for an interview.

Despite her confusion, her real concern was whether her troublesome exboyfriend would be among the interviewers. Although she had come here with the intention of proving to him that her kiss wasn't as bad as he claimed, what if he saw her and immediately dismissed her before she even got the chance?

Still, she wasn't going to back down from her original plan.

**Knock, knock, knock.**

A soft knocking on the door caught Nichawee's attention, making her instinctively turn toward the sound. A few seconds later, the door opened, and a tall woman with a bright, friendly smile walked in.

"Hello, you must be Nichawee. My name is Namsai. I've been assigned to assist you. If you need anything, just let me know," the woman greeted her warmly.

"Hello, P'Namsai," Nichawee quickly stood up and greeted her respectfully.

"There's no need to be so nervous," Namsai chuckled. "Have a seat. It'll be a while before Khun Orin arrives for the interview."

"Khun Orin?" Nichawee asked, frowning slightly.

"Yes, Khun Orin is the marketing director. She will be your direct supervisor if you get the position as her secretary," Namsai explained.

Nichawee furrowed her brows in confusion.

**My supervisor?**

Wasn't the vice president, Anawin, supposed to be her boss? How did it suddenly change to someone named Orin, the marketing director?

**Did I apply for the wrong position?**

"Um, P'Namsai, I applied for the secretary position under the vice president. Is there some kind of mistake?" Nichawee asked cautiously.

"Hmm, about that..."

**"There's no mistake at all, Miss Nichawee."**

Before Namsai could answer, a sweet yet authoritative voice interrupted them, making both women turn toward the sound.

A stunning woman entered the room, walking gracefully with an air of confidence. Her presence alone was enough to take Nichawee by surprise. Even a child could tell that this woman came from a high-class background. Her elegant face, fair skin that seemed to glow, and the refined aura around her made her stand out in every way.

Nichawee found herself staring, mesmerized by the breathtaking woman standing before her. She had never seen someone so beautiful up close before.

**...But why does she look so familiar?**

For some reason, Nichawee felt like she had seen this woman somewhere before, though she couldn't quite recall where.

"You're staring too much," Namsai whispered, snapping her out of her daze.

"Huh!? I'm so sorry!" Nichawee gasped loudly, immediately covering her mouth, realizing how rude she must have seemed.

Namsai, however, suddenly looked pale. She had completely forgotten to warn Nichawee about something—Khun Orin took first impressions very seriously. And on top of that, she was known to be strict!

**Would Nichawee be okay after this?**

Namsai nervously glanced at her intimidating boss, expecting a cold reaction.

But then, she froze in shock.

**Khun Orin was smiling!**

Was she seeing things? Was she hallucinating? The stern, no-nonsense marketing director was actually smiling?!

"It's alright," Orin said with a small smile. "Please, have a seat, Miss Nichawee."

Her tone was gentle, with no hint of annoyance at all, which only made Namsai even more bewildered.

"Namsai, you can leave now. I'd like to interview Miss Nichawee privately," Orin instructed.

"Yes, understood, Khun Orin," Namsai quickly responded before leaving the room in a daze.

Once Namsai left, the room fell into complete silence.

Nichawee shifted nervously under Orin's gaze, feeling the weight of the powerful presence before her. She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself.

There was something about this woman—an air of authority that made her uncertain of how to act.

"Um... You're Ms. Orin, correct?" Nichawee finally spoke up. "I applied for the Vice President's secretary position, so why...?"

"Why are you being offered the position under me instead?" Orin finished for her smoothly. "It appears the Vice President has already appointed someone else as his secretary. Meanwhile, I'm in need of an assistant, so I decided to take you instead. If you're worried about the salary, don't be. I'll be paying you more than the Vice President's secretary." Nichawee's eyes widened at the mention of **salary.**

She had already assumed the Vice President's secretary role offered a high salary, but this woman was willing to pay **even more**

?

This was no ordinary woman.

"Um... So you're saying I've already passed the interview?" Nichawee asked hesitantly.

"Yes," Orin confirmed with a smile. "You can start working immediately."

"If that's not enough, just let me know—I'm willing to increase your pay."

"It's enough! It's more than enough!" Nichawee blurted. "But... why? Why hire

**me**

when there are surely better candidates?"

Orin leaned back slightly, a small, knowing smile on her lips.

"Let's just say I had a good feeling about you. The moment I saw your application, I knew I wanted you."

Nichawee froze.

A good feeling?!

**That's it?!**

Before she could respond, the sound of a commotion outside the door caught her attention.

Curious, she turned toward the source of the noise—only to see a tall, handsome man striding aggressively toward them. Behind him, Namsai struggled to hold him back, looking visibly distressed.

Nichawee's breath hitched the moment she saw his face.

**Anawin?!**

The sight of him sent a rush of memories flooding back. But something was off...

She snapped her head toward Orin, then back at Anawin, eyes widening in shock.

**No wonder Orin looked familiar.** She had the **exact same face** as the man Nichawee despised most in the world!

But there was something strange about Anawin too. He looked taller than when they had dated—more imposing, more intimidating.

**"...The annoying pest is back again."**

"!?"

Did she hear that correctly?

"I need to talk to you, Orin," Anawin's deep voice cut through the room.

Orin barely spared him a glance, her expression calm and unreadable— completely different from how she had been with Nichawee earlier.

"Why didn't you knock first?" Orin said coolly. "Barging in like this is incredibly rude."

"Watch your tone, Orin. Don't forget, I outrank you," Anawin shot back. Orin merely **smirked**

and lifted her coffee cup, sipping leisurely, unbothered by his words. Her indifference only seemed to anger Anawin further.

"Orin!" he snapped.

"You can't see that I'm with a guest?" she replied, voice smooth as silk. "Wait your turn."

"A guest? Are you saying this

**woman**

is more important than my business?"

Anawin turned his glare onto Nichawee, his expression filled with irritation.

Nichawee felt her stomach twist.

**"This woman"?**

Did he not recognize her?

This was the man who had shattered her heart, leaving a wound she could never forget. And yet, he was looking at her as though she were a complete stranger.

**What a bastard.**

# Chapter 4: I'll Handle It

The atmosphere in the lounge grew more and more tense. It seemed that the stubborn Anawin had no intention of backing down and was determined to talk to Orin. What irritated him the most at that moment was Nichawee's gaze—staring at him as if she had held a grudge against him for a lifetime.

"Who is this woman? A new employee? If she is, then fire her. Looking at a superior with that kind of gaze is just disrespectful."

Nichawee, who was being reprimanded, clenched her fists tightly.

"You're overstepping, Win. She's my person. If you don't shut your mouth, then forget about talking to me..." Orin's calm yet firm voice made the room feel even colder.

And just like that, Anawin immediately fell silent, though he was clearly displeased.

"Namsai."

"Y-Yes, Miss Orin?"

"Take Miss Nichawee to see her new desk."

"Understood, Miss Orin."

Without hesitation, Namsai quickly led Nichawee—who was still glaring at the young vice president with clear discontent—out of the room.

Once they were gone, Anawin swiftly took the seat that Nichawee had vacated just moments ago.

Orin watched him sit down, her face expressionless. She placed her coffee cup down and crossed her legs before speaking.

"You want to talk about the budget, don't you?"

"You already know, huh? Then just approve the budget for the latest product I proposed at the last meeting."

"The product you proposed has several flaws. I can't approve it. But if you insist on launching it, go ask Father for permission first. If he approves, then I'll approve the budget as well."

"You're getting too arrogant, In. Just because Father put you in charge of the budget, don't let it get to your head."

"Arrogant? I don't know which part of my words you misunderstood, but let me simplify it for you—your product is garbage. If you recklessly push it to

production, it'll definitely fail. And if I approve it without Father's permission, I'll be the first one to take the fall."

Orin's blunt words made Anawin stand up from his seat in anger. His handsome face was tense as he glared at his twin sister. If she had been an obedient little sister, he might have loved and cherished her. But because she constantly gave him a headache, he hated her more than anything.

**That cunning, scheming fox.**

"Heh, if I ask Father, he'll take my side anyway... You know why, don't you?"

Anawin smirked before stepping closer, leaning down to whisper into Orin's ear, hoping to see her annoyed reaction.

"Because I'm Father's only hope...

**not you.**

"

"Heh." Orin chuckled softly, covering her mouth as if holding back laughter.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing... Sorry for laughing. I just never expected you to say something like that at this age. Go ahead then. If Father approves, I'll authorize the budget."

**Meanwhile**

As Namsai led Nichawee to her new desk and introduced her to the department staff, it was obvious that some of the male employees were sneaking glances at Nichawee with admiration. Having a beautiful woman in their department—one usually filled with stress—was a rare and welcome change.

Of course, their boss, Orin, was breathtakingly beautiful as well, but anyone who dared to stare at her for too long would only receive a terrifyingly cold glare in return.

"Vee, you're quite something. Look at the guys in our department—they can't take their eyes off you," Namsai teased playfully.

"Oh, come on, P'Namsai, don't tease me," Nichawee replied, flustered.

"But it's true! You're really beautiful."

"P'Namsai is just as beautiful! I bet you have tons of admirers."

"Wow, Vee, you have such a sweet tongue!" Namsai laughed, her face flushing slightly.

Nichawee smiled gently at her. She wasn't just saying that to flatter her— Namsai truly had a striking, sporty beauty that made her stand out. She was also easy to talk to, which made it easy for them to become close quickly.

"Um, P'Namsai... I have a question. Orin and the Vice President... they're really twins, right? They look so much alike."

"Hmm? I haven't told you yet? Yeah, they're twins. But even though they look the same, their personalities are polar opposites—like fire and ice." She didn't need to explain which one was which. After what had just happened, it was already obvious. What surprised Nichawee was how much Win's personality had changed. She never imagined that time would turn someone who used to be calm and polite into this.

As she was chatting with Namsai, Orin suddenly called, asking Namsai to bring Nichawee to her office.

Honestly, everything in her life was moving so fast these days. She had only come to interview for a job, yet somehow, she had already started working on her first day without even realizing it.

Shortly after, Namsai led her to Orin's office. As soon as they arrived, Namsai excused herself, leaving Nichawee standing there awkwardly. She took a deep breath before knocking on the door.

When she heard the response from inside, she inhaled deeply, pushed the door open, and stepped into Orin's cold and intimidating office.

"Have a seat, Miss Nichawee."

"..."

Nichawee sat down as instructed, following Orin's gentle voice.

"So, how was it? Did you check out your new desk?"

"Yes, P'Namsai showed me around. And... thank you again for giving me this opportunity. I really appreciate it."

"You don't have to be so formal. Just call me Miss In."

"...Okay, Miss In."

"The reason I called you here is to let you know that I will personally train you for this job."

"!?"

"Why that face? You don't want me to train you?"

Orin rested her chin on her hand, watching Nichawee's surprised expression with amusement.

"N-No, it's not that! I just didn't expect someone as high-ranking as you to take the time to teach me."

"What time? I'm happy to teach you."

"..."

Nichawee was at a loss for words. She had heard that Orin was cold and intimidating, yet all she had seen so far was a warm, kind smile. Instead of icy, she found Orin to be... someone who smiled a lot.

"Thank you, Miss In. I'll do my best so I won't disappoint you. And also..." Nichawee hesitated, biting her lip. She looked at Orin's beautiful face, unsure how to say what was on her mind.

"Hmm? What is it?"

"Um... You don't have to call me Nichawee.

**Just call me Vee**

."

"..."

When Orin didn't respond right away, Nichawee started to worry. Did she overstep? Was she being too familiar? She nervously glanced at Orin, trying to gauge her reaction.

But instead of looking displeased, Orin's face lit up with pure joy. The soft, enchanting smile that followed left Nichawee momentarily mesmerized.

Realizing she was staring too much, Nichawee quickly looked away. "Alright, Miss Vee. I'll call you that from now on."

"A-Ah... I'd be happy with that, Miss In."

Why am I acting so flustered? Just because she called my name? My heart is beating fast for someone I just met... and she's my ex-boyfriend's sister, too.

...A beautiful woman's charm is seriously dangerous.

"So, do you like your new workspace? If there's anything you don't like, just let me know."

"I love it! It's right by the window, and the view is amazing!"

Seeing Nichawee's enthusiastic response, Orin chuckled softly.

"I'm glad you like it. How about your coworkers? No one's bothering you, right?"

Nichawee hesitated, thinking about how the men in the department had looked at her earlier.

"Hmm? That silence... Is someone bothering you?"

"N-No! Not at all..."

"...Alright then."

Orin narrowed her eyes slightly before speaking in a serious tone.

"If anyone ever bothers you... I'll handle it."

# Chapter 5: The Message That Made Her Smile

Nichawee walked into her house, looking utterly exhausted.

Her energy was nearly depleted. It was already 7 PM by the time she got off work. Who would have thought that someone with such a kind and cheerful face like Khun In would turn out to be a tyrant, working a new employee like her to the bone?

She hadn't even had time to prepare herself for real work today—it felt like she had been forced into it without a choice. Oh well... but if she were to compare it to her old workplace, this place was much better—at least in terms of salary and overtime pay.

"Oh! You're back? Did you go for a job interview, or were you sneaking off somewhere? Why are you back so late?" Nichawee's mother called out as she sat watching TV, popping popcorn into her mouth with enjoyment.

"...I wasn't at an interview. I was—working. And if I had really gone out for fun today, you wouldn't be seeing me at all, Mom."

"Huh!? What did you just say? Working? Where? When? You passed the interview already?" Nichawee's mother swiftly put down her popcorn and turned to her daughter with eyes gleaming with curiosity.

"Just like I said, Mom. I'm going to take a shower and go to bed now. Today has been exhausting."

"Wait! Tell me first! And aren't you going to eat something?"

Her mother's voice echoed through the house as Nichawee walked away, but it seemed like she wasn't listening at all. Because as she made her way to her room, her mind was occupied with thoughts about her new workplace —and Win, her ex-boyfriend.

As soon as she stepped into her bedroom, Nichawee turned on the light and carelessly tossed her bag onto the floor before collapsing onto her soft bed, completely drained. The silence of the room engulfed her.

If someone were to ask how she felt about seeing her first love—her ex— again today, she would say it was infuriating. She was so mad she could have slapped him right then and there. Honestly, it would have been less frustrating if he had recognized her and kicked her out of the company. But the fact that he didn't even remember her and acted like they had never met before? That was even worse.

Today felt like it had drained the life out of her completely...

And another thing—she wasn't sure if she was just imagining it, but when Khun In was teaching her, she seemed to be way too close to her. So close that her scent filled Nichawee's senses entirely. It made it impossible to focus. And then there was that sweet voice... that dangerously beautiful face...

Just thinking about it—she couldn't forget it.

As soon as she realized the embarrassing thoughts running through her mind, her face flushed red with heat.

What am I even thinking about someone I just met?!

Her delicate face shook back and forth violently, trying to rid herself of the ridiculous thoughts.

**Ding!!**

Amidst her turmoil, the sudden notification from her phone made Nichawee jolt. Her pale fingers fumbled around, searching for the device beside her.

When she saw the message, she froze. She immediately sat up straight on her bed, her eyes locked onto the screen, filled with a mix of shock and uncertainty.

It's... a message from Khun In!

**Orin: Have you made it home yet?**

That short message from her beautiful boss made Nichawee smile unconsciously.

**Nichawee: I'm home. How about you, Khun In? Have you made it home yet?**

**Orin: Yes, I have.**

**"..."**

A closed-ended response like that? How am I supposed to keep this conversation going, Khun In?!

Her well-shaped eyebrows furrowed in deep thought. Then, after hesitating for a moment, she decided to type her next message with a bit of excitement.

**Nichawee: Have you had dinner yet?**

It didn't take long for her boss to reply.

**Orin: I'm eating now. (Sent a picture)**

**Nichawee: Wow! That looks delicious. Now I'm hungry too.**

**Orin: Want some?**

Upon reading the next message along with another picture, Nichawee's smile widened. She rolled onto her stomach, clutching her phone tightly while unconsciously kicking her legs in excitement.

**Nichawee: Are you joking, Khun In? How could I eat it?**

**Orin: You can.**

**Nichawee: How?**

**Orin: I'll take you out myself.**

"Huh? Is she serious?" Nichawee muttered, smiling to herself.

**Nichawee: Really? You're not just teasing me, are you?**

**Orin: Of course not. I'll treat you.**

Nichawee grinned, feeling both thrilled and happy. She quickly sent a sticker of a cheering character along with a heart sticker.

**Meanwhile...**

"In, we're eating dinner right now. Put your phone down," a stern voice called out.

Orin's sweet smile immediately vanished when she heard her mother's scolding. She only lifted her eyes briefly to glance at her mother before quickly typing a farewell to her secretary.

Her seemingly indifferent behavior made her mother's expression darken with displeasure. Even though Orin was her own daughter, that cold and distant personality of hers—where had she even inherited it from?

Still, it was suspicious. What could possibly make her smile like that?

"...I have nothing more to say to you, In." Madam Arpha let out a long sigh, staring at her daughter with exasperation.

"Mother, don't be mad at her. Things at the company have been stressful lately. Let In relax a little," Anawin, who sat beside his mother, tried to mediate.

"Exactly. We're at home. Let her unwind a little," the middle-aged man at the head of the table added.

"Enough! Let's drop this topic. We should talk about the new product line that Win presented in the meeting instead."

"How do you even know about that, Mother? I was going to surprise you."

"How could I not know? You're my son, after all." Madam Arpha spoke with pride.

"That's my boy. Bold ideas and action—this is what a future company president should be like," their father added.

"You're exaggerating, Dad. I still have a lot to learn."

"Don't be so modest. It's rare for your father to praise you."

While the three of them were engrossed in conversation, Orin, who had been silently eating, curled her lips into a smirk.

She never expected that that pathetic product would actually get approved by her father. Did he use his brain or just his emotions to make that decision? Oh well, all she had to do now was wait.

Wait for the day when those smiling faces... would be twisted in despair.

When ruin finally came, would they still be able to smile like this?

After finishing her drink, Orin placed her glass lightly on the expensive wooden table before standing up abruptly, completely ignoring the lively family discussion.

Seeing her daughter get up from her seat, Madam Arpha's warm smile immediately vanished.

"Where are you going, In?! We're still having dinner! It's rude to leave like this, you know?"

"I know. But I have something urgent to do."

"What could be so urgent that it's more important than having dinner with your family?!"

"It's important. I need to book a restaurant before it's fully reserved. So, if you'll excuse me, everyone."

Without another word, Orin walked away, completely disregarding her mother's angry voice trailing behind her.

# Chapter 6: After Work with Khun Orin

A week had passed since she started working at the company of Win, her ex-boyfriend. And today was another day she had to work in Khun In's office, learning directly from her. She barely had time to return to her own desk, which led to rumors among the department that she was a 'nepotism hire.'

After all, Khun In, the "Ice Queen," never talked to anyone for more than thirty seconds unless it was strictly work-related. The fact that she was taking a special interest in the new hire, even personally mentoring her, was bound to stir gossip.

The scrutiny and whispers had been making her increasingly frustrated. She wanted to storm up to those gossiping and yell,

Nichawee quickly lowered her head and apologized to the woman sitting beside her, who was teaching her the work processes. Orin looked at her with barely concealed concern.

Nichawee pouted at the teasing remark, which made Orin chuckle softly.

The unexpected compliment made Nichawee's face flush red, the color spreading all the way to the tips of her ears.

The sincerity in Orin's eyes and voice was unmistakable. She truly was concerned about her.

That odd, fluttering feeling struck her again, like something was tickling her heart. It left Nichawee completely off balance.

Hearing that made Nichawee frown. Did that mean Orin only hired her because she liked her? That would only fuel the rumors that she was a nepotism hire.

Silence settled between them. The tension in the room grew thick. Orin, noticing Nichawee's sudden quietness, began to feel uneasy. Thoughts swirled through her mind, searching for a way to break the ice. Without realizing it, she had put on a serious expression.

Nichawee turned away from the documents and met Orin's gaze. No matter how upset she felt, Orin was still her boss. As a new employee, she had no right to be mad at her.

She didn't even realize her own face had hardened into a serious expression, making Orin feel even more nervous. Finally, she spoke the words that had been on her mind. The mention of a immediately changed Nichawee's expression from serious to excited.

A

restaurant? That had to mean it was

. If she didn't take this chance to dine at such a fancy place now, when would she ever get another opportunity? And she didn't have to pay a single baht.

Seeing her reaction, a small smirk appeared on Orin's lips. She already knew what the answer would be.

After Nichawee agreed, Orin took her to the luxurious restaurant she had reserved in advance. They didn't talk much on the way, but Orin occasionally glanced over, a subtle smile on her lips. Meanwhile, Nichawee couldn't shake off the strange anticipation bubbling inside her.

Upon arrival, the staff greeted them politely and escorted them to the rooftop dining area. The restaurant was quiet and intimate, with only a few well-spaced tables ensuring privacy.

As soon as they sat down, Nichawee gazed around in admiration. The sunset bathed the city skyline in a golden glow, making everything seem breathtakingly romantic.

Orin, observing her reaction, felt relieved. She had been anxious the entire drive, wondering if Nichawee would like this place. Seeing her like this reassured her.

And she meant it. Nichawee started listing off dishes so rapidly that the waiter struggled to keep up, writing furiously. Orin simply smiled in amusement, watching her with fondness. the waiter finally turned to Orin.

After placing their orders, Nichawee turned and caught Orin staring at her.

Orin smiled sweetly.

A smirk played on Orin's lips.

Nichawee grinned wide, revealing tiny dimples. It made Orin immediately think of an adorable golden retriever puppy.

—

Before long, their meals arrived, and Nichawee's eyes sparkled with excitement.

The beautifully plated dishes looked so luxurious that she couldn't resist snapping a few photos. She immediately uploaded them to her social media, eager to make her friends envious. As expected, notifications flooded in with comments, making her smile triumphantly before finally digging into her meal.

A small, satisfied smile curved Orin's lips. The tension from earlier had completely melted away, replaced with warmth. The awkward distance between them had disappeared.

People always assumed that she was distant, indifferent. But there was one person she truly cared about—

After dinner, Orin offered to drive Nichawee home. But before they even got far, the moment the car started moving, the other woman had already dozed off.

At a red light, Orin turned to study her sleeping companion. Her wellshaped brows, always furrowed when she was displeased, were now relaxed. Her soft pink lips were slightly parted, and her peaceful expression made her look even more endearing.

Her gaze traced over Nichawee's closed eyelids, then back to her lips.

# Chapter 7: Breakfast with Khun In

Nichawee, curled up on the large bed, started to shift and shiver as the cold air from the overly chilly air conditioner wrapped around her body, different from the temperature she was used to. Her delicate hands fumbled around, searching for the remote to turn off the air conditioning that was currently running, but no matter how much she searched, she couldn't find it.

While she was still searching, her hand landed on something soft and plush, which she was certain wasn't what she was looking for. Could it be... Fluffy Fong, her chubby, fluffy stuffed dog? But... it shouldn't be this soft, should it?

Nichawee's slender figure unconsciously moved closer to the soft object, while her hand continued to explore it absentmindedly. She was about to drift off into sleep again...

"You seem to be enjoying yourself there, Khun Vee."

A familiar sweet voice startled her awake, making her eyes fly open in an instant. Amidst the darkness, there was still a faint glow of morning sunlight filtering through the thick curtains, enough for her to see the face of the voice's owner.

"Khun In?" Nichawee murmured in surprise.

A moment later, her eyes instinctively traveled down to see what she had been touching. The instant she realized what it was, her eyes widened in shock. She yanked her hand away as if burned and immediately sat up in bed, utterly flustered.

"You can go back to sleep for a little longer if you'd like," In said, flashing a sweet smile at the panicked woman on the bed.

"Where am I!? And how did I end up sleeping here!?"

"No need to be alarmed. This is my room."

Huh!? Khun In's room!? That only made her more shocked!

"Are you hungry? Is there anything special you'd like for breakfast? I'll cook for you," Orin asked as she sat up to face Nichawee, who was staring at her like a lost golden retriever.

Seeing her beautiful boss sit up only made Nichawee freeze in place, panic overtaking her. The outfit In was wearing... was scandalously thin—so sheer that it barely covered anything! It was a silky black satin nightgown with delicate spaghetti straps, highlighting her flawless, pale skin and seductive figure. And the thing she had just touched earlier... was nearly spilling out of that nightgown. Nichawee's heart pounded uncontrollably, and she nearly fainted from sheer embarrassment.

"Khun In... please... please go change your clothes," Nichawee pleaded, raising both hands to cover her eyes, her face burning red.

"Hm? Why should I?"

"Because your outfit is... too revealing..."

"What do you mean? It covers everything just fine." Orin chuckled, amused by the reaction of the flustered woman in front of her.

"If it really is revealing... then tell me exactly which part of it is..."

Nichawee pressed her lips together tightly, realizing that she was being teased. Even though her heart was racing, her determination burned stronger. She swiftly dropped her hands from her eyes and met Orin's gaze head-on, refusing to back down.

"Right here... this part is too revealing..." Nichawee pointed directly at Orin's ample chest.

No matter how determined she was, she still couldn't stop the tremor in her voice.

But instead of making Orin back down, Nichawee's defiant stance only made her look even more adorable in Orin's eyes.

"I think we should have breakfast. You must be hungry by now. I even heard your stomach growling while you were sleeping."

"W-What!? Don't change the subject, Khun In!"

"Well then, I'll go make breakfast. You can take a shower first. By the time you're done, the food will be ready."

Ignoring Nichawee's protests entirely, Orin got up from the bed and walked out of the room, leaving Nichawee sitting there in a daze.

Wait... was she seriously going to cook breakfast dressed like that!?

Time passed quickly. After finishing her shower, Nichawee put on an oversized T-shirt and shorts—both of which belonged to Orin.

As for underwear... she wasn't wearing any, neither top nor bottom.

Now, her entire body carried the scent of Orin... it must have been the expensive shampoo and soap.

"You're done showering? I'll dry your hair for you."

Before Nichawee could protest, Orin stepped closer, reaching out to take the towel from her hands.

"Uh... but what about breakfast? You said you were going to cook..."

"I set a timer. It's cooking right now."

What exactly did she make for me...?

"Don't worry. I guarantee you'll love what I cooked."

With no choice but to surrender, Nichawee handed over the towel, sitting still on the luxurious sofa in the living room. As Orin gently patted her damp hair with the towel, her touch was incredibly light and delicate.

Nichawee sat stiffly, unsure whether to move or say anything.

Who wouldn't be nervous? The person drying her hair right now wasn't just anyone—it was her boss and the daughter of the company's owner!

"Uh... Khun In, I think I should dry my hair myself..."

"Why? Am I being too rough?"

"No! That's not it! I just... feel bad making you do this..."

"No need to feel bad. I'm doing it because I want to."

That last sentence made her heart pound even harder for some reason. Was she too easily swayed? Just a few simple words and her heart was already racing...

People in the office always said that Orin was cold, strict, and emotionless. But nothing about her now resembled those descriptions at all. Everything she had witnessed so far was the complete opposite of what she had heard.

BEEP! BEEP!

The microwave beeped, signaling that the food was ready.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Nichawee turned to look at Orin, who was still focused on drying her hair.

"The food is ready."

"Perfect timing. Your hair is dry now. Let's eat," Orin said with a smile as they both stood up from the sofa.

Not long after, they were seated at the dining table. Orin arranged the dishes while Nichawee served the rice and poured water into the glasses. Once she was done, she sat and watched Orin, who was plating the food with care.

The thought suddenly crossed her mind—whoever ended up with Khun In as a wife in the future would be luckier than winning the lottery.

Rich, well-mannered, a good cook, and stunningly beautiful...

Without realizing it, her eyebrows had started to furrow, displeasure creeping onto her face.

"What's wrong? You look scary all of a sudden."

Orin's voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

"!?"

"Heh, your face... You look like you just saw a ghost."

"N-No! That's not it! I'm sorry, Khun In..."

"I haven't even scolded you."

As Orin placed the elegantly plated dish on the table, she spoke words that made Nichawee smile without realizing it.

"You can stop apologizing all the time, Khun Vee. You say 'sorry' way too often."

"...Understood."

"Good. Now, try this—it's your favorite, sweet and sour seafood stir-fry. I made it with extra care."

"...Wait, how did you know this was my favorite dish?"

"I saw you order it yesterday. You finished the whole plate, so I figured you must really like it."

"You noticed that? That's impressive."

Did she imagine it, or did Orin just hesitate for a second?

"Of course. I was watching you the whole time."

"...!"

# Chapter 8: Consultation

**At the Bar**

Soft classic international music played in the background of a bar illuminated by warm yellow lighting and small neon signs that added a stylish touch to the atmosphere. The polished wooden tables, slightly scratched, hinted at the years of memories held within the establishment.

The faint scent of beer mixed with fried food lingered in the air. Nichawee walked into the bar, immediately catching the attention of several patrons. Dressed in a simple yet striking outfit—a white strapless top paired with black shorts—she stood out effortlessly in the dimly lit room.

"Vee! Over here! Over here!"

Following the familiar voice, she spotted her two best friends and wasted no time heading straight for them.

"You two got here early today. Normally, you're always late."

"Oh, come on! The moment you arrive, you accuse us of being late? I'm always on time! It's Buah who's the late one."

Baibua immediately turned to glare at the petite friend sitting beside her.

"Wow, best friend! Why are you throwing me under the bus? ...But whatever. More importantly, how's it going at your ex's company, Vee?"

"...So that's why you two got here early—you just want the gossip, huh?"

"Well, you looked really stressed about Anawin before, and we didn't like seeing you like that. We just want you to share the burden with us," Baibua said.

"Yeah, you can always talk to us," Saipan added.

"You guys..." Nichawee's voice softened, and her eyes shimmered with appreciation as she looked at her two closest friends.

"I never expected you two to be so kind."

The smiles on Baibua and Saipan's faces instantly disappeared.

*Was that a compliment or an insult?*

The moment had been so heartfelt, only for their friend to ruin it with her sharp tongue.

"Alright, let's get back to you, Vee. How's work going? Have you talked to your ex yet?" Baibua asked as Nichawee took a sip of her beer.

At the direct question, Nichawee let out a long sigh before setting her glass down on the table.

"He doesn't seem to remember me."

"Huh?" Both Saipan and Baibua exchanged glances before turning back to their friend with sympathetic expressions.

"Uh..." The two were at a loss for words, scrambling to change the subject.

"Oh, that's right! When I was attending a seminar, I met this incredibly gorgeous woman from your company, Vee! Her name was Orin. Have you ever met her? She's absolutely stunning—like a movie star!"

"You're exaggerating, Pan. No one's that beautiful."

"But I swear, Bua! Her aura was like an angel's. Even as a woman, my heart skipped a beat. Honestly, if I had a chance with her, I wouldn't care that we're both women—I'd give myself to her in a heartbeat."

Saipan sighed dreamily, while Baibua, who had been watching her friend's lovestruck expression, simply shook her head in exasperation.

"You fall for people way too easily. You met her once, and now you're ready to throw yourself at her? Right, Vee?" Baibua laughed as she turned to Nichawee, expecting her to join in.

"That's true. I mean, she *is* really beautiful, so it's not surprising if someone likes her."

Nichawee's tone had subtly hardened, her irritation creeping in as she listened to her friend gush over Orin. Unbeknownst to herself, a flicker of displeasure surfaced in her heart. Before she realized it, she grabbed her drink and downed it all in one go, as if it were just water.

"Whoa! If you drink like that, you'll get drunk fast!" Baibua warned in alarm, but Saipan's eyes gleamed with curiosity.

"Vee!! You know Orin?!"

"...Of course. She's my boss."

"For real?! Oh my god! I'm so jealous! I wish I had a boss like her. If I got tired at work, just looking at her gorgeous face would be enough to recharge me!"

"If she's really that beautiful, I kinda want to meet her too," Baibua added with interest.

"Right? Right?" Saipan squealed, practically fangirling.

"Cut it out. Orin doesn't like dealing with strangers, and she definitely doesn't like people bothering her," Nichawee snapped.

Her well-shaped eyebrows furrowed tightly, her usually soft features now forming a scowl. Her two friends, startled by the shift in her demeanor, fell silent, exchanging surprised glances.

"What are you so mad about, Vee? You're acting like I stole your boyfriend or something... Don't tell me you're jealous of Orin and me?" Saipan teased with a playful laugh.

"Yeah, exactly! So, have you switched your target from that guy Win to your boss, Orin, now?" Baibua added, joining in to tease their friend.

The teasing and laughter made Nichavee's face scrunch up in irritation.

"How could that even be possible?! There's no way I'd like my exboyfriend's twin sister!

**No way in hell!!"**

**!!?**

**"W-what? Your ex-boyfriend's twin sister!!"**

From giggling over teasing their beautiful friend just a moment ago, Saipan and Baibua now sat frozen, their mouths hanging open in shock at what they just heard.

"Yeah, Orin is Win's younger twin sister. She's my boss... and also the daughter of the owner of the company I work at."

"..."

After hearing the full story, Saipan and Baibua fell completely silent, and the atmosphere around the table turned heavy with tension.

"No wonder her face looked familiar... She's basically Win with a wig on," Saipan muttered with a nervous smile.

"Vee, I think you should go make merit or something—maybe that'll turn things around for you... Or better yet, just find a new guy and get it over with. You're gorgeous; it's not like it'd be hard. Look over there—there's a guy staring at you right now!"

Baibua suggested, trying to lift her friend's spirits. Vee had an almost frightening level of loyalty when it came to love. Even when she was dating her previous boyfriend, Kan, she still couldn't get over Anawin, her first love.

**How could she be that obsessed...**

"I agree with Baibua. You joined your ex's company just to figure out if your kiss was bad, right? Then the solution is simple—just kiss someone else! That way, you'll know if it was really bad or not. It's that easy." "..."

Nichawee fell silent for a moment, taking in her friends' words.

If it were that easy, I wouldn't have needed to go through all the trouble of coming up with an elaborate plan to infiltrate Win's company in the first place.

It wasn't that she hadn't tried to move on; she just couldn't.

She had to admit—even though she hated that man so much that she wanted to slap him across the face, she still couldn't erase Anawin from her heart.

No matter how strong she tried to be, she still cried over her first love.

But...

Nichawee poured a glass of liquor until it nearly spilled over, then downed the entire thing in one gulp.

**Clink!**

The sound of the glass slamming onto the wooden table startled Saipan and Baibua so much that they flinched.

"

**Whoa!**

Are you mad at us, Vee? We're sorry, okay? We didn't mean it that way... We just want you to be happy and not look so stressed out all the time." Saipan pouted, looking guilty.

"I never said I was mad at you guys. Why are you so scared?" Nichawee chuckled at her friends' worried faces.

"Don't laugh! You looked like you were about to murder us just now." Saipan huffed, puffing out her cheeks in mock annoyance.

"Ugh, I'm just scared... What if my kiss really was terrible?"

"Oh my god, Vee—if you keep thinking like that, you're gonna be single forever!" Baibua groaned.

"You both know I can't just kiss anyone."

"That's exactly why you need to practice. And this place is perfect for it!" Baibua said, her expression serious.

"Practice?"

Don't tell me they want me to seduce some random guy just to kiss him... That'd make me look like some desperate woman, wouldn't it?

"Um... Excuse me? Would the beautiful lady here mind sparing me a moment of her time?"

A deep male voice suddenly cut through their conversation, making all three women turn to look at the source.

"..."

Nichawee paused for a moment, looking at the man with a questioning gaze, wondering what he wanted.

"That's the guy who was staring at you earlier! Look, he won't take his eyes off you." Saipan whispered.

"Vee, at least try to look friendly! Who knows? He might be the one who helps you forget about Anawin. It doesn't hurt to get to know him."

Hearing Baibua's words, Nichawee forced a smile and turned to the man, putting on her best sweet and charming expression.

"Is there something you need from me?"

"You might not have noticed, but I've been watching you for a while now... If it's not too much trouble, may I have your LINE ID?"

The man smiled warmly. If it were any other woman, they would probably be jumping for joy at being approached by a handsome stranger. But Nichawee wasn't just any woman.

"Go for it, Vee! He's hot—I'm rooting for this one."

Saipan's eyes sparkled with excitement, practically pushing her friend forward. Even Baibua looked at her expectantly.

Seeing her friends' eager faces, Nichawee let out a small sigh.

But they weren't wrong—the best way out of this mess was to just kiss someone else.

With that thought, Nichawee reached out, took the man's phone, and started typing in her LINE ID while he watched her with an adoring gaze.

But then...

Rrrrrr

Her phone rang loudly, breaking the moment. It was coming from her favorite pastel pink handbag.

"Excuse me for a moment."

Nichawee handed the man's phone back to him and turned to her friends.

"I need to take this call. I'll be back in a sec."

With that, she walked away, leaving her two friends blinking at each other before turning to glance at the handsome man, who was now gazing at her retreating figure, looking utterly mesmerized.

"Hello, Khun In?"

As soon as she stepped outside the bar, Nichawee answered the call.

("Where are you right now? Are you home yet?")

The serious tone of the question made her eyebrows raise in confusion.

"Is something wrong? You sound... different."

Something had to be off. Khun In was always calm and composed, so for her to speak in that tone... Nichawee didn't like it.

"Even if you're my boss, that doesn't give you the right to raise your voice at me." Nichavee's voice turned cold and even, making the person on the other end fall silent for a moment.

("I have work for you.

**It needs to be done by tomorrow morning**

. I expect to see you with the completed task.")

"Excuse me, what?! What are you even talking about?"

("You heard me, Khun Vee.")

**Click!**

The call ended abruptly.

What the hell?!

Did she just get her period or something?! Who the hell assigns work like this?!

Nichawee wanted to scream. Just yesterday, she had been all sweet and lovely—what the hell happened?!

# Chapter 9: The 120% Sweet Cappuccino

**"Wait for me!"**

Nichawee shouted as she rushed into the elevator, her arms struggling to hold onto the towering stack of documents. She barely managed to squeeze into the crowded space. Luckily, the elevator's weight limit alarm didn't go off.

The reason she was late? The very documents she was carrying. And she couldn't help but hold a grudge against Khun In for this—because of her, she had to stay up all night working. Even if she bribed her with food again, this time, she wouldn't forgive her so easily.

Nichawee stepped out of the elevator, exhausted, and hurried toward her beautiful boss's office, glancing anxiously at her wristwatch. She was already ten minutes late. As she walked, she silently prayed that Khun In, who had been moody lately, wouldn't be there yet.

**Knock, knock, knock.**

Nichawee knocked on the door, her heart pounding with fear of being scolded for being late. But deep down, she had already prepared herself for it—ever since she got stuck at a red light in a taxi this morning.

When there was no response, she knocked again.

**Knock, knock, knock.**

"Maybe she's not here yet?" she murmured to herself.

"You can go in. The door isn't locked," a familiar sweet voice came from behind her.

"!? Khun In!"

Nichawee's eyes widened in shock as she turned around. Khun In had appeared behind her without making a sound. Good thing she didn't accidentally curse out loud.

...And why was she standing so close?

"You're late today, Khun Vee," Orin said with a sweet smile, completely different from her tone on the phone last night. And on top of that...

The scent of her luxurious perfume was so close—just like when Nichawee had stayed over at her condo.

"Um... Khun In, could you step back a little? This is... too close," Nichawee protested, facing the office door while Orin stood so close behind her that there was barely any space between them. The proximity made her uncomfortable.

"Heh."

Orin chuckled softly but didn't move away. Instead, she leaned in even closer, pressing her soft curves against Nichawee's back.

"Khun In..."

Nichawee stammered, her face flushing bright red, the embarrassment even creeping up to her ears. Seeing her reaction, Orin smirked.

**Click.**

The door opened with a soft sound, making Nichawee flinch slightly.

"You're all red. I was just opening the door," Orin said teasingly before walking past her with an amused smile.

Nichawee pursed her lips in frustration. Her boss was such a tease—always messing with her! She had to say it again: Khun In was a sly fox, constantly finding ways to fluster her.

As Nichawee finally stepped into the office, Orin walked over and handed her a cup of cappuccino.

Seeing her sulking expression, Orin couldn't help but smile.

Had anyone ever told her that she was terrible at hiding her emotions? Whether she was happy or annoyed, it showed all over her face.

Nichawee looked at the drink in confusion.

"What's this?"

"A cappuccino. I bought it for you," Orin replied, clearing up her confusion. Right now, she looked as if she had just been handed a cup of poison.

"Uh... thank you, Khun In."

"You look tired today. Did you stay up late last night?"

Nichawee's eyebrow twitched. Did she really need to ask? Who was the reason she had to stay up late?

"You're frowning. Are you mad? Because I gave you work last night?"

"..."

"You must be mad. Don't worry, I'll add extra overtime pay for this month."

What was this? That feeling of being scolded and comforted at the same time? She wasn't that easy to manipulate!

She sipped the iced cappuccino, hoping it would cool down her frustration and irritation.

But the moment she took a big sip, she pulled back from the straw in surprise. Her eyes widened at the taste—it was incredibly sweet, just the way she liked it.

Only a handful of people knew she preferred her cappuccino extra sweet— 120% sweet, to be exact. She had always hidden this childish habit of hers.

But now...

"This... what is this?" Nichawee mumbled to herself, furrowing her brows as if questioning something.

"Um... Khun In..."

**Knock, knock, knock.**

Before she could finish her sentence, a sudden knock on the door interrupted her.

"What is it?"

Orin asked calmly, unfazed by the persistent knocking.

"It's nothing, but... I think someone wants to see you," Nichawee said.

Orin glanced at the door briefly before narrowing her eyes, clearly displeased. She hated when people showed up at her office without an appointment.

"In that case, I won't bother you any further, Khun In..." Nichawee said, turning to leave.

But then...

Orin grabbed her wrist.

"Stay here. You're working in my office today."

"What? Khun In?"

Orin didn't answer. Instead, she took Nichawee's handbag and placed it on the plush sofa nearby.

Come to think of it, she barely sat at her own desk anymore. Lately, Khun In's office had practically become her main workspace.

"I haven't finished teaching you yet. So, until I do, you have to work close to me every day."

"Wait a minute, Khun In—!"

**Knock, knock, knock!**

Before Nichawee could say anything, the sound of urgent knocking echoed through the room once again.

Orin rolled her eyes and let out a deep sigh.

"Come in!"

"H...Hello, Khun Orin."

The moment the young man outside opened the door, he greeted the stunning woman right away. Meanwhile, the person being addressed simply lifted her cappuccino and took a sip, calmly scrutinizing the new employee who had just entered.

Nichawee, watching the scene unfold, couldn't help but wonder—was her cappuccino just as sweet?

Or maybe... did Khun In actually like sweet things just like she did?

"Well? What do you want from me?" Orin's authoritative voice rang out as she gracefully sat down. She placed her cappuccino on the table, leaned back against her chair, crossed her arms, and sent an impassive gaze toward the young employee.

"The... the Chairman has requested your presence in an urgent meeting, Khun Orin."

"Hmm? A meeting? Right now?"

"Yes... yes, ma'am."

"I believe I've already made it clear—if you want me in a meeting, you must schedule it in advance, no matter how urgent the matter is."

"But the Chairman... um... well..." The young man's face paled at her calm yet cold tone, exuding an aura of absolute dominance.

"Leave. And tell the Chairman that I will attend the meeting after I finish this cappuccino."

"But... the Chairman asked for you to go now."

"And?"

She casually lifted her cappuccino once more, completely unbothered.

Nichawee, watching all of this, couldn't help but feel sorry for the poor employee.

"Vee thinks you should go to the meeting, Khun In. If the Chairman gets angry, it won't end well."

"..."

Orin fell silent for a moment, locking eyes with the petite woman beside her. Then, with a soft sigh, she gently placed the cup back on the table— though the way she did it held an undeniable weight of finality.

"If you say so, then I'll go."

The young man immediately let out a breath of relief. If he had gone back to the meeting room alone, with Khun Orin refusing to come along, he didn't even want to imagine what would have happened.

He then turned to Nichawee with gratitude in his eyes—though he couldn't hide his curiosity. It was surprising how someone like Khun Orin actually listened to and followed the words of this beautiful secretary.

**Meeting Room**

Inside the meeting room, the voices of high-ranking executives filled the space, murmuring among themselves. The atmosphere was tense. At the head of the long table sat the Chairman, exuding an air of authority. Seated beside him was Anawin, his expression stiff and serious.

But the moment the doors swung open and Orin walked in, the energy in the room shifted entirely.

Orin stepped in with an air of effortless elegance, and behind her, Nichawee followed closely. The latter, however, was visibly uneasy—especially when she noticed the way everyone's eyes were locked onto her. It was as if they were ready to devour her whole.

Truthfully, she had no intention of stepping into this meeting room. But it wasn't like she had a choice—Khun Orin had dragged her in here.

"Finally, you're here, In. Do you realize that everyone has been waiting just for you? Next time, try to be punctual."

The deep voice of the middle-aged man at the head of the table rang out, scolding his daughter. However, Orin didn't seem affected by her father's words in the slightest.

Her indifference only further irritated Anawin.

"Didn't you hear what the Chairman just said? You should learn to listen, In. It's all for your own benefit. You should also take this as a lesson and improve yourself."

His arrogant words made Nichawee's irritation flare. She shot a sharp glare in his direction, feeling the urge to slap him across the face.

She completely forgot about her original goal for taking this job—to confirm whether her kiss had truly left an impression on him.

Yet strangely enough, now that she was here, she had absolutely no desire to kiss this man at all.

Even though deep inside... her heart still longed for him.

"Hah! So you've brought along your new secretary, too." Anawin sneered, his eyes raking over Nichawee in an openly disrespectful manner.

"Do you have a problem with my secretary, Vice President?" Orin's voice was calm but icy. Her gaze, frigid and unwavering, locked onto the man who was, by blood, her twin brother. The entire room fell into an eerie silence, as if her presence alone commanded them to be still.

"Well, in that case, she's my employee too, isn't she?"

Anawin chuckled, his eyes glinting with a mocking challenge.

"Let's not forget... who holds the higher rank here?"

"Oh? You actually have the nerve to say that? We're all grown-ups now, Vice President. Flaunting your status like a child showing off a toy... isn't that embarrassing?"

"You—!"

"Enough! Stop fighting, both of you!"

A powerful voice boomed across the room, effectively cutting off the rising tension. The sheer authority behind it made everyone flinch—even Nichawee.

But there was one person who sat there, smiling as if she was thoroughly entertained by the chaos unfolding before her.

"Anawin! Do you realize how much of a loss our company has suffered because of that ridiculous new product of yours?!"

"..."

Anawin clenched his jaw, unable to respond. His eyes burned with frustration as he turned to his twin sister—only to see her smirking at him in amusement. That expression of hers only fueled his anger further.

She must be enjoying this.

It wouldn't even surprise him if she was the one who leaked the rumors that caused his product's sales to plummet.

"In thinks the Chairman should calm down first. Right now, what we should be doing is finding a way to fix this issue with that low-quality product." Orin's voice was laced with subtle mockery, and she didn't bother to hide it.

She had warned them about this product before, yet no one had listened.

Now, it was their own fault for allowing a VIP product to be released—not because it passed quality standards, but because of their father's influence.

"And how do you plan to fix this? The media is tearing our company apart, and even our other products have suffered a massive drop in sales." "I'll take responsibility for this, Father. I already have a plan."

"What did you just say?! Am I hearing this right? After all this, you still expect me to trust you?!"

Nichawee sat quietly, listening to the heated argument between father and son.

She glanced at Khun In, who was watching the chaos with a faint smile.

How could she still be amused at a time like this?

If it were Nichawee, she would have died from sheer anxiety already.

"Funny, isn't it?" The woman beside her suddenly chuckled.

"What did you say, Khun In?" Nichawee turned to her, unsure if she had heard correctly.

"I said... those two are funny. Just yesterday, they were getting along so well. But today? They're fighting like little kids."

**Chapter 10: Wanna Try?**

After an intense meeting—not really, it was more of a family argument— most of the employees in the room just sat there watching a father and his two sons bicker.

The one who got scolded the most? No surprise—it was her problematic ex. And the person who seemed to be enjoying the situation the most? None other than Khun In, who looked downright satisfied watching Win get a severe reprimand from the president. Even after returning to the office, she still hadn't stopped laughing.

"You really dislike the Vice President that much, Khun In?"

"I hate him," Orin replied bluntly, without a hint of hesitation.

Hate? Not just dislike, but full-on hate? Suk suddenly felt curious—what exactly did that guy do to make Khun In despise him so much?

"Why? You're not happy that I hate him?"

"And why would I be mad about that?"

"Well, you like him, don't you? My brother."

Nichawee immediately snapped her head toward her boss.

"What are you talking about, Khun In!?" she exclaimed in shock.

"Isn't it true?"

"I already told you—it's not!"

She struggled to keep her voice in check, resisting the urge to shout at the other woman. What's up with Khun In these days? Always picking fights with her! If she hated that guy, fine—but don't drag her into it! Acting like she was jealous or something!

"Next month, there's going to be a product launch event for Khun Chatree's company. You'll be attending with me."

Just as she was internally grumbling about her boss, she suddenly froze.

Wait... product launch event? Wasn't that just another name for a highsociety party?

If she went, wouldn't she just end up like those drama heroines her mom loved to watch? The ones who showed up looking completely out of place —bad makeup, terrible outfit—the whole "small-town girl lost in a rich people's world" cliché?

"No need to worry about your outfit. I'll handle everything."

!? Could she read minds?! How did she know exactly what I was thinking?!

Orin's elegant, fox-like face curled into a smirk. Seeing that expression made Nichawee want to argue back so badly, but she had to suppress her instincts.

Don't forget—this is your boss. Your *boss*

. If you say the wrong thing, you'll be out of a job, Vee. And the economy isn't great right now...

"You're pouting. You're so easy to read, Khun Vee," Orin teased.

Nichawee's well-shaped brows furrowed in frustration. The look on her soft features clearly showed her displeasure, which only made Orin laugh at her secretary's puffed-up, pufferfish-like face.

"Stop laughing, Khun In. There's nothing funny about this," Nichawee grumbled, her cheeks slightly flushed.

**"But you're cute,"**

Orin said, flashing a smile that sent her heart into a frenzy. "Enough already! Stop teasing me!"

"There it is—you're blushing. You really are easy to read."

As soon as she caught the mischievous look in Orin's eyes, Nichawee's face burned an even deeper shade of red. She wanted to argue, to tell her to quit looking at her like that—with that sly, knowing expression.

**That Evening**

"You can head home first, Vee. I'll take care of the rest here," Orin said, glancing at the woman buried under a mountain of documents. She had personally arranged for those files to be sent into the office—just for *her*

.

"In that case... I'll be heading out, then."

Nichawee didn't bother to protest or offer to stay. If she lingered, she might just get in the way.

Lately, she felt like she was being a bit of a nuisance. She had no idea the secretary position involved so many tiny details. That's why she kept asking Khun In about work so often—so often that she was starting to feel guilty about it.

But strangely, no matter how many questions she asked, Khun In never once looked annoyed.

And that... that was what made her heart waver. The way she showed care —without even needing words.

After excusing herself, she made her way to the elevator. Just as she was about to press the button, she suddenly remembered—her mother had asked her to pick something up.

But... what was it again?

She couldn't just pretend she forgot—last time, she didn't bring home popcorn, and her mom sulked for *a whole week*

. The way her mother was obsessed with melodramas airing Monday to Friday was honestly kind of a headache. And seriously, why did she *always* need popcorn while watching? She'd never understand.

Reaching into her bag, she searched for her phone, intending to call her mom.

But—nothing.

Her beloved phone was missing.

Just as she realized this—

**"We meet again, Khun Nichawee."**

The deep voice from behind made her spin around instantly.

"Win!"

"Calling me so casually now?" The man before her didn't seem too pleased.

"What are you doing here?"

Don't tell me he was waiting for me? There's no way

*he*

would be standing around the employee elevator—his high-and-mighty self would never lower himself like that. He always acted like he was some kind of *king*

.

"You do know I'm your boss, right? Staring at me like that—so rude."

"I only have one boss, and that's Khun In. Not you."

"Heh. You both have such sharp tongues. But whatever, I'll pretend I didn't hear that." Win shrugged. That should be

*my*

line. Since when was he *this* sharp-tongued?

"I have a proposal for you."

"A proposal?"

"Why don't you come work for me instead? I'll pay you more than In. All you have to do is report her movements to me."

"..."

A smirk played on Win's lips. Loyalty? Please. Everyone had a price—just a matter of finding the right one.

"No need to overthink it. I'll give you ti—"

**"Are you out of your mind?"**

Nichawee cut him off sharply.

"...What did you just say?" Win's voice dropped, his jaw tightening.

"Do I need to repeat myself?"

"You—! That's too much!" His hands balled into fists, his sharp eyes locking onto hers.

"...You've changed a lot, Win."

"...Huh? What are you talking about?" His brows knitted together.

The way he reacted only irritated her more. She crossed her arms and stepped closer, completely unafraid. Her sharp gaze bore into his.

"At first, I thought you were just pretending not to remember me. But now... I see it. You really

*have* forgotten your *own ex-girlfriend*

."

Win's eyes widened at her words.

His mind started racing, trying to piece together when—how—he had ever dated *her*

.

**"Khun Vee!!"**

As the atmosphere grew tense, a familiar, powerful, and sweet voice suddenly interrupted, making both Nichawee and Anawin turn toward it in shock.

When he saw the anxious expression on his twin sister's beautiful face— something he had never seen before—he then turned back to look at the slender woman in front of him again. Before long, a smirk appeared on his lips.

"I never thought I'd see my ever-composed and calm little sister rushing in like this."

"Shut up, Win! I told you not to mess with my secretary!"

"Are you mad? Now this is interesting... What kind of relationship do you have with this little secretary of yours, huh? Suspicious..." His voice was lazy and teasing.

No matter how much Orin wanted to snap back at the man in front of her, she had to suppress her burning irritation. She didn't want to waste time arguing with this guy—right now, all she wanted was to get her secretary as far away from her cunning older brother as possible.

Without hesitation, her slender hand grabbed the delicate wrist of the dazed woman and pulled her away. But perhaps she had pulled too hard, as Nichawee winced in pain.

"Ah! Khun In!"

"!? I... I'm sorry." Orin immediately apologized upon realizing she had hurt the smaller woman. She loosened her grip in guilt.

**Clap! Clap!**

The sound of clapping echoed through the area. The source? None other than Anawin himself. His mischievous grin only made Orin even more irritated.

"What are you clapping for?" she asked, her tone flat.

"I'm applauding because I'm impressed by my dear little sister's gentleness. It's truly touching. Since the day I was born, this is the first time I've ever seen you speak so softly to someone else." Anawin finished his sentence with a chuckle.

"Hmph. Instead of being impressed by me, you should go fix the mess with your low-quality products first... Because I doubt Father will be impressed with you."

Orin's sharp words made the man's previous laughter die instantly. His handsome face darkened with a scowl, but that didn't intimidate Orin in the slightest. If anything, it only entertained her.

It was amusing how quickly he changed expressions—like a chameleon shifting colors. Though, at his core, he was no different from a powerhungry hyena.

"Let's go, Khun Vee. I'll take you home today. And next time, if a stranger comes up to talk to you, don't engage. It's dangerous."

With that, Orin wrapped an arm around Nichawee's waist and led her away from the enraged man, heading straight for the elevator. Nichawee could only follow her boss obediently.

"You think you can just say all that and walk away, In!?"

Anawin's furious voice rang out behind them, but Orin didn't bother to look back. Once inside the elevator, she simply threw him a smug smirk, enjoying the sight of his twisted, angry face before pressing the button to close the doors.

Once the elevator doors shut, silence filled the space, thick and suffocating. Not knowing where to look, Nichawee's eyes focused on the red digital numbers descending slowly—indicating that the elevator was moving down.

"You look tense, Khun Vee." Orin's sweet voice broke the silence.

Nichawee remained quiet, lowering her head anxiously. It was all because of the conversation she had with Win earlier. Surely, Khun In must have overheard everything by now—she must know that Nichawee had once dated Win.

To confirm, Nichawee took a deep breath before exhaling softly, gathering the courage to voice her concern.

"Did... Did you hear what was said just now, Khun In?"

Her beautiful eyes looked up at her elegant boss, holding onto a sliver of hope that perhaps she hadn't heard the entire conversation.

But that hope was shattered when Orin turned to meet her gaze, her lips parting to speak.

"Of course, I heard. You two were loud enough. So, you used to date my brother, huh? And judging from the situation, he was the one who dumped you. And because of that, you deliberately applied for a job here—as the vice president's secretary. Isn't that right?"

Was Khun In a detective or something? Because every single word she had just said was the absolute truth.

"And you came to work here because you wanted to get close to him and win him back?"

**"That's not it at all!!"**

"If not, then what is it?"

"Because... because he said my kisses were awful!" Nichawee blurted out.

"I know it sounds ridiculous, but... but that comment meant a lot to me.

Because of what he said, I haven't been able to start over with anyone else."

"..."

Seeing that Orin had gone silent, Nichawee started to panic.

"You can laugh at me... or fire me if you want."

"...Why would I laugh or fire you?"

"Because... because my reason for applying here is so silly..." Nichawee's gaze dropped again, afraid of seeing disappointment on her boss's face.

"I don't think it's silly at all. In fact, I admire you for being so determined to prove your own kissing skills. If I were in your shoes, I'd be just as vengeful."

Hearing the word "kiss" made Nichawee's face flush with embarrassment. She wasn't thick-skinned enough to handle this kind of teasing.

"If you're that worried, why don't you try kissing someone else?"

"...Do you think I haven't tried?" Nichawee lifted her gaze, looking serious.

"Hmm? You've tried before?" Orin's tone suddenly turned cold, sending a shiver down Nichawee's spine. She averted her eyes, suddenly feeling nervous.

Why did Khun In's voice sound so different? She seemed... displeased.

"Even though I say I've tried, it's failed every time. It's not like I can just go around kissing random people. Especially strangers..."

"Hmm... is that so? Then..." Orin's lips curled up slightly. "Why don't you try with me?"

**Ding!!**

The elevator chimed just as its doors slid open—right as Nichawee stood there, mouth agape, eyes wide in shock at the unexpected words she had just heard.

"W-what!?"

Did she hear that right? Was Khun In just messing with her? Because she wasn't laughing.

"I'm not joking. Why not try kissing me? Then you'll finally know whether your kisses are truly awful or not."

# Chapter 11: An Incident Due to Forgetfulness

"Don't... don't joke around, Khun In!"

Nichawee's cheeks turned bright red, and her heart pounded wildly. The moment the elevator doors opened, she wasted no time rushing out as fast as she could. Even though she couldn't see her own face, she could feel the burning heat on her cheeks, and she was certain it was flushed with embarrassment. She didn't want Khun In to see her like this.

Meanwhile, Orin merely watched the slender figure of the other woman retreating in haste. "I wasn't joking at all..."

**Bzzzt! Bzzzt!**

A high-end smartphone vibrated insistently inside her pocket, forcing her to pull it out. It wasn't her phone—it belonged to the woman who had just run away from her.

She had come looking for Nichawee in the first place just to return the forgotten phone, but then she ran into Anawin and ended up forgetting to return it altogether.

However, when she saw who had sent the message, Orin's brows furrowed deeply. The contents of the text didn't seem like something from just an ordinary acquaintance.

.

.

Nichawee, now standing at the front of the company building waiting for a taxi, was still flushed with embarrassment. Her breaths came out unevenly after running away from Khun In as fast as she could. In her panic, she had completely forgotten that Orin had offered to drive her home. Instead, she had bolted without a second thought.

But maybe that was for the best. If she had accepted the ride, she wouldn't have been able to face Khun In at all during the drive.

Frustration and embarrassment built up inside her, and she found herself running her fingers aggressively through her silky hair—so much so that the once-neat locks now resembled a bird's nest. People walking past gave her strange looks, confused by her odd behavior.

Back in her office, Orin stood by the window, arms crossed, gazing out at the city lights with an expressionless face. The vibrations of the high-end smartphone in her hand snapped her out of her thoughts. Her sharp eyes flickered toward the name on the screen, and an eerie coldness settled in them.

With a quiet sigh, she pressed a finger against the screen and powered off the device, preventing any further annoying interruptions. Then, she placed the phone on her desk.

The stress from work and family matters weighed heavily on her once again. A dull throbbing pain pulsed in her head—her migraines were back. Feeling drained, she sank into her chair and leaned back, shutting her eyes momentarily to seek a moment of respite.

When she opened them again, her hand instinctively reached for the drawer in front of her. She pulled out a small, rectangular box along with a lighter.

A slim cigarette was placed between her red lips.

**Click.**

A small flame flickered in the quiet room. Grayish-white smoke curled into the air as Orin took a deep drag, exhaling slowly along with the frustration simmering in her chest.

**Knock, knock, knock.**

"Excuse me..."

Standing in front of the large office door, Nichawee hesitated before knocking lightly. Even though she was fairly certain that no one would be inside at this hour—it was late at night, after all—she couldn't shake the uneasy feeling creeping up her spine. If someone was still inside, it could only be a *ghost*

.

She mentally cursed her own absentmindedness for forgetting her phone in

Orin's office. Worse yet, she hadn't realized it until *after*

everyone else had already gone home. Now, the question was—was the door even open?

With no other choice, she grabbed the handle and turned it.

**Click!**

It wasn't locked? And the lights were still on?

Nichawee stepped inside, puzzled. But before she could think too much about it, a strong, sharp scent hit her nose, making her scrunch up her face in distaste. Her eyes darted around the office, scanning the room—until they landed on a familiar figure.

And she froze.

There, in the dimly lit office, sat her sophisticated and elegant boss, leisurely smoking a cigarette.

"Did you come to get what you forgot?"

"Y-Yes. I'm so sorry for barging in like this, Khun In."

"It's fine. You can come in whenever you like. I don't mind."

Orin stood up, and immediately, Nichawee felt a familiar chill creep through the air. It was the same icy presence she often sensed whenever her boss was irritated or displeased. But that wasn't what shocked her the most.

What truly caught her off guard was the cancer-causing stick in Orin's hand.

Noticing Nichawee's disapproving stare at the cigarette, Orin sighed before pressing it into the ashtray and closing the drawer. Then, she picked up the expensive smartphone from the desk and walked toward the younger woman.

"Here, your phone."

Seeing that it was indeed hers, Nichawee quickly took it.

"Thank you, Khun In! I thought I was going to have to wait until tomorrow. I didn't expect you to still be here at this hour."

"I had some work to finish. But I have to say, I'm surprised you came all the way back for your phone. You could have just picked it up tomorrow. Or... were you waiting for an important call?" Orin stepped closer, her tone eerily neutral.

"I... I was waiting to talk to my mom."

For some reason, when Orin spoke in that tone, the words slipped out of Nichawee's mouth on their own, as if she were under a spell.

"Hmm? Not waiting for a call from a boyfriend?"

"I don't have a boyfriend. I told you that before, didn't I?"

The moment she realized she had snapped at her boss, she clamped her hand over her mouth in horror. Her eyes darted to Orin, fearing she might have offended her.

But to her surprise, Orin simply smiled.

"Is that so? Well then, that's good." What does

*that* mean?!

"And now... don't you think it's time to reconsider kissing me, Khun Vee?"

"!? W-What are you talking about?! Khun In, stop joking around!"

"I told you—I'm not joking. I *really* want to kiss you."

Nichawee's entire face burned. Her heart pounded so violently she thought she might actually die from it.

"I just want to know... what your kiss would be like. Will it be terrible? Or will it be good?"

From embarrassment to irritation—Nichawee's expression twisted.

She clenched her fists, then boldly declared, "Fine! Let's kiss!"

"Heh. You said it. No backing out now."

And before she could even process what was happening, Orin leaned in and captured her lips in a deep, fiery kiss.

Nichawee's eyes widened in shock, her entire body frozen. Her feet instinctively stepped backward, but her breath hitched as Orin bit down lightly on her lips before slipping a hot tongue inside her mouth.

"Mmph—Khun In...!"

Her muffled protest was lost between them as Orin greedily deepened the kiss, as if she had been waiting for this moment for far too long.

Her legs weakened under the passionate assault, and she desperately pressed her hands against Orin's shoulders, trying to push her away.

"S-Stop, Khun In! This is too much!"

"I told you—no complaining."

That smug look on Orin's face was infuriating! How could she be so composed while Nichawee was the only one flustered?!

Orin leaned in again, noses brushing together, gazing at her with unreadable emotion.

"Khun In..."

Just as Nichawee's eyelids fluttered shut, the shrill ring of a phone shattered the moment.

**Rrrrrrrr**

Orin ignored it, instead continuing to nuzzle against Nichawee's blushing cheek.

Meanwhile, Nichawee panicked and quickly stepped away.

"Your phone is ringing, Khun In!"

"Forget it. This is much more important."

What happened to the workaholic Khun In?!

"But it could be urgent! You should answer it!"

"

*Sigh*

... Fine."

Orin finally pulled away, and Nichawee sighed in relief. But then—Orin *declined* the call without hesitation.

And before Nichawee could protest—

**"Now that no one's interrupting us... shall we continue where we left off, Khun Vee?"**

# Chapter 12: Mint-flavored Candy

The heated breaths of the two women intertwined, filling the office with the sound of a scandalous kiss. Nichawee's legs weakened from the intensity, barely able to keep her balance. Fortunately, she didn't collapse—Orin was there to hold her close.

The scent of expensive roses lingered in the air, making her momentarily dazed. But just as quickly, she scrunched up her face from the taste of the kiss.

The taste of cigarettes.

And she hated it.

Nichawee abruptly pulled away from those red lips, unable to endure the bitter flavor any longer. The more they kissed, the more she could taste it.

"It tastes awful."

Orin froze at the unexpected words.

"That bad?" She ran a delicate finger across her lips, as if contemplating.

"It's not the kiss... I just don't like cigarettes," Nichawee clarified.

"Oh, really? In that case..."

Orin walked over to her desk, retrieving something that caught Nichawee's curiosity.

Candy? What is she planning now?

With an amused smile, Orin unwrapped a mint candy and popped it into her mouth as she stepped closer. Seeing the adorable confusion on Nichawee's face, she couldn't help but grin.

"What are you doing?" Nichawee asked warily.

"You don't have to ask," Orin said smoothly. "I'm going to kiss you again. Right where we left off."

**Peck!**

The sudden soft press of lips startled Nichawee.

"How about now?" Orin whispered, pulling back just slightly. "Sweeter?"

Whether it was from being spellbound or just utterly charmed, Nichawee found herself nodding like a puppet on strings. Her lips were claimed once more—this time, free of any bitter cigarette taste. There was only freshness, only sweetness, spreading throughout her mouth.

**Meanwhile...**

"How dare she hang up on her own mother!"

Lady Arpha fumed, dialing her stubborn daughter's number once again.

After a long, aggravating wait, the line was finally picked up.

("Yes, mother? What do you need?")

"As soon as you answer, that's the tone you take with me? And you had the nerve to cut me off before!"

("I'm sorry, Mother. What can I do for you?")

Orin tried to keep her voice even, knowing full well that arguing back would only lead to a never-ending lecture.

She was already annoyed enough that Nichawee had fled from her earlier. Why did she always run away whenever Orin pushed forward? Did she really not realize she was being pursued? ("Are you even listening to me, Orin?")

"Yes, yes, I hear you, Mother. This is about your beloved son, isn't it?"

("Don't you dare take that tone with me! You must be well aware of your mistake.")

"What mistake? My brother ruined the product launch himself. I warned him before, but did he listen? No. And Father approved it, so if there's any blame, it should be on them, not me."

Leaning back in her chair, Orin exuded the poise of a queen—unbothered, unimpressed.

She didn't care how much her mother berated her or how obviously biased she was toward her son. She had built an immunity to this kind of treatment since childhood. It barely stung anymore.

("I don't care what you say! You deliberately made your brother look bad in front of your father!")

Orin sighed in exasperation. Clearly, her mother had already decided she was guilty, no matter what. There was no point in arguing.

"Fine. It's my fault for not helping your precious son. My fault for not stopping Father from approving that ridiculous plan. Satisfied now? If so, I'll be hanging up."

("You think admitting fault makes it all better? Do you really believe this clears your brother's name?")

Ignoring the ranting voice on the other end, Orin promptly ended the call without another word.

**Click!**

"...Hah."

With a long, weary sigh, she gazed around the now-empty office. Just moments ago, Nichawee had been here. Now, the space felt hollow, filled only with the rhythmic ticking of the grand wall clock.

The pile of documents on her desk felt heavier than ever. Worse, they weren't even problems of her own making. She was just the one expected to clean up the mess while the real culprit was probably out drinking with friends, utterly shameless.

And as if that weren't enough, he had run crying to their mother, who now took it upon herself to scold *her*

.

Closing her eyes, Orin willed the stress away—just as she always did.

Then, unbidden, an image of Nichawee's flushed face surfaced in her mind.

The lingering coolness of the mint candy still tingled on her lips.

She relished the memory of leaning in close, of watching Nichawee's cheeks burn with embarrassment. It was her favorite sight—the way the woman reacted to her.

Absentmindedly, she ran a finger over her lips, still savoring the sensation.

**"Your kisses, Vee, are just as sweet as ever."**

**Meanwhile...**

Seated in the back of a taxi, Nichawee stared blankly out the window. And it was all *her* fault—her gorgeous, insufferable boss.

No matter where she looked, images of Khun Orin's teasing smile and deep, captivating gaze kept creeping into her thoughts. No matter how much she tried, she couldn't shake them away.

Ever since leaving that office, her heart hadn't stopped racing.

Of course, she knew exactly what this feeling was.

But admitting it? That was another matter entirely.

She was falling for Orin.

And the realization sent her into a flustered panic.

*No, no, no. She's my ex's sister, for god's sake!*

She mentally scolded herself, forcing logic over emotion.

This was just a new experience, that's all. The thrill of being pursued by such a stunning woman—it was only natural to feel something, right?

It had to be.

For twenty-six years, she had only dated men. This was the first time a woman had ever made a move on her. And not just any woman—one who was so stunning, so confident, so...

*Stop it, Vee!*

Shaking her head, she tried to dispel the thoughts.

"Miss...?"

The voice of the taxi driver jolted her from her spiraling thoughts.

"Y-Yes?"

"We're almost there. You were so quiet—I thought you fell asleep!" The driver chuckled.

"Oh! No, I was just... lost in thought," Nichawee mumbled.

"You look exhausted. Just got off work?"

"Yeah, I stayed for overtime."

"That explains it. Work stress, huh?"

"...Something like that."

The driver studied her through the rearview mirror.

"By the way, I was wondering..."

"Hmm?"

"Why is your lipstick so smudged?"

!!!

Nichawee's entire body tensed.

Her hand shot up to her lips in alarm, while her other frantically searched through her bag for a mirror.

And when she finally saw her reflection—

Her lips were a mess, smeared with the unmistakable deep red of

*Orin's lipstick*

.

In her rush to leave, she had completely forgotten to wipe it off.

No wonder people had been staring at her the entire way out of the office.

Her face burned with humiliation.

This...

This was the most embarrassing thing ever.

**Chapter 13: Are You Free This Evening?**

Today was another day when Nichawee had to wake up and drag herself to work, just like every other day. But today was slightly different—because she took the train and then a motorcycle taxi to work.

After the embarrassing incident yesterday when the taxi driver asked...

*Ugh, she didn't even want to think about it! Let's just say she was temporarily avoiding taking taxis.*

It might seem a little silly, but maybe her best friend was right— **she was the type to hold grudges.**

...

It didn't take long for the motorcycle taxi driver to weave through hundreds of cars and finally get her to the office. But the ride was terrifying—he cut in front of large vehicles so many times that anyone would be scared.

Nichawee walked into her department's office, set down her favorite shoulder bag, and plopped onto her chair lazily.

This morning, Khun In was caught up in an urgent meeting, so she had to work in the department. She was the first one to arrive, but before she could think about anything else, a bright voice rang through the room.

"Good morning, everyone! Oh! Nong Vee!"

The voice belonged to none other than P'Namsai, her coworker.

"Good morning, P'Namsai," Nichawee greeted with a smile.

"You're not working in Khun In's office today?"

"Khun In has a meeting this morning."

"I see! That means we get to work together today," Namsai joked, laughing. Hearing that, Nichawee could only send back a dry smile.

It was true—ever since she started working, she'd always been in Khun In's office. She could count on one hand the number of times she'd worked in the department.

"By the way... are you free this evening?"

"I guess so..." Nichawee responded with a questioning look.

"I want to treat you to shabu! I haven't taken you out for anything since you started working here. Do you want to go?"

"Of course! How could I refuse, P'Namsai?" Nichawee beamed. Free food? She was in!

"Great! After work, we'll go straight there."

After their lively conversation, other employees started trickling in, and the workday officially began.

Everyone's face was filled with concentration. Some were intensely talking on the phone, while others were glued to their computer screens—so much so that if they could fuse into them, they probably would.

When she looked at herself, though, she felt oddly relaxed. She had already completed all the tasks assigned by Khun In.

Glancing at her watch, then at the few sheets of paper in front of her, she quickly decided to take them to the person who had assigned them to her.

Khun In's meeting should be over by now. Might as well deliver these documents and head out.

...

Not long after sending a message to inform Khun In that she was coming to deliver the documents, she received a reply almost instantly, as if Khun In had been waiting for her text.

When Nichawee arrived in front of the large, familiar office door, she gently knocked as a formality.

**Knock, knock, knock.**

"May I come in?" she called out before slowly opening the door and stepping inside.

She walked in with her head down, eyes fixed on the floor, heading straight for Khun In's desk. Despite the short distance, it felt like there were invisible obstacles in her path, making her almost trip several times.

*It was all because of yesterday's kiss.*

"What are you doing, Khun Vee? You're acting strange," Orin inquired, puzzled by her odd walking behavior.

"N-nothing."

Her voice was filled with nervousness, and the tips of her ears were visibly red.

"Why are you looking down? I'm not going to scold you about work," Orin said as she got up from her chair.

The scent of expensive roses grew stronger as she approached. The closer she got, the harder Nichawee's heart pounded in her chest—so much so that it was annoying.

The tall woman finally stopped right in front of Nichawee. After a moment, she extended her hand, requesting the documents.

"The documents, please."

Nichawee handed them over, still avoiding eye contact.

Orin's sharp gaze landed on the fair, delicate hand before her. A playful smirk curved her lips.

"Why won't you look at me?" Orin teased as she reached for the documents, intentionally brushing her fingers against Nichawee's hand.

The gentle touch made Nichawee flinch slightly, and her already-red face deepened in color.

Seeing this, Orin chuckled softly, causing Nichawee to frown at her boss.

"I should get going now, Khun In," Nichawee said, bowing slightly as a polite farewell before turning to leave.

She didn't want to get teased anymore. Khun In was like a wicked witch who enjoyed toying with people's hearts.

"Wait."

Orin's face suddenly fell, and she quickly grabbed Nichawee's arm.

Nichawee winced at the firm grip, prompting Orin to immediately let go, realizing her own roughness.

"I'm sorry... did that hurt?"

"Yes, it did."

Her response carried a suppressed frustration that had been building up for a while. She didn't even understand why she had been so sensitive around Khun In lately.

"You're hurt? Does it hurt a lot? Maybe I should take you to the doctor," Orin said in a panic.

Her flustered reaction nearly made Nichawee laugh. Any resentment she felt a moment ago vanished.

"Aren't you overreacting? It's just a small thing," Nichawee said, shaking her head.

"No, I can't let this slide. If something happened to you, I..."

"...What did you just say, Khun In?" Nichawee raised an eyebrow, sensing something unusual in the trailing sentence.

"...Nothing. As long as you're okay, that's all that matters."

Orin flashed a gentle smile—one that held a subtle sadness even Nichawee couldn't understand.

And for some reason... that smile made her feel nostalgic.

"Are you free this evening, Khun Vee?" Orin's voice pulled her out of her thoughts.

"Why?"

"I want to take you out for dinner. My treat."

Nichawee narrowed her eyes at the cunning woman before her. Suddenly, she remembered how Orin had teased her earlier and found herself feeling a little sulky. She wasn't over the fact that Orin had been so rough with her arm just moments ago.

"I'm not free."

"What do you mean? Do you have plans?"

"Yes, I do."

"With whom? Where? Do I know them?"

"...That's personal, Khun In."

Orin furrowed her brows in displeasure but didn't argue.

"Do you need anything else? If not, I'll be going. I don't want to disturb your work."

"...No, nothing else. You can go."

"Then, excuse me."

With that, Nichawee turned and walked away, leaving Orin standing alone, looking heartbroken.

**Evening**

**At a Shabu Restaurant**

"Try this, Vee."

"Please stop serving me, P'Namsai. My bowl is already full."

"Oh, come on! Since I'm treating you, you should eat a lot."

With that, Namsai placed another slice of premium pork into Nichawee's bowl. At this point, it was overflowing, almost turning into a meat rice bowl.

"If you're still hungry, feel free to order more. Don't be shy."

"This is more than enough. I'm already stuffed," Nichawee joked.

"You got full so quickly? You haven't even eaten half of what I have."

Nichawee shook her head and chuckled at the tall woman's talkative nature.

"So, how's it going? Have you adjusted to your new workplace?" Namsai asked before popping a piece of meat into her mouth, savoring the taste.

"I have. Everyone there is really nice, so it's not hard to adjust."

Although she smiled as she spoke, the truth was the complete opposite. She wanted to tell Namsai how chaotic her life had been since she started working. Every day felt like madness, driving her to the brink of insanity.

"If your colleagues heard that, they'd probably be over the moon, knowing you think they're nice."

"Well, they really are! They're always kind to me."

"Aww, you're making me blush. Oh, by the way, how's it going working with Khun In? Is she as nice as the rest of us?" "..."

That question made Nichawee pause for a moment.

"Oh, sorry for asking... It must not be great, huh?"

"No! Khun In is very kind! But... she's kind in a moody way..." Nichawee accidentally mumbled the last part under her breath.

"Hmm? Moody...?"

"N-No, it's nothing. Khun In is really very kind."

"Judging by your expression, I'd say you've already encountered her perfectionism. Don't worry, Vee. Just say it, I won't tell on you. We've all been through it too," Namsai chuckled lightly.

But instead of feeling amused, Nichawee started to feel uneasy. Hearing someone talk about Khun In that way didn't sit well with her at all.

Khun In wasn't that strict.

"Soon, you'll be attending Khun Chatree's banquet with Khun In, right? I heard she'll be discussing a new project there. That's a great opportunity!"

"Yes... But, how do you know that I'm going with her?" Nichawee frowned in confusion.

"Oh, Vee, the whole company is talking about it."

Just because she was attending a banquet with Khun In? What was there to talk about? Wasn't it normal for a secretary to accompany their boss?

It was as if Namsai could read her mind.

"It's not surprising people are talking about it. Khun In never takes anyone with her. Even when the vice president asked to join, she was completely ignored. She always prefers going solo."

"Really?... I just found out about this."

A faint smile unknowingly appeared on Nichawee's lips.

Because it felt like... she was special to Khun In.

# Chapter 14: Sharp Tongue

Finally, the day of Chathree's party arrived. Nichawee sat in silence in the luxurious car of her beautiful boss, staring out at the city's nightscape without sparing a single glance at the driver, who was wearing a tense expression.

Ever since that day—when she delivered the work to Khun In's office—the atmosphere between them had been strained.

"How long are we going to keep this silent treatment up?" A sweet voice broke the tense silence, but all she received in return was quietness from the petite woman beside her, who remained expressionless.

"Are you mad because I hurt you?"

"..."

"Or are you upset about the fact that I kissed you the other day?" "Khun In!" After being silent for so long, the moment she heard the word *kiss*

, Nichawee immediately turned around, glaring at the driver with an angry scowl.

"So that's what it is. You *are* upset about the kiss."

"Can you stop saying that word?"

"If I don't, you'll just keep ignoring me, won't you?"

Nichawee remained silent, her pink lips pressing tightly together. Even she wasn't sure why she was angry with Khun In. She didn't know why she felt hurt or why she was overthinking everything to the point that her mind felt completely jumbled.

As for the incident where In squeezed her arm too tightly the other day, although she had been upset, it wasn't something so severe that she couldn't let it go.

"You're ignoring me again... You've been avoiding me for days now. I invited you to eat so many times, but you kept turning me down. Do you hate me now?"

"...Don't jump to conclusions, Khun In."

"Then what am I supposed to think? You rejected my invitations and instead went out to eat with Namsai. I guess I was never an option for you in the first place, huh?" In said bitterly.

"How do you even know about that? Did Namsai tell you?" Nichawee turned to look at In, eyes filled with confusion.

Khun In was always like this—acting as if she knew everything, keeping secrets, making her head spin with frustration. Was it fun for her to play with her emotions like this?

"Why aren't you answering? How did you know I went to eat with P'Namsai?" Nichawee's patience finally snapped, her voice dropping to a low, sharp tone.

The luxury car slowly came to a stop at a red light. As the vehicle stilled, In's slender fingers tapped rhythmically against the sleek black steering wheel, as if deep in thought. A faint smile played on her lips—a smile that looked angelic but, to Nichawee, was nothing but infuriating.

This detached, teasing attitude of Khun In's reminded her of someone else —someone who had left a deep scar in her heart and whom she still longed to take revenge on.

"Well, what do you *think*

, Khun Vee?" In finally responded, turning to face her.

"I'm the one asking questions here."

"I was just curious," In admitted casually. "You kept rejecting my invitations, so I wanted to know why. I got so curious that I decided to follow you."

"What did you just say!? Don't tell me—you *followed* me!?"

In smirked and said something that left Nichawee completely speechless.

"Did you enjoy the food? Was it better than what I treated you to? Oh, right —didn't you go out for shabu the other day too? Looked pretty delicious."

"You—Khun In... you—"

Nichawee was at a loss for words. She never expected In to go this far.

"Do you even realize how *incredibly*

disrespectful that was?" she snapped, no longer caring that In was her superior. She didn't care if she got fired—stalking her like that? Did In really think she would just let that slide?

"Heh."

What's so funny? Did she really think this was a joke?

"You have quite the sharp tongue, don't you, Khun Vee?"

"What I just said—doesn't any of it sink in for you? Are you deaf or something!?"

"Oh, I heard you loud and clear," In replied smoothly. "That's why I said you have a sharp tongue."

"Don't insult me! You're the one who's awful here!"

"Fine. I admit it—I

*am*

awful. But I'm awful because I was *jealous*

, Khun Vee." "W-what do you mean, *jealous*

?" Nichawee stammered, caught completely off guard.

"I mean exactly what I said," In stated matter-of-factly. "And I'm sorry... for following you."

"D-don't joke around like that, Khun In."

"I'm not joking." In leaned in closer, her mesmerizing eyes locking onto Nichawee's. Her lips inched toward Nichawee's ear, voice dipping into a whisper that sent a shiver down her spine.

"I really, truly care about you."

Warm breath tickled Nichawee's ear, sending heat rushing to her face.

As the traffic light turned green, In finally pulled away and resumed driving toward the party. Meanwhile, Nichavee sat frozen in her seat, her face flushed red, heart pounding wildly in her chest.

. .

At the lavish party, where the lively chatter of renowned high society figures filled the air, a strikingly elegant woman clad in a black dress that contrasted sharply with her porcelain skin made her entrance. Orin, exuding the aura of a queen, stepped gracefully into the grand mansion's ballroom, drawing the attention of every guest—both men and women alike—who couldn't tear their eyes away from her.

What intrigued the guests even more, however, was the delicate-looking young woman walking closely beside her. It was common knowledge that Orin typically attended events like these alone. Yet tonight, she had brought someone along—and not just anyone, but someone with whom she seemed unusually close.

"Let go, please, Miss Orin."

The soft voice of the woman beside her broke the murmurs around them as she subtly tried to remove Orin's hand from her waist. But it seemed her request fell on deaf ears, as Orin only pulled her closer, keeping their bodies nearly flush against each other.

The weight of curious stares pressing down on her was suffocating, yet Orin appeared entirely unaffected. Her expression remained composed, her gaze cool and unwavering, with a faint, enigmatic smile resting on her lips—a look so commanding that it instilled both admiration and unease in those around her.

"Good evening, Miss Orin. It has been a long time."

A middle-aged man with a dignified presence, clad in a deep brown suit, approached with a warm smile.

"Ah, Mr. Chakrit, good evening," Orin responded, her expression shifting into a graceful smile as she greeted the man with a polite wai.

Although still slightly confused, the young woman beside her—Nichawee —followed suit, bowing in greeting out of respect.

"Fortune truly favors me tonight," Chakrit continued, his tone lighthearted. "I've been attending every major event, hoping for a chance to meet the famed Miss Orin in person. Finally, my efforts have paid off."

"You certainly have a way with words, Mr. Chakrit," Orin chuckled.

"Well, to be honest, I wanted to speak with you about our previous discussion. I would very much like to invest in your venture."

"Of course," Orin replied smoothly. "Who would turn down a promising investment partner?"

"Thank you for considering my proposal. I must say, though, I'm quite surprised to see you with company tonight."

Chakrit's eyes flickered toward the delicate woman standing at Orin's side.

"This is my secretary," Orin stated casually, wrapping an arm securely around Nichawee's waist. The gesture, coupled with the look in her eyes, only deepened the curiosity brewing in Chakrit's mind.

Before the conversation could continue, a deep voice suddenly interrupted.

"Good evening. It's been a while, Mr. Chakrit."

The moment the newcomer spoke, the atmosphere noticeably shifted. Orin's gaze turned icy, and Nichawee stiffened beside her.

"Good evening, Mr. Anawin," Chakrit replied with a polite but measured smile, discreetly glancing toward Orin and the woman at her side.

It was no secret that the two siblings standing before him despised each other. Their rivalry in the business world was well-known, with Anawin benefiting from their father's support while Orin dominated through sheer talent and strategic prowess. If he had to pick a side, Chakrit had no doubt —he would rather align himself with someone as brilliant as Orin.

Moreover, AL Group's latest product—handled entirely by Anawin—had failed miserably. It baffled Chakrit why Chairman Kampol still intended for his son to inherit the company.

"What were you discussing?" Anawin inquired, his smirk betraying his feigned interest. "It seemed rather engaging. If it's about business, I'd be more than happy to offer my insights."

At his words, Orin barely suppressed a laugh, forcing herself to maintain composure.

"Didn't expect to see you here, Anawin," she said, her tone dripping with amusement. "I thought you spent all your time at bars. What a surprise."

"Tch. I'm more surprised that you brought a plus-one tonight," Anawin shot back before turning his attention to the woman beside her. His lips curled into a smirk. "Especially when that plus-one happens to be my exgirlfriend."

Ex-girlfriend?

So he had only just realized who she was now?

"What do you say, my dear ex? Shall we grab a drink? Reminisce about old times?" Anawin taunted, stepping closer with a predatory glint in his eyes. "Believe it or not, I think about you often."

His gaze roamed over Nichawee in a way that made her skin crawl.

"Disgusting." Her voice was cold, her expression betraying nothing but revulsion. "You've changed, Anawin. The man I once knew never looked at me with such disrespect."

"You're feisty now. I like that," he teased, inching even closer.

Before he could get any nearer, Orin stepped between them and shoved him forcefully, making him stumble back.

Gasps echoed through the room.

"Don't come near my woman," Orin's voice was deathly calm, yet it sent chills down the spines of those who heard it. "I thought I made myself clear last time. Or do you still not understand human language?"

Anawin scoffed, unfazed by the cold threat. "Oh, come on. I was just catching up with an old flame. Who knows? If we hit it off, we might even get back together."

Nichawee, who had been listening in silence, finally narrowed her eyes.

"You sound so sure of yourself," she remarked icily. "Let me make this clear, Anawin. Even if I were on my deathbed, I would never go back to you."

The finality in her voice sent a ripple through the crowd, and amused murmurs arose.

Anawin, known for his arrogance, had just been publicly humiliated.

The person who seemed the most satisfied, however, was none other than Orin.

"Well, you heard her," she said smoothly. "I think it's time we take our leave. This place is full of... germs."

With a pointed, disdainful glance at Anawin—akin to looking at an insignificant insect—Orin turned on her heel and walked away with Nichawee in tow, leaving the furious man behind.

Orin's slender hand held Nichawee's tightly, refusing to let go as they walked out of the event.

"You're leaving already, Khun In?"

"Why? Don't want to leave? Or do you want to stay and see my brother?"

"You're impossible, Khun In! Didn't you hear what I just said?"

She knew she was being rude, but she refused to back down like before. If Orin wanted to fire her, so be it! There was no way she could keep bottling up her emotions forever!

"Sorry... I was just jealous."

Nichawee froze at the unexpected apology. Just like that? So easily?

After that, she remained silent the entire walk to the car—not because she didn't want to speak, but because she didn't know what to say. Before she knew it, she was standing in front of Orin's luxury car.

As soon as she got inside, her eyes filled with curiosity as she glanced at the stunning woman in the driver's seat. The way Orin had admitted to being jealous didn't seem like a joke at all.

But would Orin really like someone like her? Someone she had barely known for a month... not to mention, someone who used to be her brother's ex? Just the thought of it seemed unbelievable.

"Do you... still have feelings for my brother?" The sweet voice carried a hint of anxiety, and Orin's beautiful eyes studied her intently.

"Do I still have to answer that? No, I don't like him anymore."

"Then... have you ever thought about getting back together with him?"

"No."

Even though her answers were crystal clear, Orin still seemed troubled. Right now, she looked like a stubborn child who refused to listen, her face and gaze filled with something unsaid.

"Then... if it were my brother from the past, would you still love him?" "...Why are you asking me this, Khun In? My answer is obvious. Whether it's the present or the past, I would never go back to loving him—"

Before she could finish, Orin suddenly leaned in and captured her lips in a kiss, catching her completely off guard.

The kiss was both sweet and fiery. Orin's lips, coated in deep red lipstick, teased and tasted hers until both their lips were stained with each other's color.

By the time the kiss ended, Orin finally pulled away, giving Nichawee a chance to catch her breath.

She inhaled sharply, heart pounding violently in her chest. When she looked up at the other woman, her face grew even hotter. Orin's expression was intoxicating—her lips smudged with lipstick, her cheeks flushed, and her slightly tousled hair only adding to her allure.

Right now, Orin looked utterly irresistible.

The woman leaned in even closer, the strapless black dress she wore revealing more of her soft curves with each movement.

"Can you love me now, Khun Vee?"

...

Meanwhile, at the bar, Anawin sat down with a frustrated scowl. He grabbed his whiskey glass and downed it in one gulp, slamming it back onto the table with a loud clank. His anger was palpable.

Being ignored by that old man, Chris, didn't bother him nearly as much as the look of sheer contempt from his own sister. And then there was that secretary of hers...

"Good evening. May I join you?"

A deep voice interrupted his thoughts, and Anawin turned to see who it was.

His expression darkened as he recognized the man before him.

"You!?"

"You look stressed. Let me guess—it's about your sister, isn't it?"

"How the hell do you know?!"

"How could I not? You were practically having a heated discussion in the middle of the event." The man took a seat casually, crossing his legs and sipping his wine without a care.

His words only fueled Anawin's irritation. They reminded him of his defiant little sister.

"What do you want? You didn't come all the way here just to chat, did you... Khun Opas, heir of C-On Group?"

Anawin eyed the man suspiciously. The heir of a rival company showing up like this? He had to be up to something.

Seeing Anawin's wariness, Opas smirked.

"Heh... I'm here for one reason. I want you to join forces with me."

# Chapter 15: The Photograph

"You, In... Ah!" A sweet moan echoed throughout the luxurious bedroom. The bare, beautiful bodies bathed in the glow of the room's lighting. Two women were indulging in passionate lovemaking on the large bed.

After finishing a round in the car, it seemed that In was still unsatisfied and had dragged her to continue at her condo.

The heat between them flared up again, and this time, it seemed that In had no intention of giving her a moment to catch her breath. The hot tongue kept sucking and nibbling along the pale neck, leaving it marked with repeated red bruises. Meanwhile, In's slender but mischievous hand roamed over her flat stomach, making her shudder with indescribable sensations.

In's hot tongue slowly trailed down, reaching the sweet pink buds on her chest. The embarrassment made her shut her eyes tight. But soon, she gasped, her eyes snapping open, as she felt the tugging suction at her sensitive peak, sending electric currents coursing through her body.

"You, In..."

"Does it hurt?" Orin asked, her mouth still latched onto the sensitive peak.

Seeing In like this, Nichawee bit her lip tightly. She wanted to answer, but she feared that if she spoke, her moans would escape, and she wouldn't be able to face In afterward.

"If you don't answer me, that means it feels good, doesn't it?"

"It's not— Ah! Mmm!"

As soon as Nichawee protested, Orin swooped in and captured her lips in a deep, possessive kiss. It wasn't just a kiss; it was one so intense it felt like it was stealing her very soul, leaving her lips swollen and tender.

That hot tongue swept through the sweetness of her mouth, exploring every crevice without giving her a chance to breathe. Not wanting to be outdone, Nichawee fought back, intertwining her tongue with In's in a battle of dominance.

Sensing the fiery response, Orin grew even more excited. She sucked and licked at Nichawee's eager tongue, sending waves of pleasure through her. Just as expected, the woman beneath her was already aroused—Orin could feel the dampness at her core.

Nichawee gasped as she felt an unexpected touch between her legs. Her white fingers dug into the silky black strands of In's hair, gripping tightly. Orin noticed and hesitated for a brief moment, but before Nichawee could regain her composure, she felt something foreign slip into her intimate depths.

"You, In... Ah... It hurts!"

Her delicate face contorted in pain. Though she had dated Win, they had never gone beyond kisses. She never imagined her first time would be this painful.

Nichawee bit her lip to suppress the discomfort, but the pain mingled with an overwhelming sensation of pleasure, sending shivers through her body.

"Don't bite your lip like that; you'll get a wound," Orin murmured.

"Mmm... but... Ahhh...!"

Orin pushed her slender fingers deeper, making Nichawee bite down harder until a hint of blood seeped from her lips.

Seeing this, Orin quickly licked at the tiny wound before capturing Nichawee's lips in another kiss, as if trying to soothe her. The sweetness of the kiss mixed with the faint taste of blood. At the same time, her fingers started moving inside her, curling and stretching, becoming one with her inner heat.

Orin's free hand trailed over the flat stomach before reaching for the full, soft breasts, kneading them with expert precision.

Nichawee writhed helplessly, overcome with pleasure. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears as she tried to endure the relentless lovemaking. Her pale fingers tightened their grip in Orin's hair, while her lower body, once wracked with pain, was now ablaze with an unbearable, aching need.

"Ah... Ahh... You, In... I feel strange... it's like... Ahhh..."

"Are you close?" Orin's husky voice whispered against her reddened ear.

As soon as she finished speaking, she added a second finger, slowly stretching her further before thrusting harder and faster. The translucent nectar of her arousal trickled onto the cream-colored sheets, forming a damp stain.

"Ahh... You, In... Ahhh!"

The sweet torment, the overwhelming pleasure—it was too much. Unable to hold on, Nichawee bit down on Orin's shoulder, her entire body shuddering as she reached her peak.

Orin winced at the pain of the sharp bite but didn't stop. Her fingers continued their rhythm, drawing out every last wave of ecstasy from Nichawee.

Bite marks covered Orin's shoulders and pale neck, and as Nichawee came down from her high, she turned into a wild cat, scratching red streaks across Orin's back. Some even drew blood.

Orin bit her own lip at the sting. Once tonight was over, she would make sure to trim Nichawee's nails—every single one of them.

"You, In... Ahh..."

The inner walls clenched and fluttered around her fingers, making Orin quicken her movements to help her ride out the final waves.

After a few more thrusts, Nichawee's body arched off the bed, her release spilling out in a warm rush. Her slender waist lifted slightly from the bed as she let out a euphoric cry.

"Ah... Ahh..."

Her sweet, breathless voice echoed through the luxurious bedroom.

"Ahh... Enough, please, you, In... this is too much..." Nichawee weakly protested, feeling Orin's fingers still inside her, not willing to withdraw.

"What do you mean, enough? This was only the first round. Or... are you already out of energy?"

Her delicate brows twitched at the teasing tone.

"Are you mistaken? Who's out of energy? I was just worried that you'd run out of stamina first."

"You underestimate me, my dear... I can last all night."

With that, Orin dived in for another searing kiss. The heat ignited once more. Moans, passionate sounds, and the pounding of their excited hearts filled the night.

It was far from over.

...

**At a Luxury Nightclub**

A popular nightclub in the heart of the city was alive with the booming beats of EDM. Young men and women swayed to the rhythm, some entangled in each other's arms, lost in the thrill of the night.

But among them was one man sitting in the VIP section, his face dark with frustration.

"Are you out of your mind? You expect me to hand over my company's information to you—our rival?"

Win scowled.

"And you dragged me to a club just to discuss this nonsense? Even a child could see through your schemes."

"Oh, don't be like that. It's just about the new product your sister, Orin, is overseeing."

"And what do I gain from this? Even if I give you that information, it's no benefit to me at all."

Win poured himself another glass of strong liquor. He had spent a fortune gathering that data—there was no way he'd give it away for free.

"I hear your father has taken quite a liking to Orin lately, hasn't he?"

The glass in his hand froze mid-air. His sharp gaze locked onto the man sitting across from him.

"What do you mean?"

"Ha, don't tell me you haven't noticed? Even as an outsider, I can see it."

"Stop playing games and get to the point!"

Ophas smirked. Win was walking right into his trap.

"Word is, your father, Kamphon, has been singing praises about Orin. Like she's his favorite child. Who knows? Maybe he'll even make her the company president."

**Crash!**

Win slammed his fist onto the table.

"That's ridiculous! Father would never give Orin the presidency!" "Perhaps. But it's not impossible. So, how about we work together? If Orin's product launch fails, your father's trust in her will plummet."

Win hesitated. It made sense. Orin was a cunning snake. Maybe it was time she learned her place.

A wicked grin spread across his lips.

"Alright. I'll work with you."

.

.

**"More... Mmm..."**

Nichawee began to regain consciousness, stirred by the sensation of being tightly embraced by the person beside her.

"Ah!"

The moment she moved, she winced as a sharp pain shot through her lower body. Glancing down at herself, she was utterly shocked to find her bare body covered in red marks—across her full chest and along her thighs. She immediately tried to pry the other person's arms off of her.

After struggling for a while, she finally managed to free herself. Nichawee turned to the other side, where the beautiful woman—her boss—was sleeping peacefully, eyes closed in deep rest.

Her clear, bright eyes observed the woman beside her, studying her delicate face, now bare of any makeup. Truthfully, even without cosmetics, her beauty had not diminished in the slightest.

Nichawee's fair fingers gently grasped the thick blanket that covered both their bodies. Slowly, she pulled it down, revealing smooth, pale skin marked with evidence of the previous night's passion.

She swallowed hard at the sight. The slender neck of the woman beside her was covered in the marks she had left—ones that mirrored her own, if not more severe. The deep bite marks on the woman's shoulder were undeniable proof.

Feeling a pang of guilt, Nichawee reached out, lightly tracing her fingertips over the delicate shoulder. The bite mark seemed deep—she hoped In wouldn't be angry when she woke up.

She wasn't sure when exactly it happened, but at some point, her fingers had wandered to the elegant curve of In's neck. It was as if she had been hypnotized, unable to look away. Her fingers continued their path, trailing up to the perfectly sculpted jawline and stopping at the plump, red lips. A faint stain of lipstick still lingered there—a reminder of how, last night, they had practically devoured each other.

The memory of their heated lovemaking made her face flush crimson.

But strangely, every time she stared at In's beautiful sleeping face, a familiar ache crept into her chest. Her heart pounded, and a sharp pain accompanied the sensation. Was it because In looked so much like Win?

Nichawee shook her head, dispelling the ridiculous thought. She forced herself to get up from the soft bed—but the moment she moved too quickly, a sharp pain in her lower body made her grimace.

She needed to get home as soon as possible. She hadn't called her mother since last night to say she wasn't coming home, and by now, her phone had probably rung a hundred times.

With that thought, she quickly scanned the room for her purse.

Wait—her bag was in In's car!

Nichawee nearly smacked herself. Should she wake In up? But seeing how soundly the woman was sleeping, she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Besides, she wasn't ready to face In in this state.

Every moment from last night was still crystal clear in her mind. Every touch, every movement. It was unbelievable—she had slept with her exboyfriend's younger sister.

And now... what was she supposed to call this relationship?

More importantly, what was she supposed to do with this growing desire to claim In as her own?

The way In kissed her, the way they held each other—during those moments, In consumed her every thought, completely overshadowing Win. It was the first time she had ever felt this way.

Did this mean she had a chance?

That question repeated in her mind, over and over again.

After a moment, Nichawee got up and gathered her scattered clothes from the floor, putting them on. She then searched the room for a pen and paper to leave a note for the sleeping woman.

She walked over to the European-style desk in the corner, pulling open a drawer. After a brief search, she found what she needed, and a small smile appeared on her lips.

But just as she reached for the pen and notepad, her hand froze.

Her eyes had landed on something that shouldn't have been there.

**"What... Why is a photo of me and Win from our school days here?"**

# Chapter 16: The Yarn Doll

The beautiful eyelids of Orin slowly fluttered open. Her delicate eyebrows twitched slightly as she felt a stinging pain at the base of her neck and across her back. Instinctively, she reached up to touch her tender skin, and the more she pressed, the more the pain intensified.

"If it hurts, then don't touch it," a clear voice spoke from behind, causing Orin to pause slightly before turning to the other side, where a slender figure was sitting on the bed beside her.

"Khun Vee, have you been awake for long?"

"Yes, I've been up for a while now."

Orin noticed something different in the other woman's demeanor. Feeling a little uneasy, she shifted herself to sit up properly and face her directly.

"Khun Vee... are you hungry?" Orin asked softly, her voice almost trembling as she clutched the thick blanket tightly around her, shielding her bare form.

"Yes."

The short, curt response made Orin raise an eyebrow in confusion.

"Um... this morning, shall we go eat out somewhere?"

"Sure. You should hurry and shower, then get dressed."

"A-Ah... okay."

The cool and distant expression on Vee's face—something Orin had never seen before—made her unconsciously swallow hard. Without hesitation, she hurried to freshen up and get dressed as quickly as possible. Maybe Vee was in a bad mood simply because she was hungry.

Nichawee sat waiting on the bed while Orin showered, but her mind was preoccupied with the photograph she had found earlier.

She had initially planned to go home already, but after discovering that picture, she decided to stay and wait for Orin to wake up so she could ask her about it. Yet, when Orin finally stirred, she found herself at a loss for words. Her throat felt dry, her voice stuck, and she was so flustered she couldn't bring herself to bring it up. And every time she looked at Orin, the words from last night and her expressions kept flashing through her mind. Was she getting too obsessed?

It was a good thing today was a day off—if she had to go to work in this state...

Nichawee ran her fingers over the scattered red marks and bite marks on her fair neck. When she had showered earlier, she had nearly fainted from the shock of seeing them. There were so many that she almost looked like she had a rash.

Even the clothes she had shamelessly borrowed from Orin—a long-sleeved white shirt—did nothing to conceal the marks on her neck. And the shorts she wore? If anyone looked closely, they'd see the imprints of last night's passionate moments all over her thighs as well.

Realizing this, she hurried over to Orin's vanity before the woman finished showering.

Upon reaching the makeup table, she was stunned by the luxurious display before her. The array of high-end brands—some she recognized and others she didn't—was overwhelming. After admiring them for a moment, she spotted the foundation she was looking for. Grabbing it, she immediately began dabbing it over the marks on her neck and even on the inside of her thighs.

And if you're wondering whether she felt guilty about using Orin's foundation on her legs? Absolutely not. Not even a little. If Orin hadn't been so rough with her, then this wouldn't have been necessary.

After finishing their meal, the two walked toward the market, which wasn't too far from the food stall.

What surprised Nichawee was that Orin seemed to know about this place. The market was tucked away in a deep alley, not something a person would stumble upon unless they were familiar with the area.

Had Orin been here before?

Curious, she slowed her pace to walk beside Orin.

"You've been here before?" she asked. "Not many people even know about this place."

"Yeah, I studied around this area, so I used to come often."

"You did? I studied nearby too," Nichawee said. There were only a few universities in the area, and the most prestigious one was the one she had attended.

"Which university did you go to?" she asked.

Orin simply smiled instead of answering.

"If you don't want to say, then forget it," Nichawee huffed, feeling irritated.

Despite their intimacy, Orin remained a mystery. She knew nothing about her—her favorite foods, her favorite places. Nothing.

Frustrated, Nichawee quickened her steps.

Seeing this, Orin immediately reached out and caught her arm.

"You're walking too fast. You'll trip."

"I'm not walking fast. You're just too slow."

Orin let out a small sigh before slipping her fingers between Nichawee's, lacing their hands together.

"Then we'll walk like this. That way, we won't get separated."

"We're not kids, Orin. We don't need to hold hands just to keep from getting lost."

"No excuses. It's better to be safe," Orin countered smoothly.

Nichawee couldn't argue with that. This woman was so stubborn—and frustratingly good at debating.

Fine. If Orin wanted to play this game, she'd play too.

"Alright, then! Let's go to that shop! And that one! Ooh, that accessories stand looks cute too! Oh! And that dessert stall!"

With that, Nichawee dragged Orin along, weaving through the bustling market.

She wasn't about to let Orin have the upper hand so easily.

As they wandered, Nichawee's eyes landed on a small shop selling yarn dolls.

"Shall we take a look?" Orin's voice was gentle.

Nichawee nodded, and they stepped inside.

The moment she saw the handmade dolls, her eyes lit up with delight, making Orin smile fondly.

"You really like these, don't you?"

"I love handmade crafts and paintings," Nichawee admitted.

"I see," Orin murmured, scanning the display.

"Do you think it's childish for me to like these?"

"I like them too," Orin replied, picking up a small crocheted puppy. "Especially this one. It reminds me of you."

Nichawee blinked.

Was she... being insulted?

Did Orin just call her a dog?

Before she could question it, Orin chuckled.

"It's cute," she said softly. "Just like you."

Nichawee's cheeks flushed.

Before she could gather herself, her phone suddenly chimed with a message.

Grateful for the distraction, she quickly pulled it out—unaware of the way Orin's expression had darkened the moment she glanced at the screen.

# Chapter 17: The Stalker

**The next day, inside a luxury car.**

"You don't have to drive me to work like this, Khun In. If others find out... it wouldn't be good."

Orin turned off the car engine and unbuckled her seatbelt leisurely before turning to look at the person beside her.

"You don't have to pay too much attention to those people. Or if they bully you, just tell me."

*If she did that, she'd only get more side-eyes from her coworkers. She still wanted to work in peace.*

"I don't care! I don't want my coworkers gossiping that I'm getting special treatment. So from now on, you don't have to drive me to work anymore, Khun In."

"Do you not want to be accused of favoritism, or are you afraid that a certain someone might see us?" Orin spoke softly, her voice calm and even.

Inside the silent luxury car, there was no way Nichawee could have misheard that.

"What do you mean, Khun In? Who is this 'certain someone'?" Nichawee feigned confusion, but the woman in the driver's seat simply smiled faintly, acting as if she had never said anything.

"Nothing at all. I haven't said anything, have I? You must have misheard, Khun Vee."

Liar. She was sure she hadn't misheard.

"It's getting late. If you don't hurry, you might not scan your work badge in time."

"!?"

As soon as she heard that, Nichawee quickly glanced at her wristwatch.

"Uh—I'll be going now." Nichawee reached for the car door immediately.

"Wait a moment, Khun Vee."

The slim figure about to step out of the car halted and turned toward the soft voice calling her.

"Yes?"

"Take this with you. For when you get hungry." Orin handed over a bag of bread and a bottle of water.

"...Thank you."

Nichawee accepted the bag and water hesitantly, unknowingly allowing a small smile to appear on her face before stepping out of the car with that same smile still lingering.

After the slender woman walked away, Orin let out a quiet sigh, leaning back against the seat while her sharp gaze fixated on a dark silhouette hiding behind the car in front of hers.

"What should I do with this stalker?"

. .

The sound of water running over delicate hands echoed in the restroom. The mirror reflected a tall and slender woman smiling to herself in contentment —completely unaware that a chilling presence was creeping closer.

"You seem to be in a good mood today, Namsai."

"!?!"

Namsai's eyes widened in shock, quickly turning around to see the person behind her.

"K-Khun In! How did you get here?"

"Heh. You look as if you've just seen a ghost. I just came to wash my hands."

With that, Orin slowly stepped forward, standing beside her to wash her hands.

"I'm just surprised, that's all. I've never seen you use the employees' restroom before."

Orin gave a faint smile before reaching out to turn off the faucet once she had finished washing her hands.

"To be honest, I'm just here to find someone."

"Find someone? Who?"

"A stalker. I'm looking for a stalker."

At that moment, the conversation turned the atmosphere icy cold. The only sound remaining was the trickling water from the faucet in front of Namsai.

"You're being stalked, Khun In?!" Namsai exclaimed, feigning concern. Orin's sharp eyes, however, saw through the act completely.

"Yes. But fortunately, my stalker is quite foolish, so it was easy to track them down."

"..."

Namsai's face instantly paled upon hearing that.

"Oh my, what's wrong, Khun Namsai? You look pale."

Though she spoke with concern, Orin's eyes and expression carried a chilling, taunting smile.

She glanced at the small handbag beside the sink before casually picking it up.

"What... what are you doing, Khun In? That's my bag!"

"Well, that's exactly why I have to check it."

"This is going too far! Even though you're my superior, you have no right to go through my things!"

"Why wouldn't I?"

Orin leisurely pulled out a high-end smartphone from the bag before swiftly grabbing Namsai's wrist.

"What are you doing?! Let go of me!"

Namsai shouted in panic, trying to pull away, but Orin's grip was much stronger than she had anticipated.

Orin pressed Namsai's finger onto the phone's fingerprint scanner. A soft *ding!* signaled that the device had been unlocked.

"Khun In! This is too much!"

"Mmm. You're right. This

*is*

too much—all these photos and videos of me and Khun Vee in your phone."

With calm precision, Orin scrolled through the screen, looking at pictures of herself and Nichawee stored within the device.

"I'm not going to ask why you did this, Namsai. That would just be a waste of my breath. But if I had to guess, Anawin must have sent you, didn't he? How much did he pay you to backstab me like this?"

Orin's taunting words made the taller woman grit her teeth and clench her fists in frustration.

Without hesitation, Orin deleted all the photos and videos. Then, something unexpected happened—she casually tossed the expensive phone into a murky brown bucket of water nearby.

Namsai, who had been watching in horror, gaped in shock.

"I was going to scold the janitor for leaving a bucket in the restroom, but now I think I might give them a bonus instead. What do you think, Khun Namsai?"

Orin's words were laced with mockery as she flashed a smug smile.

"Khun In! That was too much! That was destruction of property!"

Namsai shouted in anger.

But Orin showed no concern at all. Instead, she took out her wallet, pulled out a thick stack of large-denomination banknotes, and tucked them into Namsai's chest in an almost insulting manner.

"Ah—Ouch!!"

Namsai cried out as pain shot through her left foot. Looking down, she saw Orin's deep red high heel pressing firmly against it.

"Next time, if I catch you snooping around me or my people again, don't say I didn't warn you."

As she spoke, Orin pressed down harder, making Namsai's beautiful face contort in pain.

**"You psycho!"**

"Oh dear, is that any way to speak to your superior? Careful, or I might just fire you, little stalker."

# Chapter 18: The Traitor

**The Next Morning – In the Office**

A graceful young woman with a clean, beautiful face sat in her office chair, carefully knitting a small, adorable rabbit doll. She planned to give it to her secretary once finished, wondering what kind of reaction she would receive. Would the woman blush with delight, or would she frown in discontent?

However, as she knitted with focus, a certain nuisance disrupted her concentration with his annoying voice.

"Hey, In! Are you even listening to me?" The deep voice of the young man was filled with frustration.

"Soon, Father will find out that you leaked the new product's information to our competitor."

"So? Is that why you're throwing a tantrum so early in the morning?"

"Hah! Don't forget—this is my company too. Investigating the traitors damaging our business isn't strange at all."

As soon as the man finished speaking, Orin smirked lightly before casually placing her unfinished knitted rabbit aside. She locked her gaze onto him suspiciously.

"Just admit it—you want to take over this project from me, don't you?"

"That's right. Since you couldn't manage it properly and let the information leak, I'll take charge instead."

"Oh? Instead of helping me find the traitor, you just want to steal my project? Isn't that skipping a few steps? If you take over but the traitor remains, what's the point?"

Her words left the man speechless.

"And that rival company that launched the same product right before our party—I saw you talking to their CEO's son. What were you two discussing?"

"Are you accusing me?"

"Calm down. I never said that."

The man clenched his jaw, visibly irritated. He felt like his own sister was playing mind games with him. The more she looked at him with that smug expression, the more he loathed her.

But instead of being unsettled by his hatred, Orin felt a thrill of excitement. Seeing his face contort with frustration was oddly satisfying.

"Tell me the truth, Win. You sent Nam Sai to spy on my department, didn't you?" Her voice was chillingly steady, making the man freeze.

Her piercing gaze locked onto him like a hunter closing in on its prey.

When he met her eyes, he felt an eerie coldness creeping into his bones.

"Are you seriously trying to frame me, In? What proof do you have? And even if I did it, what would I gain? Don't make baseless accusations."

Win's voice was firm and laced with suppressed fury. His fists clenched as he abruptly rose from the luxurious leather sofa, eager to escape the suffocating atmosphere.

"Think about what I said. If you can't handle this project, hand it over to me." With that, he stormed out of the room.

Little did he know that as he walked away, a pair of predatory eyes trailed his every move, accompanied by a faint, knowing smirk.

"Tch. You really think I'd hand it over to you? How desperate are you that you'd resort to stealing from me, Win?

**Pathetic.**

"

Orin knew exactly who was behind this mess. Did he really think she was clueless? Every action, every word he spoke in front of her—it was painfully obvious that he was lying.

...

**The Meeting Room**

Nichawee sat stiffly beside her stunning boss, her nerves on edge. It was hard not to be anxious when she was called to an urgent meeting. She had barely eaten lunch, and the atmosphere in the room was oppressively serious. Even the usually chatty Win sat in silence.

"Nervous?" A soft voice spoke beside her.

She turned towards Orin.

"A little... Everyone's so tense. It makes the room feel heavy."

"Ignore them. Just look at me instead."

Orin's words made Nichawee's face flush red. Lately, her boss had become surprisingly bold with her sweet words.

"Are you cold? I'll turn the AC down for you. You get chilly easily." Without waiting for a response, Orin gestured to someone nearby to adjust the temperature.

"That's not necessary, Miss Orin—"

"Of course it is. You're shivering." The gentle concern in her voice made Nichawee fall silent, her lips curving into a hidden smile.

Moments later, the already tense meeting room grew even more suffocating as the door swung open. A middle-aged man in a dark suit strode in with an authoritative air that made everyone rise in respect.

**"Good day, Mr. Chairman."**

After the chairman of AL Group took his seat at the head of the table, the attendees followed suit.

"I assume you all know why I called this emergency meeting?" His deep voice sent a chill through the room.

Sweat beaded on many foreheads despite the cold air.

"You there—answer me." He pointed at a portly middle-aged man, who flinched.

"Y-Yes, sir. It's about the new product launch."

**BANG!**

A powerful fist slammed onto the table.

"That's right! Our product launch was sabotaged because some damn traitor stole our data!"

"Calm down, Father," Win interjected. "We need to investigate properly. The project was under In's supervision, right?" He turned to Orin.

"Yes, I managed it."

"Then why did you let this happen?! If you're incapable, I'll assign someone else!" The chairman's fury was palpable.

Orin remained silent, absorbing her father's rage. She knew who the culprit was, but without solid proof, revealing the truth would be pointless. Seeing Win smirk as she was scolded only fueled her irritation. She wanted to rip that smug look off his face.

Meanwhile, Nichawee clenched her fists. It hurt to see Orin being blamed like this. The company's weak security was the real issue—not her boss.

She glanced at Orin's tightly clenched hand. Without thinking, she reached over and placed her own hand on top, hoping to calm her down.

Orin's grip gradually loosened.

"Don't be too harsh on her, Father. I'll help In handle this. With me involved, it'll be fine." Win's voice was filled with false sincerity.

"This is my project. I can handle it. The more you interfere, the worse it'll get."

"In!"

**"Enough!"**

The chairman's commanding voice silenced the siblings instantly. The entire room held its breath.

"Orin, stay behind after the meeting. I expect a damn good explanation."

Without another word, he stood and left, his expression cold and unreadable. The tension in the room remained heavy, as this was no longer just Orin's problem—every department involved was now under scrutiny.

...And among them, there were more than a few who had a hand in the betrayal. **Evening**

After the meeting ended, Orin immediately followed her father to his office. She sat comfortably, in contrast to her mind, which was in complete turmoil. Across from her, her father sipped his tea calmly, but the aura he exuded was so intimidating that Orin couldn't help but feel uneasy.

The framed photograph on the desk caught her eye, making her scoff inwardly. He even put it on display here? The picture showed a happy family, smiling brightly, with her twin brother standing in the center, holding a bouquet of flowers and a graduation certificate. But she was nowhere to be seen in the photo.

How ironic. He actually dares to place this here... Doesn't he feel ashamed?

"If you can't handle this project, then step aside, In. I'll let your brother take over instead."

"You still trust Win, Father? Aren't you afraid? And if Win causes another financial loss for the company like last time... don't say I didn't warn you."

Her father's expression didn't change, but it was clear he was observing her reaction carefully. He had only said it to test her, and as expected, she responded the same way she always did. She worked like a machine, showed no ambition for power or status—money was the only thing she cared about.

"You're giving up this easily, In?"

"And what do you want me to do to satisfy you, Father? Argue with you? Then... Do you not trust me? Or do you suspect me? That I was the one who leaked company information to our competitors?

**Hah. This situation is quite similar to that day, isn't it?"**

Her eyes turned cold.

"You're still bringing that up, In? Just forget about it."

"Forget?" Orin let out a bitter laugh. "How can you say that, Father? The years I lost back then—who's going to take responsibility?"

Her voice trembled, filled with long-buried resentment. The woman who was known for her icy demeanor now appeared fragile in a way no one would have believed.

"Who will be responsible for the four years I lost? To you, Father, it may seem insignificant. But not to me. Not to me!"

Her voice broke, her emotions spiraling out of control. Tears streamed down her face, despite how skilled she usually was at holding them back.

Today, however, she felt vulnerable to everything.

And the person who made her this way was Nichawee—the woman she had loved from the very beginning.

"Enough, Orin! If anyone hears this, do you have any idea how much of a scandal it will cause?"

"Hah! Even now, you're still protecting him?"

**SLAP!**

Her father, having lost his temper, slapped her without even realizing it. But Orin didn't seem surprised by the act at all.

A bright red mark bloomed on her fair skin. She turned to face her father again, meeting his eyes with defiance, despite the tears still clinging to her lashes.

"Afraid, Father? Afraid of society judging you for loving your children unequally?

**So afraid that you made the younger sibling disguise herself as the older twin and sent her to university just to earn a degree for her comatose brother?"**

While the father and daughter argued, neither of them realized that the slightly ajar door had an eavesdropper.

She had heard everything. Every single word.

A delicate hand covered trembling lips, disbelief written all over her face. Tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"This... This isn't true... is it?"

# Chapter 19: Payback

After finishing her conversation with her father, Orin quickly left the president's office. Her eyes were still glistening with unshed tears. Fortunately, it was well past office hours, so no employees were around to witness her current state. She wiped away the remaining tears on her cheeks before her gaze hardened with newfound determination.

Soon, she arrived at her own office. However, when she opened the door, she was met with someone she thought had already gone home. Sitting on the luxurious sofa, staring at her with an unusually serious expression, was the last person she expected to see.

"Vee... You haven't gone home yet?"

"I was waiting for you, In."

"You don't have to wait for me. If it's time to leave, you can just go."

Nichawee ignored Orin's words. She got up from the expensive leather sofa and slowly walked toward the woman in front of her, each step carrying a weight of its own. Finally, she stopped right before Orin, gazing at her face with soft yet piercing eyes.

"Your eyes are red... like someone who's been crying."

Orin instinctively raised a hand to touch the corner of her eyes at those words.

"Dust got in my eyes, so I rubbed them too hard."

"...Is that so?" Nichawee reached out and gently cupped Orin's face.

Orin froze, eyes widening in surprise. Nichawee had never been the one to initiate physical contact first.

Nichawee's fingers trailed lightly down to Orin's cheek. "Then what about your cheek? Why is it red?"

"This? ...It's nothing."

"It's bruised this much, and you say it's nothing?"

"...You're acting strange, Vee. What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Nichawee replied, her tone firm.

"It's time to go home now. I'll drive you."

Nichawee remained silent, biting her lip before suddenly grabbing Orin's collar and pressing a kiss against her lips—without warning.

Orin's eyes widened in shock as she was caught off guard. The kiss was intense, almost as if Nichawee was devouring her. Though startled, she found herself melting into it, as if the kiss was soothing the pain she had endured just moments ago.

Nichawee, who was now savoring the kiss, opened her eyes. Her tender gaze met Orin's stunned ones, filled with emotions she could not name— anger, frustration, longing, and an unbearable ache.

Yes, she had heard everything. The secret that had just been revealed in the president's office. Out of concern, she had stayed behind, waiting for Orin. But when the wait became too long, she went to look for her—only to find the office door slightly ajar, allowing her to hear everything.

The same slender neck she loved to touch every time they kissed...

Nichawee's fingers trailed down Orin's jawline, her touch lingering at the base of her throat before she suddenly bit down on her lower lip—hard.

"Ah...! Vee!" Orin pushed her away forcefully, pain shooting through her lip. When she touched it, she felt a trickle of warm liquid—blood.

Nichawee smirked at the shocked look on Orin's face before wiping the blood from her own lips.

"Hurts, doesn't it?

**My ex-lover**

."

"!? You—"

"What's the matter?" Nichawee sneered. "Still gonna pretend you don't know anything? I heard everything!"

"W-What? Don't tell me... you eavesdropped on my conversation with my father?"

"That's right! Lucky me, huh? If I hadn't heard it, I would've kept being the fool you played me for!" Her voice cracked with emotion. "So this is the real reason you left me, isn't it? Why didn't you just tell me?!"

Orin faltered. Words failed her, and she unconsciously took a step back, overwhelmed.

Tears began streaming down Nichawee's face, her sorrow reflected in her glistening eyes. Seeing her cry made Orin's heart ache, as if something sharp was carving through her chest.

"No excuse to offer, huh?" Nichawee choked out, wiping her tears. "Did you know? Not a single day has passed where I haven't remembered the cold words you used to break up with me. Did you think I wouldn't feel pain? If you really loved me, why didn't you say anything? Do you have any idea how much I suffered because of you? Or..." Her voice trembled.

"Or was I just a shield for you? A way to make people believe you were 'Win'? You never loved me, did you?"

"No! Vee, that's not true! I love you. I have never stopped loving you! Please, believe me—just this once." Orin dropped to her knees, tears falling freely as she begged.

"Please... believe me, Vee..."

Nichawee, still crying, said nothing. She simply stood there, gazing down at the woman kneeling before her, confusion and pain swirling in her eyes.

And because she didn't know how else to express her emotions, she suddenly dropped to her knees in front of Orin—and crashed their lips together in a deep, desperate kiss. Their lips pressed, meshed, and molded together in a passionate battle, tongues clashing as if trying to consume one another.

Breaking the kiss, Nichawee pushed Orin down forcefully, making her back hit the floor with a loud thud.

"Vee—ah!"

Straddling Orin's waist, Nichawee kissed her again, hungrily claiming her lips. She then trailed her lips down the expanse of Orin's neck before sinking her teeth into the soft skin. Orin winced at the pain, her breath hitching, but the woman above her only seemed more satisfied at her reaction.

Nichaee's hands moved to Orin's long-sleeved shirt, swiftly unbuttoning it while still kissing her. Once the buttons were undone, she didn't hesitate to run her tongue down Orin's now-exposed chest. The last barrier between her lips and Orin's supple breasts was discarded without care.

Orin clenched her eyes shut, body tensed in anticipation. A second later, she gasped sharply when she felt warm lips close around her sensitive peak. She tried to suppress any sound, biting her lip, but Nichawee noticed.

Eyes twinkling mischievously, Nichawee stared up at her while still keeping her lips latched onto the sensitive bud. Orin's brows furrowed, her frustration evident—just before Nichawee bit down.

"Ah! Vee...!" Orin whimpered at the sharp pain, her face flushing deep red.

Watching Orin writhe beneath her, Nichawee grew even more emboldened. She reached down to unzip the tight pencil skirt her lover wore—but grew annoyed when the zipper refused to budge.

Her flushed face, damp with sweat, her lips pressed into a thin line, and her furrowed brows, all because of that stubborn skirt—it was too much for Orin to take. In a swift motion, she flipped their positions, pinning Nichawee beneath her.

"What do you think you're doing?" Nichawee demanded breathlessly.

Orin smirked. "At this point, do I really need to answer?"

Orin wasted no time in slipping off her skirt and the last remaining barrier. Her bare, flawless body was now fully exposed, leaving Nichawee unable to look away. Her throat felt dry as she instinctively swallowed hard.

But did she really think someone this furious would surrender so easily?

Nichawee shoved Orin's naked form away, the stark contrast between them obvious—while Orin was completely bare, Nichawee was still fully clothed. Once there was some distance between them, Nichawee pushed Orin down onto the floor and swiftly straddled her toned stomach.

"Did you really think I'd let you off that easily today? I'm still angry, you know. If you dare defy me again... I won't hold back either."

As soon as she finished speaking, Nichawee leaned in and sank her teeth into Orin's pale neck, leaving a deep, angry red mark behind.

"Ah... can't you be a little gentler, Vee?" Orin whimpered.

"You don't have permission to speak," Nichawee snapped. "So shut up."

Orin fell silent in submission upon hearing those words. She knew all too well that the other woman was furious right now. If she dared to argue back, Nichawee might get so angry that she'd leave her for good. The only way to calm the fiery storm raging inside the petite woman was simple—she had to surrender.

Orin bit her lower lip hard, unable to say anything in return. Her slender hands clenched tightly as she tried to endure the pain from the other woman's relentless bites. Nichawee's sharp teeth marked her body everywhere—her neck, the swell of her breasts, her stomach, and even her inner thighs. At this point, there wasn't a single untouched spot left on her skin.

From the pain on her face, Orin suddenly jerked in shock as the other woman's touch invaded her most private place—where she was already embarrassingly wet.

"Vee... ah... ahh..."

Nichawee smirked with satisfaction at her handiwork. She withdrew her fingers from the slick heat and examined them closely, her eyes dark with desire. Then, as if guided by pure instinct, she lifted her glistening fingers to her lips and tasted them.

Seeing the smaller woman do that made Orin turn her head away in sheer embarrassment. But just as she did, a sudden sharp pain shot through her lower abdomen, making her jolt once more.

"Agh... ah... Vee... ahh!"

Nichawee, irritated that Orin was trying to avoid her gaze, thrust her fingers deep into the woman's core with force.

"You have to look at me," she demanded, her soft features hardening with displeasure. "I won't allow you to turn away."

"Okay... I understand..." Orin whispered breathlessly.

With that, she leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to Nichawee's lips, hoping to ease her irritation.

And it seemed to be working because the well-shaped eyebrows of the other person were gradually relaxing. However, Orin continued to bestow her sweet, lingering kisses upon Nichawee, intent on pleasing her.

The sounds of their kisses mingled with Orin's sweet moans, filling the air. Meanwhile, Nichawee moved her fingers faster and faster. Small beads of sweat began to form along the delicate frame of her face, and before long, they dripped onto Orin's bare body.

Orin's ample chest rose and fell, adding to her already captivating allure. Her beautifully sculpted face, now flushed, combined with her tousled hair, made her look all the more breathtaking. Her fair, smooth skin, illuminated by the soft glow of the room's lighting, seemed to shimmer with an ethereal radiance. The sight left Nichawee completely mesmerized, making her momentarily forget all the past wrongs Orin had done to her.

But as soon as she realized what she was thinking, Nichawee quickly shook her head, trying to push those thoughts away. She refocused on her actions, thrusting her fingers deeper into the tight warmth of the other woman.

Before long, that tight space began to clench around Nichawee's fingers, and Orin's slender body trembled rhythmically in response. Moments later, a long, euphoric moan filled the room.

"Ah... ah... ahh... Vee..."

A copious amount of sweet nectar flowed from Orin's core, her body still trembling from the waves of pleasure. Her flushed face, combined with the light sheen of sweat adorning her flawless, pale skin, made her look even more irresistible.

Nichawee suddenly became acutely aware of the dampness between her own thighs. The growing ache inside her was unbearable—it begged for release.

**"Shall we continue at your condo, Khun In?"**

# Chapter 20: Love at First Sight

Inside the dimly lit bedroom, a single figure lay bare, peacefully asleep on the wide bed. Beside her, another slender woman, just as unclothed, rested her chin on her hand, gazing at the sleeping figure with love—but also with sorrow.

Her delicate fingers traced along the sharp bridge of the other woman's nose, down to her soft, kissable pink lips. She wanted to capture this moment forever before she might have to return to watching her from afar —just like in the past...

"In loves Vee..."

The love In had for Vee had never once faded. It only grew stronger with each passing moment.

Orin leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on Vee's forehead before pulling her into a tight embrace, as if afraid she would disappear. It wasn't long before Orin drifted into a deep slumber—her first peaceful sleep in years, soothed by the familiar scent of the woman in her arms.

.

.

**"Will you be my boyfriend , Win?"**

A trembling voice, laced with nervousness and excitement, came from a slender figure dressed in a crisp white university uniform. She was a second-year student from the same faculty as him.

**...Nichawee.**

*That was her name.*

She wasn't sure why she agreed to date her. Was it because of how captivating she was? From the very first moment she saw Vee during the university orientation, Nichawee had already stolen the spotlight, catching the attention of everyone. She had been chosen as the freshman representative to give a speech at the opening ceremony. With her beauty and the ever-present smile on her face, she shone effortlessly.

She didn't know why, but back then, a thought had suddenly crossed her mind.

The sweet voice giving the speech. The radiant smile she wore as she spoke. The way her face lit up when she looked down at the paper she held so carefully.

She wanted it all.

She wanted to have her.

Was this what they called "love at first sight" in romance novels?

But no matter how much she wanted to claim Vee as her own, she couldn't cross that line. She couldn't make the first move to get to know her.

Because right now, she was Anawin—the twin brother she loathed with every fiber of her being.

Throughout her university life, all she could do was watch from afar. Even though they were in different majors, they were in the same faculty.

Both of them were students in the Faculty of Business Administration— Nichawee was the top student in Marketing, while she was the top student in Business Management. Because of this, they often stood side by side on stage to receive awards for academic excellence.

She didn't know when exactly she had fallen so deeply.

Whenever Vee walked by, she couldn't stop herself from following her with her eyes. In the classes they shared, she unconsciously observed every little action, even down to her handwriting. That was when she realized how beautiful Vee's handwriting was.

She even knew the brand of pen she used.

But that obsession came at a cost.

She had been so distracted that she ended up getting a B+ in that class.

To most people, that grade wasn't bad at all.

But for her parents, it was unacceptable.

It tarnished Anawin's academic record.

The scolding she received from her parents that day made her realize that she needed to let go of Nichawee. She had to stop loving her.

Time passed, and she became a second-year student. It was the end of the second semester, right after final exams.

A young man with jet-black hair and strikingly handsome features sat by the farthest window in the faculty library. His slender fingers lazily flipped through the pages of a book, savoring a rare moment of peace.

The library was unusually quiet. Just hours ago, it had been bustling with students cramming for their exams. But now that finals were over, the place was nearly deserted.

That was fine by her.

This was the only place where she could truly breathe.

She had no friends or close acquaintances to celebrate with. But that was a good thing—being alone was far more comfortable. She didn't have to force a smile or flatter anyone. Most importantly, she didn't have to worry about being exposed as an imposter.

Her gaze drifted away from the book she was reading and out the window, watching students walk by with relieved expressions. Tomorrow marked the beginning of summer break.

But unlike them, she dreaded it.

Just then, an odd sensation crept up her spine.

It was the feeling of someone approaching.

When she turned, her eyes widened in shock.

The woman she had been avoiding for an entire week was walking toward her.

"Can I sit here?"

"...Um, sure."

Orin quickly averted her gaze, pretending to be deeply engrossed in her book.

A soft giggle broke the silence.

"Your book is upside down."

"Ah—!"

She hastily flipped the book over, her once calm expression replaced by a deep crimson blush.

"You're adorable, you know that?" Nichawee chuckled. "I've never seen a guy get flustered in such a cute way before."

"...What are you saying? That's so random."

"I mean it." Nichawee smiled. "By the way, your name is Win, right?"

Orin's face twisted in surprise. "How do you know my name?"

"Are you serious? Everyone in this university knows who you are." Nichawee grinned.

"Anawin Chotiwanich. The man voted as the most handsome guy on campus. If you ever entered the university's pageant, you'd win by a landslide."

Orin tensed. "What do you really want? Why are you talking to me?"

"Hmm? And what makes you so sure that I should be somewhere else right now?"

"...Logically speaking, you should be out celebrating with your friends."

Nichawee smirked at how quickly Orin averted her gaze.

"Why do I feel like you've been avoiding me lately?"

Orin stiffened.

Her breath caught in her throat as she met Nichawee's sharp gaze.

"No need to look so shocked." Nichawee teased. "I know you've been watching me."

The book in Orin's hand crumpled under her tightening grip. Her lips pressed into a thin line, panic creeping in.

What if Nichawee was disgusted?

What if she hated her for it?

But Orin was too caught up in her own fear to notice the curiosity in Nichawee's expression.

"...You like me, don't you?"

"—!?"

Orin's eyes widened in sheer disbelief.

"Judging by that reaction... You really do like me, don't you?"

A faint blush crept onto Nichawee's cheeks, sending Orin's heart into a wild frenzy.

For the first time, a sliver of hope bloomed in her chest.

Could it be possible?

Even though she was pretending to be Anawin...

Could she still dream of having this?

"Tell me, Win. Do you like me?"

"Uh... I... I mean..."

Orin stuttered, nodding frantically.

She looked into the woman's eyes—the woman she had secretly loved for so long.

And to her shock, Nichawee's face was just as flushed.

Only her gaze remained steady, filled with undeniable sincerity.

"Then... be my boyfriend, Win."

Orin's breath hitched.

The world around her seemed to fade away.

All she could see was the unwavering determination in Nichawee's eyes.

"...Do you... truly like me?"

A bittersweet ache filled her heart.

Because 'Win'... was not really her.

"I gathered all my courage to ask you out, and you still think I'm joking?" Nichawee huffed. "I love you. This you."

Tears welled in Orin's eyes.

For once...

She wanted to follow her heart.

**"...Yeah." Orin whispered. "Let's be together, Vee."**

**Nichawee, I give my heart to you...**

# Chapter 21: A Serious Matter

The soft afternoon sunlight filtered through the cream-colored curtains in the bedroom, casting a gentle glow on Orin 's beautiful face. She lazily turned under the thick blanket, her tousled hair spread across the pillow, accentuating her captivating features even more.

Her stunning eyes slowly fluttered open, still groggy from sleep. She stretched, trying to shake off the stiffness in her body, only to wince at the sharp pain in her core and the lingering soreness across her body. Memories of the previous night flashed through her mind. She quickly turned to the side, but instead of the person who should have been there, she was met with emptiness. The bed was rumpled, showing clear signs that someone had been there, yet that person was now nowhere to be found.

She furrowed her brows slightly before sitting up, pulling the blanket to cover her bare body. The silence in the room was unsettling. Her eyes scanned the surroundings as if searching for the slender figure she had embraced the night before, but all she found was a single mysterious note resting on the small bedside table.

Picking it up, her delicate brows twitched at the brief yet striking message:

**"Your sex was absolutely terrible!!"**

Terrible? She reread the note multiple times, eyes unmoving, her mind replaying the events of the previous night. The expression on that person's face was nothing like what this note implied.

How could it have been terrible? If it was, then why did her expression look like that, Vee?

Letting out a deep sigh, Orin ran her slender fingers through her tousled black hair, her striking face clouded with frustration. The message alone was enough to tell her that the other woman would never forgive her. And combined with last night's encounter, which felt more like a battlefield than an intimate moment, she could clearly sense just how much resentment the other person held toward her...

...

**The Next Morning**

Orin, whose mind had been consumed entirely by thoughts of Nichawee, was absentmindedly walking toward the elevator. Since that day—the day she received that brutally sharp message—she had been unable to focus on anything. Just this morning, she had been so lost in thought that she drove past her usual turn and ended up somewhere unfamiliar. By the time she got back, she was running late for work, something that had never happened before.

Shaking her head slightly, she tried to clear her thoughts before stepping toward the elevator.

But just as she was about to press the button, a loud commotion erupted from behind her.

"This area is for executives only! Regular employees are not allowed in!"

"Let me go! I need to speak with Ms. Orin today!"

A tall woman was struggling fiercely against the security guard's grip, her voice filled with frustration.

When Orin turned around and saw who it was, her expression immediately shifted to one of irritation.

**"What's all this noise about?"**

"M-Ms. Orin!" The security guard immediately released his grip upon hearing the cold and composed voice of the approaching woman.

The defiant woman's face turned pale instantly. Despite having come here with the intention of seeing Orin, facing her directly like this sent an involuntary shiver down her spine.

"So the one yelling so early in the morning is you, Namsai?"

"Ms. Orin, I need to talk to you about my dismissal!"

"What's there to talk about? The termination notice clearly states everything."

"You can't just fire me in the middle of everything like this! What's the reason? I could sue you for this, you know!"

"Oh? You're bold enough to sue?" Orin's gaze turned icy as she stared into the woman's eyes.

"Don't think I'm stupid enough not to know that you were a mole—leaking information to a rival company."

"W-What... Do you have proof?" Namsai shot back, trying to keep a brave face.

But she was unaware that her own trembling gaze had already given her away, making Orin chuckle lightly.

"You seem so confident that I wouldn't be able to catch you. Let me enlighten you, then..."

Orin slowly stepped toward her, taking her time. A smirk played on her red lips before she spoke in a chilling tone that sent goosebumps down Namsai's spine.

"Everywhere you go, everything you do, every person you meet... I know it all."

"Ms. Orin... Don't tell me you've been stalking me?!"

Orin didn't bother answering. She merely sent a mocking smile her way.

"At first, I thought you were smart. But it looks like I overestimated you. If you really were clever, you would have noticed and fled before now. But here you are, acting clueless. Don't you see? The very fact that I'm firing you this way should tell you exactly what it means."

Namsai clenched her fists, gritting her teeth. Of course, she knew what it meant. The reason she desperately wanted to keep this job was simple— money.

"Hey, security."

"Y-Yes, ma'am!"

"Take this outsider away before

**I get annoyed enough to call the police.**

"

"Y-Yes, Ms. Orin!" Without another word, the security guard grabbed Namsai and began to escort her out. He completely ignored her furious shouting and wild struggling—because, truth be told, he was far more afraid of Orin than he was of getting hit.

"Let go! Let me go right now!"

But it seemed Namsai's stubbornness exceeded Orin's expectations. She thrashed violently and even managed to shove the well-trained security guard to the ground.

The surrounding employees, who had been secretly watching, quickly pulled out their phones to record the scene. Some exaggerated the situation even more, messaging their colleagues inside the office that the coldhearted and stunning Ms. Orin was currently having an all-out brawl with an employee.

...

**Inside the Office**

**"Guys! I've got breaking news to gossip about!"**

A plump middle-aged woman burst into the room, half-walking, halfrunning, her face full of excitement.

"What's wrong with you, running in like that? You're gonna trip!" A female colleague teased, drawing the attention of Nichawee, who had been working nearby.

"I have to hurry! Ms. Orin and that girl Namsai are having a fight near the entrance!"

"What?! Say that again!!"

The entire office erupted into a chorus of shocked exclamations.

"Are you sure you didn't mishear? Ms. Orin and Namsai?!" A male employee expressed his disbelief.

"Do you think I'd lie? If you don't believe me, go see for yourself!"

As soon as she finished speaking, the sound of chairs scraping against the floor filled the room. The first person to bolt up was none other than Nichawee, her face clouded with worry.

"Whoa, Vee, where are you rushing off to?" The male colleague called after her as she quickly passed by without a word.

The moment she stepped out, Nichawee half-ran to the elevator, pressing the button repeatedly, her anxiety growing.

The thought of Orin clashing with Namsai made her uneasy. And from what she had come to understand about Orin in the time they had spent together, she knew one thing for certain—Orin was far from patient. In fact, she was temperamental and incredibly strategic.

Namsai must have done something to seriously provoke her.

# Chapter 22: You Don't Love Me Anymore

"You can't do this to me, Khun In! I know you don't like me, but using your authority to force me like this... it's too much!"

"And after everything I've said, you still have the nerve to claim that I'm abusing my power?"

Namsai clung to Orin's sleeve, sobbing uncontrollably. Everyone witnessing the scene felt immense sympathy for the tall woman, thinking unanimously that Khun In was being excessively harsh.

More and more employees gathered to watch the commotion. Orin, only now noticing the increasing crowd, looked around in slight confusion. A moment later, she realized what was happening and turned sharply back to Namsai, who continued to cry pitifully.

Ah... so that's your game. Playing the victim to make me look like the villain, huh?

"You've gone too far this time, Namsai!" Orin's voice thundered with anger and pressure, silencing the onlookers.

But one person refused to back down.

"I already told you—I didn't do it! Please, Khun In, you have to believe me!" Namsai pleaded with a trembling voice, her tears streaming down her cheeks relentlessly.

Her excuses and fake tears only made Orin more disgusted. Her eyes burned with fury—she despised people like this. Because they reminded her too much of her cunning older brother.

"Stop acting so disgusting, Namsai! Before I lose all patience!"

With that, Orin forcefully yanked her arm free from Namsai's grip, causing the taller woman to stumble backward. The dramatic reaction only fueled the sympathy of those around her.

Hah. Just a moment ago, you nearly knocked over a security guard. Now, suddenly, you're weak?

"Security! Get her out of here! I don't ever want to see her face again."

The same security guard, who had been standing in shock, jolted at Orin's sharp command.

"Yes, Khun In!"

Without hesitation, he moved to grab Namsai, who continued wailing pitifully. But just before he could drag her away, a slender woman stepped in, stopping him.

"Wait a moment!"

Orin turned to see who had spoken, her furious expression shifting to one of surprise.

"Vee?"

"What's going on here, Khun In? And why is P'Namsai crying like this?"

Orin's face hardened. She pressed her lips together tightly. The last person she wanted to see this mess was now standing right in front of her. Taking a deep breath, she tried to regain her composure.

"This isn't your concern. Step away from her."

The authoritative tone only fueled Nichawee's frustration.

"No! Not until you tell me why you're making P'Namsai cry like this!"

She didn't understand—why was Khun In acting this way? Firing someone wasn't a small matter. And more than that, why was she so cold, as if none of this mattered?

Orin let out a small sigh before answering in a calm yet firm tone.

"I simply fired Namsai. That's all."

"What? Why?"

"This has nothing to do with you, Vee. Step away from her and come to me. Now."

But Nichawee refused to comply. She stood her ground, defying Orin's frustrated demand.

The tension between the two left the onlookers baffled. They had never seen anyone talk back to Khun In like this before. More surprisingly, Khun In wasn't even using her usual icy tone.

While murmurs of speculation spread among the employees, a tall, handsome man pushed through the crowd, his face filled with urgency.

"What's going on here?!"

His deep voice rang through the air. The moment he heard about the altercation between In and Namsai, he rushed to the scene.

In must have found out about his secret deal with Namsai—how he had hired her to steal confidential product information.

And the thing he feared most now was that Namsai might spill the truth.

"In, what's all this chaos about?"

Namsai, spotting the newcomer, hurried toward him.

"Vice President! Please help me! I swear I didn't do it—I'm not a traitor!

This must be a misunderstanding!"

She wailed, once again playing the victim, successfully drawing sympathy from those around her—including Nichawee.

After all, Nichawee was close to P'Namsai, who had always helped her when she first started working. Everyone in the department adored her. It was no surprise they were siding with her.

Orin clenched her jaw so tightly it was almost painful. She was trying— really trying—to suppress her anger.

"In, don't be so hasty. You might be jumping to conclusions."

"Hah. Jumping to conclusions? You'll find out soon enough whether I am or not. Go ahead—keep up your little act. Because soon, your masks will shatter into pieces."

Orin's voice was steady and ice-cold, carrying no trace of humor. Her sharp, unyielding gaze swept over each of them, silencing the crowd in an instant.

With that, Orin turned and walked away. But before she left, she paused in front of Nichawee for a brief moment.

Her disappointed eyes locked onto Nichawee's confused ones.

"You don't believe me at all, do you? Do you hate me that much?"

If one looked closely, they would notice a slight glimmer of tears in Orin's eyes. But she was clearly trying with all her might to hold them back.

After those bitter words, she walked away without glancing back.

Inside the elevator, emotions swirled violently inside her. Anger.

Frustration. And an overwhelming sadness that nearly brought her to tears. But she forced herself to stay composed.

As the elevator doors were closing, she locked eyes with her twin brother, a smirk forming on her lips before she spoke a single sentence that made Anawin freeze in fear.

"What do you think will happen... when Father finds out about all of this?"

Shortly after arriving at her office, Orin collapsed into her chair, exhausted. She tried to collect herself like she always did when things spiraled out of control.

But no matter how hard she tried to stay calm, Nichawee's face kept flashing in her mind. The way she looked at Orin... like she was in the wrong.

**CRASH!**

Documents, office supplies—everything on her desk was sent flying, crashing onto the floor in a chaotic mess.

Papers scattered everywhere, a glass shattered, even a small desk lamp toppled over and broke into pieces.

Tears finally spilled down her cheeks, unchecked. Images of the woman she loved swam through her mind, looping over and over.

...Like I'm going insane. No wonder she doesn't love me anymore.

Orin slid down to the floor, hugging herself tightly.

Her phone, which had fallen along with the other items, lit up and vibrated on the ground. The caller ID flashed with a familiar name.

Her mother.

And there was no doubt why she was calling.

Orin stared blankly at the vibrating phone, before burying her face in her arms, trying once again to calm herself.

**I'm so tired...**

# Chapter 23: The Twins

From the moment a pair of twin siblings, a boy and a girl, first opened their eyes to the world, their wealthy parents were overwhelmed with tears of joy. They had tried every possible method to conceive, and at last, their long-awaited children had finally arrived.

Of course, with twins, it was inevitable that their parents and other adults would constantly compare them.

As years passed and the twins reached elementary school, their parents began mapping out their futures. It became clear that the eldest, the twin brother, was chosen as the heir to their company. From an early age, Anawin displayed remarkable intelligence and confidence, earning him the title of a child prodigy.

From that point on, their parents showered Anawin with affection and unwavering support. They hired private tutors, ensured his safety, and placed immense expectations on him. Their love and hopes for him were overwhelming.

It was as if they had forgotten... that they had another child.

She watched as they smiled at her brother. Even when they sat together on the same sofa, their mother always chose to sit beside him. The doll she wanted was handed to her by a housekeeper, as if just to get it over with. But when it came to her brother, their father personally bought him a robot model without hesitation.

That alone made it clear whom they loved more.

But it seemed they had spoiled Anawin too much. His sense of entitlement became unbearable, and it only worsened as they entered high school.

"Damn it! Those bastards!" A young man with sharp, handsome features— his private school uniform perfectly tailored—cursed loudly in the family's library, his face twisted in fury.

A beautiful girl, sitting nearby doing her homework, visibly frowned. Even with her headphones on, his voice was loud enough to pierce through the music.

"This is all your fault! Why did you have to be born with me? And why do you have to look exactly like me?!" Anawin pointed an accusing finger at Orin's face, his anger boiling over.

Because of their identical features, his classmates constantly teased him, calling him unmanly, questioning his masculinity. He was sick of it. And it was all Orin's fault!

Orin sighed and calmly removed her headphones before turning to face her brother with unwavering eyes.

"So just because we look alike, that's my fault? Why don't you consider that maybe you're the one who looks like me?"

"You—don't mess with me! Someone as insignificant as you shouldn't have even been born!"

"Heh. Do you think I wanted to be born? Just sharing the same womb with you disgusts me."

"You've gone too far!"

Anawin clenched his fists, his jaw tightening with rage. Without hesitation, he grabbed a fistful of Orin's hair and yanked it hard.

"Ahh!" Orin winced in pain.

"Still got that sharp tongue, huh?"

"What the hell are you doing? Let go of me before I lose my patience!"

"Ooh, so scary. But you know what? Those assholes at school keep calling me gay. They push me around, make my life hell, while you—just because you're pretty—you get all the attention! Tell me, how is that fair?"

Orin remained silent, biting her lip as his grip on her hair tightened. She tried to pry his fingers away, but he refused to let go.

Then Anawin's eyes landed on a pair of scissors lying on the table nearby.

A cruel smile spread across his face.

He reached for the scissors, and before Orin could react—

**SNIP!**

The sharp sound of metal slicing through strands of hair echoed in Orin's ears. Her long, cherished hair—her one distinct feature that separated her from him—fell to the ground.

Her heart clenched painfully. Anger, humiliation, and sorrow surged through her all at once. Tears welled up and slipped down her cheeks as Anawin laughed, his amusement cutting deeper than any blade.

"You did this... just because people bullied you?"

"Yeah. Do I need another reason? But hey, this hairstyle suits you, doesn't it?" He grinned.

"Heh. Are you not even ashamed? You're mad, frustrated, humiliated—so you take it out on me? How pathetic. You're so weak, you can't even find a better way to deal with your own problems."

Orin's piercing gaze met his, her tears still falling.

"Don't look at me like that! I'm your older brother! You're supposed to listen to me!"

"Someone like you—I don't consider my brother. I wish I was never born in the same world as you, Anawin."

With that, Orin stormed out of the room, her heart burning with fury and resentment. Behind her, Anawin's enraged shouts echoed, but she didn't turn back. If she saw his face for even one more second, she might snap and actually kill him.

But this was just the beginning of the chaos Anawin would bring into her life.

As time passed, his troubles only grew. Under the immense pressure to excel in school, he crumbled. His grades fell below hers—an unbearable humiliation for him.

The so-called prodigy, the pride of their parents, was losing.

And so, he sought solace in gambling.

Despite still being in high school, Anawin spiraled into addiction, drowning in massive debts amounting to millions.

Orin had followed him for days, suspecting he was using drugs, only to find him kneeling on the ground, begging a group of thugs for mercy—right next to a stinking garbage bin.

Wasn't it hilarious?

But she never expected what would come next.

The next day, on their way home from school, Orin noticed Anawin was eerily quiet. Usually, he would have hurled insults at her by now. But today, he sat in silence beside her in the backseat of their luxurious car.

At first, she welcomed the peace, enjoying the view outside. But as the car entered an abandoned construction site, something felt wrong.

**SCREECH!**

The car came to an abrupt halt. A motorcycle had cut in front of them, forcing the driver to slam the brakes. Orin lurched forward from the sudden stop.

"What happened, Uncle Chai?"

"It must be some local delinquents, Miss. Are you alright?"

"I'm fine."

But as she turned to look at her brother, a sense of unease grew. He was far too quiet.

**KNOCK! KNOCK!**

Two men, their faces hidden beneath black masks, rapped on the car window.

"What should we do, Miss? Should we talk to them?" the driver asked, voice shaking.

"Don't! Don't open the door! Drive away now!"

"But their bike is blocking the way. If we force through—"

"I don't care about them! If we stay, we'll be in danger!" Orin snapped, her mind racing.

**CLICK!**

The sound of a door unlocking made her whirl around.

"What the hell are you doing?! Are you an idiot?!"

"You're the idiot, Orin," Anawin sneered.

And then, he smiled. A cruel, knowing smile.

**"You—"**

...

The pungent musty smell that pierced her nose, the chilling wind brushing against her skin, and the eerie atmosphere that surrounded her made Orin gradually regain consciousness. But as she began to awaken, panic set in. The overwhelming darkness felt like a cloth covering her eyes, and her fair wrists were bound tightly behind her back, rendering her almost immobile. Her beautiful lips struggled to call for help, but only muffled sounds escaped as a gag was secured over her mouth. Her heart pounded with fear, and her body trembled uncontrollably.

"Call her family now," a deep, familiar voice rang out, making Orin freeze.

"Don't forget our deal—the cut we agreed on," another voice reminded.

"I know. A man like me, Anawin, keeps his word," the first voice responded.

Orin tried to remain as still as possible, pretending to be unconscious.

Stay still, Orin. Stay calm. They must not know. She repeated these words over and over in her head, beads of sweat forming along her delicate face. She controlled her breathing, keeping it as steady as possible.

"But what should we do with this driver's corpse?"

**Thud!**

The heavyset body of a middle-aged man was thrown onto the cold concrete floor in a pitiful state. Bright red blood trickled from his right temple, and his lifeless eyes, not yet fully closed, stared hauntingly at Anawin, who sat on an old chair.

"Why the hell did you bring the body here? You'll get us all caught!" Anawin snapped in frustration and anger. Who would've thought these idiots would solve the problem by killing the driver? What was supposed to be a simple staged kidnapping to extort money had turned into a disaster.

And the men he had hired—they were downright untrustworthy.

One of them, his body smeared with blood from carrying the corpse, looked absolutely gruesome. And then there was the wide-eyed man with a drugged-out stare—if anything set him off, things could go south fast.

"Forget it. Just call her family now."

"But don't you think ten million is too little? Your family looks rich enough to cough up fifty million each without breaking a sweat," the bloodstained man questioned.

"I don't need that much. I only need ten million—to pay off my gambling debt. That's all."

"Hmm... but isn't it strange? Kidnapping you alone should've been enough for the ransom. Why bring your pretty little sister along?" Another man, puffing on a cigarette, chimed in.

"Heh, what's so strange about it? I just don't want to use the ransom money that comes from her. That's why I brought her—so I could hand her ransom over to you guys. Simple as that."

As soon as Anawin finished speaking, the two thugs burst into laughter.

"I'll never understand rich people. But you, you're pretty high and mighty for a spoiled brat," the cigarette smoker remarked.

Hearing everything, Orin clenched her fists tightly in rage. Her blood boiled with fury, an intense desire surging within her to kill the man she once called her brother with her own hands.

Uncle Chai died because of you. He was a man who had been around since you were born. Don't you feel anything at all?

Orin fought with all her might to hold back the tears threatening to spill.

**But Anawin's foolishness didn't end there—because everything he had planned had already gone completely wrong...**

# Chapter 24: The Twins (Continued)

After Anawin made them take pictures of him tied to a chair alongside Orin, he ordered them to send the pictures to his mother immediately. Then, he had the two burly men call her to threaten her directly.

("Where are my children?! Tell me now!!")

"Calm down, ma'am. Your twin children are with me. If you don't want them to die, bring me sixty million in exchange!" the cunning man said while taking a leisurely drag from his cigarette.

But upon hearing those words, Anawin's eyes widened. "Hey, you—!!"

"

**Shhh.**

You'll get us caught," the other man glared menacingly, and at that moment, Anawin realized they were double-crossing him.

("Fine! Sixty million, right? I'll pay, but let me speak to my son first. I need to know he's unharmed.")

It felt like a knife had been driven through her chest. Orin, listening to the conversation, felt as if time had stopped. The tears she had fought so hard to hold back finally broke free, soaking the cloth that covered her eyes.

"Don't worry, ma'am. If you want to hear your precious son's voice, you better bring the money. And don't even think about calling the police, or you'll never hear your son's voice again," the thug sneered before abruptly hanging up.

"I thought we agreed on just twenty million," Anawin hissed.

"Oops, my bad. Greed got the better of me."

"Ugh, whatever. Just untie me already," Anawin snapped irritably, but his tone seemed to provoke the men's anger.

"Sixty million is a lot. If we split it, it'd be such a waste, don't you think?" One of the thugs turned to his partner.

"Yeah... if we remove the extra share, we get the full amount." A wicked grin spread across his face as they both stepped closer to the helpless young man, tied up just like Orin.

"What the hell are you saying?! Are you betraying me?!" Anawin's deep voice roared in frustration.

"Exactly, rich boy!" And with that, the thug landed a brutal kick to Anawin's stomach, sending him and the chair toppling backward.

"Argh! Oof!" His pained groans filled the room.

"Smart-mouthing us, huh? I've had enough of you!"

The burly thug stomped on Anawin repeatedly, venting his anger without restraint.

The beating didn't stop. Anawin's agonized cries echoed through the dimly lit, decrepit room, as if they didn't care whether he lived or died. It was as though this had been their plan all along—they wouldn't care even if he died.

Hearing her twin brother being beaten mercilessly, Orin couldn't stop her body from trembling. His painful wails continued, sending waves of terror through her. Tears poured down her face again, this time from sheer fear.

"He's not moving... Did we kill him?" the thug mused.

"Forget him. Let's take the girl first. Once we get the money, we'll just kill them all."

"Oh yeah, good idea. You're pretty smart, Toe," the other man chuckled. "Looks like the little twin is waking up."

"Too bad. She's pretty. Don't you think?"

"Stop right there, Wat. Which is more important—money or women?"

"Ugh, fine. Of course, it's the money."

Soon, they pulled the blindfold from Orin's eyes. She blinked, adjusting to the dim, flickering light. The room was old, run-down, the bulb barely working. But what truly made her want to turn away was the sight of her twin brother.

Anawin lay motionless beside her, his face swollen beyond recognition, blood trickling from his mouth and nose. He looked like he could die at any moment.

Nearby, another man, stocky in build, lay completely still in a pool of blood seeping from his skull. The sight was sickening.

"Take her. Someone's here to pay up," the calmer thug ordered, eyes fixed on his phone screen, where a picture of stacks of cash displayed. A cruel smirk crossed his lips.

"Move!" The impatient thug yanked Orin's school uniform harshly, pulling her to her feet. They dragged her out, paying no attention to Anawin's battered, near-lifeless body.

As they walked, Orin caught glimpses of her surroundings—an abandoned building, from the looks of it. Through the corridor's broken windows, she saw darkness outside. Night had already fallen. She had no idea how long she'd been held captive. Her wrists throbbed in pain from struggling against the ropes, and the cloth gag was still tightly secured over her mouth, preventing her from crying out for help.

It wasn't long before they reached the ground floor of the abandoned building. There, she saw her parents standing tensely, fear evident on their faces. In her father's hand was a large, black leather briefcase, undoubtedly filled with an enormous sum of money.

But would they really hand over the money without seeing their beloved son first?

**"In!"**

Both her parents gasped at the sight of her disheveled state. But soon, their worry turned into frustration—where was Anawin?

"Where's my son?!"

"Relax, ma'am. Your son is perfectly safe," one of the thugs replied smoothly.

"Safe? Then why isn't he here?!"

"Oh, come on! Don't you trust us?!" the impatient thug snapped.

"You expect me to trust you? Sixty million, and I only see one of my children? Isn't that unfair?" her father argued, his voice trembling yet defiant.

They were stalling.

**Bang!**

"

**Aah!!**

" Her mother screamed as the gunshot rang out. The terrifying noise made Orin flinch violently, her body trembling anew.

They were serious. They would kill everyone.

She dared not move. One wrong step, and she could be next.

"Give me the money!"

"N-No!! Where's my son?! Bring him here!"

"You stubborn—! Hand over the damn money, or all of you die here!" The thug raised his gun at Orin's mother, who looked moments away from collapsing. Her father instinctively moved to shield her.

**Bang!**

The deafening shot made Orin's ears ring. She squeezed her eyes shut, unwilling to witness the horror unfolding before her.

**Thud!**

The sound of a heavy body hitting the ground.

She dared to open her eyes—and saw the thug who had been standing beside her, lying lifeless on the floor. Blood pooled beneath his head. "This is the police! Drop your weapon and put your hands up!"

The remaining thug, seeing his partner shot dead, quickly surrendered, dropping his gun and raising his hands. Dozens of officers emerged from hiding.

The blood, the corpse, the horror—it was too much. Orin felt like she might faint.

Two officers rushed to arrest and handcuff the remaining thug. Another officer hurried over to untie her.

"Call an ambulance! There's another hostage inside—he's in critical condition!"

A panicked officer shouted, and upon hearing those words, both her parents rushed toward the building.

**Bam!**

Her mother collided into Orin in her hurry, nearly knocking her over. Her father followed closely behind, neither sparing her a single glance.

Not even asking if she was okay.

Not even asking if she was hurt.

But that didn't surprise her. After hearing her mother's voice on the phone earlier, she already knew. The sting of resentment faded away, replaced by an eerie emptiness.

She felt nothing.

No concern. No worry.

Not even a shred of care for her twin brother, who lay on the brink of death.

And then, a dark thought crossed her mind— If Anawin died, that would be even better.

Because all of this happened because of him.

...

**Slap!!**

A strong hand struck Orin's beautiful face, leaving a frighteningly red mark —courtesy of her own father.

"I never thought... that you would do something like this, Orin!!"

Orin, who had just been slapped, slowly raised a trembling hand to her face, overwhelmed by confusion.

After the police arrested the criminal who had taken her hostage, everything took a drastic turn. That man, the one who had threatened her life, pointed straight at her and accused her of orchestrating the entire incident. She had no idea why he said that. Was it because he thought Anawin was dead and wanted to pin everything on her?

It seemed her suspicion was correct because, before he was taken away, he turned back and smirked at her mockingly.

She was going insane from the false accusations. She hadn't done anything. Not a single thing.

"I already told you, I didn't do it!!" she cried out desperately. "Do you really believe the words of a criminal over your own daughter, Father? You don't believe me?!"

"Orin! Stop making excuses. I never thought you would do something like this. That's your brother!"

"My brother? Everything that happened was because of him! Why do I have to suffer for his mistakes?!"

"Orin!" her father roared. "Your brother is lying in a hospital bed, unconscious and gravely injured! And you feel no remorse at all?!"

Her mother, sobbing bitterly, added, "I should never have given birth to you, Orin."

Those words—spoken by her own mother—ignited a fire of rage within her. She was furious. Furious at everything. Furious that her parents refused to believe her. Furious that they had never once given her even a fraction of their love.

"I won't have you arrested, Orin," her father declared coldly. "I'll cover up everything you've done. But you will pay for your crimes. From now on, you are Anawin. You will live as your brother until my son wakes up! And if you try to run... you won't escape prison, Orin."

At that moment, for the first time, she prayed for her brother to wake up.

Days turned into months. Months turned into years. And yet, the person she hated most remained in a coma, unresponsive in his hospital bed.

Her life had flipped upside down. She was forced to transfer schools overnight. From that moment on, the name Orin ceased to exist. Her family fabricated a lie—that she had abruptly gone abroad to study.

Every single day felt like hell. She had to live as Anawin. Talk like him. Eat like him. Attend formal events and meet important people, playing the role of a charming young gentleman—so much so that it made her sick.

She had a presence, yet it was as if she didn't exist. She had been living under her brother's shadow ever since.

She had to enter the country's top university. She had to achieve the highest grades.

All of it... for Anawin.

Then, she met a girl named Nichawee—the person she fell for at first sight.

Every time she looked at Nichawee's gentle face, a warmth filled her heart. Every time she saw that soft smile, it felt like she was being comforted.

Crazy, isn't it? That I fell so deeply in love with her after just one meeting.

And it seemed our feelings were mutual because, eventually, we started dating.

Even though it hurt every time she called me Anawin... that pain vanished the moment she smiled at me.

But it seems that fate was never on my side.

Because just when I was at my happiest...

My brother woke up.

# Chapter 25: Confusion

A luxurious white car glided through the gates of the grand mansion. As soon as it came to a stop, the household staff lined up in an orderly manner, ready to welcome the young lady of the house.

A poised and elegant figure stepped out of the car, her face calm and unreadable. The night sky was dark, but she had been forced to come here at this hour because her mother had been relentlessly calling her. Even turning off her phone hadn't been enough—her mother had sent people to track her down at work.

"Good evening, Miss In," one of the housekeepers greeted her politely.

"Madam is waiting for you in the living room."

"I understand. I'll go there myself. You may all leave."

At her words, the staff immediately dispersed, like machines following a programmed command.

The rules for the household staff were clear: do not get too familiar with the employers, do not be nosy, never disclose family matters to outsiders, and never act beyond their orders. These rules had been put in place after Anawin had fallen into a coma in the hospital. The secret of her disguising herself as him must never be known to anyone.

"Good evening, Mother."

"You finally decided to show your face," her mother sneered.

Ignoring the sharp words, Orin calmly walked over and sat on the sofa. She just had to endure this for a few hours.

"Stay out of the matter regarding the new product."

"This again? We could have talked about this over the phone, you know."

"If I could've discussed it over the phone, I wouldn't have had to send someone after you, In. You kept rejecting my calls."

"We've talked about this so many times, Mother. If you have any concerns, discuss them with Father. What else is there to question?" Orin's voice was steady, but her patience was wearing thin with her mother's refusal to understand.

"Hmph. It's not just about that. You're trying to frame Win for stealing company data, aren't you? Are you that desperate for power? Do you have no dignity at all?"

Orin sat still, listening to her mother's accusations with forced composure, even as anger boiled within her.

"Are you finished?"

"What did you just say?"

"I mean exactly what I said, Mother. Is there anything you don't understand?" Her cold gaze met her mother's, making the older woman falter for a moment.

"I just don't understand, Mother. Why do you go to such lengths to protect your son? I've even questioned whether I'm truly your child. Even when the truth came out—that Win was the one responsible, not me—you still chose to believe in him. Or is it because you feel guilty for wrongly accusing me, and now you're overcompensating by taking his side?"

"Orin! I told you not to bring that up again! And don't even think about taking your brother's position as president!"

"Why not? It's strange, isn't it? Both you and Father know the truth—how Win's gambling addiction led to massive debts, how he was involved in that kidnapping incident. Everyone knows everything—except for him. Why is that? Are you afraid the truth will break his delicate heart?"

Silence.

Lady Arpha clenched her fists, suppressing her anger, avoiding the subject altogether.

"And what about that woman?" she changed the topic. "I heard she's now your secretary."

The moment Orin heard this, her composed expression darkened.

"Why are you bringing this up?"

"I've arranged a matchmaking meeting for you next week with the son of a close acquaintance. He comes from a respectable family and is a doctor. He's the perfect match for our lineage. Compared to that woman, she's not even worth considering."

As soon as her mother finished speaking, Orin's eyes turned cold and sharp. She fixed her gaze on the older woman.

"I apologize, Mother, but I have no interest in the company's presidency. The only thing I want is Vee. And if you dare interfere with my woman, even though you gave birth to me, I won't hesitate to destroy you."

"How dare you threaten me like this? Have you forgotten that she fell in love with you as Anawin? Do you really think she'll accept the real you— Orin?"

...

**Elsewhere...**

Nichawee lay in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. It was almost midnight, yet she couldn't sleep. The image of Khun In's disappointed expression kept haunting her.

Was she mad at her? Normally, Khun In would have sent her a goodnight message by now. But tonight, there was nothing. Not a single text. The whole day had passed without her calling for her at all.

Feeling restless, Nichawee grabbed her phone from the nightstand and checked it again. No messages. No missed calls. Nothing.

Her mind was a tangled mess. She wasn't even sure if she was still angry about that kiss incident. Every time she acted cold towards Khun In, it left a bitter feeling inside her.

Just like now.

She felt afraid. Afraid that Khun In was truly angry. Afraid that she had lost interest in her. Afraid that she might never see that beautiful face again. The anxiety gnawed at her chest, a pain too confusing to describe.

Her fingers hovered over the contact list, repeatedly opening and closing Khun In's name. The time on the screen showed that it was far past her usual bedtime, but her eyes were still wide open, and her mind was filled with nothing but her.

She should be angry. She had every right to be furious. The person she once dated—her 'boyfriend'—had turned out to be a woman disguising herself as a man, deceiving her for nearly two years. But instead of rage, when she learned the truth, she felt... relief. Unlike when she was with Anawin, who had made her feel miserable.

Drowning in confusion, she decided to video call her two closest friends for advice.

After a few rings, they finally picked up.

("What's up? Calling this late?") Saiparn's drowsy voice greeted her.

("Yeah, I was just about to fall asleep.") Baibua added.

"I can't sleep."

("So you called us? Don't tell me this is about that Anawin guy again.") Baibua guessed, hitting the nail on the head.

"..."

("That silence says it all.") Saiparn sighed.

"It's not that... but then again... ugh, I don't know! Khun In isn't Win anymore, but back when we were together, she was! I'm so confused!"

("What is she even saying?") Saiparn muttered, turning to Baibua, who looked just as puzzled. ("I have no idea...")

"I need advice, guys."

("Go ahead. We're listening.") Baibua encouraged.

"If someone you hated—someone you swore you'd enjoy seeing suffer— suddenly ended up being the one causing you pain instead... What does that mean?"

A heavy silence fell before Baibua finally spoke.

("It's... attachment, maybe?")

"Attachment?"

("Yeah. If not, then what else could it be? You have good memories with them, don't you? You miss them, right?")

Those few simple words struck her like lightning. It was the answer she had been searching for.

"Then... how do I break this attachment?"

("Can you even? You've been trying for years. If it hurts this much, maybe you shouldn't.") Saiparn's words hit deep.

("Exactly. If it makes you this miserable, don't force yourself. Just follow your heart. We trust you'll make the right choice.") Baibua assured her.

"And if I make the wrong one?"

("At least you made a choice. How else would you ever know?")

Nichawee chuckled softly. A few minutes ago, she had been on the verge of tears, but now she was smiling at her friends' playful bickering.

She was grateful for them.

So, the saying went—problems were meant to be tackled head-on.

Or was it goals that were meant to be tackled head-on?

Whatever.

She had already made her choice.

# Chapter 26: Pleading

"You called me all the way out here, Vice President. You're not planning to get rid of me, are you?" The tall woman spoke with a chuckle before dropping herself onto the chair.

Meeting her at this secluded beach so late at night, far from the city... how could she not think of the worst? And who was this man beside him? He looked familiar somehow.

"Good evening, Miss Namsai. I'm Opas," the well-groomed man greeted her with a friendly smile.

But something about him still seemed untrustworthy.

The dining table she sat at was the only one in the area, placed under a canopy of sheer fabric, giving an air of exclusivity. The soft glow from the chandeliers and candlelight created a romantic atmosphere.

But for her, given the situation, romance was the last thing on her mind.

"You don't need to worry about what I might do to you, Miss Namsai. Let's continue our unfinished conversation," the Vice President said.

"Hold on a second. The man sitting next to you—do you really plan to discuss something this important with him around?"

As soon as she spoke, Anawin let out a quiet sigh.

"You're such a top-performing employee, yet you don't know who Opas is?"

"What do you mean?" Namsai frowned in confusion as she studied the welldressed man beside Anawin—then suddenly, it clicked. "Opas... the son of the CEO of our rival company?"

"That's right. I'm Opas, son of the chairman of C-On Group."

Opas gave her a small, knowing smile as she sat there, stunned.

"Now, can we get to the point, Miss Namsai? You do want money, don't you?" Anawin interjected.

Namsai hesitated for a moment, her sharp features shifting into a serious expression.

"Yes. As you already know, Vice President, Ms. In threw me out of the company. She even branded me a traitor. Do you really think that's fair to me?"

"And how can I be sure that once you get the money, you won't switch sides and join Orin?"

Hah! After everything I've done for him, he still doesn't trust me? I've been working for him since I first joined the company!

"There's no way I'd ever side with Orin, Vice President."

"Who knows? Money wins everything. If they offer you a better deal, I'm sure you'd betray me without hesitation."

His words made Namsai's expression darken with anger.

Opas, who had been silently observing their conversation, smirked slightly before exchanging a knowing glance with three men positioned not far from them—men ready to carry out a plan to silence her.

"Vice President, are you betraying me?" Namsai's voice turned sharp.

"Betray you? I just don't trust you."

"Don't trust me? That's rich coming from you! I should be the one saying that. I should've known you were this shameless! But it's just as I expected... And if you refuse to pay me, I'll expose everything you've done.

Do you really think I'll go down alone?"

Her confidence and threatening tone did nothing to faze Anawin. Instead, he looked at her with something close to pity.

Does she really not realize what coming here alone means?

Seeing the lack of fear in his eyes, Namsai began to feel uneasy.

Why isn't he scared?

She instinctively glanced around.

"What are you looking for?" Opas asked, his sly smile growing wider.

Her unease intensified. Something about this situation felt very wrong.

"It's getting late. I should leave now. I hope you'll take my words into consideration, Vice President."

Namsai quickly grabbed her bag and stood up, intending to leave immediately.

But as soon as she took a step forward, three strange men blocked her path.

"What is the meaning of this?" she turned to the two men at the table, panic creeping into her voice.

"You brought this on yourself, Miss Namsai. At first, I planned to let you go easily... but then you had to go and threaten us."

Opas rose from his chair and strode toward her with a composed air, his gaze sweeping over her appraisingly.

"You're quite beautiful. Do you have a boyfriend? Do you live with your parents? Any siblings?"

"W-Why are you asking me that?"

"Hmph. No reason. Just... think about the people you love—while you still can."

"W-What...?" Namsai instinctively stepped backward, terror beginning to set in. "It means this."

**BANG!**

**Elsewhere**

A strikingly elegant woman lay slumped over her desk. What should have been a moment of rest after days of nonstop work seemed more like a tormenting nightmare. Despite the cool air-conditioning, sweat beaded on her forehead.

**Knock, knock, knock!**

The knocking on the door did not stir Orin.

"Excuse me, Miss In," a soft voice called before the door opened.

Nichawee entered, holding a stack of documents for her boss to sign. But the moment she stepped in, she saw Orin asleep at her desk.

Should I wake her? Or just leave the papers here and go?

Before coming in, she had already braced herself to see Orin. It had been days since they last spoke. Ever since Namsai was fired, Orin had been avoiding her.

Nichawee hesitated for a moment before approaching the desk. She gently placed the documents down and took a closer look at the sleeping woman.

Her closed eyes... they looked troubled.

Was it the strands of hair covering her face? Or was she having a nightmare?

Without thinking, Nichawee reached out and gently tucked Orin's silky black hair behind her ear. Then, as if drawn in by some unseen force, she leaned in and softly pressed a kiss to Orin's eyelid.

She quickly pulled away, touching her lips with her fingers, her heart pounding.

"What are you doing, Miss Vee?"

Nichawee jolted in shock. Orin was awake, staring at her in confusion.

"Uh... I—I brought documents for you to sign."

Orin glanced down at the papers before picking them up.

"I apologize for my rudeness," she murmured while scanning the documents, not even meeting Nichawee's eyes.

"Here. The documents." She handed them back after signing.

"Thank you..."

Nichawee accepted them quietly, the silence stretching between them. Orin's cold demeanor made her press her lips together.

"Is there anything else you need me to do?"

"No. You can leave."

Orin didn't even look at her, eyes locked on her laptop.

"Have you eaten yet?"

The hesitant question made Orin finally glance up.

"Do you need something, Miss Vee?"

"...No."

"Then go back to work."

Nichawee's heart clenched.

"Are you still angry at me? If it's because of what happened back then, I... I'm sorry."

Silence.

"There's no need to apologize. You had every right to take Namsai's side. I'm just your boss, after all. We have no connection beyond that."

Her words stung more than they should have.

"Go do your work, Miss Vee."

"You hate me now, don't you? Back when we were together... did you never love me at all?" Nichawee's voice trembled as tears welled in her eyes.

Orin's composed face finally faltered.

"You're the cruel one, Orin! You made me fall for you! You took everything —my heart, my body. Was it fun for you?" Nichawee sobbed.

Orin, flustered, quickly put down her documents and grabbed a tissue.

"Please stop crying. I don't like seeing you like this."

"Don't come near me, you heartless person!"

"I'm sorry..."

"I don't want your apology!"

In frustration, Nichawee smacked Orin's hand away.

"I'm sorry... I love you, Vee."

Tears spilled from Orin's eyes as she watched the woman she loved preparing to walk away.

Nichawee froze, staring at her in shock.

"Can we... get back together?" Orin pleaded, tears streaming down her face.

Then—

Soft lips pressed against hers.

**"Yes... Let's be together, Orin."**

# Chapter 27: Yearning

The sounds of ragged breathing and passionate kisses filled the air in Orin's office.

On the long sofa meant for receiving guests, Nichawee lay completely bare, her delicate face flushed from the intoxicating pleasure that the beautiful woman above her was bestowing.

Orin's graceful figure, now just as bare, trailed her hot tongue down the smooth, flat expanse of Nichawee's abdomen, savoring the taste of the woman beneath her with insatiable greed. Before long, she reached the glistening pool of desire, its inviting wetness beckoning her, making it impossible for her to look away.

Without hesitation, she dove in, her tongue delving into the sweet nectar. What started as slow, deliberate licks soon turned into a feverish feast as her self-control unraveled.

"You... Ahh...!"

Nichawee moaned, biting her lip to suppress the shameful sounds threatening to spill out, afraid that the employees outside might hear.

Her soft pink lips pressed tightly together as Orin nipped at her sensitive spot—not hard, but enough to drive her mad.

"Ahh, In, don't bite me like that..."

"I told you not to call me 'Khun In,'" Orin reminded her before delivering a playful yet punishing bite.

"A-ah! In... Don't do that..."

A satisfied smile curled on Orin's lips.

"Good girl. That deserves a reward."

The moment those words left Orin's mouth, Nichawee's eyes widened in shock. Her slim waist arched instinctively, and a sweet moan escaped before she could stop it.

"Ahh... In..."

Orin's slender fingers slid inside the hot, welcoming depths, moving with expertise. Unlike their previous encounters, where pain and tension lingered, this time, there was only overflowing pleasure.

The clear nectar of arousal dripped onto the luxurious leather sofa. Orin didn't care—if it got dirty, she could just replace it. Even though it could be cleaned, she refused to let anyone else sit where her woman had been.

Actually... she could just move the sofa to her condo. That would solve everything.

As the thought crossed her mind, her fingers continued their skillful work.

Seeing Nichawee bite down on her lip to hold back her moans only fueled Orin's desire. She couldn't resist leaning down to nibble on the trembling lips, teasingly at first, before pulling away to admire the sight beneath her. The image was utterly captivating.

"In... more... Ahh, I can't..."

Tears of pleasure welled up in Nichawee's eyes as her body trembled, soft moans slipping out despite her best efforts to contain them. She was utterly adorable.

Orin had forgotten to mention that her office was soundproof. No matter how loudly Nichawee cried out, no one outside would hear. But honestly, watching her try so hard to stay quiet was too endearing.

With that thought, Orin sealed their lips together once more. This time, the kiss was not gentle—it was fierce, demanding, and overwhelming.

Nichawee shuddered under the intensity, her body surrendering completely.

Orin's tongue slipped into her mouth, intertwining with Nichawee's own, tasting and claiming. Their mingled saliva blurred the line between them, melting into one.

One of Orin's hands roamed higher, kneading the soft mounds on Nichawee's chest. She teased the stiffened peaks, eliciting more whimpers and gasps. The slick wetness between Nichawee's thighs only grew, trickling down her inner thighs in a telltale mess.

"Mm... ahh..."

Their passionate exchange continued, the heated sounds of their bodies mingling filling the room. Orin felt the tight walls around her fingers clench, making movement nearly impossible.

Their pace quickened. The sofa trembled under their movements.

The rush of release approached. Nichawee clung to Orin, wrapping her arms tightly around her neck. Their tongues battled desperately while her slender fingers traced down Orin's back, nails digging into her pale skin.

Orin pulled away just slightly, a thin string of saliva still connecting their lips—a sinful sight.

Moments later, Nichawee's back arched off the sofa, her inner walls clamping down, sending her over the edge. A drawn-out moan filled the space as waves of pleasure crashed through her. Her entire body shuddered with bliss, her nails sinking into Orin's back, making her wince at the sharp sting.

Breathless gasps and tiny beads of sweat along Nichawee's hairline were proof of how intense their session had been. Orin smiled in satisfaction. She had finally reclaimed the woman in her arms. Leaning down, she placed a soft kiss on Nichawee's forehead.

"You did so well."

"Stop talking," Nichawee muttered, face burning as she reached up to cover Orin's mouth.

"Can we go again?"

"!?"

"No way! It's still work hours!"

"But I'm not satisfied yet."

"Don't whine! We've been at this since the afternoon."

Seeing Orin's exaggerated pout, Nichawee let out a breathy chuckle. Her clingy lover was back to giving her headaches.

"Of course you don't care. You're already feeling good, so now you're just tossing me aside. How cruel."

"Wh-what are you saying?!"

"It's true! I don't care. I'm not letting you go tonight."

With that, Orin spread Nichawee's legs apart before she could react.

"W-wait! Stop!" Nichawee gasped, eyes widening in alarm.

"I'm not stopping."

Without warning, Orin positioned her body between Nichawee's thighs, pressing their heated cores together before moving in a steady rhythm.

The slick, wet friction between them produced sinful noises that echoed in the room, blending with their breathy moans. Neither cared about anything else, lost in their pleasure until work hours had long since ended...

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**Orin's Condo**

The night was dark, the city streets growing quieter as people retired to bed. But Orin was among the few still awake.

In the dimly lit bedroom, she propped herself up on an elbow, gazing at the woman sleeping soundly in her arms. Love and longing swirled in her eyes.

**Beep! Beep!**

The vibrating of her luxury-brand phone on the nightstand broke the silence, making Orin reluctantly shift her gaze.

Carefully, she slid her arm from under Nichawee's head and quietly stepped out onto the balcony.

"Hello, Jin. What is it?"

Jin—her trusted right-hand man, both a friend and subordinate—spoke on the other end.

"She's... dead? Is that so? Then keep an eye on things. The real fun is about to begin..."

As she ended the call, a cold, sinister smile crept onto Orin's lips.

**"Live your life while you still can, big brother... because soon, I'll tear it apart until there's nothing left."**

# Chapter 28: The Art Café

The slender figure in a sweet pink nightgown lay nestled beneath a thick blanket, seeking warmth from Orin's body as she snuggled close. The scent of roses from Orin's skin only made her sleep sweeter, a gentle smile lingering on her lips as if she never wanted to wake up. Luck seemed to favor the sleepyhead today since it was her day off—she could sleep in as late as she wanted.

Orin, who had been awake for a while, watched the sleeping figure with amusement.

She had slept peacefully last night, free from nightmares, all thanks to the warmth of the person beside her. The baby-powder-like scent that clung to her skin was surprisingly comforting, lulling her into a deep sleep.

Seeing her lover sleep so soundly, Orin suddenly felt the urge to tease. She reached out a finger and poked the perfectly shaped little nose playfully.

The delicate face scrunched up in irritation, eyebrows furrowing as if annoyed, before a small hand lazily swatted away the mischievous finger.

Orin couldn't hold back her giggle. The soft laughter, full of affection, was what finally stirred the sleeping girl awake.

"You're such a tease..." the sleepy voice mumbled, paired with a grumpy pout that Orin found utterly irresistible. She leaned in and pressed a tender kiss on her lover's forehead.

"Good morning. Are you awake now?"

"And whose fault is that?"

"Well, it's almost noon. Time to get up and shower. I'll order us some breakfast."

"Ugh, can't I just sleep a little longer? It's my day off, after all." As she whined, she buried her face against Orin's chest in an attempt to be coddled.

"Weren't you the one who said you wanted to go to the art café?"

The reminder made Nichawee jolt upright, eyes widening in realization.

"Oh my god, that's right!"

"You forgot, didn't you?" Orin teased. "Are you still sure you want to go?"

"Of course I do! I'll go shower right now!" With that, she sprang up from the bed but not before quickly leaning down to plant a peck on Orin's cheek. "Morning kiss."

Orin's cheeks flushed as she shook her head in amusement. Just a while ago, she had been sulking, and now she was acting all sweet and affectionate.

Sometime later, freshly showered and dressed, Nichawee followed the scent of food to the kitchen. There, she found her girlfriend, still in her pajamas, carefully plating the food with a focused expression.

She's so serious about everything—even when plating food, Nichawee thought, watching in admiration.

Despite being dressed so casually, Orin's beauty remained utterly captivating—so much so that Nichawee found herself swallowing hard, unable to look away.

It was hard to believe that her once-neatly-dressed, handsome ex-boyfriend had now become her breathtakingly gorgeous girlfriend. She was so stunning that Nichawee could stare at her all day with pride.

"In?"

Orin, who had just grabbed a bottle of water to pour into a glass, paused at the sound of her girlfriend's voice.

"Hm? What is it?"

"I'll take care of the rest. You should go shower and get ready."

"It's fine. I just need to pour some water—"

"Nope. Go now. Or I'll get mad."

Orin chuckled at the faux threat. "Alright, alright, I hear you, my beautiful girlfriend." Then, before Nichawee could react, she stole a quick peck on her lips and dashed away toward the bathroom, leaving her flustered and blushing.

"In! You little—!" she yelled after the retreating figure, who simply laughed in response.

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After finishing breakfast, Orin drove them to the art café, which was located quite a distance from the city. Nichawee had been wanting to visit this place for a long time but never had the chance due to the distance. But today, thanks to her wonderful girlfriend, she was finally here.

The moment she arrived, she was in awe of how serene and beautiful the café was. It looked amazing in pictures, but in real life, it was even more breathtaking. She had to hold herself back from screaming in excitement.

She grabbed Orin's hand and practically dragged her towards the outdoor seating under a large tree.

"You don't have to run like that. You might trip," Orin warned with a chuckle.

"I have to! What if someone else takes this spot?"

Orin shook her head, amused. With so few people around, the chances of that happening were slim.

Once they were seated, the staff brought over a set of painting materials— watercolors, brushes, and sheets of paper—filling the table with art supplies.

While waiting for their drinks and desserts, they both quietly focused on their paintings, no conversation passing between them.

Nichawee occasionally stole glances at her girlfriend as she sketched, studying Orin's sharp features—the elegant arch of her brows, her perfectly shaped nose, and those soft, full lips that had kissed her countless times before. Everything about her was utterly captivating.

At one point, Orin's eyebrows furrowed, her expression turning frustrated. Seeing her girlfriend looking so disgruntled made Nichawee chuckle.

"You look stressed. Something wrong with your painting?"

"No, it's just... painting really isn't my thing."

"Oh? Let me see."

"No, no, it's fine."

Orin's hesitant tone only made Nichawee more curious. It was rare to see her so unsure of herself, and she found it adorable.

"Please? Pretty please, my love?"

The endearment made Orin freeze for a moment before pressing her lips into a thin line. Reluctantly, she turned her sketchbook around to reveal her drawing.

Ah. Some things never change.

Nichawee barely held back a laugh as she tried to decipher what she was looking at. Was it a bear? A dog? What was it supposed to be?

"It's... cute. Is it a bear?"

"...It's a hippo."

A hippo?! Nichawee's eyes widened in shock. She had been way off.

"Is it really that bad...?" Orin's voice turned small, her usually confident face dropping into a dejected expression.

Panic immediately set in for Nichawee.

"N-no! It's really cute! It's like... a modern hippo! A fusion between a bear and a hippo, you know?"

"...Fusion?"

Orin burst out laughing.

Of course, she knew her art skills were terrible, but seeing her girlfriend try so hard to compliment her ridiculous drawing was just too endearing.

Just like before—Vee was always kind to her.

# Chapter 29: That Photograph

After returning from the art café, time had passed until the evening. Today, Nichawee decided to invite In to stay over at her house.

In immediately agreed, seeming eager to stay at her house. It looked like she genuinely wanted to meet her mother too. Back when In was still disguised as "Win," she had been very close to her mother—so much so that she became her mother's favorite, while Nichawee herself felt like an outcast.

Before heading home, they stopped by a roadside market to buy ingredients for dinner. As expected, In was the one who paid for everything.

By the time they arrived home, it was already getting dark. The luxurious car turned into Nichawee's house, and as soon as they arrived, memories of the past began to flood back. Nichawee's home was neither too big nor too small; it was a cozy, medium-sized house.

And it was the kind of home she had always dreamed of sharing with In...

"Hello, Auntie," Orin greeted Nichawee's mother with a warm smile. The woman in front of her still looked the same.

"Hello, dear. You must be In, Vee's girlfriend."

"W-What?" Orin turned to look at Nichawee in confusion. She hadn't expected her mother to already know about their relationship.

"I told her myself," Nichawee said, grinning.

"I don't mind at all that you two are together," her mother continued. "And by the way, just call me 'Mom.' No need to be formal."

"U-Uh... okay... Mom..." Orin replied awkwardly, her face turning pink with embarrassment. Seeing her like this made both Nichawee and her mother smile fondly—she looked so adorable.

"At first, I was surprised that Vee had a girlfriend," her mother admitted. "But now I see why—In, you're absolutely stunning! Even prettier than the actresses on my favorite shows."

"I'm really not that beautiful," Orin said modestly. "Besides, you're still very beautiful yourself, Mom."

"Oh my, this girl has quite the sweet tongue!" Nichawee's mother laughed, playfully patting Orin's arm.

"Mom, how long are you going to keep flirting with my girlfriend? My legs are tired, and my hands are full of groceries!"

"Can't I admire In's beauty just a little longer? It's not every day I meet someone this gorgeous."

"But Mom, you see someone beautiful every day!"

"..."

"Me, of course! I'm your beautiful daughter!"

"Alright, alright. Let's go inside before In gets too tired."

With that, her mother took Orin's hand and led her into the house, completely ignoring Nichawee.

"Hey! Don't steal my girlfriend, Mom!" Nichawee shouted after them, refusing to back down.

Before long, Orin and Nichawee were in the kitchen preparing dinner. Nichawee was assigned to chop vegetables, though it quickly became a struggle. Orin, watching anxiously, found herself too worried to focus on anything else.

"Vee, let me do it. You should go watch TV with Mom."

"No way! If I leave, you'll have to cook everything by yourself. If we work together, it'll be done faster. And besides, I'm not even that interested in TV."

"Alright... but let me help you then—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Nichawee shot her a warning glare.

"So you don't trust me, huh?"

"It's not like that!"

"Then go back to your task. I can handle this. Otherwise, dinner will never be ready."

"..."

"Okay, okay... I get it."

Defeated, Orin quietly returned to her task, afraid that if she kept arguing, Nichawee would get upset and ignore her.

Still, as she tended to the soup, she kept stealing glances at the other girl. Each time, Nichawee would catch her and shoot another sharp look, making Orin quickly avert her gaze.

Finally, they finished cooking.

They called Nichawee's mother to join them for dinner. The three of them ate while watching her mother's favorite drama. Seeing Orin smiling and chatting with her mother made Nichawee's heart feel lighter.

But when she thought about it, Orin had always been like this—kind and warm, ever since she first started working with her.

Even though she often put on a serious or intimidating face with others, she was always soft and gentle with Nichawee.

It made her feel... special.

She couldn't help but feel a little happy about that.

Her mother, on the other hand, seemed to have realized that In looked just like Win—the disguise In had used in the past. But she didn't say anything. She didn't press for answers or ask any uncomfortable questions. It was as if she was waiting for them to speak on their own terms.

Just like before. Back when Nichawee had broken up with In the first time, her mother hadn't pushed for details. She had simply waited.

She was lucky.

Lucky to have people around her who supported her—her family, her friends.

She was truly lucky.

After finishing dinner, she and In turned in for the night, while her mother stayed behind to continue watching her favorite drama, which was nearing its finale.

"You're so cute! This is the first time I've seen you in an outfit like this," Nichawee couldn't help but lift her phone and snap a photo of the beautiful young woman in a pink Hello Kitty pajama set.

"Stop taking pictures already, Vee!"

"Opportunities like this don't come often. I need to keep it as a memento." If she ever felt stressed, looking at this picture would surely cheer her up.

But she also wanted to see the other woman in something a bit more... seductive.

"Oh! Let me brush your hair for you."

Saying that, Nichawee got up from the soft bed and went to grab a hairbrush from the vanity table.

"I'll get it," Orin offered gently, making Nichawee simply nod in agreement and return to her seat on the bed.

When Orin reached the vanity, she searched for the brush for a moment before spotting it. However, as she reached out, something caught her attention—the photo frame lying face-down beside it. It seemed intentionally placed that way by the room's owner. Instead of grabbing the brush, she picked up the small frame and set it upright.

Seeing the photograph inside, she fell silent.

It was a picture of a young man and woman in university uniforms sitting together, with the woman hugging the man's arm intimately. She had the same picture in her own room.

...A picture of her and Vee from when they were dating.

And yes, every time she saw it, she felt irritated. It was like staring at an image of the person she loved... but with her own older brother.

"What are you doing? Can't find it?" Nichawee approached the woman standing still in front of the vanity and hesitated slightly when she saw the picture.

"..."

"You don't like it?"

Orin nodded in response.

"But it's a picture of us."

"...Because the person in the picture... it feels like it's not me anymore," Orin murmured, her face clouded with sadness, which Nichawee immediately picked up on.

"Well then..."

Without hesitation, Nichawee took the photo frame and walked straight to the small trash bin by the door. Then, she tossed it in without a second thought.

Orin's mouth fell open in shock. She hadn't expected the other woman to discard it so decisively.

"Why do you look so surprised?" Nichawee chuckled at the stunned expression.

"You didn't have to go that far..."

"How could I not? You don't like it. Or would you rather I keep it?"

Orin pressed her lips together, unable to answer.

"I don't want to keep anything that makes you uncomfortable," Nichawee said softly. "Do you know that when you looked at that picture with that sad expression, I really didn't like it?"

She gently took Orin's hand in hers and smiled reassuringly.

"Let's just take a new one together, okay?"

Orin nodded slightly, a sweet smile blooming on her lips.

Then, Nichawee's soft pink lips met Orin's in a delicate kiss.

What started as a tender exchange soon ignited into something more passionate.

Nichawee's slender arms wrapped around Orin's neck, her fingers threading through silky strands of dark hair, tugging playfully as if urging her on.

Orin didn't hesitate. With practiced ease, she swiftly unbuttoned the other woman's Mickey Mouse pajama top and gently pushed her down onto the plush mattress. Their lips never parted.

When Nichawee landed on the bed, she let out a small gasp of surprise, but it was quickly forgotten as she focused on the woman above her.

Before she knew it, her long pajama pants had been removed, leaving only the delicate pastel lingerie covering her most intimate areas.

Her gaze flickered to Orin, whose clothes were still intact. That was unfair.

"You're cheating. You should take yours off too," she huffed.

"..."

Seeing her lover's slight pout, Orin smirked and relented, stripping away her own cutesy sleepwear. She discarded every last piece, even her undergarments, until her bare, flawless skin was exposed to Nichawee's hungry gaze.

"Now I'm done," she murmured, eyes dark with amusement. "That just leaves you."

She flicked her gaze toward the two remaining articles of clothing still covering Nichawee's body.

"Let me take care of that for you," Orin whispered.

"..."

Nichawee said nothing, only lying there with a deepening flush on her face, her lips pressed together in anticipation.

Not wasting another second, Orin lowered her face to Nichawee's sensitive area, gripping the edge of her lacy underwear with her teeth and dragging it down ever so slowly, teasing her every step of the way.

Once the fabric was gone, Orin's gaze darkened with longing as she stared at the glistening, tempting sight before her.

Unable to resist, she parted Nichawee's thighs and leaned in to taste her.

A loud moan escaped Nichawee's lips before she hurriedly clapped a hand over her mouth. She didn't want her mother to hear such embarrassing noises.

Orin smirked wickedly at the sight.

Let's see how long you can hold out.

With that, she slid her hot tongue inside, eliciting another strangled cry from the woman beneath her. Nichawee's hands clutched at the bedsheets, her body arching as pleasure overtook her.

She tried to stifle her sounds, but when Orin took her swollen bud between her lips and sucked, she lost the battle entirely.

The wet sounds of Orin's tongue greedily lapping at her echoed through the room, filthy and obscene. Nichawee could hear everything, and it made her cheeks burn even more.

Orin, seemingly enjoying herself, devoured the sweet nectar spilling out, savoring every drop like it was the most addictive drug.

"Ahh... ah... In... I-I can't—"

Nichawee whimpered, her toes curling, her body trembling violently as the coil inside her finally snapped.

Her release gushed out in waves, and Orin eagerly drank it all up. Some of it spilled onto the bedsheets, leaving visible stains, but she barely paid it any mind.

Completely spent, Nichawee collapsed onto the mattress, panting heavily, her eyes fluttering closed.

But she didn't get to rest for long.

A sudden warmth against her still-sensitive core jolted her awake.

Blinking dazedly, she looked down—only to see Orin pressing her own arousal against her.

She barely had time to react before the other woman leaned down, eyes glinting mischievously.

"Don't fall asleep just yet, love," Orin purred, rubbing against her teasingly.

"We're not done until I've had my turn."

And so, the marathon of love continued until the break of dawn.

# Chapter 30: Lover

**A nightclub in the heart of the city**

"This way, you guys!" A clear voice shouted to her two best friends, trying to be heard over the booming music.

"Pan, I found Vee already." Baibua nudged her petite friend, who was busy looking at the men and women dancing seductively on the dance floor, her eyes fixated without blinking.

"Huh? What?"

"Oh, come on! Are you checking out guys? Let's go before you wander off after one!" Finishing her sentence, Baibua quickly dragged her tiny friend away before she could get distracted.

The table that Nichawee had reserved today was in a relatively private section of the club. It was tucked away in the farthest corner, so far that one couldn't see the men dancing seductively—something that made Saipan slightly disappointed.

"What's with that face, Pan?" Nichawee asked when she saw her friend looking utterly bored since sitting down.

"Don't mind her. She's just sulking because she can't see the hot guys."

"Ugh, can you blame me?"

"I'm sorry then, for choosing this table."

"Too late! You're paying for the drinks tonight as compensation for picking a bad table!"

"Fine, fine, I'll pay." As soon as she said that, her sulky friend instantly beamed.

"Good! That's my bestie!"

Nichawee sighed deeply in resignation. Looks like her wallet was going to be empty again tonight.

"By the way, the reason you called us here today... don't tell me it's about your recurring ex again?" Baibua asked, eyes gleaming with curiosity.

"...." Nichawee nodded in response.

"I knew it! Why can I never get the lottery right, but I can always guess this?"

"Oh please, Bua. Anyone could guess. Vee's life only revolves around two things—her ex or her mom."

"True that. Her whole life is just those two topics."

Why do I feel like they're secretly insulting me?

"Listen, guys. The reason I called you here today was just to tell you that... I have a lover now. That's all."

"!?" Saipan and Baibua, who had been chatting among themselves, immediately snapped their heads toward Nichawee in unison, nearly straining their necks.

"Are you serious?" Saipan asked in shock.

"Congratulations! You finally got over that nightmare of an ex! So, who's the new lover? Is he handsome?" Baibua questioned eagerly.

"...Not handsome."

"Eh?" Both friends exclaimed in unison.

"But beautiful..."

"Huh!?" This time, both Saipan and Baibua widened their eyes and froze.

Did their friend just change her preference from handsome men to beautiful women!?

"Uh... is this for real? Or is today April Fool's Day?"

"I'm not lying. You guys know I hate lying."

Was it really that shocking that she was dating a woman?

"I was wondering why your aura was radiating so much love today." Baibua smirked teasingly.

"Aura? What are you talking about?" Nichawee asked in confusion.

"Oh, come on—this!" Baibua pointed at the reddish mark on Nichawee's neck with a mischievous grin.

"!?"

Realizing what her friend was referring to, Nichawee immediately covered the mark with her hand, recalling the person responsible for it.

**In... It was In who did this! I told her not to leave any marks!**

"Oh my god, Vee! I can't believe you're this wild! Can I be your disciple?" Saipan practically screamed in excitement, prompting Baibua to quickly cover her mouth. Other tables were starting to glance over.

Suddenly, a worried expression clouded Nichawee's soft features. She bit her lip as if she wanted to say something, which her two friends immediately noticed.

"What's with that anxious look? You look like you're trying to hold in a fart. Just go to the bathroom if you need to!"

"Bua! No! I just..."

"Just what?" Both Baibua and Saipan looked at her expectantly.

"The truth is... my lover is actually my same old ex. But now, she's a woman."

"!!?"

"What? Your ex? How? Win? Did he dress as a woman or transition?" Saipan asked, utterly confused.

Baibua, too, looked just as bewildered. The urge to drink had vanished. Now, she just needed some aspirin for the impending headache.

"You guys don't have to look so shocked..."

**How could we not be, Vee!? You just said your ex is now a woman!**

"The person I'm dating now is 'Orin', the same ex and now my current lover. Back then, she was disguised as Win. At first, I was confused, but she had her reasons for doing it."

Nichawee spoke with a smile, but her two friends were frozen, eyes wide, struggling to even lift their glasses of amber-colored liquor.

"Are you guys still confused? I can explain again."

"No, no, we got it. Even if Win—er, I mean,Orin—didn't have a reason for what she did, I never thought you'd take her back so easily." Baibua said.

"...At first, I didn't want to accept it. But... I already love her. What else can I do?"

"Wow. I really admire you. That's pretty amazing." Saipan said, clapping her hands in mock praise.

As they talked, Nichawee told them everything that had happened between her and Orin—from their first meeting at the company to the moment they decided to become lovers. She shared the struggles, the obstacles, and the countless troubles they faced.

While listening, Saipan and Baibua noticed something. Nichawee's expression was different. Her smile, her eyes—it all looked free, unburdened. Unlike before, she wasn't carrying the weight of sorrow anymore. That was enough to make them happy.

But just as the three of them were enjoying their conversation...

A handsome man suddenly approached their table, sitting beside Nichawee with an air of familiarity, showing no regard for manners.

"What are you girls talking about? Sounds fun," Anawin smiled sweetly at Nichawee.

"You... what are you doing here?"

"Come on, Vee. Don't be like that. We used to date, remember?"

**"Heh."**

Nichawee smirked. Did he still not realize? That she knew everything now?

Saipan was about to curse him out, but Nichawee stopped her.

"If you have something to say, just say it here."

"Then let's talk outside, just the two of us. Somewhere private."

"Here is fine. I don't trust you."

"Alright then. I came to apologize... for leaving you back then."

Anawin put on a pained expression as if he were about to cry. But to Nichawi, it was so fake she wanted to laugh.

"I still love you, Vee. Can we get back together? Not a single day has passed that I haven't loved you."

Just earlier, you were looking down on me.

Saipan and Baibua exchanged exhausted looks. If they hadn't known the whole story, they might've actually felt sorry for him.

"Please, Vee. Let's be together again."

Nichawee was about to tell him off when—

**"Are you done babbling?"**

"!?"

"In!?" Nichawee's eyes widened.

Everyone at the table froze as the newcomer stood with an icy expression, exuding an intimidating aura.

"You... how are you here!?"

"I came to protect my lover. Who lets their partner go clubbing alone at night?"

"Lover? What do you mean?" Anawin stood up, glaring.

"Exactly what I said. We're together."

"And we always have been," Nichawee added, hugging Orin's arm.

"You knew everything...?"

"Yes. Everything."

"Orin! That was a family secret! How could you tell her?"

"Why keep a secret that doesn't benefit me?"

"WHAT!?"

Orin smirked coldly.

"Get ready, brother... I'm going to ruin your life."

# Chapter 31: The Trump Card

**Parking Lot**

Anawin slammed his car door shut and got inside, punching the steering wheel in frustration. His anger was boiling over, but the moment he recalled Orin's threat, anxiety crept in.

Orin wouldn't just throw out empty threats. The look in her eyes—those were the eyes of someone dead serious. She must have something on him, something that could be used against him.

Or could it be...!?

Realization struck, and Anawin quickly dialed Opas with urgency.

The call was answered after a few rings.

("Hello? What's the emergency? Calling me this late...")

"Opas, do you know who I ran into today? I think she knows! That must be why she threatened me!"

("What? Calm down and explain.")

"It's Orin! She must have found out about the company's leaked information. And about Namsai, too!" Anawin raked his fingers through his hair, stress consuming him.

("Are you sure? Maybe Orin was just bluffing. She couldn't possibly know, could she? I mean, all the evidence... it's turned to ash at the bottom of the ocean.")

"You clearly don't know Orin well enough. That woman is insane, and she never speaks without reason.

**She's serious about this.**

"

After hanging up, Anawin sat there, his mind swirling with worry. Unlike him, Opas seemed oddly relaxed, treating this as if it were just some minor issue.

He regretted ever teaming up with that fool. At first, he thought Opas was smart, but in the end, he was just a reckless idiot who never thought things through.

Anawin clutched his head, deep in thought.

This time, he had to win—just like last time.

His position as the company president must not be shaken. That title had been his from the start, and he wouldn't let it fall into the hands of his insignificant little sister.

She should've just stayed quiet like she used to. Everything was fine when she remained invisible. But ever since she started working at the company, she had been opposing him—working harder than necessary, standing out too much. And for some reason, their father kept giving her all the major projects.

At first, he planned to use Nichawee to extract information from Orin, but it seemed that woman already knew everything.

Could it be...?

Did she also know about the kidnapping?

Anawin bit his nails, his eyes flickering with fear. His usual confident façade as vice president was crumbling.

**Should he just get rid of Orin for good?**

...

**At Orin's Condo**

The atmosphere in the living room was tense. Orin sat on the luxurious sofa, arms crossed, her soft features slightly hardened with irritation. She fixed a sharp gaze on the beautiful woman sitting across from her—one who seemed prepared for the scolding she was about to receive.

"How did you know I was at the club?" Nichawee asked.

"..."

"Don't stay quiet. Answer me now."

"...I followed you."

"..."

"I don't trust Anawin these days. If he loses control, nothing will be able to stop him."

"You could have just told me if you wanted to come along." Nichawee scolded, making Orin fall silent. The sharpness in her lover's tone stung, causing Orin's expression to turn slightly somber.

"Sorry... I was just worried about you. If I had asked and you refused, what was I supposed to do?"

Orin slowly moved closer, sitting beside Nichawee and wrapping her arms around her in an attempt to appease her. It seemed to work, as the annoyance on Nichawee's face softened.

"Forget it."

Seeing Orin's dejected face, she couldn't stay mad. Orin was just worried. She was afraid Anawin might retaliate and try to hurt her, especially after Orin had provoked him so recklessly.

"What you said to him... are you sure it won't come back to bite you?" "Hm? Don't worry about that. This will all be over soon."

Nichawee frowned.

"You sound so confident... But what if it doesn't end? What if your brother doesn't back down and comes after you? Won't you be in danger?" Her face was filled with concern.

They had finally gotten to be together... If anything happened to Orin—

"I told you, don't worry." Orin grasped Nichawee's delicate hand tightly, trying to ease her fears.

"But..."

*Press!*

Before Nichawee could say more, Orin pressed a soft kiss against her lips.

"I still have a trump card. And it's a Joker, no less." Orin smirked, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

"A trump card?"

"Yes. You'll see soon enough."

Seeing how confident Orin was, Nichawee began to feel a little more at ease. She couldn't resist the urge to capture that smug, beautiful face in another kiss.

"You're smiling, Vee."

Though surprised at the sudden attack, Orin surrendered, closing her eyes and melting into the sweet touch.

What started as a gentle kiss quickly turned into something more passionate. Their tongues danced in an unyielding battle, neither willing to back down. After a while, Nichawee pulled away, only to push Orin down onto the plush sofa.

Orin's black dress, its short hem revealing her pale, flawless skin, only made her all the more irresistible. Nichawee found herself mesmerized—no matter how many times she looked, she could never get enough.

But what truly annoyed her wasn't the fact that Orin had followed her. It was the fact that Orin had gone to that club *dressed like this*

.

Did she not realize how many people had been ogling her? Their eyes were practically devouring her whole. It was infuriating.

Back in school, when Orin used to dress as a man, Nichawee had fended off countless girls who had fallen for her. She had even gotten into fights because of it.

Now, she had to fend off both men *and* women.

"Vee... You're still mad at me?"

"Yes! I'm still mad!"

"What do I have to do to make you forgive me?"

"Hmph. You'll have to accept your punishment." A sly smile crept onto Nichawee's lips.

Soon enough, soft moans filled the room as red marks and bite prints spread across Orin's flawless skin. There was hardly a spot left untouched.

The punishment lasted the entire night, leaving Orin utterly spent.

# Chapter 32: The Trump Card (Continued)

Several days later at the company, today was the day Orin had summoned everyone for an important meeting. Even her father had been called in.

Inside the large conference room, a heavy silence hung in the air as everyone awaited the topic of discussion from the woman known as the only daughter of the company's chairman. There wasn't a single murmur, as it was rare for this beautiful woman to call a meeting with the executives. It had to be something extremely important.

Orin sat beside her father, who occupied the head of the table. By her side, Nichawee was seated as well. Her beautiful eyes fixated on her twin brother sitting quietly across from her, a cold smile forming on her lips. Sitting in silence like this—he must have realized by now what was coming for him today.

"Good afternoon, everyone. Today, I'm here to expose—oh, wait, I mean to *reveal*

—the person responsible for selling our company's information to our competitors."

"!?"

As soon as the topic was announced, the room erupted in murmurs and hushed discussions, growing into a chaotic buzz. No one had expected such a revelation.

**Bang!**

**"Silence!"**

The one who slammed the table wasn't just anyone—it was the chairman himself. His face was dark with fury, instantly plunging the entire room into silence once more.

"You've identified the culprit, haven't you, Orin? Who is it? Tell me—who dares to challenge me like this?!" the chairman thundered, his voice brimming with anger.

Orin grinned.

"Calm down, Mr. Chairman. In just a few moments, we'll all know the truth."

With that, she turned to give a nod to Nichawee, who sat beside her.

Receiving the signal, the slender woman walked over to set up the projector, connecting it to a laptop— *his* laptop.

Once the connection was secured, she opened a folder containing irrefutable evidence of the true traitor. The images now displayed on the giant screen silenced the entire room. Then, as one, everyone turned their heads toward the young man sitting next to the chairman—including the chairman himself, who looked at his beloved son in utter disbelief.

The images on the screen captured Anawin speaking with Ophat and Namsai inside a VIP section of a club—a private setting, yet one that had still been caught on camera.

"Just from these pictures, you're accusing me of being the traitor? Isn't that a bit much? At the time, I was merely discussing business, like any other businessman," Anawin said, feigning calmness.

"Discussing business?" Orin scoffed. "With a known company mole like Namsai and the son of our biggest competitor? And not just once or twice— numerous times. At fine dining restaurants, hotels,

**even a private meeting at a secluded beach...**

"

"W-what!?" Anawin blurted out in shock, visibly rattled by that last revelation.

He abruptly stood up, pointing a shaking finger at Orin. "Don't accuse me without proof, Orin! You're only doing this because you hate me, aren't you?"

"Yes, I hate you," she admitted coolly, "but I'm not falsely accusing you. Everything I've shown is the truth."

His angry expression, the panic in his eyes, the sweat forming along his hairline—his guilt was written all over his face.

Even those in the room could see it clearly. The young vice president was lying. Yet, they remained silent, knowing that the chairman's fury was reaching its peak. The tension in the room was suffocating.

Some executives, those who had ties with Anawin, sat stiffly, their faces drained of color. If Anawin was exposed, they would surely fall with him.

"If you still insist that I'm falsely accusing you, then allow me to introduce a witness who will expose all of your dirty secrets," Orin continued.

"What!?"

Moments later, the projector screen displayed an outgoing video call. The ringtone echoed through the room, matching the erratic thumping of Anawin's heart.

His instincts screamed at him—whoever was on the other end of that call could utterly destroy him.

Then, the call was answered.

The moment he saw the face on the screen, Anawin staggered back as if all strength had drained from his body.

"H-how is this possible? How are you here!?"

The video feed revealed a familiar woman dressed in a hospital gown. Her face was pale, her expression exhausted—but upon seeing the panicstricken man who had nearly ended her life, a smirk of satisfaction curled her lips.

"It's been a while, hasn't it, Vice President?"

**"Namsai!?"**

**...**

**A Few Days Earlier**

Back then, Orin had ordered Jin, her trusted right-hand man, to keep an eye on Namsai. She was sure Anawin would try to meet with her again.

And she was right.

He had indeed arranged another meeting with Namsai—this time, bringing along Ophat, the son of their competitor's chairman. It wasn't surprising; Orin had already suspected the two were working together. She had even sent her people to tail Anawin, uncovering everything he had been up to.

But even if this evidence was revealed, would those two really face prison time? After all, Anawin and Ophat were both heirs to their respective family businesses.

That was why she needed more proof—enough to expose every last detail of their corruption.

And the deeper she dug, the darker the truth became.

Especially about Ophat—he wasn't just involved in corporate espionage. He was knee-deep in

*every*

shady business imaginable: illegal gambling dens, money laundering, and countless other crimes.

It was astonishing how he had managed to avoid consequences for so long.

But despite having all this information, gathering solid, undeniable evidence was a challenge. His security measures were too tight—if she sent anyone in carelessly, they would be the ones who got caught.

Then, fate handed her an unexpected opportunity.

Anawin and Ophat had been reckless—far too reckless. If they wanted to dispose of someone, doing it in an open location like a beach was beyond foolish. Was it arrogance or sheer stupidity?

And they didn't even shoot to kill.

They had left Namsai bleeding out in the ocean, assuming she wouldn't survive. But Orin's men had been watching. The moment Namsai hit the water, they rushed in, rescuing her and getting her to a hospital.

She had barely survived—two gunshot wounds to the abdomen. But luck, or perhaps sheer resilience, had kept her alive.

...

**Back to the Present**

"Namsai!?"

"I'm honored, Vice President, that you still remember me. Do you also remember what you did to me? If not, don't worry—I'd be happy to remind you."

"W-what are you trying to do, Namsai? If it's money you want, name your price!" Anawin shouted desperately.

"

*Hah.*

It's too late for that. You betrayed me, so now I'll do the same to you—with everyone here as witnesses." And with that, Namsai began exposing *everything.*

The embezzlement, the collaborators, the business ties with criminals—she laid it all bare. But the final blow? She exposed *everything* about Ophat's illegal empire.

Videos, audio recordings, photos, documents—every last piece of evidence she had meticulously gathered without anyone realizing.

Even Orin was momentarily stunned. How had Namsai managed to collect

*all* of this without getting caught? Was it pure luck? Or was she simply *that* good at playing the game?

# Chapter 33: Show Off

Not long after the entire truth was revealed, the police stormed into the conference room in full force. And it wasn't just anyone who had called them—it was her. She had called them to arrest her own brother, who was now in a frenzied state, completely out of his mind.

"Dad! Help me! I didn't do it! Dad!!"

"Enough, Win! This isn't the first time you've done something like this. Who do you think has been covering for you and cleaning up your mess from eight years ago?"

"You knew, Dad?"

"You really think I didn't? I'm not stupid. I trusted you. I hoped you wouldn't do this again. But what happened? You caused me trouble once more! Remember this, Win—there won't be a second chance. I won't clean up after you ever again!"

"No, no! Dad, you can't do this to me! I'm your son! I'm the sole heir to AL Group! Everything I've done can't go to waste like this!"

His desperate screams filled the room.

His eyes, burning with rage, were locked onto Orin with an intensity that looked as if he wanted to kill her. But she wasn't the least bit afraid. On the contrary, she gave him a smug, triumphant smile.

Win, I don't know when you became like this. I don't know if you've always been this way. And I don't even know if I ever truly loved you. Maybe, from the very beginning... I hated you.

Because even now, as my own brother is being handcuffed and taken away, I don't feel a shred of sorrow. Instead, I feel like laughing. I feel relieved.

Lost in her thoughts, she suddenly felt warmth envelop her right hand. She turned to see Nichawee gently holding her hand, looking at her with concern.

"In, are you okay?"

"Don't worry about me."

Orin squeezed the delicate hand slightly, hoping to ease the other woman's worries.

The news of a young businessman's arrest spread like wildfire online, topping the trending charts on popular apps. And it wasn't just one businessman, but two—both sons of a renowned corporation and both previously considered the next in line for the company's presidency. Now, the position would surely fall into the hands of the younger sibling.

"How could you do this to your brother, In?!"

The heart-wrenching cries of Madam Arpa echoed through the mansion as she learned about her beloved son's arrest.

The atmosphere in the grand house was tense and suffocating.

"Calm down, my dear," her husband tried to console her.

"How can I be calm?! That's our son! Do you not feel sorry for him? And the person who called the police was our daughter!"

"So, this is my fault?" Orin asked coldly. "Tell me, in what way was I wrong?"

**Slap!**

"You still don't realize?! Do you feel no guilt for what you've done to your brother?!"

Orin raised a hand to touch her cheek where her mother had struck her.

Instead of anger, she simply sighed, exasperated.

"If you think I was wrong, go ask Win yourself. The police should still be allowing visitors."

"You—!!"

"Stop provoking your mother, In!" her father scolded.

Orin immediately fell silent. She looked at her mother, who had collapsed onto the floor, being comforted by her father.

"If that's all, I'll be going now," she said indifferently.

Neither of them seemed to hear her. They were too preoccupied with their grief.

Without looking back, Orin walked away. The road ahead wouldn't be easy, but at least now, she had someone waiting for her at the end of it.

...

**A few days later...**

The chaos following Anawin's arrest had finally settled. At first, the company was in turmoil since several executives who had conspired with him were also taken into custody—including Nam Sai. But despite the initial upheaval, everything was quickly stabilized within just a few days, thanks to the company's sharp and beautiful new leader—who just so happened to be Orin's beloved girlfriend.

These days, they spent more and more time together. Nichawee had moved into Orin's condo, while Orin also had some of her belongings at Nichawee's house. Even at work, they were practically inseparable, and it didn't take long for the employees to start suspecting that the two of them were in a relationship.

("I can't believe your story with Orin is straight out of a soap opera,") her petite friend on the other end of the video call teased.

Nichawee laughed softly, kicking her legs playfully on her pink bedsheet.

"I wouldn't mind if they made a drama about it," she joked.

("Hmm, that does sound interesting!")

Seeing her friend's serious expression on the screen, Nichawee couldn't help but giggle.

"You're actually considering it, aren't you?"

("I think it's a solid idea. But enough about that—we should be celebrating! Our gorgeous friend is officially taken!")

("Yes! Party time! And you better bring Orin along!")

"Sounds fun. I'll bring my stunning girlfriend along so you two can be jealous."

("Ugh, please.") Both Saipurn and Baibua groaned at the same time, rolling their eyes in mock annoyance.

("By the way, where is your 'beloved' right now?") Baibua asked.

"Want to know?"

("Obviously, or I wouldn't have asked.")

"Right now, she's in the kitchen, cooking with my mom. And let me tell you, Orin's cooking skills are next level—Iron Chef has nothing on her!"

Her exaggerated boasting made Baibua and Saipurn squint at her in disbelief.

("Wow, look at you, Miss Show-Off. Weren't you crying your eyes out just a few months ago?") Baibua teased.

"That was then. The present matters more," Nichawee declared smugly.

("Yeah, yeah. But seriously, I'm happy for you, Vi. Seeing you this happy makes us happy too.")

("Exactly. When you were moping around looking miserable, it made us miserable too.")

It was meant to be sweet, but the comparison made Nichawee burst into laughter.

This was the first time in years that she had smiled this freely.

Just then, the familiar scent of expensive roses drifted into her nose, followed by a warm embrace from behind.

"Who are you talking to, love?" came the soft, sweet voice of the person behind her.

She didn't even need to turn around to know who it was.

"I'm on the phone with my friends. Look," she said, holding up her phone to show the video call.

("Hello, Miss Orin!") Saipurn and Baibua greeted in unison.

"Hello," Orin greeted back with a warm smile. "You can just call me In— we're all the same age, after all."

Her smile was so radiant that the two girls on the screen seemed momentarily mesmerized.

Nichawee frowned slightly. Their eyes are sparkling a bit too much, aren't they? This was her girlfriend, after all. And as for her girlfriend, she was way too generous with that charm.

"Alright, I'm hanging up now," she announced. "In's here to drag me away."

("Wow, ditching us for your girlfriend, huh?") Saipurn pouted.

("This is what they call 'forgetting your friends once you get a lover.'") Baibua added dramatically.

Nichawee let out a sigh while Orin chuckled softly beside her.

# Chapter 34: Threat

At Orin's house, the atmosphere was blazing with tension, like an unquenchable fire. Chaos erupted almost daily, and journalists swarmed around, some even attempting to climb over the house fence just to get a scoop. This had been going on for nearly two weeks. The same turmoil extended to the company as well.

Meanwhile, Orin's mother was busy arranging bail for Anawin, hiring one of the country's top lawyers at the cost of several million. But that amount of money was nothing to her. What disgusted Orin the most, however, was that the lawyer was trying to fabricate evidence—doing everything possible to get her brother out of jail.

A beloved son would always be a beloved son, huh?

But no matter how skilled that lawyer was, even if they hired a world-class attorney, did they really think she would let that man walk free?

Not a chance!

If they were going to fabricate evidence to get Anawin out, then she would just add more charges against him—enough to make sure he never saw the outside world again!

"For you to come to my workplace like this, Father, I assume you're not here to ask me to take the fall for Anawin, are you?"

"Orin, can't you speak to your father with some respect at least?"

"If it's not about that, then what is it?"

"The position of Vice President... I want you to take it in Anawin's place. And soon, I will also hand over the President's position of this company to you."

"..."

"Actually, I had planned to give it to you from the beginning—the role of the company's successor." His words, if overheard by his wife, would surely cause an uproar.

Since the birth of his twins, he had been observing them closely. Initially, he was impressed by Anawin's brilliance—it was why he cherished and spoiled his son, giving him everything he desired.

But over time, his son became overconfident. With his mother's indulgence —since she had always wanted a son—Anawin lost his way. He may have been charming, but his survival instincts were nonexistent, which gave his father constant headaches.

And then, the unexpected happened. As soon as Orin joined the company, her intelligence began to shine—her composure, her eloquence, her sharp instincts. She had it all. She was the ideal successor.

"So, what do you say, Orin? Even if you refuse, you know very well that you are still part of the Chotiwanich family."

Hearing her father's words, Orin pondered for a moment before flashing a smile.

"Sure." There was no reason to refuse. "However... I'd like to take a month off." Her father raised an eyebrow, puzzled.

"Where are you going for an entire month?"

"To relax, of course. I've been working nonstop, cleaning up after my dear brother's messes. I'd like to spend some time with my partner."

"!?"

"What did you just say? Your partner!?"

"That's right."

"Who is it? Do they come from a good family? What do they do for a living?"

"Do you really need to know that? Whatever their background or profession, they're my partner. That's all that matters." Orin took a sip of coffee, unbothered by her father's growing frustration.

Would his wife throw a fit over this?

"Oh, and... if I propose to my partner, both you and Mother must attend the wedding. I wouldn't want people gossiping that my family disapproved, forcing me to elope."

"!?"

"Marriage!? This is a big deal! And you, a woman, are going to propose first?"

"Who said my partner was a man? I thought Mother had already told you— my partner is a woman."

At that moment, the once-mighty chairman of AL Group stood in shock, mouth agape, eyes wide. Anyone who saw him now would hardly believe this was the same powerful figure.

"If you don't agree, then I won't accept the position of Vice President or President. I'll resign and spend my life with my partner."

Maybe opening an art café, something Vee likes, wouldn't be a bad idea.

Her father looked into his daughter's eyes and immediately knew—she was dead serious.

**"Fine! Everything you asked for, I will give you."**

...

**Prison**

A place where all sorts of criminals—drug dealers, thieves, murderers— were locked away. No one would willingly choose to be here. Imagine people like that all gathered in one place—what kind of chaos would that create?

As Orin sat in the prison's visiting room, she observed her surroundings.

To be honest, this was her first time in such a place. The room was a dull, slightly deteriorating square, lacking proper maintenance. The atmosphere was suffocating, and the most ominous sight was the bars separating visitors from inmates. Beyond them, a small room awaited prisoners for their visits.

Visiting Anawin today was quite the thrilling experience—one she never expected to have in her lifetime.

She should probably thank her dear brother for this.

Before long, the guards escorted Anawin inside.

As soon as he saw her, his face twisted in visible displeasure. His oncehandsome features were now marred with bruises. A man who once prided himself on his appearance was now wearing a ragged prisoner's uniform.

How pitiful.

"Why are you here? What do you want?" he asked, his tone sharp.

"Just visiting. And checking on your condition."

"Tch, go ahead, mock me all you want, Orin. Because the moment I get out of here, you're done for."

His eyes burned with rage, but instead of being intimidated, Orin laughed in amusement.

"You seem awfully confident that you'll get out."

Anawin glared at her in silence.

"I heard you've been crying and calling for Mother?"

His jaw tightened, teeth gritted in fury. His dark eyes bore into Orin with seething hatred. If he weren't behind bars, he would have strangled her without hesitation—just like before.

Seeing his reaction only fueled Orin's satisfaction, and she smirked.

"Do you really think Mother can save you? Keep dreaming. Don't forget—I am your worst nightmare. And once I've caught my prey, I never let them escape."

Anawin's face turned red with anger.

The face that so closely resembled hers was now twisted in a vicious scowl. She could almost see the veins throbbing on his forehead.

In an instant, he jumped up from his seat, yanking at the chains on his wrists. His hands clutched the iron bars tightly as he roared in fury.

"Just you wait! If I ever get out of here, you're dead! Watch your back, Orin —I swear I'll rip your head off myself!"

His frenzied, almost rabid outburst prompted the guards to intervene immediately. They shocked him with an electric baton, rendering him unconscious before dragging his limp body away.

Orin watched as her brother was hauled off, then let out a quiet sigh.

**"Such foul language."**

# Chapter 35: The Promise (Final Chapter)

**France**

After taking a month off from work—not just Orin alone but also Nichawee —the two of them embarked on a trip to France, a country that Nichawee had always dreamed of visiting at least once in her life.

For Nichawee, France was like the land of art. It had world-famous museums and magnificent paintings by renowned artists. Not to mention the stunning architecture of each city, which looked as though it had been lifted straight from a fairy tale.

Hand in hand, the two wandered through the city, completely immersed in its charm. It was nighttime, and the streets were illuminated with countless lights, creating a romantic atmosphere—perfect for lovers on a date.

"It's so beautiful! Look over there, Orin! Someone's playing music!"

Orin turned in the direction Nichawee pointed and saw a young man singing while strumming his guitar.

"Shall we go check it out?"

"Yes!" Nichawee answered excitedly and immediately pulled her girlfriend along, causing Orin to chuckle at her enthusiasm.

The two stood there, listening to the love song from beginning to end, never letting go of each other's hands. Throughout the performance, Nichawee stole glances at the beautiful woman beside her. That radiant smile—one she had been seeing so often lately—was something she could never tire of.

Waking up to find her lover beside her, exchanging morning kisses every day and every night... It had become a routine, and her love for Orin only grew stronger each day. Sometimes, it scared her just how much she was in love.

"In, tell me you love me..." she said, shifting from merely holding hands to wrapping her arms around Orin's arm, looking up at her with puppy-like eyes, craving love and warmth.

"Hmm? What's this? Acting all cute out of the blue?"

"Don't you like it?"

"I love it the most," Orin chuckled. "I love you, Wi."

If they weren't in public, she would have kissed her right then and there.

After the performance, they continued strolling around, snacking on local treats and exploring small artisan shops and vintage clothing stores. Every shop they visited, they left with something in hand. Now, both of them were carrying an armful of items.

"Are you cold? You're shaking."

"Of course! Not everyone can handle the cold like you, Miss Ice Princess."

"Hmm? Ice Princess?" Orin raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"You seriously don't know? Everyone at the office calls you the Ice Princess!"

"That actually sounds kind of nice. Ice Princess... It has a noble ring to it."

Nichawee shook her head with a smile. She might have the nickname "Ice Princess," but the warmth in Orin's hands as they held hers told a completely different story—one she never wanted to let go of.

Back at their hotel, the moment the door closed behind them, they wasted no time in expressing their love.

The sound of their passionate kisses filled the room.

"Are you still cold?" Orin whispered into her ear.

"Vee is... burning up now..." Nichawee replied, her face flushed.

"Shall we move to the bedroom?"

"Aren't we going to shower first?"

"If we shower now, we'll just have to shower again later," Orin smirked before capturing her lips once more, nibbling on them as if savoring a forbidden fruit.

Their bodies moved in sync, inching toward the bed. Nichawee found herself backing up step by step as Orin pressed forward. By the time they reached the bedroom, various objects in the room had already been knocked over in their passionate advance.

Now, Nichawee lay beneath Orin, her face burning as she watched her lover slowly remove her own clothing. She tried to do the same, her fingers fumbling to undress Orin. After a bit of struggle, she finally succeeded.

Her eyes roamed over the goddess-like figure in front of her, her heart pounding wildly. The soft glow of the room illuminated every perfect inch —her flawless skin, her delicate collarbone, her toned abdomen. Without thinking, Nichawee reached out and playfully poked at her stomach.

"Don't touch," Orin scolded, her voice laced with amusement.

Nichawee pouted in protest before pulling Orin down by the neck and biting her shoulder—leaving behind a small, visible mark.

"Ouch! That hurt, Vee!"

"Serves you right—for telling me not to touch!"

Instead of being upset, Orin found it endearing. Smiling mischievously, she leaned in and flicked her tongue against Nichawee's ear, knowing exactly how sensitive she was there.

"Ahh!" Nichawee shivered, her face turning even redder as she bit her lip, trying to suppress the sounds threatening to escape.

But she failed.

A soft moan slipped past her lips as Orin trailed kisses down her neck, then lower still.

...

Hours passed.

Nichawee's body trembled from exhaustion, her breath uneven. Every inch of her was covered in love bites, proof of their passionate night.

"Enough... Orin, enough..."

Orin lifted her head, her lips still glistening with traces of their love.

"Are you tired? One more time, then I'll let you sleep," she whispered.

Nichawee didn't respond. Her flushed face spoke for her.

And so, their night continued—filled with moans and cries of pleasure— until the first light of dawn.

. .

The next morning, Nichawee woke up feeling sore all over. Her body, still bare under the covers, ached from the intensity of their love-making. As memories of the night before flooded her mind, a soft, shy smile spread across her lips. She pulled the blanket over her face, trying to hide her embarrassment.

That's when she noticed something.

A silver ring.

A delicate, beautiful band with a small diamond sat on her finger.

**How did this get on my hand?!**

Panic surged through her as she sat up abruptly. Her sudden movement woke Orin, who groggily opened her eyes.

"What's wrong, Veei...?"

"This... this ring..." Nichawee pointed at the piece of jewelry on her left ring finger, her voice filled with confusion.

Orin smiled sleepily before sitting up beside her. "Oh, that? I put it on you myself. Do you like it?"

Nichawee froze. Her mind went blank.

Seeing her silence, Orin felt a pang of nervousness. She took a deep breath, then gently took both of Nichawee's hands in hers.

"Marry me, Vee."

"I promise I'll never leave you again. I promise never to lie to you. I promise to love only you. I love you, Wi. I promise to make you the happiest woman in the world."

Tears welled in Nichawee's eyes. Her lips trembled.

"You promise?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I promise."

"You must never break your promise. Never leave me. Never stop loving me. Never love anyone else but me. You already promised."

"I promise," Orin vowed, her smile widening before she leaned in to kiss her beloved.

A kiss filled with love.

An embrace she had longed for.

At last, she had it back.

**I love you, Nichawee. I've loved you from the moment I first saw you. I will never let go of you again. I promise.**

**- The End -**

# Special Chapter: I'm Not That Good of a Person

It's been about four years since she broke up with Vee. For many people, that might be more than enough time to move on from an ex-lover. **But not for her.**

She has been keeping an eye on the person once known as her "exboyfriend" ever since their breakup. Looking back, she probably seems like a lunatic, doesn't she? But what else could she do? She had already fallen in love.

Sometimes, she would visit the café Vee liked to frequent and order the same overly sweet drink he used to get—so sweet that it made her frown. Something that sugary couldn't be good for his health. Did he even realize that? Even as she thought that, a smile would creep onto her lips, one laced with sorrow.

She wanted to rid herself of this suffocating feeling. She didn't want to think about Vee anymore. She had worked herself to exhaustion for two days straight, even ending up in the hospital. She had tried reaching out to new people, but every time she saw an unfamiliar face, she would turn away, failing every single time.

Maybe she would never be able to love anyone again.

As time passed, she stopped trying to find a way to stop loving Vee. Instead, she settled for simply watching from a distance to ease the longing.

But then, something infuriating happened.

That day, she saw a man chatting closely with Vee at his favorite café. The sight of her beloved with someone else made her stomach churn with anger.

The resentment inside her began to boil over, and dark thoughts crept into her mind.

**Did he really think I'd just let this happen? If I can't have him, then no one else can.**

...

**In Orin's Office**

"How's the investigation going?"

A well-dressed man wearing glasses—an esteemed private investigator she had hired—handed her a folder. Inside was everything about that man, including photos and personal details.

"This man's name is Kan Chayakorn, 27 years old. He's a fairly competent salesperson. Currently, he has been dating his girlfriend for almost a month now."

The word **"girlfriend"** made Orin's brows furrow with displeasure.

"And does he have any weaknesses? Any criminal record?"

"His weakness seems to be money. As for legal issues... well, there was a bribery scandal involving him once, but he has connections, so the matter was quickly buried."

"..."

After hearing that, her mind started weaving a plan to eliminate this man from Nichawee's life.

"Loves money, does he?" Orin murmured softly before a wicked smile curved on her lips.

...

**A Week Later at a Café**

Orin sat gracefully, crossing her legs as she patiently waited for someone. People in the café couldn't stop staring at her from the moment she walked in. Her beauty was captivating, effortlessly drawing in weak-willed souls.

She wore a sleek black blazer over a white cropped bustier top, revealing her toned abdomen in a subtly seductive way. Paired with a black fitted skirt that hugged her figure and showcased her long, elegant legs, she was undeniably stunning.

She was perfect in every sense.

Yet, there was an air of cold intimidation surrounding her, keeping any admirers at bay.

The steaming coffee before her had long since cooled, a clear sign of how long she had been waiting.

At last, a man hurried toward her.

"I'm so sorry for being late, Miss Orin!"

The man greeted her with a wide grin before quickly taking a seat. However, he soon froze, staring at her in awe.

He had heard that Miss Orin was beautiful, but this was beyond anything he had imagined. Even though he had seen pictures of her before, they did no justice to her real presence.

"I'm Kan. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise," Orin replied with a soft smile.

"First of all, on behalf of my company, I'd like to sincerely thank you for choosing to trust our products. We truly appreciate your business." "That's not important," she dismissed nonchalantly.

"Huh...?"

"I heard you have a girlfriend, is that right?"

"Uh... yes, I do. But... how do you know that?"

"Of course, I know," she said, her voice smooth as honey. "Because I'm interested..."

Kan's heart began to race with excitement. Was this woman—the Orin— interested in him? No wonder his boss insisted he take this meeting.

"Well... it's true that I have a girlfriend," he began, carefully choosing his words. "But our relationship isn't exactly perfect."

"Oh? Why's that? Would you care to tell me?"

Seeing that she was intrigued, Kan felt encouraged. He put on his best heartbroken expression, acting like a man suffering in love.

"We argue all the time. I feel like I'm the only one trying in this relationship. Even when I reach out to hold her hand, she pulls away... It's painful. I feel like I'm dying inside."

"Really?" Orin asked, her lips curling into a pleased smile.

"Yes. It's like she doesn't love me at all."

"Well, in that case, why don't you just break up with her?"

"Huh...?" He hadn't expected her to be so blunt. Was she that eager to have him?

"Why are you so surprised? Or do you want me to pay you to leave Vee?"

"Wait, how do you know my girlfriend's name—?"

"Why wouldn't I know the name of the person I'm interested in?"

"W-what do you mean...?" Kan stammered, his confidence wavering.

"You don't need to understand. I'll give you **ten million baht**

. Are you interested?"

"..." Kan's face twisted with shock and confusion.

"You're hesitating? It's **ten million**

."

Her voice was a sweet whisper, like a devil offering temptation. Kan swallowed hard, momentarily forgetting his previous thoughts.

"...Alright. I accept."

"Good."

Turns out, money does solve everything.

...

They say **love makes people blind**

.

When she first heard that phrase, she scoffed. Only fools would be blinded by love. How could a mere emotion make someone lose sight of everything?

But now, experiencing it firsthand, she realized it was true. She could see nothing beyond

**Nichawee**

.

She did everything to get her back. She used money, influence—anything.

And finally, it seemed like fate had mercy on her. Because at last, she had Nichawee back within reach.

Ever since Vee became her secretary, her life had become more vibrant. She no longer dreaded work but instead looked forward to it each day.

She chose an office desk for Vee right by the window because she knew that's what she liked. If she could, she would have even changed the entire office cafeteria menu to suit Vee's taste. But her annoying father didn't allow it.

One day, she noticed something off—Vee had been unusually quiet, as if something was bothering her.

Eventually, she found out the reason. The people in their department weren't treating her Vee with the respect she deserved. That infuriated her. She summoned them, delivering a warning:

**If this happens again, prepare for the consequences.**

The threat worked. In just a few days, she saw Vee's bright smile return.

As long as Vee worked for her, she wouldn't let anyone harm her. Not even her brother, Anawin.

If he dared to touch her Vee, she wouldn't hesitate to use drastic measures to deal with him.

She had fought too hard to get Vee back.

There was no way she'd let anyone ruin her happiness now.